HARPER'S

WEEKLY

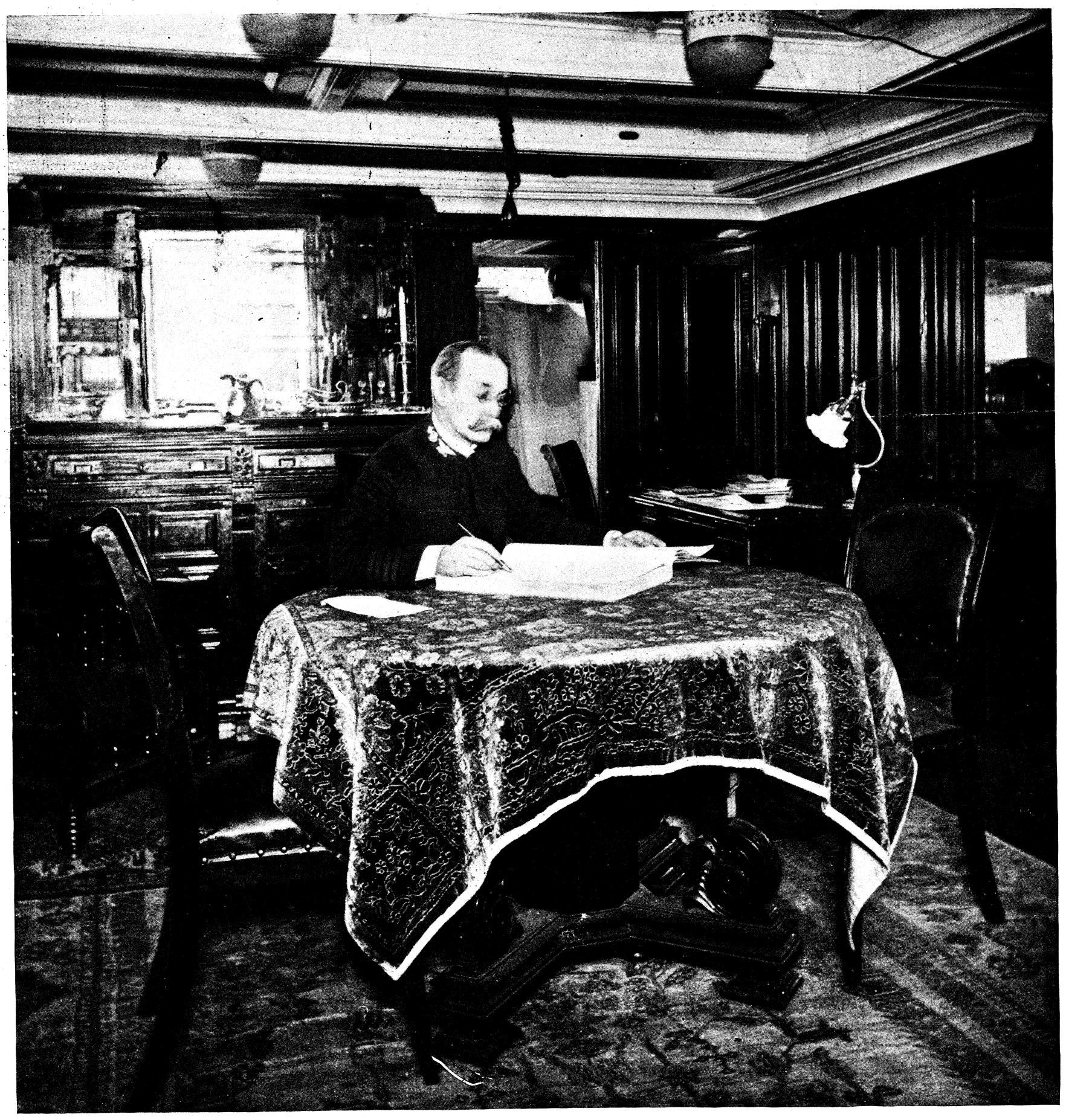
1898

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,

IN HIS CABIN ON THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898

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THE administration has directed the acceptance from the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee of the full principal of the debt due from the Kansas Pacific Railroad. This is a surrender of all the interest, which is about equal to the principal, the whole debt being nearly $13,000,000. Only a few weeks ago there was some reason to fear that the government might bid in the property. Rather than that this should happen, it would be better for the government to surrender its whole claim; and now that the transaction is finally closed, and both the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific have passed into private hands, the country ought to congratulate itself on the important step that has been taken towards freeing it from the imminent danger of further communism.

THE United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, composed of Supreme-Court-Justice HARLAN and Circuit-Judges TAFT and LURTON, has decided that the Iron Pipe Trust is illegal. This trust came within the province of the anti-trust law because it undertook to limit the prices of its goods, and was therefore a conspiracy to control prices. In this respect it differed from the Sugar Trust case, the proof in which was simply of a conspiracy to control manufacture. Every decision that weakens controlling and tyrannous combinations of capital is a decision against the growing communistic tendencies of our politics and legislation. The socialists who regard the great trusts with complacency are wise in their generation, for they believe that trusts of this sort will eventually lead to a great and all-embracing trust which will be managed by the government at Washington.

IT is not astonishing if Mr. DINGLEY contemplates proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for the purpose of equalizing the hours of labor throughout the country. He believes, although with not much foundation of fact, that one reason for the depression of the cotton industry of New England is that the laborers in the Southern mills work more hours and receive less pay than the operative of the New England mill. It is logical, therefore, in Mr. DINGLEY'S mind that New England should be protected against the outrage of long hours and small pay in the South; and if protection is proper in a statute, why not in the Constitution of the United States? Moreover, if protection is good for the whole country against the competition of the foreigner, why shall it not be good for New England against the competition of the Southern negro? But no law, whether statutory or constitutional, can provide lasting protection for Mr. DINGLEY'S mind against the competition of enlightened intelligence.

THERE is in New York State just at present a striking illustration of the ill effect that can be produced by boss and machine politics upon the material and essential interests of a community. New York city is not enjoying that large percentage of the foreign commerce of the country that it once possessed. Other cities are overtaking it. It is probably true that the canal system is not now the effective competitor of the railroads that it once was, and that this is the reason why other cities are receiving so much more than their old proportion of the grain and other agricultural products of the country. Under these conditions, it would seem as though all the people of the State of New York would be interested enough in its welfare to do their utmost to meet new conditions, and to improve the canals to a point which would increase their effectiveness as promoters of the commercial importance of the State of New York. But the politicians have taken advantage of the misfortune of the city and State to further their own interests, including their pecuniary interests. They have persuaded the people of the State to vote $9,000,000 to improving the canals, and the amount turns out to be not much more than half enough for the object contemplated. There are charges of gross corruption and mismanagement, and the Republican politicians meet the charges by passing a measure permitting Governor BLACK to carry on the pretended investigation, one that may, and probably will, cover up any frauds that may have been committed. The point of the matter of greatest importance is this: that the politician is perfectly willing to make himself rich upon the ruin of the people whose affairs he is managing.

THE destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana is a terrible national calamity. Although the ship was lying in a friendly port, whither she had gone on a friendly mission, many of the people in Havana—especially of the Spanish party—are bitterly hostile to the United States. There is, however, no evidence that the disaster was the work of an enemy, but intruding upon the sympathy which is felt by the country for the victims and for their friends, upon the admiration expressed for the heroic qualities displayed by Captain SIGSBEE and the other survivors of the ship, and upon the feeling of warm gratitude to the Spanish captain of the *Alfonso XII.* and the Spanish authorities on shore for the ready aid extended to our officers and sailors, comes a harsh note of suspicion of murderous treachery. Chief-Constructor HICHBORNE and Constructor BOWLES decline to accept the theory that the cause of the explosion was accidental or within the ship. In stating this view, in newspaper interviews, they are open to the suspicion of considering the reputation of their corps of constructors before their duty to their country, which requires that every one who speaks with authority shall be silent so long as he is ignorant. They should imitate the wise discretion and advice of Captain SIGSBEE and of other brave men of the fighting branch of the navy, and suspend judgment until they have evidence on which they may base opinions. The naval constructors have been echoed by some Jingo Congressmen and some sensational newspapers. There is not a particle of evidence that the disaster was caused by a Spanish or Cuban enemy of the United States, while the destruction of war-ships by explosives is to be expected, because, as Senator HALE says, the ships are floating volcanoes. Under the circumstances, every decent American will refrain from hostile speech towards Spain, and will rejoice if it can be clearly proved that the loss of the *Maine* was purely accidental.

THE WEEKLY has heretofore refrained from joining the large number of its contemporaries which, like itself, hold themselves at liberty to speak the truth, by way of criticism of Mr. MCKINLEY'S administration, in alluding to Secretary SHERMAN'S condition; but the country is even more deeply interested in the question of the capacity of its Secretary of State than Mr. MCKINLEY or the Republican party. It is perfectly well understood that Mr. SHERMAN is at the head of our foreign-affairs department because it was deemed well to make a vacancy in the Senate for Mr. HANNA. Certainly the Senate has not gained by this bargain; for incapacitated as Mr. SHERMAN may be by advanced years, he was at one time a great figure in the nation and in the Republican party, and is the last of the public men who belonged to a day when Senators were selected because they were statesmen, while Mr. HANNA is simply rich. In making and carrying out this bargain Mr. MCKINLEY, however, not only offended against the Senate, whose traditions he ought to have respected, and whose present tendencies he ought certainly not to have furthered, but he has placed at the head of his cabinet a man who is unfitted by years and infirmities for the performance of the duties of his office. We have hesitated to say this before, because we have greatly respected Mr. SHERMAN'S past, notwithstanding our many differences of opinion with him. But the time has come when it must be noticed, for the sake of Mr. SHERMAN himself, and especially for the sake of the nation, that Mr. SHERMAN has been unable to act as Secretary of State in the present emergency in which Spain and this country are mutually concerned, and that his incapacity has been recognized by the administration. He has known none of the facts of the situation; he has not been taken into the confidence of the President; his duties have been performed by a subordinate, Judge DAY, who has had no previous experience either in foreign affairs or in national affairs, and it is the country's right to demand that this state of affairs shall cease; that Mr. SHERMAN shall be permitted to retire before he has further stained a record that is far more brilliant than that of any other living Republican, and that the State Department shall be entrusted to some one who has at least the full use of all his faculties; and to this demand it is Mr. MCKINLEY'S duty to render instant obedience.

OUR JINGOES AND SPAIN.

THE DE LOME incident could not have become a subject of the excited controversy it aroused if there were not in this country persons who desire immediate war with Spain. We say this notwithstanding a suspicion that is widely entertained, and which is reasonable, that much of the Jingo talk against Spain is for home consumption. We are ourselves inclined to believe that bitter, malicious, and untruthful speeches, like those of Senator MASON and Senator MORGAN, for example, are directed rather to constituents than to the Senate or to the Executive. There is some reason also for believing that there is a commercial spirit underlying some of the Jingo sentiment, and that there are public men, as well as private citizens, who are quite ready to see money made by gun-building, armor construction, and in providing other war material, without regard to the safety or welfare of the country. But, aside from this, it is clear that there are many persons in the United States who are ready to go to war with Spain, and who are seeking an occasion. There is no other interpretation to be put upon the attempt to distort the meaning of the DE LOME incident, and to misrepresent the minister's letter to Señor CANALEJAS, or upon the effort involved in the MORGAN and WILLIAMS resolutions adopted by the Senate and House, respectively, on Monday, February 14. These resolutions seek to make public the opinions of our consular officers in Cuba, which are shrewdly supposed to be hostile to Spain, and the exposure of which will therefore still further intensify the feeling between the two countries.

That letter was simply an expression of opinion by the Spanish minister as to the character of the politicians who are making warlike and threatening speeches against Spain, and of the President and his administration, with whom Spain must reckon in the present emergency. Probably there was no doubt in the mind of anybody at Washington as to the Spanish minister's private feeling towards our public men. In view of the strained relations between the two countries, it would have been strange if his feeling had been friendly either for the President, who had severely criticised the WEYLER administration in Cuba, or for the politicians who were making use of Spain's misfortune in aid of their personal interests. Minister DE LOME wrote a private letter, as he had a perfect right to do, to a public man of Spain who was in America on a special mission. In that letter he expressed himself freely and contemptuously concerning President MCKINLEY. It may have been an error of judgment to write such a letter, but if it was, it was the kind of error of which every diplomat is often guilty. When Minister DE LOME'S opinion of President MCKINLEY was revealed, however, it was impossible for him to continue on friendly relations with the government to which he was accredited, and he was forced to go. Before our government could demand his recall he resigned, and his resignation was accepted by the Spanish government before it, in turn, knew that our government had made its demand for his recall. Here the incident should have ended, because, as we believe, both the SAGASTA and the MCKINLEY governments are strongly in favor of maintaining the peace between Spain and the United States, and any one bent upon maintaining peace must have realized that the sooner the incident closed the better, and this on account of the presence in each country of a large number of influential politicians willing to bring on a war.

But the friends of war in this country were not content to let the incident close with the resignation of Minister DE LOME. They seized upon an expression in his letter which, they averred, indicated that Spain was trifling with the United States. The expression indicated, indeed, that the minister was perfectly willing to resort to pretended negotiations for commercial relations between this country and Cuba, but that is all, and that alone certainly is not a reason for forcing the Spanish government into an explanation that it does not share its late minister's views on the subject. It is also pretended that the letter reveals the minister's belief that the scheme of autonomy is not sincerely meant, that its offer to Cuba is to be withdrawn, and that its main purpose is the deception of the United States for the purpose of preventing our intervention. There is, however, positively nothing in the letter from beginning to end that will sustain this interpretation, which, therefore, is precisely what we have already called

it, a misrepresentation, and it is a malicious and wicked misrepresentation, for it was invented and is pressed for the purpose of embroiling the two countries in war.

It is because of the excited and mendacious discussion and misinterpretation of the DE LOME letter that we can say that the incident is one more bit of evidence as to the existence in this country of a faction desiring war with Spain. A calm consideration of the letter and of the incident would convince any fair mind that no cause of war exists here; and in this respect the incident is not unlike all the pretended occasions for complaint and intervention on our part upon which our Jingoes are basing their harangues, and their appeals to the government to break the peace that now exists between itself and a friendly nation. The other causes of war—for we assume that a demand for intervention at least contemplates war—are that Spain is injuring our commerce, that it is carrying on the war in an uncivilized and barbarous manner, and that it is inflicting almost unheard-of cruelties upon the peaceful people of Cuba who refuse to take sides either for or against the insurgents.

In the first place, the question as to whether the time has come for our interference because the war in Cuba is injuring our trade is a very delicate one. If this country has the right to insist that Spain shall not subdue the rebellion because the armed effort that is involved must injure the commerce between Cuba and the United States, then no European power has any right to take any warlike step for the retention of her American colonies when she is threatened by an armed insurrection of her own subjects. This, of course, is absurd, and the government has taken no such position. It has, however, taken the position that this country cannot sit quietly by for an indefinite time, but that the war must be ended within a reasonable period. The question is when that reasonable period shall occur; and on this point one thing is certain, that it has not yet been reached, and that it rests with us to suggest a time when the war shall end before actually intervening; to reach an agreement on the subject, if possible, with Spain, or, if that be impossible, to fix the time when our interests demand that the conflict shall come to an end. We have not fixed such a period mainly because Spain is trying a new experiment, and, as the administration evidently believes, is honestly trying to bring about peace by a grant of autonomy. It is true that the evidence points to the failure of the attempt, but we have waited so far, and we must continue to wait until the Executive shall decide, on the evidence before him, that the time has come for intervention. It is clear, moreover, to every one not eager for war, that the time is not yet for declaring a date at which Spain must conquer or yield, and that the administration is right in waiting for a still further trial of the plans of autonomy. In the mean time, of course, Spain owes it to herself and to us to push the conflict to an end as rapidly as possible, or to come to the conclusion that she must abandon the island.

As to the other causes for our intervention, they no longer exist. Since WEYLER'S departure and BLANCO'S appearance as Captain-General the war has been carried on in a civilized manner, without brutalities, and the peaceful inhabitants have been permitted to return to their homes, where they may plant if the insurgents are willing. In fact, whatever obstacle may now exist to the return of the Cubans to their usual industrial and agricultural habits is interposed by the insurgents. We have as our authority for the statement that the war is carried on in accordance with the rules and sentiments of civilized countries the testimony of a very distinguished insurgent officer.

We have no cause for war, therefore, in the DE LOME letter, or in the refusal of Spain to disavow his utterances; we have no right to declare belligerency, which would, at the most, be more of an injury to our own citizens than a help to the insurgents or harm to Spain; we have no right to interfere because of the brutal character of Spanish warfare, because that evil has been cured; we have no right to interfere on the ground that the war should have come to an end, because we have not declared when, in our opinion, the end should be. All these pretended causes of war or of interference are so trivial, so far-fetched, so much the creatures of the desires of the men who urge them, that it is clear that these are searching for war; and yet no party in the United States will take the responsibility of declaring war, and no President will dare to risk his own future and the standing of his party by doing anything that will precipitate it. The consequence of the efforts of the Jingoes may be to induce Spain to strike the first blow, and to so excite the reactionary parties of the monarchy that the Liberal policy will be overthrown. In that event a blow will be struck against free government by the Spanish faction which hates both Liberalism and this republic. Our Jingoes are inviting the domination of WEYLER in Spain, the suppression there of Liberal power and Liberal views, and the miseries and cost of war to two countries between which there is at present no just cause of quarrel.

ANNEXING HAWAII BY JOINT RESOLUTION.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE Hawaii-annexation treaty lags in the Senate. The number of votes needed to make up the required two-thirds majority, it seems, will not come forth. The advocates of the scheme are now preparing to resort to the expedient of accomplishing their end by means of a joint resolution, which may be put through by a simple majority in each House of Congress. It has even been suggested that, in order to avoid the danger of being balked by dilatory tactics on the part of the opposition, the resolution should be attached as an amendment to an appropriation bill. This, however, is hardly probable. For the idea of rushing through Congress a measure of such incalculable importance as the annexation of a distant country by such a trick is so monstrous that even the most fanatical Jingo may well recoil from it.

Senator MORGAN has introduced a resolution in the Senate which, in case of failure of the treaty, is to serve the same purpose in the regular course of legislation. In its averments as well as in its omissions it is characteristic of the whole movement. In view of the fact that the legitimacy of the present government of Hawaii might be questioned, it affirms "that the republic of Hawaii, established in and based upon its present constitution, is a rightful government, and has been, and still is, recognized as such by the United States of America and by other great powers, without any question by any nation of its rightful and sovereign independence; and said constitution is the true and recognized authority that fixes the measure and the distribution of the rights and powers of government in that republic while said constitution remains in force." Now, that the present Hawaiian government is recognized by the United States and by other powers as the government *de facto* is true. But it is not the whole truth; and the unusual verbiage employed in the resolution to define and describe the right of that government to recognition can hardly be intended for any other purpose than to make us forget that part of the truth which in its bearing upon the annexation scheme is of the highest moral importance to the American people, namely, that in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overthrown by a revolutionary movement; that this revolutionary movement was assisted by the American minister causing the commander of an American man-of-war to land a force of troops in aid of the insurgents, who were weak in numbers, and in great part aliens; that the leaders of the insurrection constituted themselves as a provisional government "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America shall have been negotiated and agreed upon"; that then in hot haste the successful conspirators—successful by the aid of our own forces lawlessly offered—presented an annexation compact to our government; that when that compact failed to be ratified by the United States, the chiefs of the revolution in Hawaii, hoping for better times, constituted a more permanent government under a republican name, which, as the only existing government, has secured foreign recognition, but which, having sprung from the annexation conspiracy of 1893, and being identified with it by its very *personnel*, exists only for the purpose of carrying out the original object of the plot in which officers of the United States lawlessly took an active part.

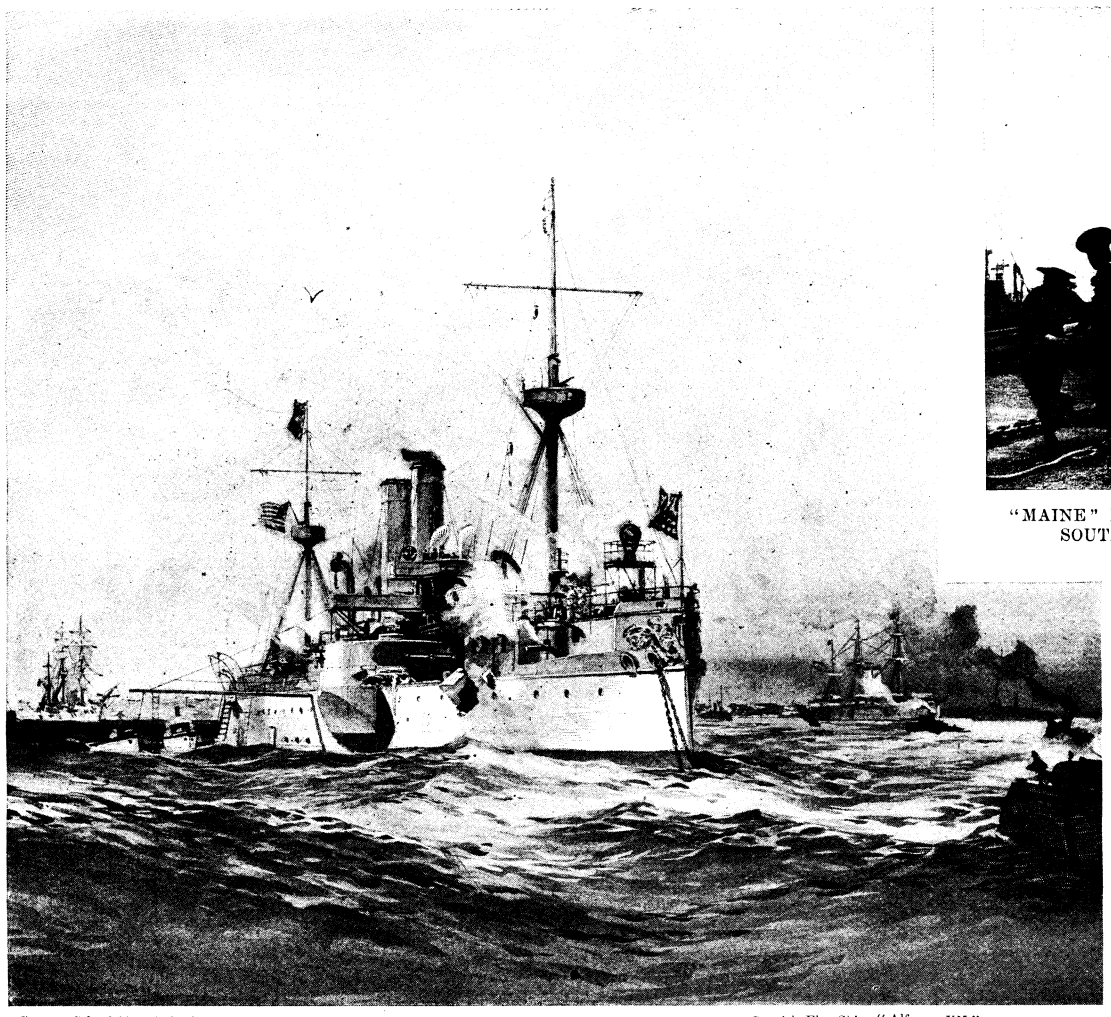
Senator MORGAN'S resolution affirms further "that, in conformity with the existing Constitution of the republic of Hawaii, and so long as the same is in force, the powers of government reside in and are to be exercised by the incumbents of the departments, tribunals, and offices created by said Constitution, and filled in pursuance of law, and the lawful electors under said Constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein, are entitled to share in the government of Hawaii, according to the rights secured to them in said Constitution, and to the extent and in the manner therein provided, so long as the same is in force." This again is true as far as it goes, but again it is not the whole truth; and again that part of the truth which is hidden under a heap of pompous words is the most important part to the American people in judging of the moral merits of the pending question—namely, that under the present constitution of Hawaii only a small minority of the Hawaiian people are "entitled to share in the government"; that this so-called republican government is essentially an oligarchy; that political rights are substantially restricted to the supporters of those in power, it being a notorious fact not seriously denied by anybody that if the people of Hawaii were permitted to vote on the main object for which that government exists, annexation of Hawaii to the United States, an overwhelming majority would vote in the negative. Senator MORGAN has therefore every reason to point out with the severest precision that in Hawaii nobody has anything to say with regard to this matter except the "lawful electors under said constitution who qualify as such by taking the oath of allegiance prescribed therein," which oath of allegiance substantially sanctions the revolution of January, 1893, and, by implication, the object thereof.

Having thus by his statement of Hawaiian constitutional law proved to his own satisfaction that the present Hawaiian government has the right to sell or give away its country without the assent of a majority of the people, Senator MORGAN, in his resolution, proceeds thus: "And said government of the republic of Hawaii having in due form signified its consent that the Hawaiian Islands shall be annexed to and become a part of the United States of America, it is hereby enacted and declared that said cession is accepted, ratified, and confirmed, and that said Hawaiian Islands are annexed as a part of the territory of the United States of America, and are subject to the sovereign dominion thereof."

Senator MORGAN no doubt thinks that if the present Hawaiian government can be shown to have, in point of form, the right to cede, and the United States the right to take, there is nothing more to be considered than the question whether the bargain would be advantageous to the parties respectively. He simply overlooks the moral side of the transaction. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, even if the bargain were ever so profitable, there might be motives of conscience, considerations of national honor, rendering its consummation morally impossible. Had the Hawaiian Islands been voluntarily offered to us by the native government, or even had the revolutionary movement in behalf of annexation been carried through without being countenanced and aided by officers and forces of the United States, then, the assent of the Hawaiian people being obtained, the American people might be governed by mere considerations of expediency in deciding the question whether to accept or not to accept the offered territory. But when we are confronted by the universally recognized fact that the revolutionary movement in favor of annexation was wrongfully aided, if not instigated, by our own officers, and carried to success by the wrongful co-operation of our own forces; that the government offering us the Hawaiian Islands is the direct offspring of that revolutionary movement; and that, as everybody knows, an immense majority of the Hawaiian people are most earnestly opposed to annexation—we must admit that this republic can hardly accept the offer without placing itself in the attitude of a receiver of goods stolen with its connivance.

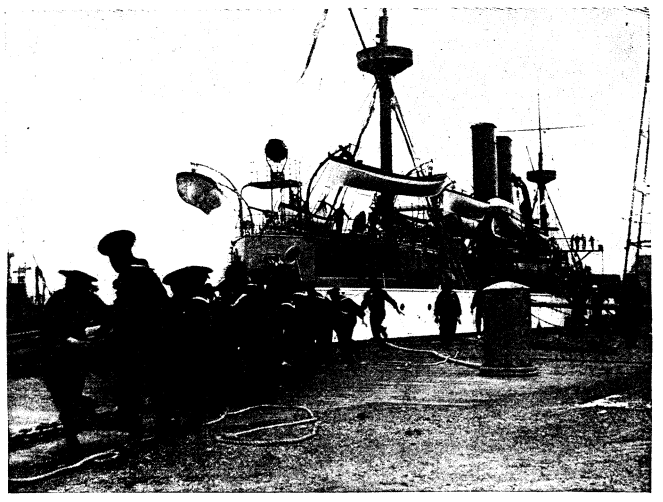
This might be brought home to doubting minds in Congress by moving for the joint resolution above quoted a substitute containing a plain statement of the facts, somewhat in this wise: "Whereas, in January, 1893, the native government of Hawaii was overturned by a revolutionary uprising which was actively aided by the minister of the United States and a detachment of United States forces landed at the minister's request from a United States man-of-war; and whereas the said revolutionary uprising was made and a provisional government set up avowedly for the purpose of effecting the annexation of Hawaii to the United States; and whereas the present government of Hawaii is the offspring of the said revolutionary movement, and is in part composed of its very leaders; and whereas the said government is essentially an oligarchy admitting only a small minority of the people to the exercise of political rights; and whereas the said oligarchy offers to transfer the sovereignty of Hawaii to the United States without the assent of the Hawaiian people, it being well known that an overwhelming majority of the Hawaiian people are opposed to such transfer—be it resolved, etc., etc."

The truthfulness of the preamble being conceded, which it must be, as the facts recited are notorious, it may well be questioned how any American solicitous of the honor of his country can think of following it up with a resolution favoring the proposed annexation.

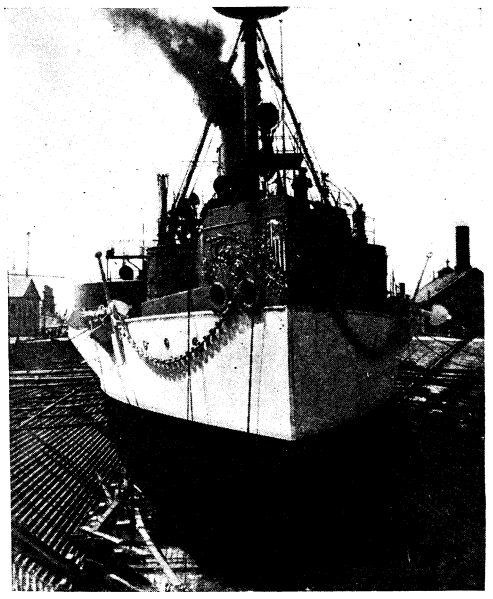


German School-Ship "Charlotte." Spanish Flag-Ship "Alfonso XII."

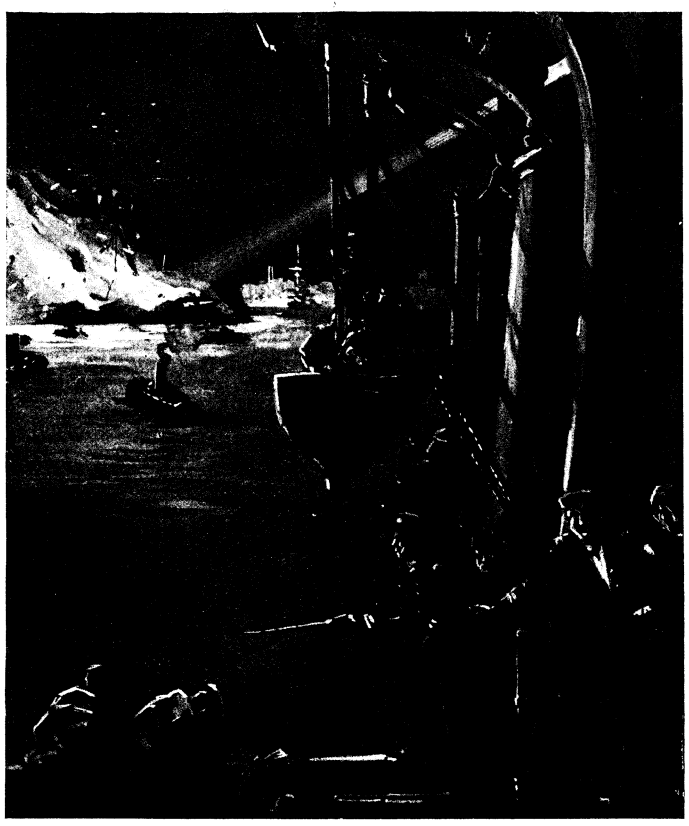
"MAINE" SALUTING SPANISH FLAG-SHIP ON ARRIVING IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



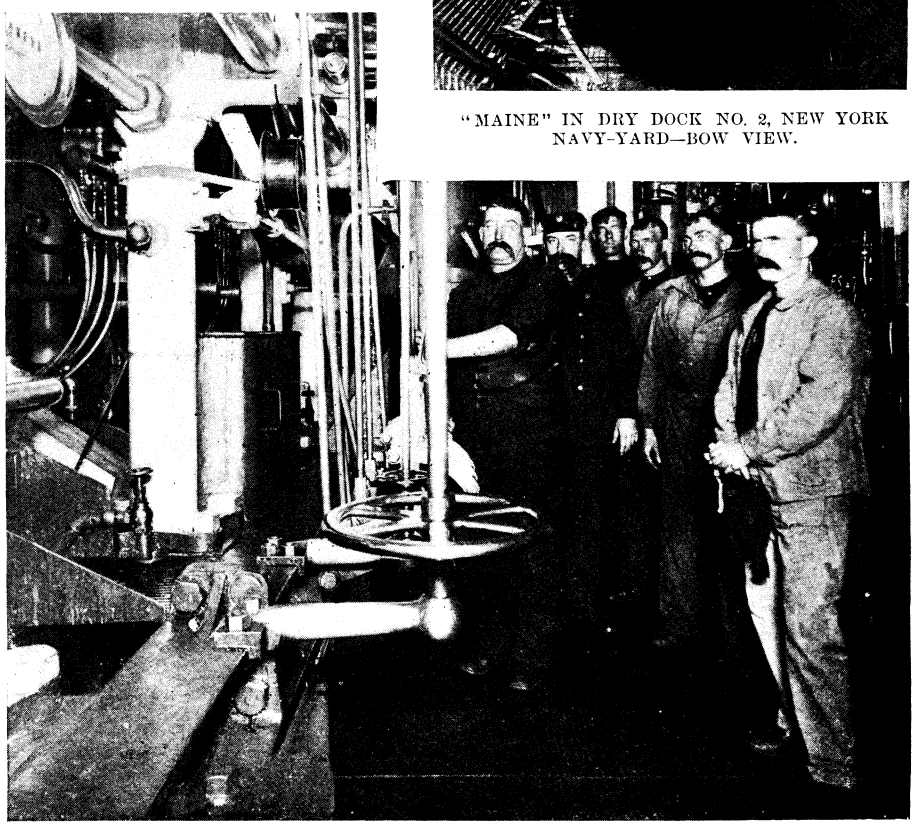
"MAINE" LEAVING THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD FOR THE SOUTH—HAULING ASHORE THE MOORING-CHAINS.



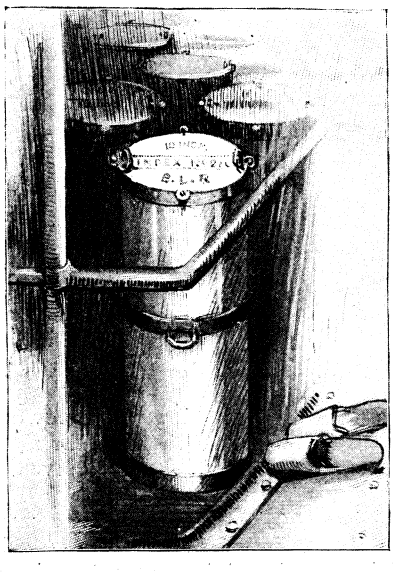
"MAINE" IN DRY DOCK NO. 2, NEW YORK NAVY-YARD—BOW VIEW.



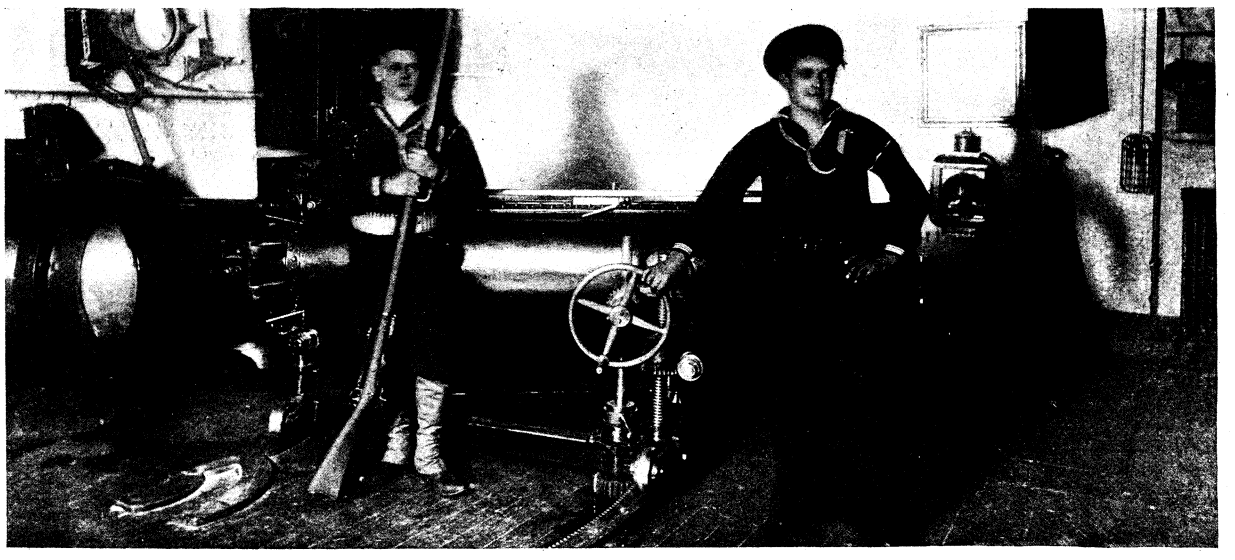
OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP HASTENING TO THE RESCUE.—[Drawn in Accordance with Havana Despatches.]



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "MAINE."

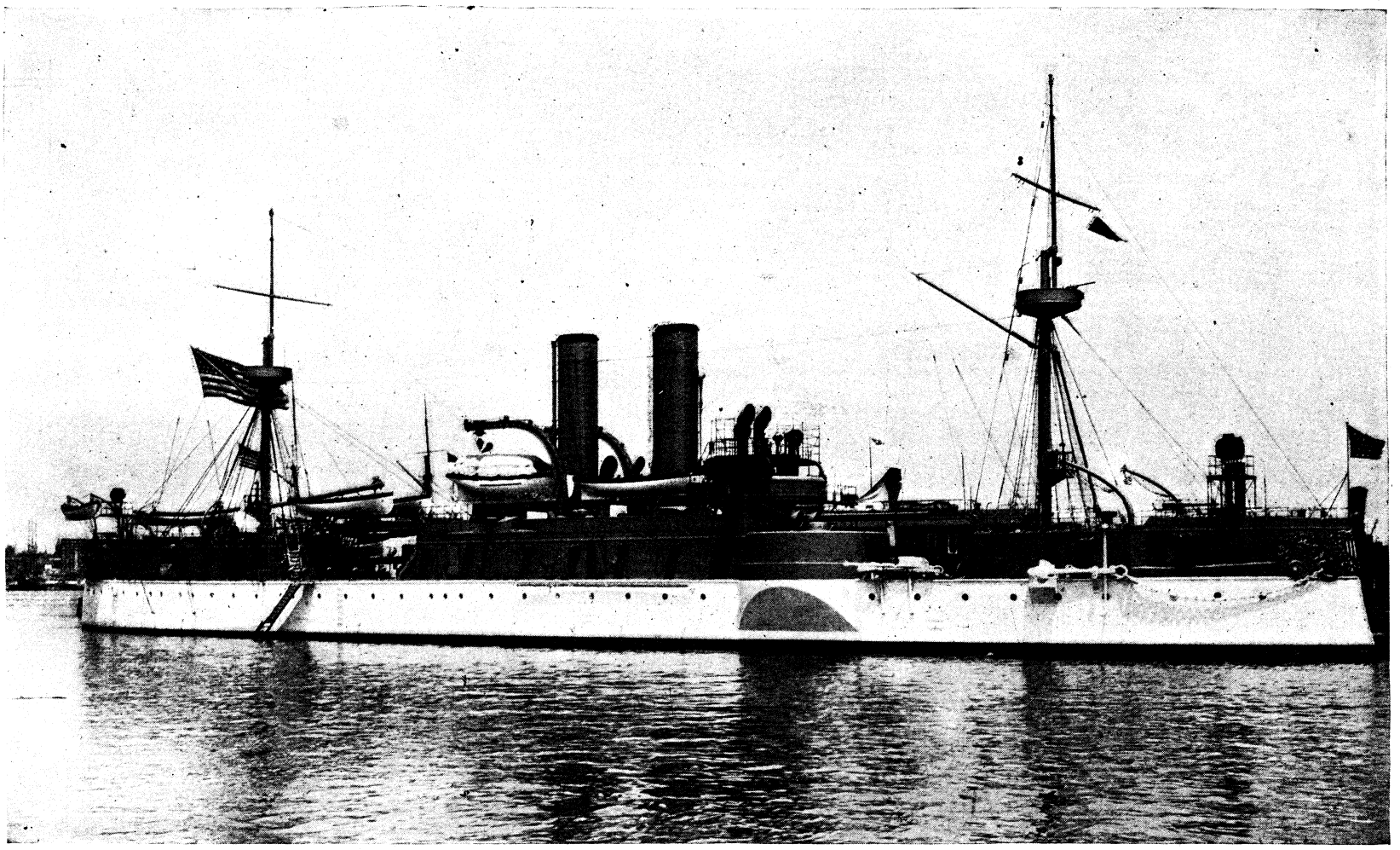


IN THE MAGAZINE.
Each tightly sealed Copper Tank contains a Half-Charge.



THE "MAINE'S" FORWARD TORPEDO-TUBE.

LOSS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.



UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" JUST BEFORE SAILING FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER.

THE DISASTER TO THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

THE country was startled on the morning of February 16 by the news that an explosion had occurred on the United States battle-ship *Maine*, and that in consequence the vessel was a total wreck and most of the ship's company had been lost. When details of the disaster reached us it was found that all the officers had been saved except two. These two were Lieutenant (junior grade) Friend W. Jenkins, of Pennsylvania, and Assistant-Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, from Iowa. The other casualties are mentioned below, in a despatch from Washington.

The *Maine* had gone to Havana under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and although there was peace between Spain and the United States, there is intense hostility on the part of the extreme Spanish party in Havana towards the United States. The knowledge of this at first caused the feeling that probably some enthusiastic or demented Spaniard had blown up the ship in some undefined way, but our Washington despatch says the cause of the accident is a mystery. But while the cause of the accident is a mystery, the belief is growing that it was purely accidental, and that the explosion came from the inside of the ship.

This explosion occurred about 9.45 on the evening of Tuesday, February 15. The night was intensely dark; the *Maine* was anchored about five hundred yards from the arsenal, and two hundred yards from the floating dock. The American Ward Line steamer *City of Washington* was about two hundred yards away, and a little farther off still was the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* Captain Sigsbee, who was in command of the *Maine*, was in bed in his cabin; Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, the executive officer, was in his own cabin smoking; the crew were asleep—when suddenly without warning came the terrible explosion which instantly killed most of the sailors, the explosion having taken place forward under the men's quarters.

The force of the explosion was great enough to shake the whole city water-front, put out the electric lights near the shore, and throw down many telegraph and telephone poles. The officers knew at once from the force of the explosion that the ship was wrecked, but, after the manner, we are proud to say, of American naval officers, they behaved with the coolness and courage which the terrible circumstance demanded. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, the ship being in perfect darkness, struck a match and hurried at once to the Captain's cabin, where he found Captain Sigsbee thrown from his berth, but uninjured. The Captain's first order was given to a seaman to flood the magazine containing about five tons of gunpowder. The man jumped away, did his work, but never returned.

Almost immediately after the explosion a great flame broke out from the *Maine* and illuminated the dark harbor. In the mean time, the city having been aroused by the noise, the people rushed to the water-front to learn its cause. They do not seem to have been long in doubt, and everything possible was done by the Spanish officers on shore and on the war-ship in the harbor to aid the survivors. The harbor was lighted up not only by the glare of the *Maine*, but by a number of search-lights and electric lights, and boats were at once lowered from the Ward steamer and from the *Alfonso XII.*, and hastened to the *Maine*. The boats from the Spanish ship carried away thirty-seven of the wounded men, and those from the *City of Washington* twenty-four. With the men who were carried to the *Alfonso XII.* went the ship's chaplain, the Rev. J. P. Chidwick, who rendered both spiritual consolation and physical aid.

Captain Sigsbee seems to have been among the coolest of all the brave men who were working to save the lives of the wounded and to secure a refuge for those who had not been injured. Of the ship's company of 353 not more than 48 escaped without injury. Boats from the *Maine* that were not wrecked were filled with wounded, who were carried to Havana, where they were cared for in the hospital, all the available forces of the city being employed in taking care of the injured. General Blanco himself was at the head of the forces who cared for the Americans. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave the ship, and stepped into a boat only when he had seen that every living man who could be reached had been taken out. After this he went in the launch to the *Alfonso XII.*, and tendered his thanks to the Captain and his officers for their help. From there he went on board the *City of Washington*, where he arrived at midnight, and met Consul-General Lee and others.

The news of the disaster came from various sources. Captain Sigsbee himself reported at once, and with characteristic forethought begged that the public judgment should be suspended until an inquiry could be had into the cause of the accident. He seems to have realized that the sensational newspapers and the Jingoes would make the most of the accident to inflame the passions of the people against Spain. This they did, with all their malignant ingenuity. A special cabinet meeting was held at Washington, but it was wisely decided that nothing should be said of the disaster until the government was in possession of some evidence as to the cause of it.

Captain-General Blanco cabled to Madrid and to Washington, and Señor du Bosc, Chargé d'Affairs of the Spanish Legation at Washington, called at once at the State Department to express his sympathy. Flags have been half-masted on the public buildings of Havana, as well as on the public buildings of this country. Resolutions of sympathy have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, and the feeling is that the men who perished by this disaster are entitled to that sympathy and affectionate remembrance which men who fall in battle for their country always receive.

The news of the disaster is horrifying the whole civilized world, and expressions of sympathy for the sufferers, for the nation, and for the navy, and of admiration for the manly and intelligent conduct of Captain Sigsbee, have been received at our foreign legations and at Washington from the Queens of Great Britain and Spain, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, from Emperor William of Germany, from President Faure of France, and from the Spanish cabinet, which in the midst of the excitement has also sent to the President a disavowal of sympathy with the contents of Minister De Lome's letter. The disaster has also been made the subject of remarks in the British House of Commons, where John Dillon asked the First Lord of the Admiralty for information. The tone of the remarks of British officers and public men, including Lord Charles Beresford, has been most friendly towards this country; and Lord Beresford was especially eulogistic of the conduct of Captain Sigsbee and generally of the officers of the American navy, with many of whom he is well acquainted. This is also characteristic of the remarks of the English newspapers, who seem to be as much gratified and as proud of the conduct of our officers as if they had been officers of their own navy.

In the mean time, although, as we have said, some of the Jingoes and the sensational newspapers have done their best to promote ill feeling by spreading abroad



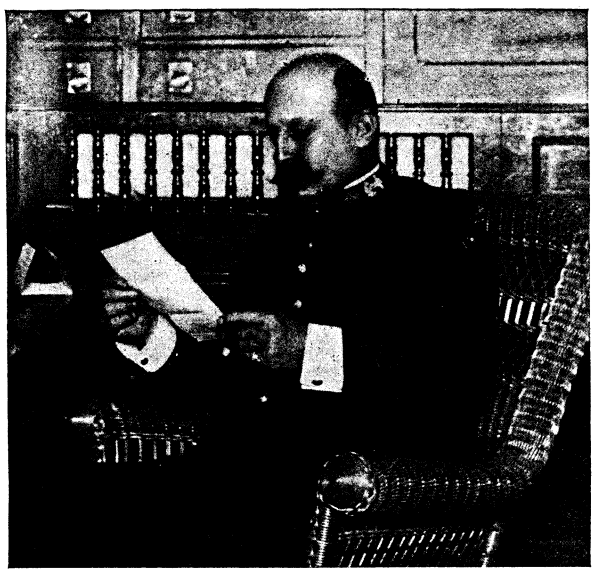
HON. JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the United States Navy.



REAR-ADMIRAL SEGISMUNDO BERMEJO Y MERELO,
Spanish Minister of Marine.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.
President.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, U.S.N.



CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

every suspicion and every rumor hostile to Spain that springs from excited imaginations or half-information, there have been much self-restraint and a strong and praiseworthy disposition on the part of the public to wait for an investigation and to hope that the explosion resulted from accident.

As time went on, the sympathy manifested by the Spaniards in Havana for the victims of the disaster seemed to allay the excitement stimulated in the public mind by sensational newspapers, every one of whose rumors indicating that the explosion had been caused from without, by some one from the shore or in the harbor, having been proved to be a wilful and malicious untruth. Not only had General Blanco turned over the public hospital to the use of our officers and men, but a plot of ground in the cemetery of Havana was given to them for the burial of their dead. On Thursday nineteen of the dead sailors were buried, with great ecclesiastical, naval, and military ceremonies. Fifty thousand people crowded the streets of Havana and paid respect to the dead. The Bishop of Havana, General Parrado, and Admiral Manterola took charge of the arrangements, by order of the Spanish government. The bodies, having first laid in state, being covered with floral and other emblems presented by officials of Havana and by private citizens of the city and of the United States, were carried to the cemetery, escorted by General Parrado—General Blanco looking at the procession from the balcony of his palace—and by foreign consular officers. Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commanders Wainwright and Cowles, and all the officers and men of the *Maine* surviving accompanied the remains, General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright being chief mourners. All bodies washed ashore since the funeral have been or will be buried with only a private service.

The government had by Friday, February 18, made arrangements as to setting divers at work for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the disaster, in aid of the investigating officers, and it was further determined that the inquiry should be made by Americans alone, and without the co-operation of the Spaniards. Congress appropriated $200,000 for the work of saving as much property as possible from the sunken ship, and bills were introduced for the relief of the survivors, who lost all their personal effects on account of the suddenness of the disaster. It was found impracticable to preserve any of the remains for transportation to the United States. Congress has appropriated money to pay the surviving relatives of the dead seamen the amount of pay these men would have received during the next twelve months. The President, with the first official confirmation of the news of the disaster, ordered a cessation of all official receptions, dinners, and other festivities at Washington, and as Lent is so near at hand the season may be said to have been brought to a close. The Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* reached the outer harbor of New York on February 18, and anchored off Staten Island on Sunday, February 20. She is closely guarded by federal and city authorities.

The Department has appointed the following officers to investigate the cause of the disaster: Captain W. T. Sampson of the *Iowa*, Captain F. E. Chadwick of the *New York*, Lieutenant-Commander W. P. Potter of the *New York*, and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix of the *Vermont*.

The following comes to us from Washington, and gives the feeling and opinion of the Navy Department on the matter:

The latest news received from official sources at the Navy Department up to noon of Monday, February 21, left the disaster to the *Maine* as much a mystery as ever. The Department had ordered an investigation by the use of divers and every other available means, and that the work be pushed with all the speed compatible with accuracy. Out of this fact grew a report, which was discredited at the Department, but widely circulated elsewhere, that one of the divers employed had discovered a percussion hole in one of the outside plates on the *Maine*, under the magazine, indicating that the explosion was caused by a torpedo striking the ship from without.

The theory entertained by the Secretary of the Navy is that the disaster was the result of pure accident. Even if a torpedo had blown a hole into the ship and exploded the magazine, the direction of the explosion might not be ascertainable, for, in the judgment of experts, the explosion inside would be quite likely to widen the hole through which the missile entered and reverse all the signs. Little hope is entertained, therefore, of obtaining positive proof as to the source of the disaster. As one old sea-dog expressed it, the historians of the civil war are still quarrelling as to whether the *Tecumseh* was sunk by a torpedo when she entered the harbor of Mobile. Some who have combated that theory have insisted that the ship was overturned by the shifting of her guns; others have gone so far as to assert that her own spar-torpedo was in some way twisted back upon itself and blew a hole into her prow. In like manner he believes that the fate of the *Maine* will continue an unsolved mystery for historians to wrangle over. Meanwhile all that we shall positively know is that the explosion occurred forward, and hence that the seamen rather than the officers were the sufferers; that not more than 26 of the men remained uninjured, 57 being wounded and 246 killed, and that two of the 24 officers are certainly lost. If the disaster were the result of design and not of accident, it is considered probable that the blow would have been dealt the ship on the very spot where the explosion occurred—not because it would be more desirable to destroy the men than the officers, but because the magazine is always a preferable point of attack, just as, when ships are in action, it is the great guns which attract the fire of the enemy, and not the conning-tower, although the tower shelters the captain, while only a subaltern stands behind the guns.

F. E. Leupp.



LIEUTENANT FRIEND W. JENKINS, U.S.N.
Killed in the Explosion on U.S.S. "Maine."

MUSIC.

The past fortnight has been one of attractive musical schemes, as well as a brisk term of delightful music itself. Desire for a symphonic orchestra local to New York, established on a basis that might make its working membership really "permanent," and concerned only with straightforward interests of the best concert kind, is not a new thing. Over and over has our public been shown that Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, and smaller communities are better off than are we in this respect. True, New York has its Philharmonic and its valuable Symphony Society's band. We have Mr. Seidl, nominally possessed of his own orchestra, to be heard under one set of circumstances or another. We have lately heard Mr. Franko's promising associates. But we have nothing that means a given and large number of the best sort of players, decently salaried to play and rehearse, to rehearse and play in New York city, under a single and capable leader; this to the exclusion of all other professional work and responsibilities on their part, from season to season. The men in all our present symphonic bands are obliged to do many kinds of commonplace, hack musical duty. They must do this merely to make income enough to live on. Often they go from symphony concert to a ball-room; and equally often the same men that one hears in the afternoon, playing Beethoven and Wagner—and very likely blamed for rough or dull interpretations—have not had sleep enough from their night's hard work at some fashionable or unfashionable dance to read their notes clearly and to handle their bows and keys save as rather superior machines.

Rehearsals, too, cost. All our important or unimportant orchestral societies save every penny on them that they possibly can. New works should not be played without full and careful study by any band; but again and again New-Yorkers must pay to hear concerts where the programme, to all artistic result, is one that is being read off at sight. The Philharmonic Society's government, our oldest and most severely respected orchestra, has not yet changed the title of its Friday afternoon performances. They are still styled "rehearsals." There are no interruptions to the music, to be sure, for the purpose of instructing the musicians in niceties that may escape them. But the old title is not yet inappropriate, for the rehearsal-quality is strong in them obviously, and it would be better to go back to the old afternoon liberty of stopping the music and of going over passages whenever the conductor might discern his players to be at fault. A scrambling, partial rehearsal, on an earlier day in the week, held chiefly for the benefit of the soloist's work, is not adequate preparation. A large repertory of standard and classical musical compositions must be played actually at sight; and even difficult novelties are sometimes nearly so delivered. Under such poor conditions for an orchestra's actual drill and for its preserving due feeling for music, what wonder if standards are forgotten save when merely the honored guests in our seasons remind us of them?

Take also the weekly work and annual livelihood of a high-class orchestra-leader here. So long as he is not salaried, and salaried well, by a guaranteed organization, so long as his talent is not concentrated on its interests, he always has an unsatisfactory berth in the musical ship. He is never sure of a real competency. He is dependent on all sorts of fluctuations of musical politics. He can be out of the best kind of a professional job at scurvily short notice. He must likewise find out all the different or indifferent work that he can get his hands on, not seldom sailing pretty close to the wind of professional indignities. He must forego constant association with the same set of players under his care. He must dismiss the idea of the incessant personal touch with them that makes for an ideal orchestral performance. He is apt to be blamed for poor playing, and finds himself scolded because the Heroic Symphony or Goldmark's "Sakoontala" Overture came clumsily off. The important factor in the unsatisfactory interpretation will have been that the men have had no opportunity to be freshened up in feeling and technic. Worse yet, some of the best players have had to be fiddling or blowing at a ball, and have sent what "substitutes" they could procure for their concert duty.

The committee on organization of the projected permanent orchestra last week reviewed the situation and discussed the amount of the fund desirable for putting the scheme on a sound basis. One million dollars was urged as needful, rather than any smaller guarantee. This is sensible. It is certainly by no means extravagant. A million dollars is not too much for meeting the pros and cons of a large symphony band's livelihood and business, especially at the outset. With careful management and with very considerable patience on the part of the stockholders, one is inclined to think that even in New York—where the really public interest in music has been full of disagreeable and discouraging surprises—the undertaking, by-and-by, can become totally self-supporting. In Boston and in Chicago that happy result has been more nearly idea and view to be encouraged and made much of in the reached every recent year. But that is not the particular plan's outset. The class of subscribers to be drawn toward the scheme includes a splendid group of very rich men, of very rich women. But, be it remembered, such a class must be considerably distinguished from the annual opera subscription and the Metropolitan's list of stockholders. A large fraction of the Metropolitan's wealthy and official attendance know next to nothing of symphonic music, care less about it, and they would be in their boxes evening by evening were the performances of no artistic consequence whatsoever. Opera is a social duty to these. The symphonic public is of them, but by no means wholly of them. It is stated that of the fund to be built up there is already pledged $35,000; that Mr. Grau will engage the orchestra for operatic work bringing in $60,000; and that Brooklyn would guarantee for concerts there about $25,000. It is to be greatly desired, nevertheless, that such an orchestra be kept clear of hack operatic duty. Perhaps this reserve cannot possibly be managed. But an opera season—five or six performances a week—brings much of the overwork and underwork of the present order of things.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE summons of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to President Dwight of Yale is somewhat peremptory, but not on that account any the less interesting. Pointing out that most college boys are young, and that rum is bad for them, it invites Dr. Dwight, first, to "forbid students under his charge to enter places where alcoholic liquors are sold for beverage use, to keep such liquors in their dormitories or rooms, or to have them furnished at their class or other spreads and banquets"; second, to "use his great influence to secure prohibition of the sale of intoxicants within the city of New Haven, the same as has been secured at Cambridge." Until the action indicated is taken at Yale the W. C. T. U. will "feel compelled to send its sons and brothers to institutions where these provisions for safety against intoxicating drinks have been adopted." The communication which conveys this information is signed by the officers of the national organization of the W. C. T. U., and is understood to express the sentiments of some 300,000 members.

This suggestion to Dr. Dwight seems part of a general movement seeking to restrict the bibulous opportunities of all college undergraduates, and perhaps of college graduates also. It appears to be related, in sympathy at least, to the recent effort to abate the Princeton Inn, and it follows a succession of stories, which have been circulated as widely as possible, which have represented Yale to be exceptionally and deplorably reprobate and drunken, and much more in need than most large colleges of having its propensities restrained. Yale men insist that such representations are slanderous, and that Yale, like most other American universities, is steadily growing more and more abstemious. Judge Howland of New York, a representative Yale graduate, is even reported to have declared that Yale is just as temperate as Harvard, an institution which the W. C. T. U. holds up as a model of restriction. This seems an adventurous claim, but no representative of Harvard has yet disputed it, and if it is true it is very much to Yale's credit, since for many years past the periodical incentives to conviviality following athletic events of various kinds have been much oftener operative in New Haven than in Cambridge.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, who thinks he knows something about the state of things at Yale, seems loath to believe that the university is as badly off as has been represented. He says:

> I have been acquainted with Yale for twenty years, and I have never seen the university in as good condition religiously as now. My oldest son graduated here; and if my other son, who is now in the Freshman class, gets as much good out of Yale as his brother did, I shall have reason to thank God through time and eternity.

If the W. C. T. U. ladies believe, as appears, that abhorrence of all forms of alcohol is the fruit most to be desired from a university education, it is proper to point out to them that there are a number of bibulous influences at Yale, for the disuse of which they seem to have forgotten to stipulate. In the study of the classics students are permitted to become familiar with sentiments of many heathen writers which the ladies could not approve. Horace, a scandalous person in several particulars, betrays unmistakably his toleration of the "beverage use" of alcoholic fluids, and most of the Greek and Latin poets exhibit analogous latitudinarian tendencies. That our young men, "lads in their teens and away from the restraining influences of home," may have their principles undermined by these dissolute ancients is a possibility which the W. C. T. U. ought not to overlook. It is the consenting mind that is really at the bottom of intemperance. To close the saloons and forbid lads to drink or harbor liquor is a futile expedient, as every one knows, if the prohibited indulgences are still desired. Until the Yale faculty has been constrained to use classical textbooks purged by the W. C. T. U. of bibulous incentives and allusions, it will be vain to expect the cause of prohibition in the university to make satisfactory progress.

Still, temperance may prosper even where prohibition lags. St. Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Yale is full of men who strive for the mastery, and strive to good purpose, and to such men it makes no difference whether there are fifty saloons in New Haven or five thousand. Such men, whether they are scholars or athletes, are bound, as an incident of effort, to "keep under the body and bring it into subjection." They do not need prohibitory rules. If the W. C. T. U. ladies have sons or brothers of this quality, let them send them to Yale by all means. They will be perfectly safe there, and will do the university good. But if the sons or brothers are weak in the knees and ill-adapted to cope with ordinary temptations, it is very possible New Haven is not a good place for them.

The name of Miss Frances Willard is the first of those signed to the communication to President Dwight. The newspapers print the unwelcome news of her death at midnight on February 17. However any of her contemporaries may have differed from her views of what restraints or reforms are expedient or practicable, there was no difference of opinion about her fidelity to a high purpose to make this world a better place, and to make people in general fitter to live in it.

The Boston *Transcript* reports that the trustees of the Lowell estate in Cambridge have notified the committee in charge of the proposed Lowell memorial park that the option given on that part of "Elmwood" which is in the market will be withdrawn on March 1. Unless the money for the park is raised this month, the land is to be cut up into building-lots. The latest effort to raise this money seems not to have been especially fruitful. The amount still lacking was, at last accounts, about $14,000.

Recent newspaper reports of very large sales of birds and feathers in Boston for millinery purposes gave the impression, which was regretfully recorded on this page of the WEEKLY, that the Audubon Society's work in Massachusetts was not as effective as it deserved to be. The society, however, continues instant in well doing, and does not repine. Its secretary writes that it prospers beyond anticipation, and its report, issued last October, shows a membership of nearly two thousand, and an organization which reaches into all parts of the State. No doubt the society feels that the work of exciting an effectual public sentiment for the protection of birds and against the use of them for purposes of adornment must necessarily be slow, but it has no idea of abating its efforts.

At the recent annual meeting of the Audubon Society of New York the Massachusetts society was held up to admiration because it had five times as many members as the New York society, and an income proportionately larger.

The story of the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Veendam*, on February 7, in mid-ocean, by the *St. Louis*, makes delightful reading, of the sort that puts us all into conceit with human nature. It is pleasant that an American liner should have had this opportunity, and should have proved so admirably equal to it. To transfer 212 people in so short a time—three hours and ten minutes—in mid-ocean, with a high sea running, was an exploit to be proud of. Indeed, the whole transaction seems to have been creditable to every one concerned in it, and not less to the rescued than to the rescuers. There were order and discipline aboard the sinking ship, and very skilful and willing work by the men of the *St. Louis*. It came so near to being a tragedy, and, as it was, not a life was lost. That was grand! Fine things happen at sea, where the obligations of human brotherhood seem somehow to be much more imperative and more readily acknowledged than ashore.

The *Critic* says that Mark Twain has reached the terrible frankness of maturity and fame, and "tells tales like Bismarck, regardless whom he hits, so long as the blow is deserved." The example given is this Pudd'nhead Wilson sentence at the beginning of a chapter in his latest book: "She was not what you would call refined; she was not what you would call unrefined. She was the kind of woman who keeps a parrot."

That is indeed an illuminating instance of the working of Mark's mind. A private letter from Mr. Clemens to a friend in New York who is interested in statistics affords an analogous example of candor in this passage:

"The books which have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: *The Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, Tramp Abroad, Prince and Pauper, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, Yankee at the Court of Prince Arthur, Personal Reminiscences of Joan of Arc, Pudd'nhead Wilson, Following the Equator*, and the publications of the late firm of Charles L. Webster & Co."

Yes, and that veracious story-book, *The Jumping Frog*, the predecessor of all the works named, and possibly the most influential of the lot.

A contemporary suggests that when Señor de Lome spoke of the President as a "*politicastro*" he dropped a useful suggestion for the enrichment of English as we speak it. "Politicaster" is a pretty good word, not new (for Milton used it), but fallen into disuse, which seems to have at least as good a title to patronage as "poetaster." We don't often speak of "poetasters" nowadays; we call them "minor poets," or "humbler poets," and think those epithets imply sufficient disparagement. Perhaps we might spare "poetaster" without inconvenience, but it cannot be supposed that if it had been foreseen with what constancy and variety of denunciation the Americans would revile their public servants so convenient and euphonious a term as "politicaster" would have been suffered to drop out. The word is still in the dictionaries; it would be gratifying to see it in the newspapers. It is less clumsy than "pothouse politician," and meets about the same needs.

On February 6 there was a little news in the papers about Mr. William M. Evarts. He was eighty years old on that day, and we were told something about the condition of his health. His name is still a name to conjure with, but the infirmities of age press heavily upon him. His eyesight is impaired, and though he still often receives his old friends, he never leaves his house, and the inadequacy of his strength constrains him to a very quiet life.

Barnard College is fortunate in having Mr. Abram S. Hewitt accept, even temporarily, the chairmanship of its Board of Trustees, left vacant by Dr. Brooks. Mr. Hewitt brings zeal to the service which he has undertaken. He proclaims his wonder at the miraculous progress the college has made in the last three years, and calls for $100,000 to cover the cost of the equipment of the new buildings, and the preliminary cost of getting the institution in full working order. He starts the new subscription list himself with $1000, and already a month ago five other subscribers had pledged each that same amount.

The London *Spectator*, in discoursing about English and American clubs, notes, as a well-known phenomenon, "the very exclusive and aristocratic character of certain of the smartest American clubs," which, it says, approach more nearly to the nobles' clubs in a Continental provincial capital than to anything in Great Britain. The example it gives is a club for shooting and fishing, with a small membership, and an entrance-fee of £300.

There are a good many such little clubs in the country, but they are not so much clubs in the usual sense as organizations of intimates who unite to share the expense of some common pursuit or amusement. An association of gentlemen to hire a salmon river in Canada, or a game preserve in the Adirondacks or North Carolina, is nominally a club, but actually it is hardly more of a club than would be an organization to build an apartment-house in which each member should have a city home. "There are clubs in America," says the *Spectator*, "where, practically, admission cannot be gained unless the would-be member belongs to, or is connected with, the local group of first families." Can the Knickerbocker Club of New York be so described? or the Rittenhouse of Philadelphia? or the Somerset of Boston? If not, and the description seems not quite applicable to either of them, it would be interesting to know where these exclusive American clubs flourish. "Here," says the *Spectator*, "we seldom or never blackball because a man has not sufficient pedigree or family connection, but rather on personal grounds. There in the best clubs a man is not 'put up' unless he is 'one of our set.'" That will be news to most Americans who know or care anything about the clubs of their own country. It certainly is not true of the best clubs in New York, though it might be rash to say that a basis for it may not be found among clubs in other American cities. The social conditions in some of the older American cities are very curious, and probably without parallel in England. Where else in the world, for example, is there such a town as Philadelphia, which is old and rich and big, but very conservative, and not particularly cosmopolitan? Is there not a reasonable basis for the belief that there are a dozen American cities, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco, which have more individuality and more social independence than any British cities except London and Edinburgh? Still, only in the very largest cities, in New York and Philadelphia especially, would one look for such clubs as the *Spectator* tells about.

The twenty-second annual report of President Arthur Von Briesen, of the Legal Aid Society, tells of legal assistance given during 1897 to 5350 persons, of $35,979 actually collected in the office of the society, and $36,839 recovered by settlement outside the office. At least 3000 other applications received attention, but did not require actual legal service, and were not recorded. The society's business is to give legal assistance to persons too poor to engage counsel. It undertakes many cases where the claims would cost private counsel more to collect than they are worth. The recovery of a sewing-girl's four dollars, or an artisan's five or six dollars, honestly earned but withheld, comes within the scope of the society's good offices. Mr. Robert Goeller, the society's attorney for five years, has retired, and his successor is Mr. Carl Lincoln Schurz, who is in charge of the new offices at 239 Broadway. The expenses for 1897 were $7953; income from members, $4670; from clients, $1132. For the necessary balance the society had to beg, and it wants more members at $20 a year, and more associate members at $10, to increase its income and enable it to cover the larger field of Greater New York.

A plan is afoot in New York to build one or more hotels for the exclusive use of self-supporting women. The proposition is to organize a corporation to be known as the Woman's Hotel Company, with a capital of one million dollars, the corporation to be formed when $500,000 is subscribed. Then land is to be bought, and a hotel built to hold about a thousand boarders. Plans for such a hotel have been drawn, subject to change, and subscription papers circulated. The list of subscribers is headed by Mr. John S. Kennedy and Mr. Morris K. Jesup, each of whom takes 200 shares, worth $20,000. The committee on organization includes Messrs. H. B. Turner, C. S. Fairchild, C. F. Cox, J. Kennedy Tod, and Charles D. Kellogg, the last-mentioned gentleman being the acting secretary of the proposed company, with offices in the United Charities Building.

People who know about the self-supporting women of New York say that such a hotel as is planned is urgently needed, and would be sure of patronage. Various authorities submit that there are 2000 art students in town every year, 2000 students of music, 2000 trained nurses and medical students, and thousands of journalists, stenographers, physicians, and other business and professional women. It is estimated that there are 40,000 self-supporting women in this city who could afford to live at such a hotel as is planned. The minimum cost of board and lodging in it would be six dollars a week. It is computed that a hotel containing 825 rentable rooms (besides lodgings for its house-staff) would pay, when full, a gross income from all sources of $435,456. Its estimated expenses would be $253,053, which gives an apparent surplus of $182,403. These expense estimates, which have been verified by five widely known and successful hotel-managers, seem to show that the hotel would pay, though, whatever the profits, shareholders would not receive more than five per cent. interest on their investment.

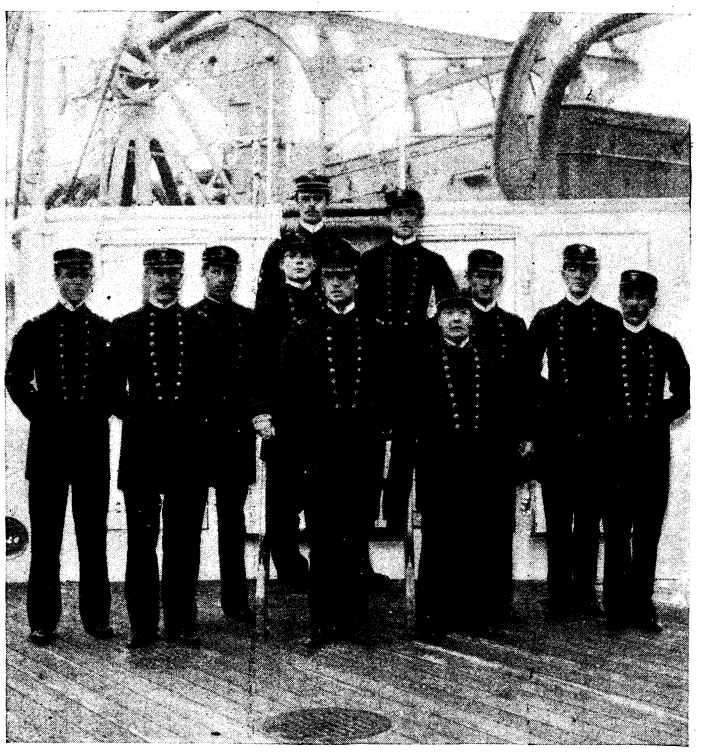
The project is interesting, and, in view of the success of the Mills Hotel, it will not be surprising if it is really tried. Of course the scheme projected calls for a scale of entertainment very much superior to what the Mills Hotel attempts; indeed, it seems like a revival of A. T. Stewart's ill-fated project, of which the Park Avenue Hotel is the lasting memorial.

One thing about which subscribers to such a scheme would seem likely to want information is rules. By what regulations are the boarders in this hotel to be governed, and will they be subject to restrictions which other hotels do not find necessary? On this point the preliminary prospectus does not give information.

It is rumored that the spring fashions for women show a continuing subsidence of the puffed sleeve. The sleeve some time ago ceased to be a cause of alarm, and in its present proportions might easily have been tolerated for a long time to come. But that, of course, would not suit the fell purposes of the fashion-mongers, whose scheme is to let the sleeve dwindle until it reaches its lowest possible limits, and then gradually swell it again to the full balloon size. The prime purpose of the artificers of fashion is to induce the greatest amount of change which womankind will endure. In order to be adopted, changes in costume must be gradual. Woman will not adopt a new fashion of garb which makes all her old clothes impossible; and yet it would not please her to have the gowns of two successive seasons made alike. A change always, but not too violent a change—that seems to be the requirement the designers have to meet.

There has been a great and general improvement within fifteen years in the phrasing of obituary resolutions. Persons, still pitiably young, may remember when almost all the formal obituary resolutions that appeared in the newspapers began: "*Whereas* it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to remove our late neighbor, James Smith, *Resolved*, That we submit," etc. This form seems no longer to be in general use. The resolutions of the day take some things for granted, and are a good deal more tersely and simply contrived.

E. S. MARTIN.



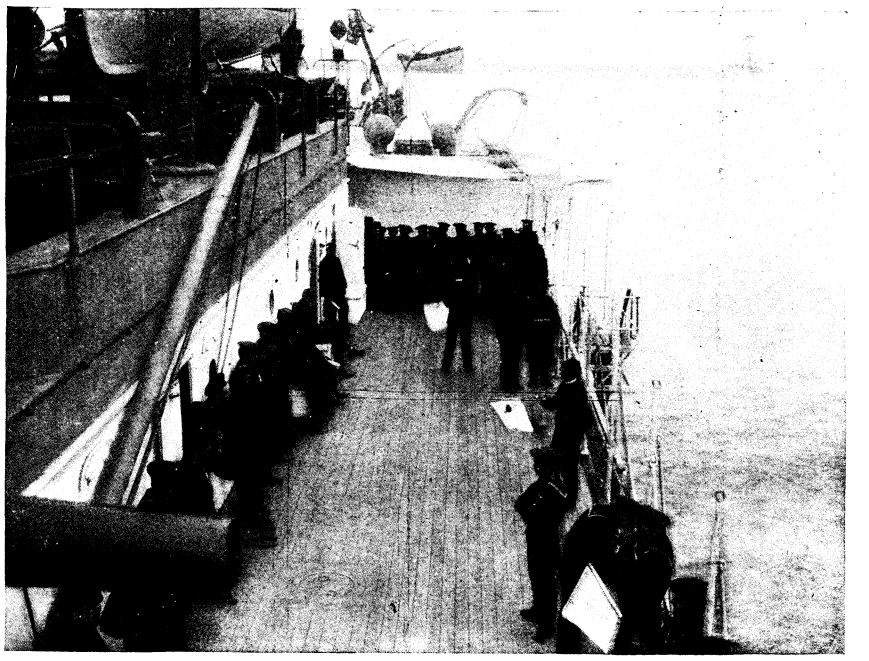
JUNIOR OFFICERS.



MEMBERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY UNION.



CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS.



SIGNAL DRILL.



COAL-PASSERS.



Lieut. Jenkins. Lieut.-Com. Holman, Navigator. Paymaster Whitehouse. Lieut.-Com. Marix.

WARD-ROOM OFFICERS IN THEIR MESS-ROOM.

CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS ON UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."—[SEE PAGE 197.]

[The above Pictures were made just previous to the "Maine's" last Cruise, when she was under command of Captain Crowninshield. Since then a number of changes have taken place in her Officers and Crew.]



PRESIDENT MASÓ AND HIS MILITARY STAFF.



GENERAL VEGA AND HIS FORCE.



THREE YOUNG INSURGENTS.



GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS'S FORCES, AFTER CROSSING THE JUCARO-MORON TROCHA.



THE ONLY PRIEST WITH THE INSURGENT FORCES.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—From Photographs by F. D. Pagliuchi, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE rise of the theatre trust is a fact of modern economics which I find full of suggestion, if not encouragement, for it shows how easily and completely the principle animating the combination may be applied to almost any branch of art, science, ethics, or religion. I have never myself been able to see how this principle differed from the principle animating any form of business; it seems to me that the distinction, if there is any, is quantitative rather than qualitative, and that the trust is only a business organized so vastly and powerfully as to crush out at once the competition which smaller businesses are slower in killing. But this preconception of mine is of little moment in the presence of this latest manifestation of the commercial spirit in regions hitherto fancied safe from it; though they were really never safe from it.

It is only a few years since the philosophical observer began to be amused by the tendency of all the theatres in New York to group themselves under one management, and he had hardly had his laugh out when the colossal joke of a theatre trust was sprung upon the public. This might very well have been supposed to end the pleasantry, but it was merely the beginning of the fun, and now we are told that the trust, in its droll way, controls all but seventeen of the principal theatres throughout the country; that it supplies the dramatic entertainments everywhere, and employs most of the histrionic talent. It has indeed driven some great actors who oppose it to making speeches against it, but in the houses which it pre-empts it causes the band to play when they come before the curtain for this purpose, and drowns their voices quite as if it were a paternal power dealing with oratory on the scaffold.

This behavior of the trust has of course threatened the prosperity of the theatrical profession. It is apparent that it must hereafter greatly limit the number of actors, not to say actresses, and there is a good deal of anxious inquiry among them as to their respective fitness to survive in circumstances so much beyond their control. If we had any drama, it would be equally fatal to our drama, but as we have none, our dramatists can safely challenge the trust to do its worst. Upon the same ground our public may defy it, for in the sense of a public with taste of its own, or any intelligence concerning the theatre, we have no more public than drama. But the phenomenon which we are confronted with has a vital interest for actors; and I do not deny them my sympathy in speculating upon the extension of the trust principle (if there is such a thing) in other walks of life.

One cannot say where the trust will next appear, to decimate and devour. I was thinking that it might be the pulpit which would fall under its sway, but I reflected in time that there have always been trusts in matters of religion, and that every church has been a trust which suffered no sort of competition if it could help it. The trust methods in past ages (not to say our own) have been so perfectly applied by the different sects according to their power that it might almost be supposed the business trusts had studied their methods from the history of the ecclesiastical trusts.

In fact the business trusts have not yet gone to the extremes which the ecclesiastical trusts reached in dealing with competition; but in modern times there has been a growing laxity in the treatment of rival beliefs, and perhaps the time will come when a number of long-headed business men will combine to control the churches of the country, and to supply the pulpits with ministers in their employ, and so far dictate the doctrine the public shall receive from them.

There is no reason why we should not expect the application of trust principles to the supply of literature. If the magazines go on multiplying and cheapening themselves at the ruinous rate they have done of late years, some shrewd financier will see his way to buying them all up and issuing one great trust periodical in which the public would be given what the trust chose to offer it. All the leading writers could be hired to write for it at a very low rate, since there would be nothing else to write for, and the cost of literature, like kerosene, could be enormously reduced in price to the masses, as long as competition threatened, and correspondingly increased when the danger passed. The advantage to the public of having its fiction supplied by a trust will be apparent to any one who considers how very little variety there is in novels, and how easily they could be written by a trained corps of well-paid romancers from a selection of favorite patterns. Trust criticisms, all of an appreciative brand, could be furnished by the same combination.

In journalism a trust is even more feasible. One Republican and one Democratic newspaper could be edited in the metropolis under a central control and simultaneously issued throughout the country, with an incalculable saving of expense and no loss of principle.

A medical trust could probably doctor the community as effectively as the present multiplicity of practitioners, and on the whole save as many lives and limbs, for infinitely less money. There are some reasons why patients might prefer physicians supplied by a medical trust: they would be in less danger than they are now from beginners, for the trust would no doubt train its employés by long experiment *in corpore vile* before turning them loose on a paying clientage, and would retire them with suitable pensions before they were superannuated.

As for the fine arts, I see almost unlimited opportunity for the extension of the trust in their direction. In fact men much younger than myself can remember that after the war, when a grateful country began to put up monuments to its heroic dead, the demand for them was so great that a monument company was formed to supply them in the requisite number and ugliness. There has lately been talk of a building trust which should contract at once for the architecture and the construction of every sort of edifice; and every one who is in the habit of visiting our art exhibitions must own that it would save a vast deal of suffering on all sides if a large landscape and figure trust would undertake to cater to our art-loving public, which commonly does not know a good picture from a bad one, and is always in danger of imposition. There are only a few interesting artists in the country, and these might be bought up by the trust and set to work on subjects selected by the directors, who would know much better what our people want. In the case of artists of too great originality, who insisted upon doing incendiary novelties, the trust could take a hint from the method of some monopolies in buying up rebellious inventors, and pay them not to paint.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RED AXE IS LEFT ALONE.

GOTTFRIED GOTTFRIED bowed to the guest of his house with the noble manner which comes to every serious-minded man who deals habitually in the high matters of life and death. I made his introductions to the Lady Ysolinde, and as readily and gracefully he returned his acknowledgments. But I allowed Master Gerard's daughter to develop her own projects to him, which, indeed, she was no long time in doing.

As she proceeded I saw my father change color, and become, as to his face, almost as white as the Friesland cloth in which he was dressed. Presently, however, as if struck with the sound of a well-known name, he looked up quickly.

"Plassenburg, said you, my lady?" he inquired.

The Lady Ysolinde nodded.

"Yes, to Plassenburg, where the Princess has great need of a maid of honor."

"Her Highness is often upon her travels, I hear it reported," said my father, "while the Prince keeps himself much at home."

"He esteems his armies more than all the marvels of strange countries," replied Ysolinde, "and thus he holds the lands and folk in great quiet."

"And your father, Master Gerard, would have my son engage with him for a space? Well, I think it may be good for the lad. For I know that the shadow of the Red Tower stalks after him through the city of Thorn, and there is no need that he should lie down under it too soon. But this of my little maid is a matter apart, and means a longer and a sorer parting."

"Fear not, my father," cried the Playmate, eagerly; "I would not leave you alone, even to be the Princess of Plassenburg herself."

My father took another strange look from one to the other of the two women, the import of which I understood not then.

"I know not," said he; "I think it might all be for the best. As I see it, there are strange times coming upon us in Thorn. And the town of Plassenburg under the Prince Karl is a defenced city, set in a strong province, content and united. It might be for the best that you should go, little one."

"I cannot go," said Helene, "and leave you alone."

Gottfried Gottfried smiled a sad smile, wistfully pleasant.

"I am wellnigh an old man already, and it is the nature of my profession that I should be alone. I work among the issues of life and death. Every man must be lonely when he dies, and I, who have lived with dying men, am perforce lonely while I live. It is well, a clearer air for the young bird. But yet it will be lonesome to miss you when I come in—the empty pot wanting the flower; the case without the jewel; silence above and below; your voice and Hugo's, that have changed the sombre Red Tower with your young folks' pleasantries, heard no more. Ah, I had thought—I had dreamed—"

He stopped and looked from one to the other of us, and I saw that Ysolinde of the White Gate read his thought. Whereat right suddenly the Little Playmate blushed; and as for me I watched the dull gold flash on the spangles of our guest's waist-belt, which was in form like a live serpent, with changeful scales and eyes of ruby red.

My father went over to where Helene sat. She rose to meet him, and put her arms about his neck. He laid his right hand on her head—that terrible hand that was not dreadful to us who loved him.

"Little flower," he said, in his simple way, "God be good to you in the transplanting! It is not fair to your young life that the stain should lie upon your lot. I have given you a quiet hermitage while you needed it. But now it is right that my house should again be left unto me desolate. It is already late summer, and high time that the young brood should fly away!"

He turned to me.

"With you, Hugo, it is a thing different; you were born to that to which you are born. And to that, as I read your horoscope, you must one day return. But in the mean time care for the maid. I lend her to you. I give her into your hand. Cherish her well. Let her enemies be yours, and if harm come to her through your neglect, slay yourself ere you come before me. For, by the Lord God of Righteous Judgment, I will have no mercy!"

I saw the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde glitter like those of the snake in her belt as my father delivered Helene over to me.

But my father had yet more to say.

"And if any," he went on, in a deep still voice, keeping his hand upon the downcast head of the Little Playmate—"if any, great or small, prince or pauper, harm but a hair of this fair head, by the great God who wields His Axe over the universe and sits in the highest Halls of Judgment, whose servant I am, I, Gottfried Gottfried, swear that he shall taste the vengeance of the Red Axe and drink to the dregs the cup of the agony in his own blood!"

So saying, he kissed Helene and stalked out, without turning his head or making any further obeisance or farewell.

We sat mazed and confounded after his departure.

The Lady Ysolinde it was who first recovered herself. She put out a kindly hand to Helene, who sat drooping by the window, looking out upon the roofs of Thorn, though well I wot she saw nothing of spire, roof, or pinnacle.

"God do so to me and more also," she said, in a low solemn voice, "if I keep not this charge."

And I think for the moment she meant it. The trouble was that the Lady Ysolinde could not mean one thing for very long at a time. As indeed shall afterwards appear.

So it was arranged that within the week Helene and I should say our farewells to the Red Tower which had sheltered us so long, as well as to Gottfried Gottfried, who had been my kind father and to the little Helene more than any father.

But in spite of all we wearied day by day to be gone. For, indeed, Gottfried Gottfried said right. The shadow of the Red Tower, the stain of the Red Axe, was over us both so long as we abode on the Wolfsberg. Yet what it cost us to depart—at least till we were out of the gates of the city—I cannot write down, for to both of us the first waygoing seemed bitter as death.

My father had been busy all the morning with his grim work on the day when we were to ride away. A gang of malefactors who had wasted a whole country-side with their cruelty had been brought out. And as it was suspected that other more important villains were yet to be caught, there had been the repeated pain of the Extreme Question, and now there remained but the falling of the Red Axe to settle all accounts. So that when he came to bid us farewell he had but brief time to spare. And of necessity he wore the faithful crimson, which fitted his tall, spare figure like a glove.

"Fare thee well, little one!" he said, first, to Helene. "Not thus, had the choice lain with me, would I have bidden thee farewell. But when it shall be that I meet you again, I shall surely wear the white of the festa day. I commit you to Him whose mistakes are better than our good deeds, whose judgments are kinder than our mercies."

So he kissed her, and reached a hand over her shoulder to me.

"Son Hugo," he said, "go in peace. You will return to succeed me. I see it like a picture—on the day when I lie dead you shall stand with the Red Axe in your hand waiting to do judgment. It is well. Keep this maid more sacred than your life—and meantime, fare you well!"

So saying he left us abruptly.

Our horses were saddled in the court-yard, and as I rode last through the rarely opened gateway, I saw Duke Casimir looking out from his window upon the lower enclosure, as was his pleasure upon the day of execution. I heard the dull thud which was the meeting of the Red Axe and the redder block as that which had been between fell apart. And for the last time I heard the blood-hounds leap and the pattering of their eager feet upon the barriers.

Thus the latest I heard of the place of my nativity was fitting and dreadful. I was mortally glad to ride away into the clear air and the invigorating silence. But on my heart there still lay heavy the twice-repeated prediction of my father and of the Lady Ysolinde, that I should yet return and hold the Red Axe in his place.

But I resolved rather to die in the honest front of battle. Nevertheless, had I known the future, I would have seen that they, and not I, were right.

I was indeed fated to return and stand ready to execute doom with the Red Axe in my hand and my father lying dead near by.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRIME OF THE MORNING.

Now so strange a thing is woman that so soon as we were started down the High Street of the city of Thorn the Little Playmate dried her eyes, turned towards me in her saddle, and straightway began to take me to task as though I had been to blame.

"I have left," said she, "the only home I ever knew, and the only man that ever truly loved me, to accompany a young man that cares not for me, and a woman whom I have seen but once, to a far land and an unkindly folk."

"It is not fair," I said, "to say that I love you not. For, as God sees me, I have ever loved you—loved you best and loved you only, Helene! And though you are angered with me now, I know not why, still till now you have never doubted it."

"I doubt it sorely now, I know," she said, bitterly; "yet indeed I care not whether you or any love me at all."

And this saying I was greatly sorry for. It seemed a sad wayfaring from our old Red Tower and out of my native city of Thorn.

"Helene, little one," said I, "believe me, I love none in the whole world but my father and you. Trust me, I am to keep you safe with my life in the far land to which we go. Do not let us quarrel, littlest. There are only the two of us here that remember the old man my father, and the little room to which you came as a babe, all in white."

So presently she was pacified, and reached me a hand from the back of her beast, on pretence of leaning over to avoid a swinging sign in one of the narrow streets, near by the White Gate, where we were to meet the Lady Ysolinde.

"And yet more, Little Playmate," said I, keeping her hand when I had it, "do not begin by distrusting the noble lady with whom we are to travel. For she means well to us both, and in the strange country to which we go we may be wholly in her power."

"You are sure that you do not love that woman, then?" said Helene, without looking at me. For, indeed, in many things she was but a child, and ever spoke more freely than other maids, perhaps with being brought up in the Red Tower in the company of my father, who on all occasions spoke his mind just as it came to him.

"Nay," said I, "believe me, little love, I do not love her at all."

And now on horseback Helene looked all charming, and, what with the exercise, the adventure, and the reassurance, she had a glow of rose-color in her cheeks. She had never before been so far away from the precincts of the Wolfsberg. I had even taught her to ride in the court-yard, of a summer evening, on a horse borrowed from one of the Duke's squires.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

We found the Lady Ysolinde waiting for us at her house, Master Gerard talking to her in the doorway, earnestly, and apart. Both of them had a look of much solemnity, as though the matter of their discourse were some very weighty one.

Presently her father kissed her, and she came down the steps. I leaped from my horse to help her to the saddle, but the respectable serving-man was before me. So that instead I went about and looked to the buckles and girths, which were all in order, and patted the arching neck of the beautiful milk-white palfrey whereon she rode. Then Master Gerard waved a hand and went within.

And as we went out of the Weiss Thor into the keener air of the country, I thought what a charge I had to keep two ladies so surpassingly fair, each in her own several graces, as our Helene and the Lady Ysolinde.

No sooner, however, were we past the outer barriers, at which the soldiers of the Duke Casimir kept guard, than a vast ungainly wight started up from the road-side.

Having shaken off the earth roughly, he pulled out a sheath-knife and trimmed the branches, till he had made him a kind of club, with which he threatened me, saying, "If I catch that young man at any tricks, with this club will I break every bone in his skin like the shells of so many broken eggs."

Then laughing a little, and seeing that nothing could be made of the fellow, the Lady Ysolinde rode on and we followed her. We thought that surely there would be no difficulty in shaking him off long ere we reached our lodging-place of the evening, and that he would find his way back to the city of Thorn.

But even though we set our horses to their speed, it seemed to make no difference to the unwieldy giant. He merely stretched his legs a little further, and caused his great gaskined feet to pass one another as fast as if they had been shod with seven-league boots. So he not only kept up with us easily, but oftentimes made a détour through the fields and over the wild country on either side as a questing dog does, ever returning to us with some quaint vagrant fancy or quip of childish simplicity.

But what pleased me better than the appearance of the Lubber Fiend was that ere we had gone quite two miles out of the city we found two well-armed and stanch-looking soldiers waiting for us at a kind of cross-road. They were armed with the curious powder-guns which were coming into fashion from France. These went off with a noble report, and killed sometimes at fifteen or twenty paces when the aim was good. The fellows had swords also, and little polished shields on their left arms—altogether worthy and notable body-guards.

"These two are soldiers of the Guard from Plassenburg," said the Lady Ysolinde, "though now they are travelling as members of a Free Company desiring to enter upon new engagements. But they will make the way easier and pleasanter for us, as well as safer, being veterans well accustomed to the work of quartering and foraging."

As indeed we were to find ere the day ended.

So we rode on in the brilliant light, and the long, long day seemed all too brief to us who were young, and scarce delivered from the prison-house of Thorn. And, to my shame, I admit that my heart rose with every mile that I put between me and the Red Tower.

Indeed, I hardly had a thought to spend on my father. The hot quadrangle of the Wolfsberg, the howling fox-colored demons in the kennels, the black Duke Casimir—I forgot them all. Aye, I forgot even my father, and everything save that I was riding with two fair women through a world where all was love and spring, and where it was ever the prime of the morning.

The Lady Ysolinde could not make enough of our Little Playmate. She laughed back at her over her shoulder when she let her horse out for a canter. She marvelled loudly at Helene's good riding, and at the unbounded beauty of the crisp ringlets which clustered round her head like a boy's. And our Helene smiled, well pleased, and ceased to watch my eyes or to grow silent if I checked my horse too long by the side of the Lady Ysolinde.

Mostly we three rode abreast over the pleasant country. So long as we were crossing the plain of the Wolfmark we saw few tilled fields, and the farm-houses were fewer still. But wherever these were to be seen they were fortified and defended like castles, and had gates, great and high, with iron plates upon them and knobs like the points of spears beaten blunt.



"'I COMMIT YOU TO HIM WHOSE MISTAKES ARE BETTER THAN OUR GOOD DEEDS.'"

"Jan Lubber Fiend!" cried the Lady Ysolinde, "what do you here?"

The oaf grinned his awful writhed smile.

"Think you, my lady," said he, cunningly, "that your poor Jan would abide within the precincts of the city house with that funeral ape bidding me do this and do that, sit here and sit there, come in and go out, at his pleasure? A thing of dough that I could twist into knots as easily as I can crack my joints."

And of this latter accomplishment he proceeded to give us certain examples which sounded like cannon shots at close quarters.

"Get home with you!" cried Ysolinde; "I cannot have thee following us. There are two men presently to meet us to guard us to Plassenburg, and we do not need you, Jan Lubber Fiend. Get back and take care of my father."

"Oh, as for him," said the monster, sitting down squat upon the plain road in the dust, "he is a tough old cock, and will come to no harm. We can e'en leave him with a good cook, a prime cellar, and an easy mind. But this young man is not to trust to with so many pretty maids. Jan will look after him."

And with that he nodded his head of a haystack three times at me, and going to the hedge-root, he laid hold of the top of a young poplar and turned him about, keeping the stem of it over his shoulder. Then he set himself to pull like a horse that starts a load, and presently, without apparently distressing himself in the least, he walked away with the young tree, roots and all.

The Lady Ysolinde, who had often ridden that way, told us that these were all in the Duke Casimir's country, and were mostly possessed by the kin of his chief captains, feudal tenants, who for the right of possession were compelled to furnish so many riders to the Duke's Companies.

"But wait," she said, "till you come to the dominions of the Prince of Plassenburg. You will find that he is indeed a ruler that can make the broom-bush keep the cow."

So we rode on, and passed pleasant and exciting things, more than I had ever seen in all my life before.

Once we saw half a dozen men driving cattle across our path, and it was curious to mark how readily they drew their swords and couched their lances at us, turning themselves about this way and that like a quintain till we were quite gone by, which made us laugh. For it seemed a strange thing that men so well armed should fear a company of no more than their own numbers, and two of them maids upon palfreys.

But Ysolinde, said: "It is not, after all, so strange, for over yonder blue hills dwells Joan of the Swordhand, who can lead a foray as well as any man, and once worsted Duke Casimir himself when he beset her castle."

So the day went past swiftly, with good company and the converse of folk well liking one another. And ever I wondered how we were to spend the night, and what sort of cheer we should find at our inn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW PEOPLE COME AND GO IN NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DART WALKER AND L. A. SHAFER.



PROBABLY over three hundred and fifty thousand brain-workers, manual toilers, and wage-earners daily enter the artery centre of the Greater New York —the place where its pulse is to be felt, the commercial heart, which might now well include the busy district from Thirty-fourth Street south to the Battery. Between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the morning this great inrush is going on, and the hordes of Uitlanders are settling down to begin the work-day.

But to digress at the outset to gain an idea of proportion: Supposing that a city of the size and importance of Cincinnati should be threatened with some direful disaster, making it expedient and necessary to move every man, woman, and child to a distance of from twelve to forty miles in a limited space of time, what hubbub and confusion would follow! How long would it take for this to be accomplished? It would be a hard thing to state; and yet more people than the city of Cincinnati holds pour regularly into New York and regularly pour out again every day!

Where do they come from, where do they go, and how do they do it? Where stand the towns and villages that are populous at night and as deserted in the daytime as if the country had called their young and the willing to the defence of her frontiers. Where are they? They are scattered in so many directions and at such varying distances that the exodus and the influx of the inhabitants are hardly noticeable. It is only when they gather at the congested points where they deliver their bodies into the care and keeping of the common carriers that the strength of the commuter army is recognized.

Although these men (some of whom travel a distance equal to the circumference of the earth at the equator every year, and spend a large proportion of their lives on train or trolley or boat) arise with the crowing of cocks and the early morning twitter of birds in their ears, and at night may awaken to listen to the melancholy hooting of an owl in the orchard, they are nevertheless men of the city. Town has stamped them in appearance, speech, and manner, and so accustomed do they become to the diurnal pilgrimage that they have grown to regard it in a philosophical spirit. With the adaptability of the American temperament, they have begun to utilize it in one way or another to their advantage. To a man unaccustomed to this life and forced to make these journeyings for a week, say, they would seem most probably a bore; but to the philosophical commuter the time is not altogether spent amiss. He makes business appointments on the train, or finds time for amusement in conversation and companionship; he devotes himself to contemporary literature, or familiarizes himself with the news of the day; and in some cases he carries his club with him, as it were, claims his favorite seat and corner, and gains the relief and excitement that the "whister" derives from the game of "Master" Cavendish.

The comic papers have taken the commuter for one of their butts in stock; but over this he triumphs, and his absolute importance to the business life of the metropolis is evident. It was noticed at the time of the great blizzard, when suburban traffic was blocked completely and business came almost to a standstill.

But various are the classes and distinctions of these workaday pilgrims, and the routes and methods they take of reaching shop, store, or office have developed individual habits—habits of promptness and habits of perpetual haste. Many, alas! are at the mercy completely of the corporation that for a yearly price contracts to start them on time, deliver them safely, and return them to the bosom of their families. There are some who boast with proper pride that they have never missed a train; there are others who apparently never succeed in catching one without having to run for it. They chase from the breakfast table to the suburban railway station, and from the uptown surface cars they rush through the waiting-room, greet the ticket-taker with a friendly nod of recognition, and settle themselves in the smoking-car just as the train-despatcher rings his bell. The railway hands know them by name and sight, the conductor is a conspicuous friend, and the brakeman is especially polite at the Christmas season.

The inhabitant who lives south of the Harlem River cannot be classed among the pilgrims. He is independent of time-tables. He has no intimacy with minor officials, and he disdains the carrying of bundles. But the citizen of the Greater New York who depends upon these things is often the shopper for the family. He disdains disguise, and boldly carries out a pocket full of quail, a basket of peaches, or a sugar-cured ham, and is willing to tell you where he *always* procures them. There is one class, however, limited in numbers, but none the less to be recognized, whose daily goings and comings are somewhat in the sense of the recreations of a prince of royal blood. His pilgrimage is witnessed by thousands, and the money he spends in one week going from his mahogany desk to his mahogany dinner table would keep the average pilgrim's coal-cellar filled for a decade. His yacht anchors near the river-bank up the Hudson or in one of the shallow inlets of the Sound, where the rich man's sloping lawn reaches down to his private pier-head. He enters his gig or launch, puts off to his graceful craft, dons a yachting-cap, leans back in a wicker chair, and is transported as smoothly and delightfully as the prince in a fairy tale, into the world of turmoil and the country of bonds and stocks and profits. Late in the afternoon he drives to the city water-front, gives his orders to the belettered sailors in true naval fashion, is greeted at the gangway by a steward with the latest popular beverage, and off he goes homeward, the cool breeze fanning him, while countless thousands of his kind swelter in the crowded cars, or cling helplessly to the greasy straps of the suburban trolley lines.

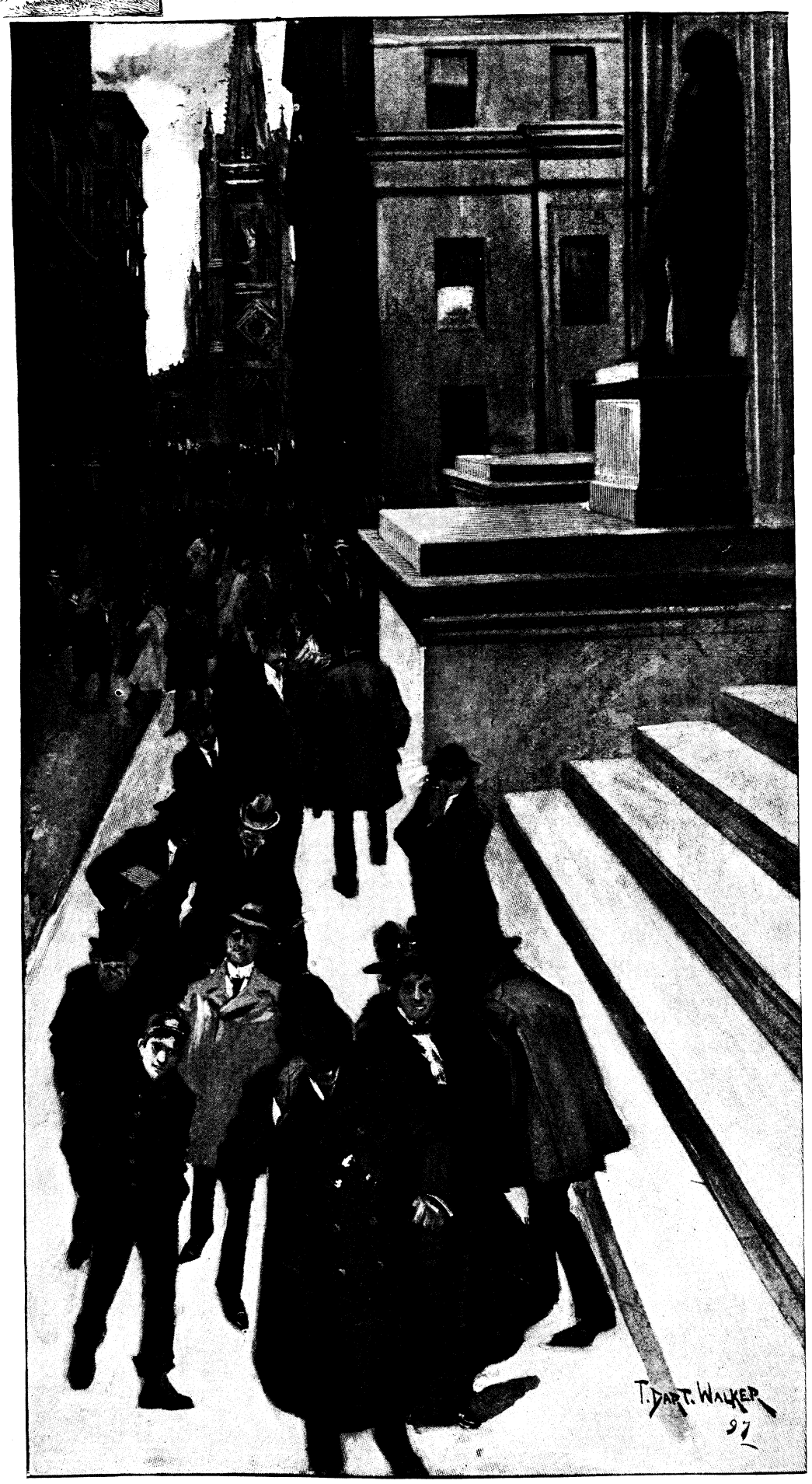
It would be rather interesting to draw the distinction between these, and to note the methods that are employed by some of the latter class to reach their journey's end. They are men whose fingers are ink-stained from handling the pen, and whose forefingers are calloused from following columns of figures in the ledger, who every night and every morning pull in small boats some two or three miles from their little cottages along the Great South Bay.

From Brooklyn, over bridge and ferry, comes a mighty army. See the net-work of surface and elevated roads that land them at their doors!

Others leave the trolley at the corner of some country lane and strike out through the dust or mud or snow to be welcomed at the hill-top like returning mariners by their expectant youngsters and their faithful spouses—sometimes at night to be guided by cheerful lights placed in the windows.

It would be hard to estimate the number of people who cross from Brooklyn by ferry and bridge to their daily work. But, beyond all doubt, this army, a fair proportion of which is women, amounts to something in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand. From the towns of Long Island come about thirteen thousand, while the ferry-boats from Staten Island and the south carry about seven thousand. New Jersey adds its great proportion to the total sum. The five great railroads and their branches terminating along the western shore of the North River carry commuters in the following proportions: the New York, Susquehanna, and Western, two thousand; the New Jersey Central, eight thousand; the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, twenty-five thousand; the Erie, thirty-eight thousand; the West Shore, two thousand; and the Pennsylvania road, thirty thousand.

But it is surprising to learn what a great proportion enters the city from the north through the Grand Central Station, coming in by the net-work of roads that terminate in that small and confined space. It is marvellous how such crowds can be handled. But what is yet more



WALL STREET WHEN THE BANKERS SHUT UP SHOP FOR THE DAY.

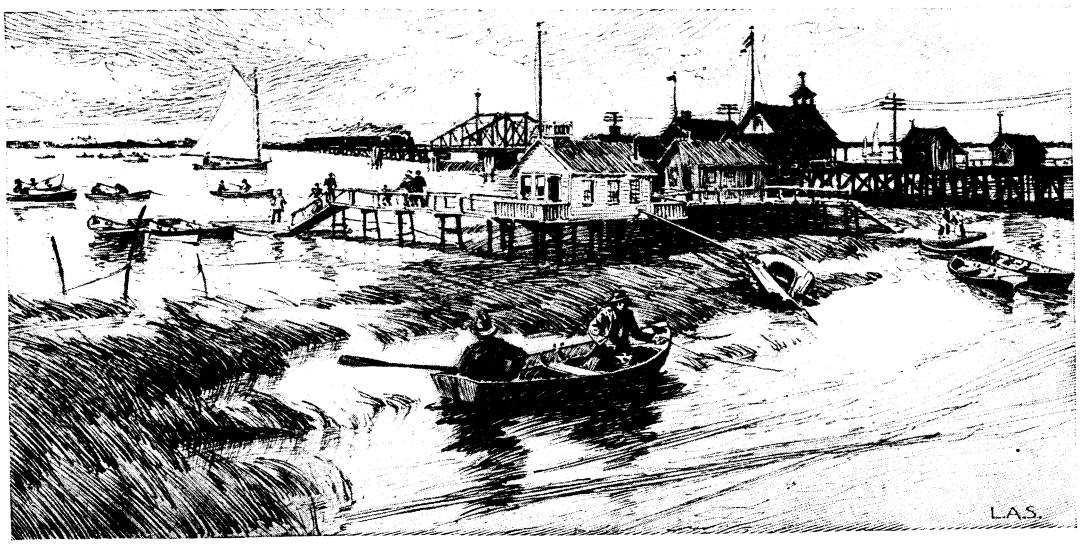


ALONG THE SHORES OF THE HARLEM RIVER.

THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

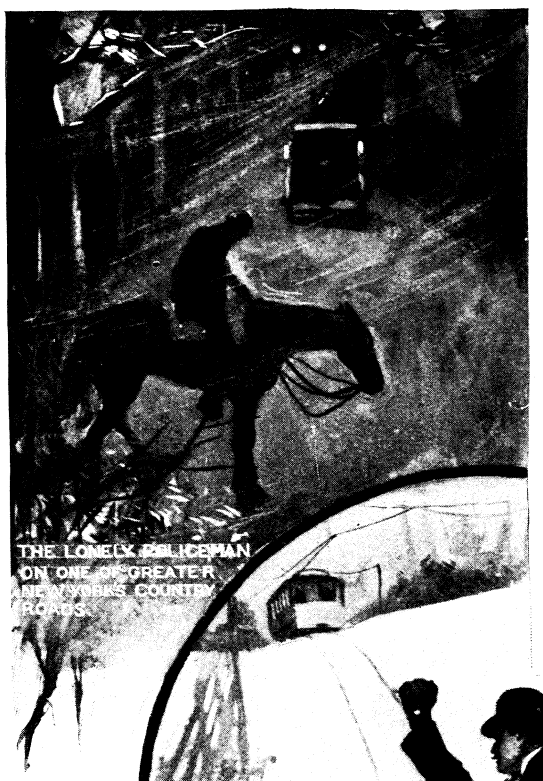
remarkable is the facility and the mystery of their disappearance once they reach the street. From all the down-town ferries, during the opening and closing of the business day, march columns of hurrying figures. They overrun the sidewalks, and, unless it is too muddy, often take to the middle of the streets. Like a daily tide they set in and out at stated hours, gathering numbers from every doorway and corner. But at the entrance of the Grand Central Station one sees no such evidence of the march to a common dispersing-point—which downtown is Broadway. At Forty-second Street the crowds scatter in all directions—across town they go in the horse-cars, or up or down by elevated roads or the trolley. A few figures readily show the amount of this augmentation of New York's mercantile and business army. New York Central carries about forty thousand; the New Haven and Hartford, twenty-eight thousand; the Harlem, twenty thousand; the New York and Northern, ten thousand; the Suburban, that joins the Third Avenue Elevated, carries twenty thousand.

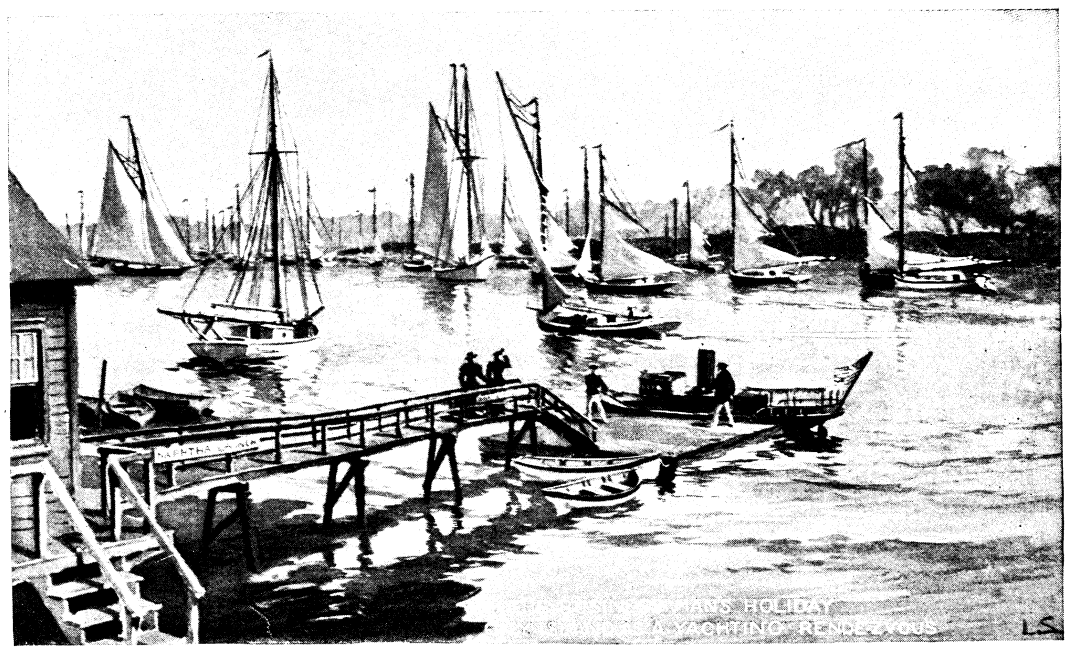
The sojourners or the visitors for pleasure cut but small figures when compared with these daily travellers, but a glance at the number of great hotels shows that New York is growing to be the great pleasure city of the continent. Every facility is pushed to its utmost to accommodate the transient public. During one week of the early winter every hotel in town was full of visitors and sight-seers, and some thoughtless people who counted on finding plenty of room at the fashionable and expensive hotels were forced to take lodgings or go to boarding-houses—*pensions* they would call them on the other side. The money spent in the city by the dwellers in other places, spent in the mere gratification of pleasure, keeps many large industries going. The steam-railroads give more care to the comfort of these customers than of the people who come and go. The elegant (a word that just fits) vestibule trains give them all the luxury of barber shops, reading-rooms, valets, maids, and stenographers as they roll toward the Mecca of their hopes. The luggage of the money-spender is taken direct from the railway station to the numbered room at the chosen hotel; a special cab-service, at reasonable rates, takes the owner of the luggage and deposits him at the doorway. Nothing could be more simple or more comfortable. He finds nothing to complain of in all this, and, beyond all doubt, is satisfied with the common carriers and the terminal facilities; he is a preferred patron, and tips his way along regardless of expense. But let him go out to spend a day or so with a suburban friend; he will find that a different matter. Crowded and jostled and packed and steamed, he will regard a trip to Chicago in "the Limited" as a pastime, he will lose all sense of personal importance, and vote that of all criminally good-natured individuals the New York commuter is the worst offender. A Chicagoan once stated that "New York was only intended to be 'so big' anyhow," and lacked the power of limitless expansion. "You have to go either up or down or out of it," said he. Perhaps that is true enough, but it has grown to be a pretty long "up or down," and is still growing; as for the getting out, that implies a getting in, and is becoming another question to face. Another bridge or two across the East River would help out the difficulty—comparatively a simple matter of investment of capital. What has been done once so successfully can be done again. The bridges will come in good time, and there may be before long one linking us to the Jersey shore. Few people know that the tunnel underneath the North River was ever completed. The gigantic failure of the

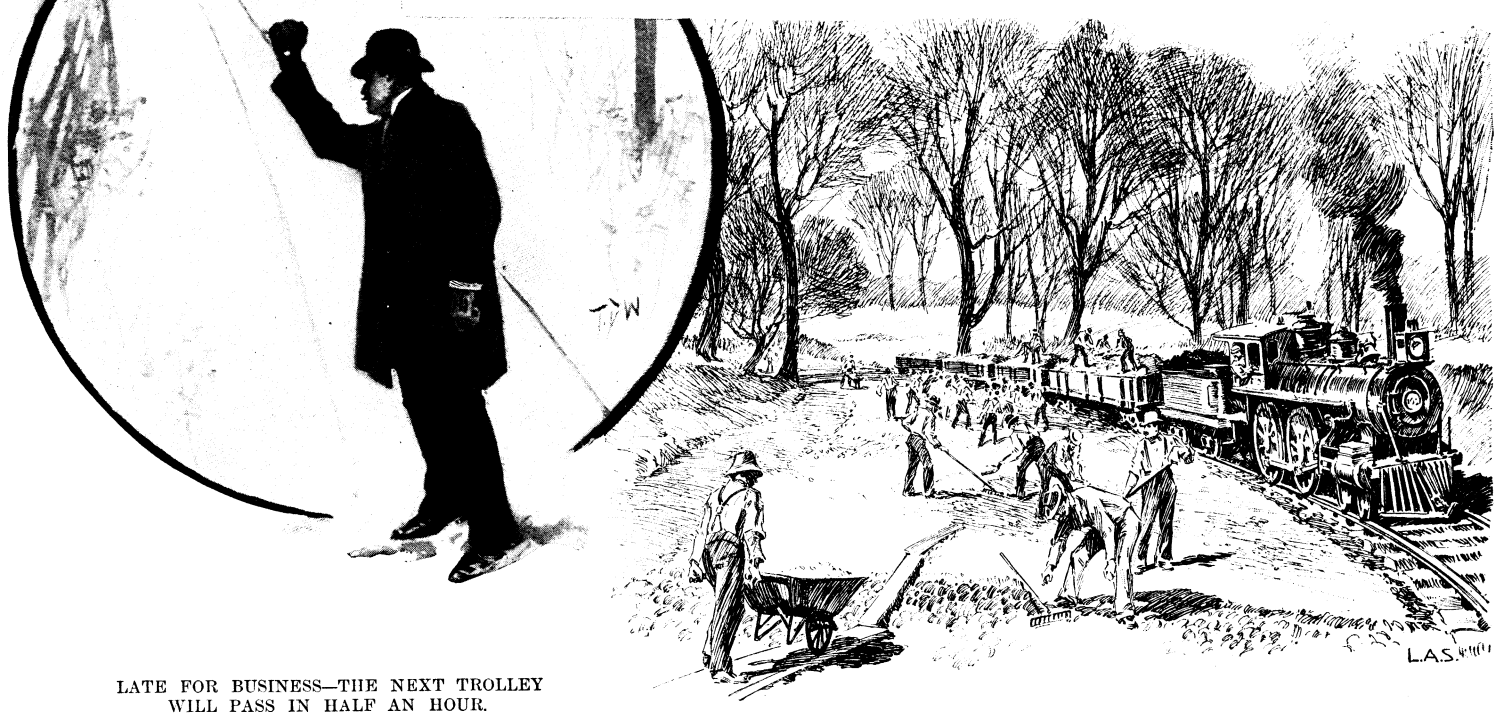


SWAMPS, BOGS, AND BAYS TRAVERSED DAILY BY SOME NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.









LATE FOR BUSINESS—THE NEXT TROLLEY WILL PASS IN HALF AN HOUR.

UP-TO-DATE ROAD-BUILDING—ON THE NEW PELHAM ROADWAY.

scheme, the great sums of money lost in the undertaking, would make a story worth the reading. The tunnel is filled with water, and the project is as good as abandoned. The bridge is the more feasible proposition now. But the Borough of the Bronx will soon be densely populated, and here will be the quandary for the "rapid-transit" people.

The great problem that confronts the city is how to handle the multitudes that in the future will inhabit the upper reaches of the great avenues that at present stretch through the sparsely settled city blocks above the Harlem River. These lands, principally owned by syndicates and land companies, are being bought by people who wish to own their own homes, and yet whose active interests centre about the markets and business of the great city to the south.

Every now and then excursions are run to these "parks," or "hursts," and there, on the spot, the lots are sold by auction. Building and Loan Associations are eager and willing to put up houses on tempting terms. Values are increasing, the country is becoming thickly settled, and the number of those who come and go is swelling to vaster proportions every month. No one can look ahead fifty years hence and state exactly what will be the methods of handling or managing the multitudes. The lack of an adequate system of rapid transit is now felt sorely; the need for some decisive plan of action grows each day. But the situation will have to be faced sooner or later. Even with the introduction of better means of transportation and the passing of the car-horse it is imperative to

adopt some design of adequate proportions to the magnitude of the proposition. In fact, the daily pilgrim, although perhaps the most long-suffering and the most patient of men, is growing to be a force in the community, and now that the majority of him has a voice in municipal affairs, he had best be considered before, rising in his might, he presents a *sine quâ non* at some election-time that will be discomfiting to present property-holders in the heart of the Borough of Manhattan.

Whether it is possible to adopt the underground system, a crude and unsatisfactory first edition of which is in vogue in London, is a question; but the continued inability of the Rapid Transit Commission to formulate plans for the proposed tunnel that meet the unrestricted approval of the courts and the city government leads the casual observer to the conclusion that the urgency of the demand is not sufficiently recognized by those in authority.

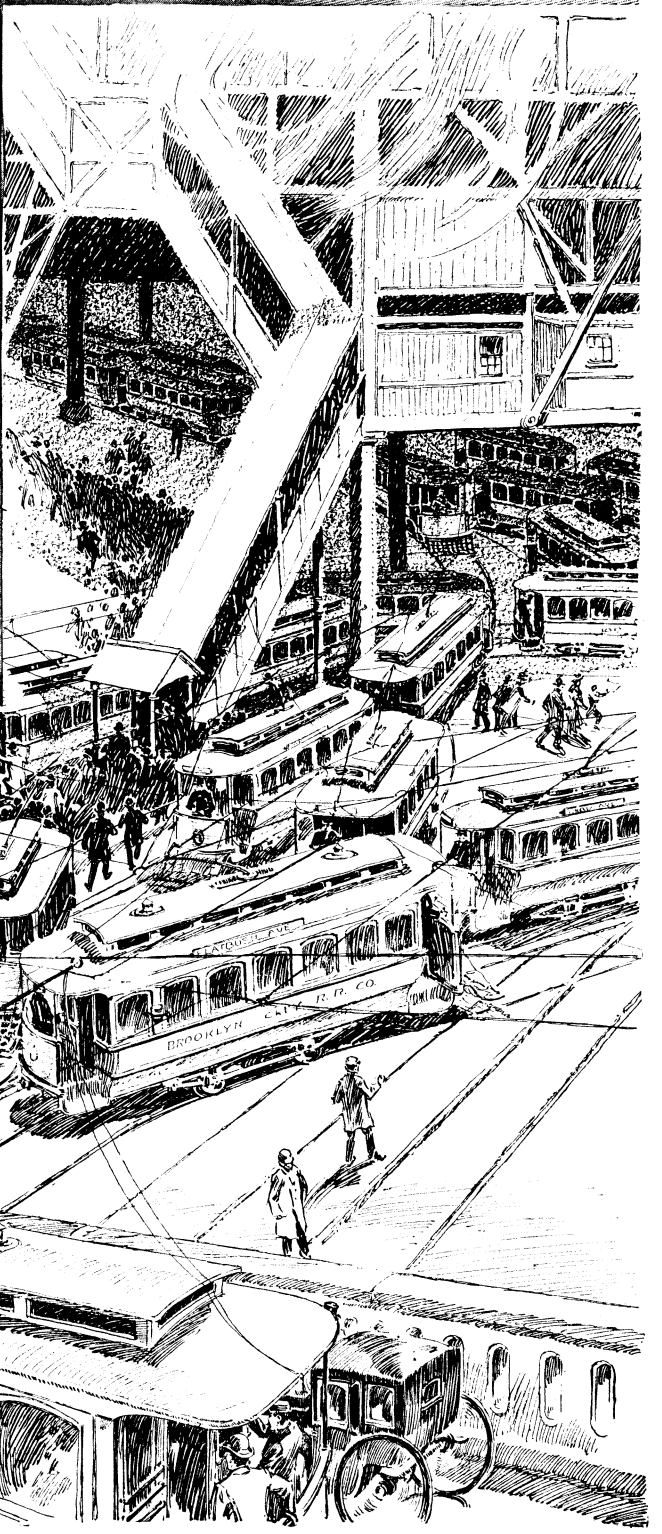
The construction of any system that will meet the situation will be the result of long labor and the overcoming of what appears at the first glance to be an insurmountable difficulty. But the vexatious delays and obstacles placed in the way of the commission might cause it to be supposed that New York was waiting for the invention of a successful air-ship. This may come all in good time, perhaps, but from present indications people would rather travel on terra firma or below it. At least they demand some tangible and structural connection with Mother Earth. A man bound for Wall Street has no anxiety to put in at the Azores because of a strong westerly gale.

As the various boroughs of our new and ponderous city lose their *rus in urbe* aspect, the problem becomes more and more formidable. For the lack of building-space (judged by ground-space) will never prevent the city from its commercial expansion. There is the atmosphere above in which to project business enterprises; and if we should take and form a city, composing it alone of the buildings shorn of their six lower stories, we would have yet a city of the first magnitude, for more people, by six or eight times, travel perpendicularly in the elevators or lifts of the city than ride on the cars of the combined railroads.

And now the only person who is undisturbed by all this—so far as his bodily comfort is concerned—is the man with the steam-yacht who owns his private pier.







AT THE BROOKLYN END OF THE BRIDGE.
Slightly confusing to a Stranger.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

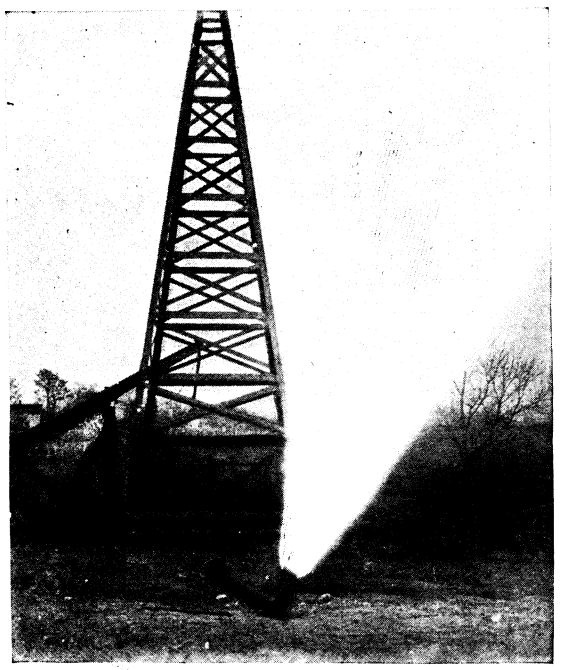
BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



V.—THE UNEXPECTED IN KANSAS.

THE Eastern visitor to Kansas, as a matter of course, expects something of the unusual. He has read and heard more or less exaggerated accounts of her statesmen, her crops, her live-stock, her women orators, her bewhiskered men, her treeless plains, her cyclones, her grasshoppers, her fine schools, her debts, her deserted counties, and a lot of other things, and perhaps he is disappointed when he finds the commonplace everywhere, just as he does in any other place where men and women have met and formed a commonwealth. Moreover, he is so prepared for the unusual that any subject, material or otherwise, to be classed with the unexpected, must be little short of extraordinary. Notwithstanding these high requirements as to the unexpected, there are surprises at every hand in the State for the inquiring visitor. Her own people know all about them, and they in turn are astonished that intelligent persons from the



A BURNING GAS-WELL AT IOLA, KANSAS.

East should know so little as to the mental and physical characteristics of the Sunflower State. This article will tell a few of the things that were downright surprises to me, although I visited the State prepared, let it be said frankly, not to be surprised at almost anything.

I had occasion to visit the largest general store in Topeka to inquire as to the prosperity of the masses. One of the proprietors had just come in from making the first of the usual two daily deposits of receipts in the bank. The store does a business of more than $250,000 a year. The proprietor said:

"Oh yes, times are greatly improved. Where a year ago we took in one $20 gold piece a day we now get a dozen of them."

"Gold?" I said, in surprise.

"Why, yes, gold."

"Gold in Kansas? And in circulation among the people like that?"

"Why, certainly. I have just deposited $150 in gold that we took in this morning. I wish you had dropped in a little earlier, so that you might have seen it."

That was on November 23 last.

This gentleman was one of the firm of Kemper & Paxton, owning the "Model Supply Store" of that city, and if mentioning the name gives them any advertisement they are welcome to it, for the story told by this member of the firm was so extraordinary to me that I feel I must give my full authority for it. It was Mr. Paxton who spoke. He said that the firm made a practice to cash the checks of the Sante Fe Railroad employés in the general offices of the company, situated in Topeka, and that frequently on pay-day, which comes monthly, their bank would send down to the store as much as $1200 in gold, which would be given out in one day in exchange for the checks. Of course that gold remained in circulation for several days about town. Other stores and other banks also in Topeka took in and gave out gold, and the result was that in that city of about 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants several thousands of dollars in gold was being used from day to day as a medium of exchange. When the full extent of this information dawned upon me I could express my surprise only by saying:

"Why, out in the East, if we had read or known that there was $5000 in gold in actual circulation in any place in Kansas—in this State, which has seemed so wedded to silver—we should not have been surprised to have heard as the next thing that a mob had taken possession of the place, and that a dozen or more gold-bugs—that is to say, persons having gold in their possession—had been hanged on the street corners, despite the strenuous efforts of the State militia to prevent it. That shows how little we really know about the actual condition of affairs beneath the surface in Kansas."

Mr. Paxton laughed, and said that he was glad that HARPER'S WEEKLY had sent some one out there to study the prevailing conditions, so that, as a result, there might be a better understanding between the East and the Middle West. The conversation recalled the remark made to me the night before by a young woman at whose home I had called to see her father. I complimented her on having a beautiful home, and—delicately, as I thought—upon the delightful taste displayed in it. With a saucy roguishness that typical Western girl's eyes took on a merry twinkle as she said:

"Although you may not know it, we have seen you before—that is, persons like you. I suppose you thought that out here the buffalo rubbed their sides up against our front fences every day, and that every night wild Indians danced around our houses, uttering war-whoops, in their eagerness to get at our scalps. You are not the first person from the East to visit Topeka, please remember."

I had another surprise when I went into a large book-store and asked the proprietor what the people of Kansas, so far as he could observe, were reading. He showed me a stack of the recent novels in vogue, a great many volumes of historical works of the highest grade, attractively bound copies of the poets, and added that there was probably a larger sale proportionally of high-grade books in Kansas than in the East, where there was a large foreign population. I was prepared for that; but, in return for his thrust and as an ardent gold-standard advocate, I asked,

"How about *Coin's Financial School?*"

"Why, we haven't sold a copy of that book in more than a year. I don't believe that fifty copies of it have been sold in Kansas in all that time."

Book-store proprietors in other places in Kansas told me the same thing, and I mention it not in disparagement of the free-silver propaganda—I admit that there are two sides to that—but as illustrating vividly the fact of the decadence of feelings of hostility of the West toward the East which such works inspired. The *Seven Conspiracies* and *Great Red Dragon*—books the circulation of which was not conducive to good feeling between Eastern and Western commonwealths—also have ceased to be sold in Kansas. The people of Kansas are great readers. The daily newspaper is common at the fireside of the farmer even in the remote counties—far more common, I believe, than in the East. To fancy that the Western farmer is not well informed as to the questions of the day is as serious an error as to imagine that the men out there invariably wear long whiskers; and although it is a digression, it is proper to remark that, for its size, I never saw so many barber shops as there are in the city of Topeka. There seemed to be two or three on every block of the main street of the place.

Interesting as such incidents as the circulation of gold and the sale of books are, there is another matter of far greater importance worthy of being classed with the unexpected. It is the growth and extent of the mining industry in the State. In Kansas information regarding this industry is a matter of common knowledge; to the Eastern visitor it is a surprise. How many people in the East know, for example, that Kansas, in the production of salt, is surpassed in quantity by only two States in the Union—New York and Michigan? How many persons in the East know that what are said to be the most extensive zinc and lead mines in the world are in Kansas? How many persons in the East know that Kansas has produced as much as $4,000,000 of coal in one year, and that she has an unlimited supply of the product? In the East we are prone to call Kansas a "one-crop State," and that crop, until last year, was supposed to be corn. Wheat became king in 1897; but whether corn or wheat rules in Kansas, the prevalent idea has been that Kansas, however diversified were her crops, was an agricultural State almost exclusively. The fact that her mining is worth from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year is most astonishing to the visitor. Down in the southeastern corner of the commonwealth, where most of the coal and lead and zinc mines are situated, the smoke of furnaces clouds the air as it does along the rivers in Pennsylvania, and the click of the miner's pick reverberates through the corridors of the coal-tunnels as it does in a score of other States. In the southern central part of the State the steam from the salt-manufactories arises in plants that cover many acres, and produce a quality of salt that is not surpassed anywhere. This wealth of coal and salt has been of great influence in the agricultural development of the State. It has increased the mileage of railroads, and it has saved the packing industry thousands upon thousands of dollars in freight rates upon salt from the East.

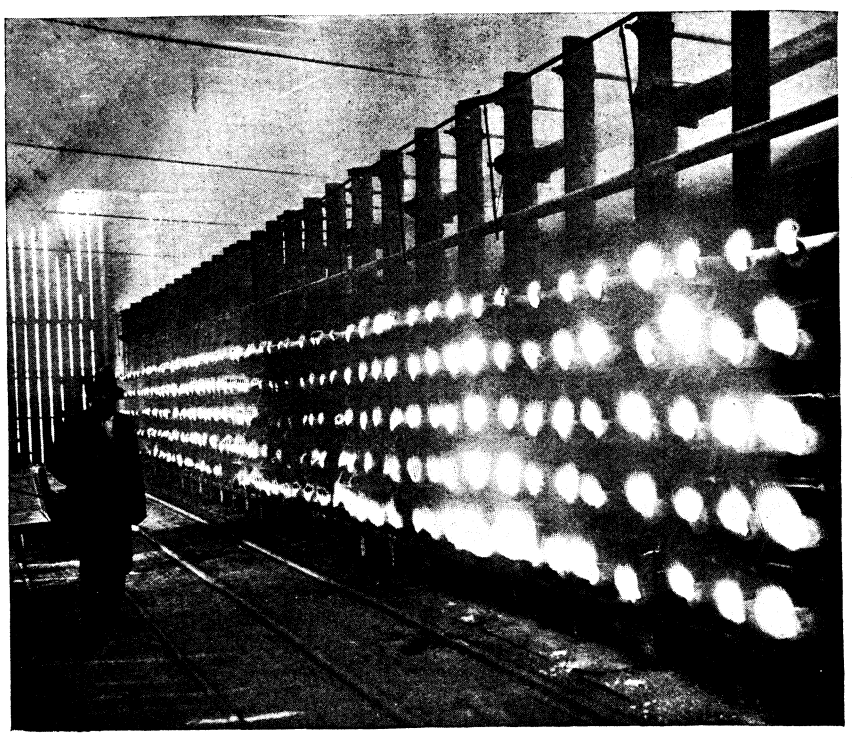
The Kansas boom was responsible for the discovery of salt in inexhaustible quantities. Up to the year 1887 the only native salt that was known in Kansas came from a dozen salt-marshes that were found in various places in a line in the centre of the State—practically from the northern to the southern border.

Crude kettles were set up at some of the places, and salt was manufactured. It is on record that "as late as 1870 the pioneer could get ten cents a pound for salt evaporated from the water of these marshes." Seventeen years later the boom-time came. Some of the promoters of enterprises at Hutchinson, in Reno County, in the southern central part of the State, thought it would be a good idea to bore for natural gas. The suggestion was enough for the formation of a company, and forthwith the drills began working at a hole in the ground, and Hutchinson began to figure up what she would do with the gas, and splendid air-castles were erected beside the others that were crowding one another for room all over the State. Now it is a fact that they did get some natural gas out of that well, although it was sunk with absolute blindness. The promoters might as well have been trying to find vast deposits of prehistoric remains as natural gas, so far as external evidences indicated that valuable results would follow.

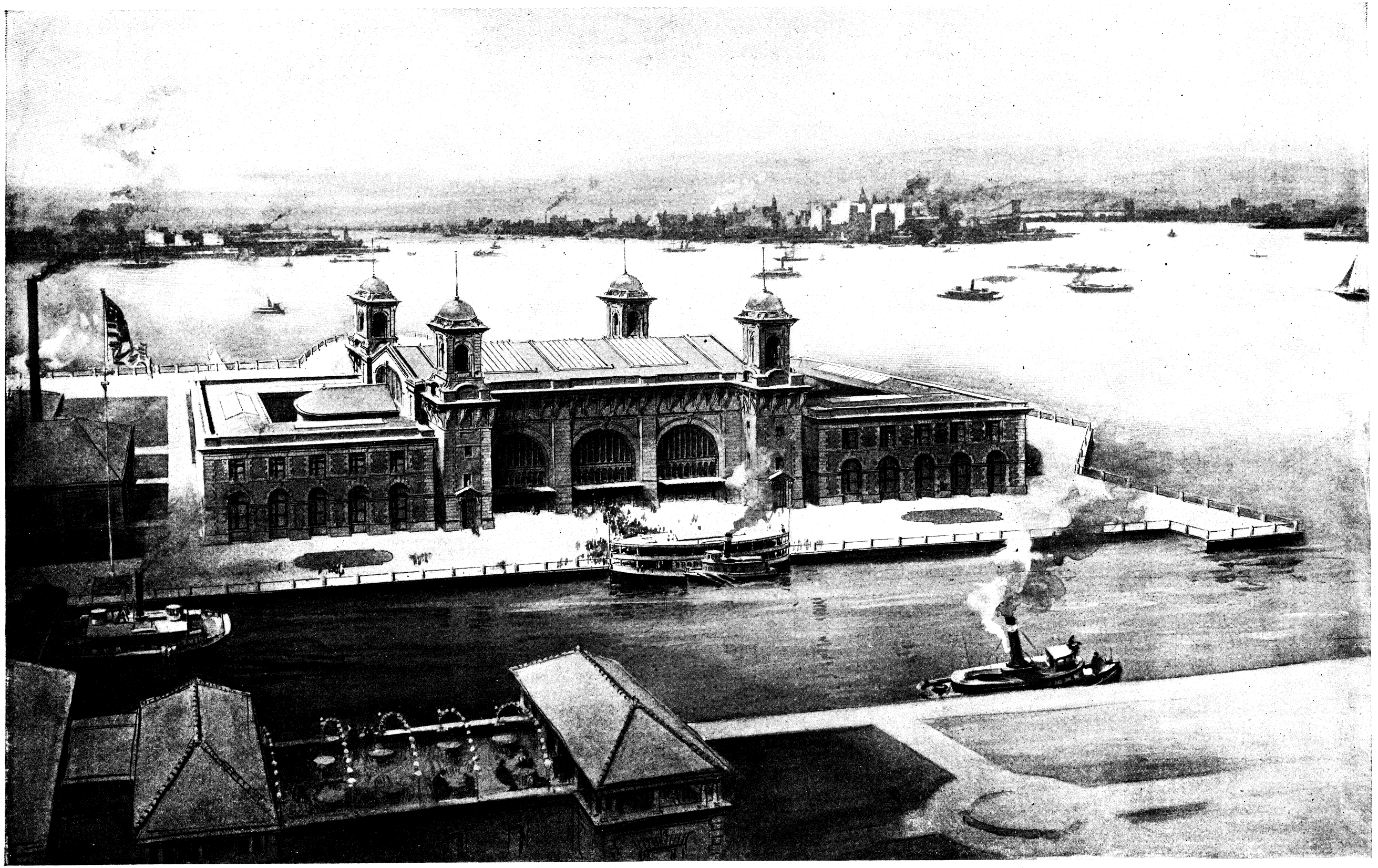
Late one night Benjamin Blanchard, who was sinking the well, came into the hotel and began to ask about salt-mining. He said that his drills had gone through a stratum of more than 300 feet of rock-salt. It was not long before he got full information about the salt, and soon the New York capitalist was on the ground, and within a year the production of the State in salt reached more than three-quarters of a million of barrels. The production of the nearly thirty firms and companies engaged in the business at present is from 1,200,000 to 1,500,000 barrels a year, and is only limited by the lack of demand. The market, of necessity, must be limited in extent, owing to competition in other States.

The salt belt in Kansas runs in a general southwestern direction across the State. It is nearest the surface in and around Hutchinson. The vein is from 100 to 400 feet thick. It is of the highest grade of purity. The area is said to be from twenty to fifty miles wide. According to Professor Hay, who in 1893 made an extensive report on the mineral resources of the State, "a single acre of salt would yield 2,178,000 barrels. Six acres would supply the whole consumption in the United States for a year. There are 1,000,000 acres in Kansas. This would supply the entire world for centuries to come." Kansas is therefore rich in one of the essentials to the development of herself as a live-stock raising and packing State, and as a leader in the dairy industry.

Only in one or two places is the rock-salt mined with pick and shovel, and these plants are small affairs. The common way of reaching the salt is to sink a pipe of about eight inches diameter down into the vein of rock-salt. Then inside this pipe a smaller one of from two to three inches is put down. Fresh water is forced down the small pipe. When it reaches the bottom it has no other place to go than to return to the surface, after being saturated thoroughly with the salt against which it is forced. It is water charged with as much salt as it can hold. In purity the salt runs from 98 to 99 per cent. The brine is pumped into great tanks of wood that rest on uprights, a story or more from the ground. The usual process of extracting the salt is by the open-pan process or evaporation. The brine is run into one or two settling-tanks, and then drawn into a boiling-pan, on an average 25 feet wide by 115 long. The pans are of boiler steel, probably three-eighths of an inch thick. Each pan is heated by furnaces beneath, and kept at a temperature of about 175 degrees. The steam rises in clouds, and every two hours workmen rake the crystals to one side and toss the salt up on a landing called a dripping-board. Here the water is allowed to run off, and after it is comparatively dry, workmen shovel it



RETORTS IN A ZINC-SMELTER OPERATED BY NATURAL GAS AT IOLA, KANSAS.



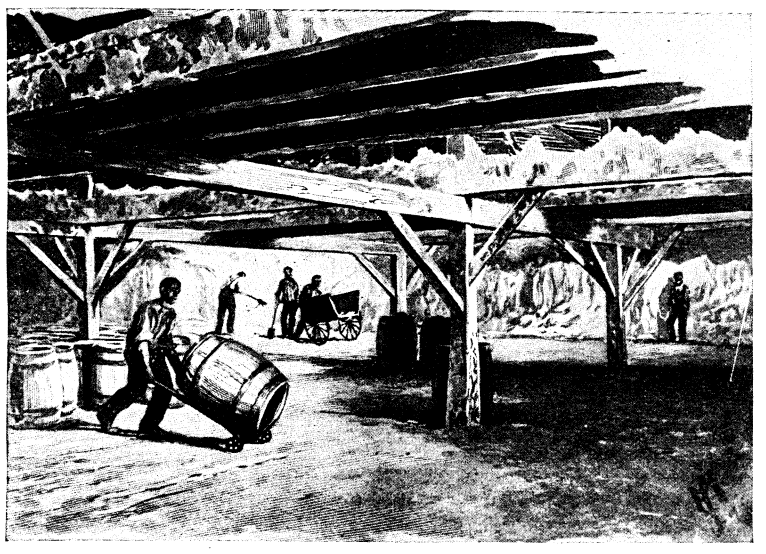
NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE IMMIGRANT STATION, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Boring & Tilton, Architects.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 210.]

into carts, and it is carried along a runway and is dumped into a storage-room, which is one story lower than the place where the brine is heated. The storage-room has loose boards for a floor, so as to allow the drippings to escape, and is on a level with the floors of the cars that run alongside the place. The salt remains in the storage-room "curing" itself from fifteen to sixty days, according to the grade of salt that is to be made. The ordinary salt becomes an article of commerce direct from the storage-room, where in some plants as many as 115,000 barrels of the material can be kept.

When especially fine table salt or dairy salt is to be made extra care is taken to have the brine free from impurities, and then it is kept sixty days in the storage-room. It is then run by an endless chain into a great wooden cylinder that revolves and is heated by steam-pipes. This takes all the moisture out of the salt, and makes it hot enough to cook an egg merely by placing it under the surface. The salt is then run over bolting-cloths of varying degrees of fineness, through which the salt passes, and then it goes into receptacles from which it is packed into bags, barrels, and other kinds of packages for shipment.

The business not only calls for extensive railroad arrangements, but immense cooperage interests. The chief company in Hutchinson has its cooperage plant in Texas. The barrels are put together in Hutchinson, the parts being shipped there from Texas. This company has five large plants in town, each having four or five immense pans. These plants have a capacity all told of about 2000 barrels a day when they are working twenty-four hours a day. The plants are shut down about once in thirty days to remove the scale from the pans. The scale consists of the impurities in the salt, which sink to the bottom and scale the pans, so that the heat does not cause rapid evaporation. Sometimes when the pans are steaming it is necessary to remove the scale.

There are two other processes of making salt in use in Kansas. One is the grainer process. In that case hot steam-pipes run through the brine in the large pans and heat it. By that process the scale clings to the pipes, which have to be cleaned at regular intervals. The other process is called the vacuum process. By this method the brine is treated by steam in a closed receptacle, and a vacuum pump removes the air and pressure as it is being heated. Evaporation takes place at a lower temperature than by the other methods. The salt falls from the



PACKING-ROOM OF A HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, SALT-WORKS.

great kettles into bins underneath them. The value of this process lies in the fact that it is a labor-saving system. The output of the salt-factories, before being marketed, represents probably a value of fifty cents a barrel to the manufacturer. The industry is thriving, and is destined to hold command of the central West in its line. The supply is inexhaustible and is cheap in manufacture. The refined product for table use may be found even in Europe. The industry has already brought millions of dollars in revenue to the people of the State, and must continue to be a source of employment to thousands upon thousands in the years that are to come.

Of even greater importance to the State is probably the zinc and lead industry. It centres in a district said to be no more than six miles square, in and about Galena, in the very southeast corner of the State. This industry is worth millions of dollars to Kansas, and it has made Galena what might be called a model town. I quote from what the Hon. W. F. Sapp says on this subject:

"In the midst of this mining activity, this push, this energy, lies the city of Galena, a city that did not feel the panic, a city that has no bonded debt, with money in its treasury, a city with stone sidewalks, streets paved with flint-rock which comes from the mines, a fine city hall . . . a place where labor is always employed at fair wages and capital can always find safe investment."

Few are the cities in this country of which the like can be said truthfully. The mines in and about that town were discovered in 1877, but it was not until about seven years later that returns of noteworthy extent were secured. These figures show the zinc product of the State in short tons since that time: 1885, 8502 tons; 1886, 8932; 1887, 11,955; 1888, 10,432; 1889, 13,658; 1890, 15,199; 1891, 22,747; 1892, 24,715; 1893, 22,815; 1894, 25,588; 1895, 25,775; 1896, 20,759. For the first half of 1897 the output was 15,722 tons, indicating that the output for the year would reach at least 30,000 tons, an enormous jump in one year, and the greatest in the history of the industry in the State. The full figures for 1897 had not reached the Commissioner of Labor in Topeka when he furnished me with these statistics. The value of this output for 1897 was probably $2,000,000 in round numbers. Is not that a splendid showing for an agricultural State?

Moreover, this activity affects more than the State of Kansas. It is on record that shipments of zinc ore are made to Belgium, in competition with the great mines in Huelva, Spain. The treatment of the ore requires, also, large industrial establishments called smelters. Many of these are near the coal-fields. The largest of these in the State disposes of 4200 tons of the ore a year, and one of the new features is that gas-firing is used throughout. Lead-mining is said to be simply an incident of the zinc, the minerals being found together. Much of the lead is shipped to other States for treatment.

Probably it is not known generally what use is made of zinc. I know that until I looked it up I had very vague ideas on that subject, and hence do not hesitate to make mention of the uses to which the mineral is put. The most common use, so far as people generally know of the mineral, is for thin plates, resembling tin in appearance, for use in and about stoves. But that is a small affair, comparatively. Its most extensive use is to coat ironware, thus producing the product known as galvanized iron. Its most important use is as an alloy. It is said to form one-third of ordinary brass, and of course is also used in bronze. Salts of zinc play a part in medicine, and the mineral, in a transformed condition, is used largely in paints.

Perhaps we can best understand the extent of the coal industry of Kansas by printing the following table, prepared especially for this article by the Deputy Labor Commissioner of the State:

COAL PRODUCT OF KANSAS SINCE 1885.

Year.	Short tons.	Value.	Average price per ton.	Average number of days active.	Average number of men employed.
1885.	1,212,057	$1,485,002	$1 23	...	....
1886.	1,400,000	1,680,000	1 20	...	....
1887.	1,595,879	2,235,631	1 40	...	....
1888.	1,850,000	2,775,000	1 50	...	....
1889.	2,221,043	3,296,888	1 48	...	5956
1890.	2,259,922	2,947,517	1 30	210	4523
1891.	2,716,705	3,557,305	1 31	222	6201
1892.	3,007,276	3,955,595	1 31½	208	6559
1893.	2,652,546	3,375,740	1 27	147	7310
1894.	3,388,251	4,178,998	1 23	164	7339
1895.	2,926,870	3,481,981	1 20	159	7482
1896	2,884,801	3,295,032	1 15	168	7127

The quality of the coal is said to be excellent. It is all of the bituminous grade, and it is consumed chiefly by the railroads and in the smelting industry. Much of the coal is near the surface, and one may see little mines adjoining corn-fields as he travels through the southwestern part of the State. It is found in paying quantities in more than twenty counties. There are said to be not less than two hundred and fifty mines in active operation.

The natural-gas product of the State has also assumed proportions of importance. The value of the product has grown from $15,873 in 1890, to $124,750 in 1896. It is found in five counties, and has been reached at a depth of only 325 feet. It is said to be singularly free from sulphur. Petroleum naturally exists in a country which is rich in coal and natural gas. In 1889 only 500 barrels of petroleum were produced in Kansas. In 1895 the production was 44,430 barrels, and in 1896 it was 113,571 barrels, an increase of more than 155 per cent. There are more than one hundred producing wells in the State, and they are found in eight counties.

Another source of mineral wealth in the State is found in the gypsum beds in the Fort Riley region, and also in Barber County, the home of Congressman Jerry Simpson. Thousands upon thousands of barrels of plaster of Paris are made from these beds. Co-ordinate with this industry is the discovery and operation of beds of a natural cement. It forms a superior brown plaster, and needs no grinding at all. The fine white plaster made in Barber County is used all over the country in the most expensive building work. In addition to all these there are large quarries of stone of various kinds. Within a few years the development of mineral-water plants has been put on a profitable and extensive basis.

All these things are likely to surprise the man who has thought that the chief industry of Kansas was to raise corn and such other agricultural products as are necessary to feed the people of such a commonwealth. But the surprising things are not confined to mineral wealth. Kansas, and indeed the entire Middle West, has taken a new grip on the cattle industry, and some of the methods and results will be considered in another article. Then, too, it has found a way of partly defeating nature under the affliction of drought. The introduction of Kaffir corn and alfalfa hay, as will be told later, means thousands upon thousands—it is no exaggeration to say millions—of dollars to the central West. Hereafter, under new farming methods, the blasting winds may scorch the State and its agricultural products, but the farmer may be resigned somewhat to it, for in alfalfa and Kaffir corn he has two products that are able to withstand the parching winds where other grasses and corn dry up and die.

If one opens his eyes and looks about, the unexpected is to be found on every hand in Kansas. Its agricultural and mineral resources and strength can no more be understood and studied at long range—say a thousand or fifteen hundred miles—than can its people's characteristics be understood thoroughly at the same distance.

THE THRESHOLD OF AMERICA.

Last year, when the flames of the burning immigration buildings on Ellis Island illumined the waters of New York harbor with a fierce glare that made the Liberty statue's electric beacon appear pale and insignificant, there were many in the crowd watching the fire from the Battery sea-wall and Castle Garden who openly rejoiced over the destruction of those monuments of ugliness.

Even among the Federal office-holders of the Immigration Bureau the first feelings of regret at such quick destruction of the laborious records of many years soon gave way to satisfaction at this irrevocable doom of the wretched barns and architectural rubbish heaps where the great majority of our would-be citizens were wont to receive their first disagreeable impressions of America.

The sanguine view that anything, no matter what, must result in improvement was received but dubiously by those of us that have no fondness for certain types of governmental architecture.

Apprehension was relieved when the announcement came from Washington that a trial was to be given at last to the long-deferred Tarsney act—passed during Secretary Carlisle's administration, and put into practice by Secretary Gage—according to the provisions of which the designs for future Federal buildings are no longer to be furnished by selected government architects, but by independent competitors, our best architects pledging themselves either to act as expert judges or to enter such competitions without hope of compensation in case of failure.

How well the architects have lived up to their pledges may be judged from the fact that for this, the first important trial under the new act, the following architects consented to submit plans: McKim, Meade & White, Carrère & Hastings, Boring & Tilton, Alfred Barlow, and Bruce Price, all of New York, and J. L. Smithmeyer, of Washington; while Theophile Chandler, of Philadelphia, and Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, agreed to act as judges together with J. K. Taylor, the supervising architect. Messrs. Boring & Tilton of New York won the prize.

The difficult problem to be solved in the establishment of this, the greatest immigrant station in the world, as called for by the government programme, lay in planning a fire-proof structure which would keep immigrants free from all outside interference until discharged, while affording conveniences to resident relatives or friends to communicate with them at the proper time, at the same time providing all facilities required by the officials of the Immigration Bureau, Quarantine station, and Custom-house for the proper discharge of their varied duties. Compliance with these fundamental principles demanded a new station that would be adapted to the housing and despatching of thousands of immigrants, together with provision for the countless relatives and professed friends flocking to the island simultaneously with the arrival of each new ship-load.

This meant immense waiting-rooms, men's and women's dormitories accommodating a possible total of fifteen hundred sleepers, a restaurant capable of supplying food to thousands, a hospital equipped for the treatment of any disease or emergency, docks and wharves with immediate transportation facilities for passengers and baggage to all points on this continent, a special post-office, custom-house, and telegraph station, with numberless administration offices, courts of inquiry, witness-rooms, and detention pens, quarters for physicians, missionaries, employment and information bureaus, and sundry charitable enterprises, besides baths, lavatories, laundries, and abundant toilet facilities, and all the other needs of this greatest of caravanseries perched on an island of diminutive size.

According to the accepted plans, illustrations of which are furnished, there are to be a main building and a separate hospital.

The immigrants, after landing from the barges that convey them from their vessels to the island, will come up to the front entrance and pass up the main stairway, fenced off from the public, landing in the centre of the front hall, thence pass by the examining surgeons and matron to detention pens for men and women, and into separate medical inquiry-rooms, or pass directly into the general examination-room with a large central space for the chief registrar and side aisles for his assistants. After passing the medical examiners and registrars, those who may have been detained may go into their respective detention pens, while the main stream of discharged immigrants descend the main stairway, then pass to the left along a mezzanine gallery, enclosed with glass so that all will be plainly visible to the persons in the general information-room, as well as to those still waiting in the detention pens. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, the discharged immigrants may go either into the Italian and German bureaus, and thence to the New York ferry, or down stairs to the large railroad and steamship rooms with long central ticket-counters and adjoining baggage-rooms, express offices, and lunch-counters, connected by a covered passageway with the mooring-places of the various barges that will convey passengers direct to their respective railroad stations.

Contract-labor suspects will be detained in a special room, where they and whatever witnesses may appear will be examined, and will then be either liberated into the main exit stairway or consigned to the special-inquiry room, connecting with strongly guarded detention pens for men and women. Above, on the second and third floors, will be the administration offices and dormitories, with special sleeping-rooms for detained and excluded immigrants. In a wing at the northern end of the building, next to the New York ferry, will be the restaurant and lavatories, with special dock facilities for taking in supplies, and with a roof garden on top for recreation.

The hospital building is to be sufficiently detached to allow the air to pass freely about all sides of the building, and is to be raised a few feet above the level of the ground as well, to allow air to pass underneath, and to give room for all proper heating and ventilating apparatus below. The general plan of the interior is promised to be such that there will be no dark corners, and an open air passage will isolate the special wards from the main halls. Ample balconies will extend along all sides, and a roof garden and enclosed solarium on top are to connect with all the floors by an electric lift large enough to admit patients on stretchers.

While it is to be assumed that all these practical purposes of the new immigration station would have been met by a government architect selected according to the plan of political expediency, it may safely be asserted that old Ellis Island and the harbor of New York would probably have suffered in consequence. For, after all, the chief merit of the plans presented by Messrs. Boring & Tilton is that the little island, as such, is to be allowed to retain some of its green spaces, while the buildings are to be so placed that, unlike the former immigration station, they will show to best advantage to ships approaching them from the Narrows, and to those who pass to and fro between the island and the city of New York.

Edwin Emerson, Jr.

ART.

IN 1867 the art world of London was considerably fluttered by the exhibition of Gainsborough's famous portrait of a boy in a Vandyck suit, popularly known as the "Blue Boy." The interest of the matter was that this picture belonged to a Mr. J. Sewell, whereas every one had supposed that the "Blue Boy," hanging at the same time in Grosvenor House, the property of the Duke of Westminster, was the only one in existence. It was clear, however, that there were two renderings of this same subject, almost identical in size and treatment; both of them clearly the work of Gainsborough. Immediately arose a question as to which of the two claimants had the right of precedence. The question has never been settled. But Mr. William H. Fuller, into whose hands the, so to say, newly discovered picture passed, has published in a monograph a summary of all the available data—which is not much—as to the devolution of ownership of the two paintings; and makes out a good *primâ facie* case in favor of his own. Upon one point, however, critics are agreed—that Mr. Fuller's "Blue Boy" is the better picture of the two.

It is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, New York city, preparatory to the sale on February 25 of his collection of Early English and Barbizon paintings. There is an interesting story, whether true or not, that Gainsborough painted the "Blue Boy" as a refutation of the fallacy contained in Sir Joshua Reynolds's eighth lecture. The rivalry of the two as portrait-painters was keen, even to personalities. Sir Joshua had said that the masses of light in a picture must be of a warm, mellow color; that the cold colors, such as blue, must be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and used to set off the warm colors. "Let this conduct be reversed," he said, "and it will be out of the power of art....to make a picture splendid and harmonious." Gainsborough's retort was the "Blue Boy."

Mr. Fuller's fondness for the work of the Barbizon painters drew him to the study of the earlier English landscapists — Wilson, Gainsborough, and Constable. Both schools were a reaction from the artificiality of the so-called classical style of landscape, in which the painters make up nature according to set rules of composition, instead of studying her as she is. If the Frenchmen carried their study farther, and reached a profounder knowledge in their interpretations of nature than the Englishmen had done, still the latter, as far as they went, had pursued the same path. They studied nature as the painter of the human form his subject. Not satisfied with surface appearances, they sought out the anatomy of the scene: the solidity of the earth and the great trees upon it, the depth of water, the volume of the clouds and the immensity of the sky, the receding planes of the landscape, its perspective of form and of atmosphere. Moreover, with as much skill as the classical landscapists, they selected such bits of nature as should compose to a beautiful picture, and to a faithful rendering of nature's tints, often added a beautiful suffusing glow which bathes the whole in an imaginative splendor. Best of all, being Englishmen, they drew all their inspiration from the simple English scenes they loved. This was one of the sources of strength of the Barbizon artists; as also of our own men—Wyant, Inness, Homer Martin, and Winslow Homer. A landscape-painter may learn his craft abroad, but it is the familiar scenes of his own native land that he must paint, if he would do great work.

The vanity—in its real meaning of "emptiness"—of human affairs is never so exemplified as when a private collection is brought into the unsympathetic atmosphere of the market and broken into bits by the blows of the auctioneer's hammer. This is especially the case when the collector amassed his treasures from the pure love and knowledge he had of them; where his collection is a part of his very personality, and not the least sacred one. The dispersion becomes a ripping open of the man's secret soul to the gaze of all the world. It is difficult to avoid a feeling of this sort at the approaching sale of the Oriental porcelain collected by the late Mr. Charles A. Dana; the more so as the integrity of the collection adds to the value of the individual gems. An English expert, after mentioning the three great collections in Europe which have an educational value—viz., that made by Sir Wollaston Franks, the Grandidier collection at the Louvre, and the Porzellan Sammlung of the Johanneum at Dresden—says, "That all three of these should, from a historical point of view, be distinctly inferior to a private collection (Mr. Dana's), made, as I assume, for individual ends and the gratification of good taste, impresses me as quite unusual and remarkable." Is it not a thousand pities that the collection, accumulated with such knowledge, discrimination, and labor, cannot be preserved in its integrity, and for the nation of which Mr. Dana was such a stanch supporter?

It is now on exhibition at the galleries of the American Art Association, to whom the sale is intrusted. It illustrates the best work of the Chinese, the fathers of porcelain, during the most flourishing periods of the art, under the Ming and Tsing dynasties, extending from A. D. 1368 to 1875. The object of the Greek potters was to secure beauty of form; with the Chinese, and the Japanese, who assimilated their cunning, the aim is firstly perfection of color and surface. All the examples in this collection are choice, many of them the finest of their kind known to experts; and the most famous is the "peach blow" vase. It is eight and a half inches in height, and "one of the most prized shapes among the beautiful and infrequent vases of the peach family." The body is in the form of an egg, with flutings surrounding the base; it has a slender neck, and "flaring" or out-spreading mouth. The glaze is intended to imitate the tint of the ripening peach, a dimpled surface of gray and bluish rose, as pure and limpid as a polished gem. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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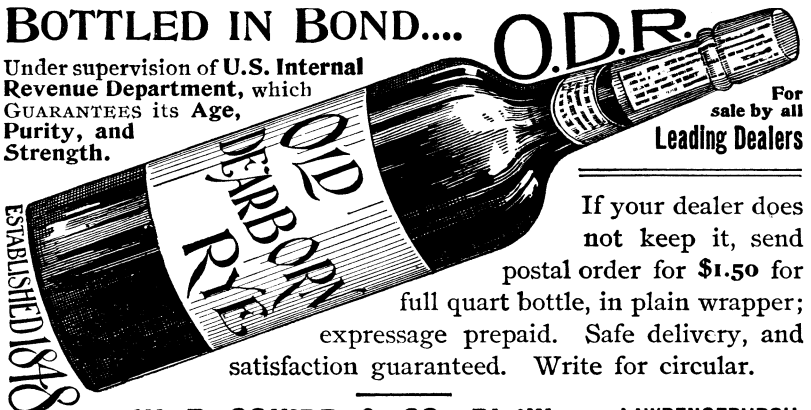


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A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

I. SLACKING ON THE ISIS AND THE CHAR.

IT has been the reproach of the English people that they take their pleasures sadly ever since a Frenchman hit upon the striking phrase; and we of transatlantic stock have accepted the saying without question. In the light of recent international contests, however, the English have charged us with taking our pastimes fiercely, and in the absence of any just sense of what the essence of sport consists in. The pot has, so to speak, called the kettle blacker. The question at stake has no doubt an intrinsic interest, but it has also a far more general bearing than the critic of yachting, boating, or track athletics has grasped as yet. Like the songs of a nation, its recreations have a definite relation to its welfare: one is tempted to say, let me mould the sports of my countrymen and who will may frame their laws. At all events, it is worth while to take a glimpse of John Bull at play, even if it ends only in sharing in imagination his far from sombre recreations.

I.

Of all the many play-grounds in England, none is so delightful as Oxford; and an afternoon of "slacking" on the Isis and Cherwell (or *Char*, as the university insists on calling it) will, in a general way, suggest better than anything else I know the ease and enjoyment of out-of-door life in England.

You may not know what a slacker is; and if I should go to the pains of defining the word, you would probably say that it applies to all English undergraduates. But the true slacker avoids the worry and excitement of breakfast parties and three-day cricket matches, and is more apt to conserve his energies by floating and smoking for hours at a time in his favorite craft on the Char. He is a day-dreamer of the day-dreamers; and despised as he is by the more strenuous Oxford men, who yet stand in fear of the fascination of his vices, he is as remote and appealing a figure to the average American as a negro basking on a cotton-wharf. Merely to think of his uninterrupted calm and his insatiable appetite for doing nothing is a rest to Occidental nerves; and though we may never be roustabouts and loaf on a cotton-wharf, we may at any time go to Oxford and play through a summer's day at being a slacker.

II.

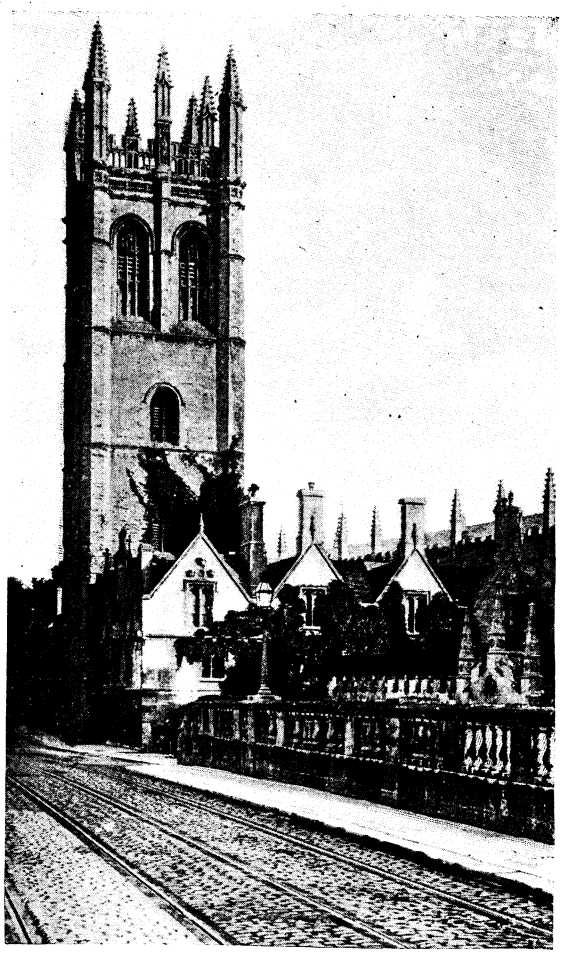
Before you come out you must make the acquaintance of the O.U.H.S.—that is, the University Humane Society. In the winter, when there is skating, the Humane Society man stands by the danger spots with a life-buoy and a rope; and in the summer, when the streams swarm with pleasure-craft, he wanders everywhere, pulling slackers out of the Isis and the Char. In view of the fact that, metaphorically speaking at least, you can shake hands with your neighbors across either of these streams, the Humane Society man is not without his humors; but by-and-by one gives over being amused, and is thankful for his patient presence and kindly eye. He might almost be taken as an emblem of the thoroughness and conservatism with which the English go in for their amusements.

You may get yourself a tub or a working-boat or a wherry, a rob-roy or a dinghy, for every craft that floats is known on the Thames; but the favorite craft are the Canadian canoe and the punt. The canoe you will be familiar with, but your ideas of a punt are probably derived from a farm-built craft you have poled about American duck-marshes—which bears about the same relationship to this slender, half-decked cedar beauty that a long-boat bears to a racing-shell.

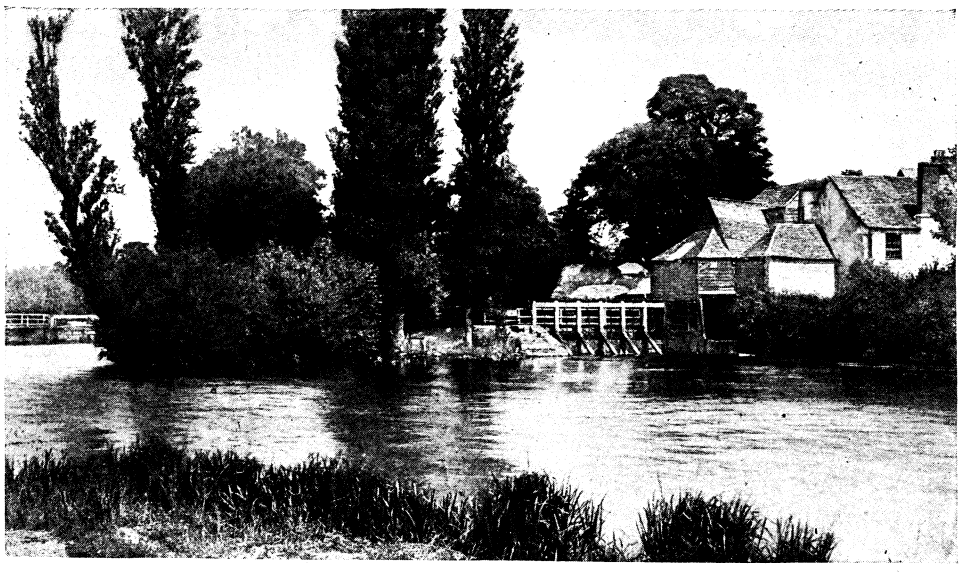
During your first perilous lesson in punting you will probably worry in apprehension of ducking your mentor, who is lounging among the cushions in the bow. But you cannot upset the punt any more than you can discompose the Englishman. The punt simply upsets you without seeming to be aware of it. And when you crawl dripping up the bank, consoled only by the fact that the Humane Society man was not at hand with his boat-hook to pull you out by the seat of the trousers, your mentor will gravely explain how you made your mistake. Instead of bracing your feet firmly on the bottom and pushing with the pole, you were leaning on the pole and pushing with your feet. When the pole stuck in the clay bottom, of course you stuck with it. According to the tradition of the English comic paper, you are supposed, when you do this, to be left hanging to the top of your pole, like the monkey climbing up the stick.

Steering is a matter of long practice. When you want to throw the bow to the left, you have only to pry the stern over to the right as you are pulling the pole out of the water. To throw the bow to the right, ground the pole a foot or so wide of the boat, and then lean over and pull the boat up to it. That is not so easy, but you will learn the wrist motion in time. When all this comes like second nature, you will feel that you have become a part of the punt, or rather that the punt has taken life and become a part of you. That is what makes punting so graceful. You will be surprised at Henley to find that women are the most graceful punters of all—a fact which has only to be recognized in America to thin the ranks of the women golfers.

A particular beauty of punting is that, more than any other sport, it brings you into personal contact, so to speak, with the landscape. In a few days you will know every inch of the bottom of the Char, some of it, indeed, by more intimate experience than you perhaps desire. Over there, on the outer curve of the bend, the longest pole will not touch bottom. Fight shy of that place. Just beyond here, in the narrows, the water is so shallow that you can get the whole length of your body into every stroke. Sometimes your pole suddenly sticks in a clay bottom, and at the end of a stroke comes within an inch of jerking you out of the boat. On a soft mud bottom, on the other hand, the pole sinks so rapidly that when you lean on it you are likely to pitch overboard. And as for the shrubbery on the bank, you will soon learn these hawthorns and blackthorns, if only to avoid barging into them. And the branches of the Magdalen chestnuts, which spread their shade so beautifully above the water just beyond, become quite familiar when they have once caught the top of your pole and torn it out of your hands.



MAGDALEN TOWER, FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHAR.



THE OLD LOCK AND MILL AT IFFLEY.



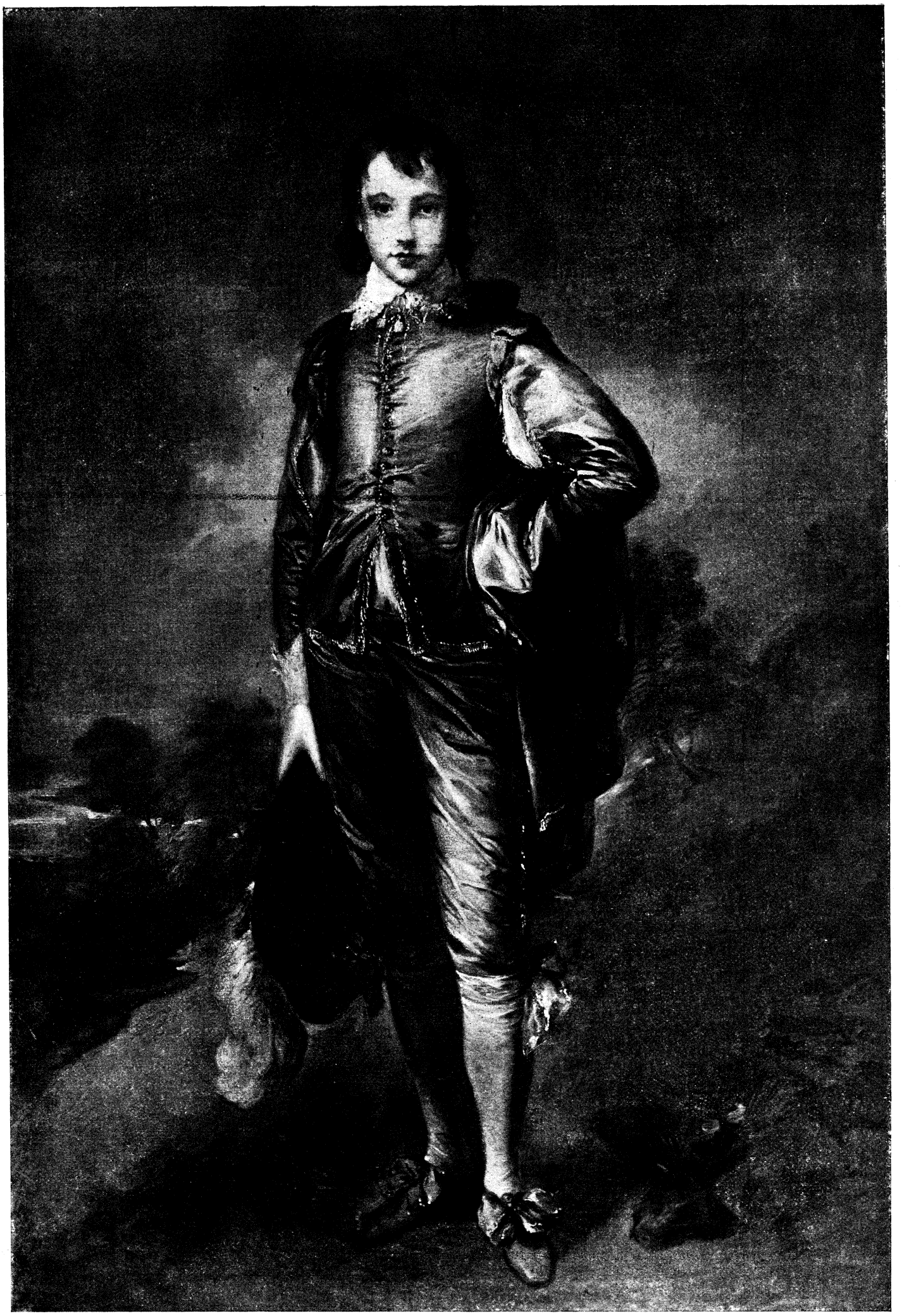
MORNING AMONG THE LILY-PADS OF THE UPPER CHAR.

III.

The slackers you see tied up to the bank on both sides are always here after luncheon. An hour later the craft will be as thick as money-bugs on the water, and the joys of the slacker will be at height. You won't, as a rule, detect his happiness in his face, but it is always obvious in the name of his craft. One man calls his canoe *Vix Satis*, which is the mark the university examining board uses to signify that a man's examination paper is a failure. Another has *P. T. O.* on his bows—the *Please Turn Over* which an Englishman places at the bottom of a card where we say *Over*. Still another calls his canoe the *Non-Conformist Conscience*—which, as you are expected to remark, is very easily upset. All this makes the slacker even happier than if he were so un-English as to smile his pleasure, for he has a joke ready-made on his bows, where there is no risk of any one's not seeing it.

These pollard willows that line the bank are not expected to delight your eye at first sight, but as you see them day after day they grow on you like the beauty of a bull-terrier pup. They have been topped to make their roots strike deeper and wider into the soil, so that when the freshets come in the spring the banks will stand firm. The idea came some centuries ago from Holland, but has been so thoroughly Englished that the university, and, indeed, all England, would scarcely be itself without its pollard willows. And though the trees are not in themselves graceful, they make a large part of the beauty of the river scenery. The sun is never so golden as up there among their quivering leaves, and no shadow is so deep as that in the water at their feet.

The bar of foam ahead of us is the overflow from the *lasher*—that is to say, from the still water above the weir. The word is obsolete almost everywhere else in England,



GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

From the Collection of Mr. William H. Fuller, by Courtesy of the American Art Association.—[See Page 211.]

and even to the Oxford mind it describes the lashing overflow rather than the *lache* or *slack* water above. When we "shoot the lasher," as the phrase goes, you will get a hint as to why the obsolete term still clings to this weir. Those fellows beyond, who have tied up three deep to the bank, are waiting to see us get ducked; but it is just as easy to shoot the lasher as to upset in it; and with that swarm of slackers watching, it makes a difference which you do. We have only to get up a fair pace and run into it on a diagonal. The lashing torrent will catch our bows, but we shall be half over before it sweeps them quite around; and then it will catch the stern in turn, and whirl the bow back into the proper direction. A sudden lurching of the bows, the roaring of water beneath, a dash of spray—and we are in still-water again.

We will lie up here a bit with these people who are watching for upsets. When the lasher is running as strong as now, a dozen men, on an average, go under every day. If we feel inclined to reproach ourselves for our malicious expectations, we have only to regard the O.U.H.S. man who stands, pole in hand, in a huge punt just where the lasher eddies against the roots of a willow on the opposite bank. He looks respectable enough, but what he really wants is to have his next victim get his lungs full of water so that he may claim a Society medal for saving a life. And the fellows here are just as bad. A recent American visitor remarked that you might loudly confess a murder on the Char, or make love to the girl in the bow, and no one of the swarming slackers would stop pulling the ears of his fox-terrier or considering the bowl of his pipe. It may be doubted whether an American would ever be inspired to make love to an English girl; and it is certain that undergraduates have plenty of amiable curiosity and of the old English love of horse-play. To be sure they are considerate enough to stop laughing when the victim splutters up to the surface—a fact which may perhaps explain why the recent American traveller did not observe them. As you already know what a ducking is, we will pole on in order to reach the inn at Marston by four. If we were true slackers, to be sure, we should have brought a spirit-lamp and a basket of "tea," and tied up in the first convenient nook on the bank; but these are heights of slacking to which the novice cannot aspire.

Just beyond here we shall have to give the Thames Conservancy man threepence to roll the punt around a weir. If there were ladies with us we should have to let them walk half a mile round, for just above is Parson's Pleasure, the university bathing-hole; and these men who would not let the Yale and the Cornell athletes row in sleeveless "zephyrs," plunge naked into a frequented waterway and are unashamed.

Above Parson's Pleasure we emerge from Mesopotamia—as the pretty river bottom is called in which the Char divides into several channels—and come in sight of the 'varsity cricket-ground. There is a game on against a picked eleven from the Marylebone Club; and every few minutes, if we waited, we might see the statuesque figures in white flannel chase a ball or trot back and forth between the wickets. Here again the true slacker would perhaps pause to enhance his feeling of repose by contrast with the cricketers; but any one who has ever hustled in America lacks a sense of the finer shades in the art of loafing.

Few slackers, at any rate, have had energy to get beyond this point; and as we pole among the meadows the cuckoo's homely voice emphasizes the solitude, singing the same two notes it sang to Shakespeare—and to Chaucer before him, for the matter of that. You can reproduce them exactly by blowing between the joints of your thumbs

into the hollow of your hands; or, if you can't, the first street boy you meet in town will teach you for sixpence.

At Marston, having ordered tea of the red-cheeked housewife, it is well to ask the innkeeper for credit. He is a Parisian whose sociological principles, it is said, were the cause of his venturing across the Channel—a man will go to great lengths in Paris for his opinions; and while his cheery English spouse, attended by troops of his red-cheeked boys, brings out the thin-buttered bread, he will revile you. What business have you to ask an honest yeoman to lend you money? If he were to go down to Oxford and ask the first gentleman he met to lend him half a crown to feed his starving family, should he get it? Should he? And what right have you to come to his house—his *home!*—and demand food at his board? You are a gentleman; but what is a gentleman? A gentleman is the dregs of the idleness of centuries! Then he will declaim about his plans for the renovation of the world. All this time his well-fed wife has been pouring out the tea and slicing the Genoa cake; and now, with a smile of reassurance, she takes our names and college. But the innkeeper's eloquence does not flag, and it will not until you tell him with decision that you have had enough. This you are loath to do; for the word "gentleman," in its English connotation, is the subtlest of flattery to the born democrat; and he has furnished you besides with a new idea of happiness. The cotton-wharf negro sometimes wants leisure, the repose of the cricketer is at times rudely broken in upon, and even the slacker is liable to his ducking; but to stand up boldly against the evils of the world and to picture the new Utopia while your wife averts all practical consequences, this is *otium cum dignitate.*

IV.

This journey up the Char, though all-popular with the undergraduate, is not the only one worth taking. We might have gone down the Isis to the Iffley Mill and the sleepy little Norman church near by. This would have taken us through the thick of the college crews training for the summer eights. But the rules of the river are so complicated that no man on earth who has not given them long hours of study can understand them; and if an eight ran into us we should be fined a quid or two—one quid for a college eight, and two for the 'varsity. Below Iffley, indeed, there is as much clear punting as you could desire, and here you are in the full current of Thames pleasure-boats. The towing-path skirts the water, so that when you are tired of punting you can get out and tow your craft. The stretch of river here I hold memorable as the scene of the only bit of dalliance I ever witnessed in this most sentimental of environments. A young man and a young woman had tied the painter of their punt to the middle of a paddle, and shoulder by shoulder were loitering along the river-side. Twenty yards behind, three other men and a baffled chaperon were steering the punt clear of the bank, and boring each other.

The best trip on the Isis is into the backwaters. These are a mesh of tiny streams that break free from the main current above Oxford and lose themselves in the broad bottom-lands. The islands they form were chosen in the Dark Ages as the sites of religious houses; for not only was the land fertile, but the net-work of deep, if tiny, streams afforded defence from the heathen, while the main channel of the Thames afforded communication with the Christian world. The ruins of these, or subsequent monasteries, remain to-day brooding over a few Tudor cottages and hamlets, with a mill and bakery and an inn or two to sustain life in the occasional undergraduate who lazes by in his canoe.

The most interesting of these ruins is Wytham. The phrase is exact, for the entire hamlet was built from a venerable religious house shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries. You can imagine the size of Wytham. If you don't watch very closely as you paddle up the sedgy backwater you will miss it entirely, and that would be a pity, for its rude masonry, thatched roofs, and rustic garden-fronts seem instinct with the atmosphere of Tudor England. The very tea-roses, nodding languidly over the garden wall, smell, or seem to smell, as subtly sweet as if they had been pressed for ages between the leaves of a mediæval romance.

I am not quite sure that they do, though, for these ancient hamlets have strange ways of pulling the wool—a true golden fleece, to be sure—over American eyes. Once at twilight I heard a knot of strolling country men and women crooning a tune which was so strangely familiar that I immediately set it down as a village version of one of those noble melodies of that golden age when English feeling found its natural vent in song. As it drew nearer I suddenly recognized it. It was a far-away version of the latest negro song—"Mammy's Little Alabama Coon."

I have still faith, though, in a certain mediæval barmaid I chanced upon in the backwaters. The circumstances of our meeting were peculiar. As I drifted along one Sunday, perched on an after-thwart of my canoe, the current swept me toward a willow that leaned over the water, and I put up my hand to fend off. I chanced to be laughing to myself at the time at the thought of a fellow who, only the day before, had tried to do the same thing at the lasher. The force of the current had carried the punt to the very roots of the willow on the opposite bank, whereupon, to my heart's delight, he tried to fend off from it with his arm, and stooped, with great apparent deliberation, plump into the water. He had to be hauled out by the O.U.H.S man hard by.

I was interrupted in these pleasant thoughts by a boorish guffaw from one of the fellows behind me. . . . But I started to tell about the mediæval barmaid. I was directed to a bakehouse up the stream. Here I hung my coat and trousers before the fire on the long baker's pole, and put my shoes inside on a dough-tray. My companion of the horse-laugh hung my shirt on a blossoming almond-tree in the garden, and then left me—for the lunch-hamper. He had scarcely gone, when I heard a rustle of skirts at the door.

"What do you want?" I cried.

"I want my dinner," was the reply.

It was the barmaid of a neighboring public-house, in her Sunday frock. When she saw me she smiled, but maintained a simplicity of port that—I insist upon it—was instinct with the simple and primitive modesty of the Middle Ages. The Adam of the Chester Miracle Play had the quality to a marvel, who, as the stage direction requires, was to "stand neckede" on the pageant before the multitude and "not be ashamed."

My barmaid, after some simple rustic expressions of sympathy, advised me to take off my stockings and hang them up before the fire. The advice was capital. For one happy moment I lived in the broad wholesome atmosphere of the Middle Ages. It was like a breath from Chaucer's England. Then the baker rushed into the room, in a cut-away coat of the latest style. He had baked for an Oxford College so long that he had become infected with the squeamish leaven of the nineteenth century. Taking the girl by the shoulder, he hustled her into the garden, and then passed her plum pudding out to her through the door. He heaped me with apologies and lent me a bath-robe; but I did not mind either, for as the barmaid ran back to the inn she was laughing what I still insist upon believing to have been the simple joyous laughter of the Middle Ages.

V.

But we must hurry to get back to college in time for dinner. And even at that we shall have to land here at Magdalen bridge and give a street boy sixpence to take the punt the rest of the way. We land at the foot of the Tower just as the late afternoon sun is gilding its exquisite pinnacles, and the chimes in its belfry are playing the prelude to the hour of seven. It is a melody worth all the Char and the Isis, with all their weirs and their willows. Other mediæval chimes fill you with a delicious sorrow for the past; but when they cease, and the great bell tolls out the hour, you think only of the death of time. They leave you sadly, as it were, in the musty cellarage of the tower. But the melody that the Magdalen chimes utter is full of the simple faith, the aspirations, of our fathers. It lifts you among the gilded pinnacles, or perhaps ever so little above them.

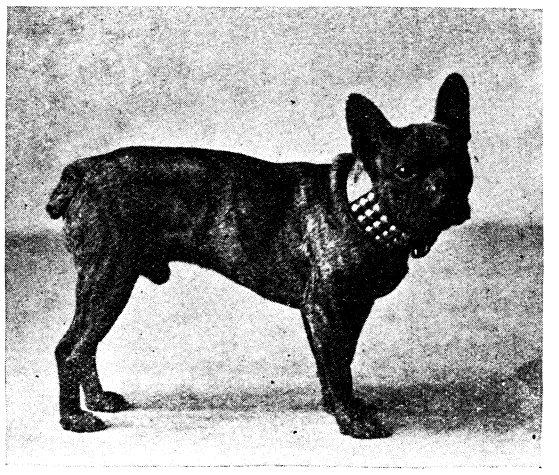
THE FRENCH BULL-DOG.

A good deal of interest was attracted by the toy bull-dogs, which class, by-the-way, has excited some attention, owing to the discussion that has been going on in the English sporting papers over the different points enacted in America, and English fanciers preferring the type that is merely a diminutive bull-dog with a rose ear, *while French* and American fanciers *declare for the type with the large erect bat ears.*

The above extract, taken from the New York *Herald* of Sunday, May 23, 1897, does not to the average reader have any particular significance, but to the lover of the dog it contains a depth of meaning and is intensely gratifying, since the extract was written in the home of the French bull-dog, and echoes the sentiment of every sportsman who believes in the preservation of the purity of the breeding of this grand little dog.

Some twenty years ago the French sportsmen revivified, as it were, a diminutive breed of bull-dogs that in the early century was very popular, and they used every effort to breed them with all their former attributes and characteristics. To attain this result, no pains were spared to secure the best specimens obtainable for breeding purposes, and the outcome of it all was that within the last decade success to an eminent degree has crowned their efforts.

The bull-dog is perhaps the best known of all the canine race—so known undoubtedly on account of the apparent ferocity of its aspect, while, in truth, it is one of the best



dispositioned dogs we have about us. The English fanciers of this breed spared neither time, labor, nor money to breed the dog in all its perfection, and the dog of to-day is as near perfect as is possible to breed it.

In the early Paris dog shows this national little dog was enthusiastically received by the public, and grew in popular favor, till the introduction of some eminent English judges at their shows. At the first show, where two English gentlemen officiated in conjunction with one French judge, the question of the ear became the subject of discussion. Naturally the insular tendency of the English judges caused them to proclaim in favor of the rose ear—that is, an ear that drops like a rose-leaf. Acting upon the suggestions of the islanders, the French fanciers soon adopted, or rather leaned to, the rose ear, to the decided detriment of the national bat ear.

During the last few years some of our citizens travelling about France saw beautiful specimens of the breed and brought them home, and all at once, as it were, this cocky little chap bounded into popular favor here, especially with the ladies. The Boston dog show of 1897 brought out a goodly number of this breed, but it remained for the Westminster Kennel Show of last year to bring out a grand entry from all parts of the country—even as far West as Chicago.

Mr. Mathews was to have judged these classes, but at the last moment he resigned in favor of the great English judge, Mr. George Raper. Among the entries were some with the English rose ears, and others with the typical bat ears. The supporters of each of the varieties were pleased with the substitution; but when the English judge decided by his awards that the rose-eared specimens had received premier honors, those gentlemen who were in favor of the breed being preserved as originally bred in France formed a club, under the name of the French Bull-dog Club of America, sending forth the edict that the bat ear, broad at its base and gently tapering to the top, should hereafter be the only type recognizable at our shows.

Scarcely had the standard been formulated than the English sporting papers opened a relentless fire upon our devoted heads; but it falls now harmless, since "the French fanciers declare for the type with the large erect bat ears." The toy bull-dog is naught else than a diminutive English bull-dog, with all its exaggeration of flat face, undershot jaw, profuse wrinkles, broad deep chest, with straight legs, and the cutest of little tails—that to many is a subject of much merriment. The French congener differs very little from the English toy dog, the greatest divergence being that it is not so much undershot in the jaw, not quite so deep nor wide in front, is more cobby and active in movement, and has the traditional bat ears. The ears, when the dog is in action, are always carried erect, and are so distinctive and characteristic that, once being seen, they are never forgotten.

The following standards will enable the novice to understand the distinctive qualities of each breed, and so not have palmed off upon him one of the English type, which, if shown, will be sure to be disqualified at any of our shows.

THE AMERICAN STANDARD.	THE ENGLISH STANDARD.
The general appearance is that of an active, muscular, intelligent dog, smooth-coated, compactly built, and of small stature.	The general appearance is that of a smooth-coated, *thick-set*, broad, powerful, and compact dog.
Head large, square, and broad; cranium almost flat; jaws large and powerful, deep, square, and undershot. The "stop" should be strongly defined, causing a hollow or groove between the eyes, extending well up the forehead.	Head *very* large—the larger the better—forehead flat, and skin about the head very loose, hanging in great wrinkles. Frontal bone very prominent, broad, high, and square, causing a deep groove between the eyes.
Eyes wide apart, set low down, round, of moderate size, neither sunken nor bulging, and very dark. No haw, and no white showing when looking forward.	Eyes set low in skull, as far from the ears as possible, round, very dark, almost black, and showing no white when looking forward.
Muzzle, nose, and lips should be black. The lips should be thick, *hiding the teeth*, whereas on each side they should overlay the lower lips. Nose deep, and nostrils broad.	Muzzle short, broad, and *upturned*, and very deep from corner of eye to corner of mouth. Flews thick, broad, pendent, and very deep, hanging over lower jaw at sides (not in front). Nose *very* large, broad, and black, deeply *set back, almost between the eyes.* Nostrils large, wide, and black. *Teeth* should show when mouth is closed.
Neck short, thick, and well arched.	Neck very deep, thick, and strong, well arched, with much *loose skin at throat.*
Body short, and well rounded; chest deep, broad, and full, well ribbed, with belly tucked up; back short and strong, broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, and forming a wheel or "roach" back.	Body well ribbed, round, and deep, with belly well tucked up. Back strong and short, very broad at shoulders, narrow at loins, forming "roach" or wheel back.
Fore legs short, stout, straight, and set wide apart. Feet of moderate size, compact, and turning very slightly *outward.* Stubby nails.	Fore legs wide apart, very stout, strong, and straight. Fore feet straight. Toes compact and thick.
Hind legs strong and muscular, longer than fore legs, so as to elevate the loins above the shoulders.	Hind legs large, muscular, longer in proportion than fore legs.
Coat moderately fine, short, and smooth.	Coat fine, short, close, and smooth.
Colors—dark brindles; dark brindle and white; all other brindles; all other colors.	Colors—if bright and pure of its sort—first, brindles, reds, white, with their varieties, as whole whites, fawns, etc.; second, pied and mixed colors.
Tail either straight or screwed, short, hung low, downward carriage, thick at root, and fine tip. Short straight tail preferred.	Tail set on low, jutting out, then downwards, free from coarse hair, rather short than long, tapering to a fine point, and carried downward.
Ears, as shall hereafter be known as the bat ear; shall be large in size, broad at base, well elongated, with rounded top, set high on the head, not too close together, carried erect, with orifice visible when seen from the front.	Ears set high, small, and thin. The rose ear being preferred.
Weight, 22 pounds.	Weight, 50 pounds.

It will be seen that the ear is the feature most divergent from the English dog's, and therefore should not be lost sight of. The dog is essentially a pet dog, and particularly acceptable to the ladies, who can tuck it under the arm and carry it with the greatest ease. About the house small-sized dogs are preferable, so the French Bull-dog Club of America did wisely in making the weight limit twenty-two pounds.

STORM.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The gale sweeps in across the bay,
You hear the breakers' boding cry,—
Come down, along Plum Island way
And see the white-caps at their play,
And see, with rainbows in the sky,
The wind blow rainbows from the spray!

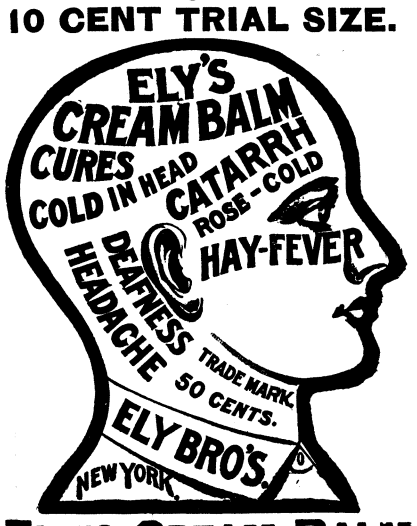
The low and level sun strikes sheer
In purple east a brow of storm,
And all the great sea-horses rear
Along the bar, and far and near
In angry troop the sea-crests swarm,
Singing their war-cry wild and clear.

Come where the island surges call,
And measure with the gale your strength,
And halt you,—for no sail at all
Flits homeward from the deep-sea haul,
But in the midnight's weary length
Black wreck shall in our footprints fall.

Too fierce the winds about us blow,
The sleet is frozen as it drives,—
To-night let music softly flow,
Lest thinking, when the fire falls low,
Of drowning men and hapless wives,
We shiver in the embers' glow!

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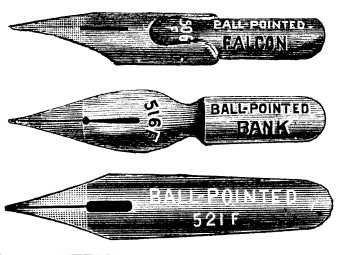
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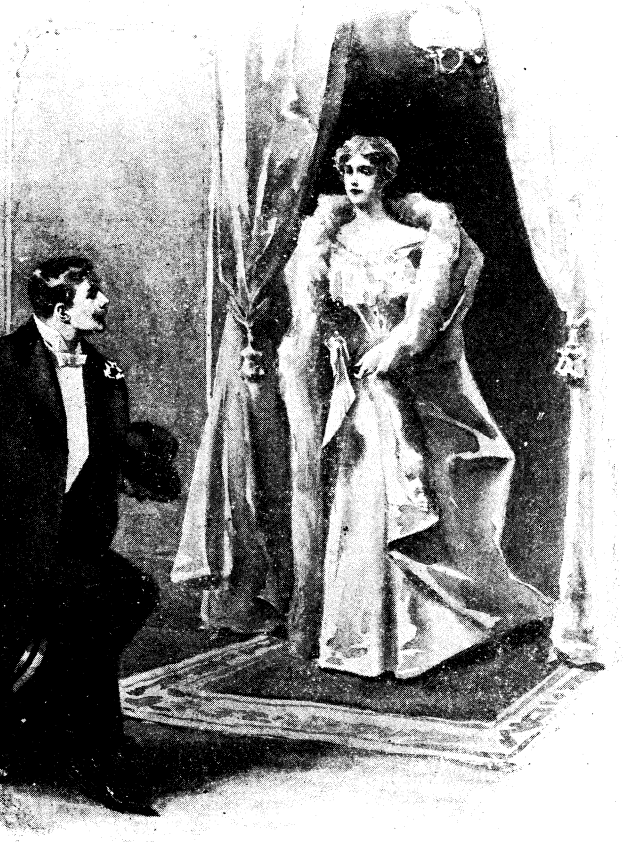
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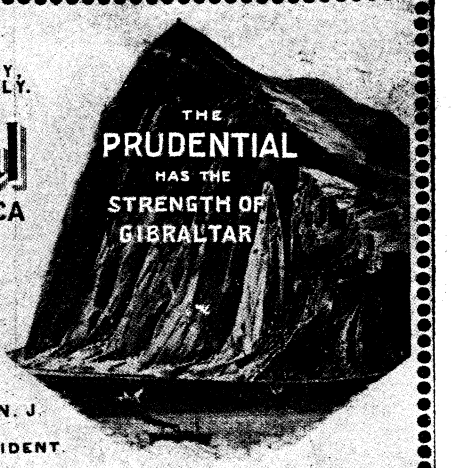
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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WE spoke last week of a community in South Carolina which has killed a negro because Mr. McKINLEY had made him postmaster, and we said that the people of such a community were not fit to govern themselves. The same ought to be said of a community in the State of Indiana which some months ago hanged several persons who were suspected of complicity in certain burglaries. The Governor of Indiana and the Attorney-General have done their utmost to bring to justice the persons who are charged with this crime; but the grand juries of this Indiana community refuse to find indictments; and one justice, at least, has refused to hold one of the persons, although the evidence was strong, to await the action of a grand jury. Therefore we beg to extend our remarks about unfitness for self-government to these people of Indiana.

NOW that the LOUD bill has failed to pass the House of Representatives, another question presents itself for the consideration of those who are interested in putting the postal service upon a proper business footing. It is said by those who have studied the subject that the amount paid to the railroads for postal service is exorbitant, and that it might be cut in two to the saving of nearly $15,000,000 a year. The WEEKLY has supported the LOUD bill not only for the economic reforms that would be worked by its adoption, but because the privileges of the postal laws are used for the pecuniary profit of those who are not entitled to the government's favors. It is understood that the LOUD bill was defeated largely because of the argument that the real waste in the service is in this matter of railroad charges, which, we understand, have only been changed twice since 1873, once by a reduction of ten per cent., and again by a reduction of five per cent. In view of the enormous lowering of freight rates and passenger rates, it would seem that the maintenance of nearly the rate of twenty years ago for postal service needed explanation.

IN another part of this issue of the WEEKLY will be found a very admirable argument in favor of the navy *personnel* bill, which we believe, on account of his connection with the board which drew it up, is called the ROOSEVELT bill. It is, we understand, the most radical reform that can be passed through Congress, but it is not radical enough. However, what the navy needs is a chance for the promotion of able and younger officers of the line. If we are to have a navy it ought to be effective, and in order to be effective we ought to have young rear-admirals. The present method of promotion by seniority is helpful to weakness rather than to strength. Many officers reach high command grades at an age too advanced for efficiency and for the assumption of great responsibilities, while others are promoted to command who never have been fit for it, and who receive the promotion simply because they have lived to reach, in the course of time, the opportunity afforded by a death or retirement. We commend the article to which we have referred to the careful perusal of all who are interested in the navy, which, we take it, includes all intelligent Americans.

THE reason for the suggestion by the Spanish government of the recall of Consul-General LEE from Havana was not divulged, but it was an unwise request for the Spanish government to make, and it was eminently proper for President McKINLEY to refuse to consider it. If the Spanish government wishes to avoid war, it will not do anything to exasperate public sentiment in this country. The people of the country believe that Consul-General LEE has "borne himself," as the State Department officially said in speaking of the request for his recall, "throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage," and that the President is justified in his "entire satisfaction" with him. Whether there shall be war or not between the two countries depends upon the condition of public feeling here and in Spain, and so far as this country is concerned, the recall of the Consul-General at Havana at the demand or request of Spain would have excited our people, already hot enough, to a point beyond control. The SAGASTA government has thus far been a potent influence for peace, and we trust that it will continue to be so, and that political Spain will continue to give it its confidence. For the same reason that it was wise for Spain not to insist on the recall of General LEE, it was wise for this government to consent to Spain's request that the supplies for the starving in Cuba be not carried in war-ships.

THERE is no reason to believe that Great Britain has offered us an alliance in case of war with Spain, simply because it is not the habit of nations to proceed in that manner. Moreover, if there is to be a war with Spain, we can play our part in it without assistance. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to know that there are members of Parliament who agree with Mr. DUNCOMBE, the Conservative member who asked if the government intended to offer the British fleet to the United States in case of a war between this country and any foreign power. We are glad to feel the touch of kinship, even though we must decline the entangling alliance. Moreover, the true interests of Great Britain and the United States are essentially one in their relations with the rest of the world. To speak of trade alone, our exports of merchandise to Great Britain and her dependencies last year amounted to $603,000,000, nearly 60 per cent. of our whole export trade. But sentiment is even dearer than trade, and while an entangling alliance would be out of the question, the idea suggested by Englishmen that the English-speaking peoples should stand together when any one of them is assailed by a foreign power is one that must strongly appeal to men who are imbued with the noblest instincts of their race, and who believe that it is best that it should continue to dominate the world—best, above all else, for the promotion of its steady and peaceful progress.

IT is believed that there will be, after all, a report from the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and that a currency-reform bill of some kind will be presented to the House of Representatives. We sincerely trust that this is so, because the sound-money men of the country need both organization and a rallying-point. As ex-President CLEVELAND pointed out in a letter the other day, the free-coinage men are arrogantly confident, and the reason for this confidence is that they are organized and at work, as they have been for several years, and as they were for many years before the strenuous campaign of 1896. The friends of sound money ought to have learned a lesson from the preparedness of the silver men at that time, but they do not seem to have done so, and all that the sound-money men can hope for is a commitment of the Republican majority of the House of Representatives to sound-money principles. This will doubtless lead to the nomination of sound-money men for Republican candidates for Congress in the coming campaign, and an active and vigorous campaign, with all the resources of the Republican party against free coinage and its supporters. We sincerely trust that the Republican leaders will thus commit themselves, and that Mr. REED will have the credit of bringing about both a report from the committee and action by the House. To quote again from Mr. CLEVELAND'S admirable letter: "I am so earnest in my desire to see our country blessed with safe money and a suitable financial system that I am of the opinion we ought to give patriotic and consistent support to any plan which insures this result, and which has the elements that promise its successful advocacy."

THE treaty for the annexation of Hawaii is probably defeated, and if this should be the happy result, it would be due entirely to discussion. Before the present session of Congress began, the friends of annexation, and notably Mr. McKINLEY, were sure that the treaty would be ratified at once. Indeed, the opponents of annexation were treated with the disdain that is essentially due from men of feeling like annexationists and Jingoes towards men who reason and go slow. But there was a hitch in the carrying out of the programme, and first we heard that annexationists lacked three of the necessary two-thirds of the Senate, and then that they lacked five, and now that they lack eight or ten. As discussion of the treaty and of the project has been going on during all this time, we think we are justified in our assertion that discussion has brought it to this happy pass. Discussion has opened the eyes of the people to the folly of the scheme of annexing to this country a distant group of islands, inhabited by a people mainly alien, and for whose government, if they should be annexed, we have no adequate machinery. If the question comes up in the form of a new joint resolution providing for annexation by law instead of by treaty, there is reason to believe that the further and open discussion that will accompany the attempt to pass such a resolution will still further clarify the minds of all of our Congressmen, so that they will see that the American people are sensible and shrewd, and in the end would disapprove of Representatives who voted to thrust such a burden as Hawaii upon their republic. A law to take into its jurisdiction a foreign people, most of whom are unwilling to come, certainly seems foreign to the purpose and nature of a republic.

SHERIFF MARTIN and his deputies have been acquitted of the charges of manslaughter on which they have been on trial for some time. We believe, on the evidence that has been presented to the jury and that is known to the public, that the verdict of not guilty was just, and that Sheriff MARTIN and his deputies are to be honored for resorting to extreme measures in upholding the majesty of the law. Such extreme measures ought to be resorted to very much oftener than they are in this country. The sovereignty of the law is all the sovereignty that we have, and successful assaults upon it make for anarchy. Notwithstanding this, the conduct of some of the daily newspapers in treating of this subject has been shameful. It has been assumed that the officers of the law were guilty of murder; the case has been tried outside of the court-room; the accused were convicted without a particle of evidence; and now that the trial has ended in acquittal, the judge, the jury, and the counsel for the defence are exposed to virulent abuse, including indecent caricature. The extreme limit of criminal defiance of the law and of murderous intent was reached by one newspaper, which cunningly suggested to the miners that they throw a dynamite bomb among the deputies as they sat in the court-room. This one bit of defiance colors the whole attitude of that part of the daily press which made it its business to try and condemn the accused outside of the court-house, and without regard to what was going on inside; and this state of things will continue, and this abuse of the privileges of the press will grow, until the courts determine to do their duty, and to punish for contempt every editor who is guilty of infringing upon the province and jurisdiction of judges and juries.

PREPARATION FOR PEACE.

THERE ought to be no war between Spain and the United States, and unless it can be shown that Spain is criminally responsible for the destruction of the *Maine*, we are sure that the two governments will do their utmost to avoid a conflict. Whether that demonstration be possible or not remains to be seen. Most people who have kept their heads, and permitted their reason to prevail, believe that it will be impossible, and sincere patriots hope that Spain is not guilty. But although there is no real cause for war, it is a blind and ignorant statesman who does not recognize one of the best-known facts of history, and who does not know that most wars have been causeless, and that unreasoning rage and prejudice often drive nations to fighting for nothing, apparently, but the relief of their passions. Therefore we must commend the action of the government in making ready. We accept with a certain feeling of relief the hearty, speedy, and unanimous response of Congress to the request of the President for money, and for additional forces of men and ships. Indeed, every American must rejoice that on the coming of the crisis all parties have united in voting to the Executive the money and the power that may be needed for the national defence, and in trusting the expenditure of the money and the exercise of the power to the discretion and wisdom of the President and his advisers. We rejoice in this exhibition of patriotism, for it proves again, what has been proved more than once, that a democracy is effective whenever it believes itself in danger. Besides, this show of determination, of confidence in the government, of unanimity, and of power, will make for peace. We have heard a good deal said of late concerning the virtue of being prepared for war, but it has come chiefly from those who are willing to talk war, whether the nation is prepared or not. But in the face of difficulties which seem to be thickening, the best preparation for a strong and resourceful nation like the United States is the demonstration of the purpose of all its citizens to subordinate, for the national defence, their politics and their ordinary antipathies and their business interests to the general welfare. In presenting to Spain an un-

broken front, and in showing to her and to Europe that, if war shall unhappily come, the United States will be ready to bear its part and to exert all its power, a great precaution against war has been taken, and, once more, the country has to be thankful for the wise moderation of the President and of Speaker REED, and for their readiness to act the moment it became evident that the time had arrived to give assurance to the Spanish people that if they make war on the United States they will be obliged to reckon with millions of patriots and millions of money.

There is, as we have said, no reason for war; and if war comes, it is unlikely that it will be formally declared by either government. Each government is doing its best to preserve the peace. So far as the Spanish government is concerned, it has more than once betrayed a deep solicitude to avoid war. SAGASTA and the Queen-Regent know that war is almost impossible for Spain. The bankers of Paris and London, who own her bonds, may advance more money to her to save investments that they have already made, but that does not change the fact that she is bankrupt, and that her drafts upon her men and boys for service in Cuba have wellnigh exhausted her military resources. But the Spanish government is not the Spanish Jingoes any more than our own Jingoes are the MCKINLEY administration. The government will do its best to prevent war, and it has already, on more than one occasion, gone as far as prudence will permit to avoid a conflict. But the time may come when the yielding of a point to the United States will not be possible without bringing on a revolution, and the refusal to yield, or the revolution that may follow surrender, may lead to some overt act on the part of Spain which will make war inevitable.

If war is to come, it is to be hoped that it will come in this way, and not through any act committed by this country. If we are to fight Spain, if we are to be plunged into the horrors of war, with its killings, with its carrion on the field, and its Jingo vultures nesting in the sutlers' tents, may we go into the war like gentlemen and Christians, and not like blathering bullies. We have expressed our opinion of our own Jingoes and their conduct with all the plainness of speech at our command. We know the few who are not mediæval philosophers to be knaves or fools. They have done their best to bring about war, but they have not succeeded in disturbing the admirable equipoise of the President, and there is no reason why they should succeed.

But it is different in Spain. The Spanish people are nearly all Jingoes—at least nearly all who are heard at the present time are Jingoes—and they are ignorant and malicious. They believe in their very hearts what the South professed to believe of the North—before the temper of the North had been tried on Southern battle-fields. They believe that victory will attend the Spanish arms from the moment that war is entered upon, that the Spanish navy is stronger than our own, that Spain has the sympathy of the rest of Europe, and that she will at least have material aid from France. The Spanish newspapers are as violent and as mendacious as our own yellow journals, and much more dangerous, because they appeal to an ignorant people who believe what their screamers tell them, and apparently there is no antidote. There are politicians, too, in Spain who are perfectly willing to plunge their country into deeper trouble if by doing so they can wreck the present monarchy; perhaps they would be content to do so if they might thereby wreck the present ministry. There are officers of the army and navy also, chief among them WEYLER himself, who hold that it is better to give up Cuba at the end of a war, even an unsuccessful war, with a power like the United States, than to surrender to the insurgents. The SAGASTA government is doing its utmost to hold in check Spain's violent, vicious, and degraded populace, for the voice of the moderate and reasonable Spaniard has not been heard very distinctly in the present trouble.

So far as there is any danger of war, it comes from the frenzy of mad Jingoes on both sides of the ocean, acting and reacting upon the peculiar conditions existing in Spain. If war come, except in the unlikely case of the finding of a criminal design in the destruction of the *Maine*, it is likely to follow a hasty and unfortunate blow delivered by a comparatively unimportant person, for whose act, however, Spain will be responsible, or else delivered by the Spanish government to avoid a revolution, or, finally, by the revolutionists themselves, and popular frenzy bears directly upon these possibilities. It is for this reason that it is well that the administration and Congress have united to assure the world, including the Spanish people, that this country will defend itself, and in its defence will make aggressive war with all its vigor and with all the great power and resources at its command. The United States government has done its best to preserve the peace by reasonable conduct, just observation of its international duties, and wise self-restraint. Now, in the face of the possibilities aroused by Jingo cries here, and worse and more vicious Jingoism abroad, it takes one step more for the cause of peace by making ready for war.

NATIONAL HONOR.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE honor of a person, in the general sense of the term, is his moral dignity. To offend or wound a person's honor means to deny or impeach his moral dignity so as to lower it in the estimation of others, and perhaps also in his own self-respect. To forfeit one's honor means to do something, or to permit something to be done, which is incompatible with one's moral dignity. This applies to nations as well as to individuals. What true honor consists in, what constitutes an offence to one's honor, and how the offended honor can or should be vindicated or restored, are questions which in different places and at different times have received different answers, according to the different conventional conceptions of honor or the different states of civilization there and then prevailing.

Whatever divergences of opinion on these points may still exist in this country, no American capable of sober reflection can seriously hold the belief that considerations of national honor would require, or even that its moral dignity would permit, this great republic to swagger about among the nations of the world with a chip on its shoulder, shaking its fist under everybody's nose, and telling the world on every possible occasion that we can "whip" any power that might choose to resent this, and that we would be rather glad of an opportunity for doing so. A private individual taking such an attitude would certainly not be called a gentleman. He would be considered a vulgar bully. If a person of great physical strength, he would be feared by some, esteemed by nobody, and heartily detested as a public nuisance by the whole decent part of the community. A nation playing such a rôle would deserve and meet with the same judgment in the family of civilized nations, and at the same time it would cultivate within itself those forces of evil which are always developed by a perversion of the sense of honor, and the consequent loss of true moral dignity and of genuine self-respect.

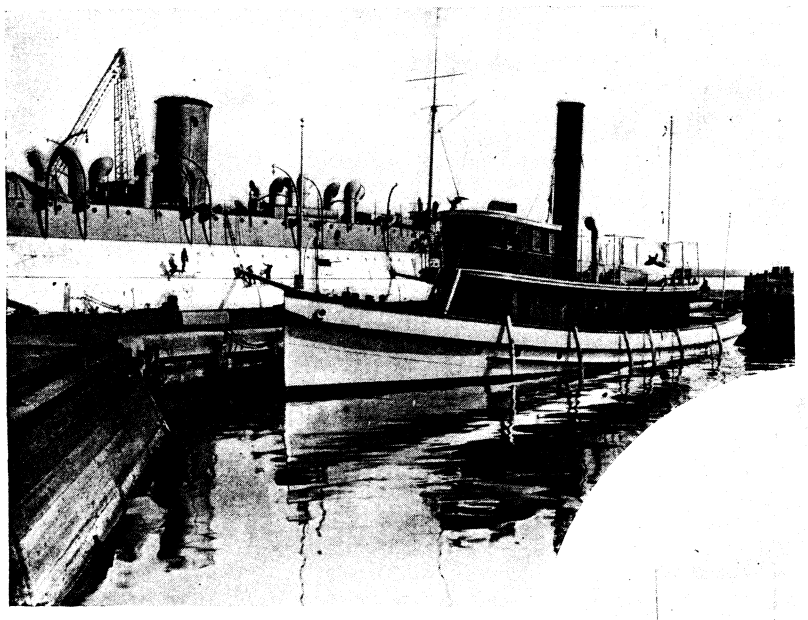
Neither would any American having the honor of his country sincerely at heart find it compatible with the true moral dignity of this great republic that the American people should always be nervously on the lookout for something to offend or affront it, and eager to construe as a grievous injury or a deadly insult anything in the slightest degree capable of an unpleasant interpretation, in order to avenge it. He would remember the common experience of private life that the honor of the "hero" of many so-called "affairs of honor," the ever-ready duellist, is apt to be not the genuine article, and that few things are more derogatory to the character of a gentleman than a propensity to pick unnecessary quarrels—that is, quarrels which might honorably be avoided. There is one duty which strong men and strong nations that are imbued with a true sense of honor, will never forget. It is that the strong should scrupulously abstain from abusing their strength when dealing with the weak. Strong men and strong nations conscious of their moral dignity will be slow to take offence. They will, of course, not permit themselves to be injured, or insulted, or trifled with, or balked by anybody at will, or to any length; but they will be especially solicitous to exhaust all peaceable means for the enforcement of their just demands, or for the amicable composition of differences, before their superiority of brute strength is brought into play. They can afford and they should use the greater forbearance, as it cannot be charged either to weakness or timidity.

A true sense of national honor will move the American people to keep this well in mind at the present moment. It is not intended to inquire here what our grievance against Spain may be. Let us assume it to be very grave. What will then be the situation? This republic is very strong. Spain is, in comparison, very weak. We have a population of nearly 75,000,000. Spain has 18,000,000. We are immensely rich in ready means and still undeveloped resources. Spain is poor, with a heavy debt and impaired credit. Although Spain might annoy us much with her fleet at the beginning of hostilities, in case of war, there is no doubt of our ability to defeat her thoroughly in a contest the final result of which depends upon material staying power and the tenacity of the popular spirit. Nobody questions this. Our manifest superiority is so great that there would be little glory in our triumph. Neither are we in the situation of a people whose reputation as to courage, bravery, or patriotism is still to be established. All this is so well known and so universally acknowledged that no forbearance on our part can never by any possibility be misinterpreted as a lack of power or of pluck—or that, in fact, it can appear as anything else than the considerate self-control of conscious strength. "But," we are told, "the 'dons' are insolent. Unless we give them a sound beating, they will say that the Americans are afraid of them!" Well, what of it if they were foolish enough to say or even to think so? Would anybody else believe it? Would it in any manner diminish the power of this republic or lower its moral dignity, its national honor, in the estimation of other nations or in its own? No; if this republic, conscious of its superior strength, seeks to obtain what it considers just and proper, with that generous forbearance which is the finest privilege of the strong when dealing with the weak, and avoids war with sedulous solicitude, until all honest efforts to preserve peace have been exhausted in vain, and thinks of it then only as an extreme exigency and a most unwelcome one, it will serve the national honor, the moral dignity of the nation, infinitely better than by the most grandiloquent bluster or by any unnecessary demonstration that we are strong enough to "whip" anybody whenever we like.

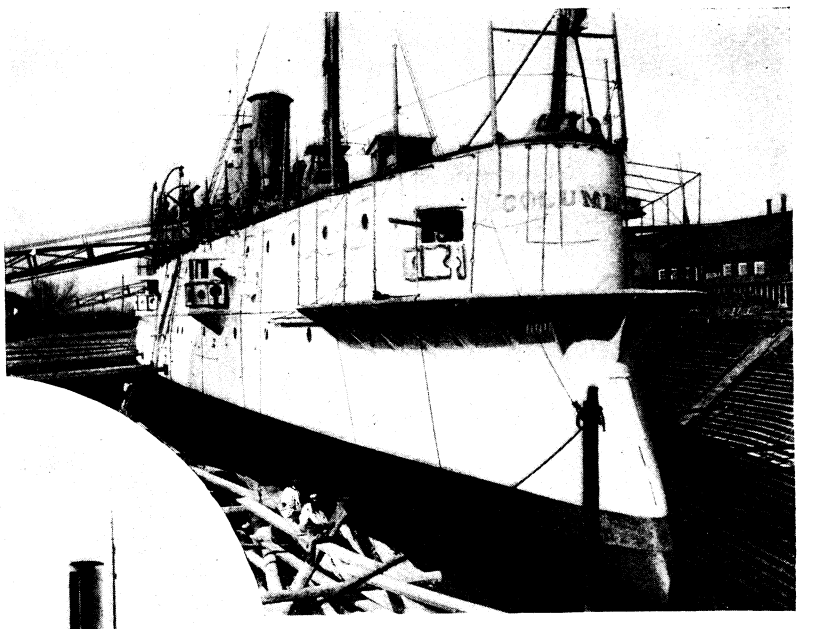
For a just appreciation of the requirements of national honor in the premises it may be useful to look also at the Spanish side of the question. Spain, as the weaker party, will be much more open to the imputation of timidity if she yields on any dubious point. Her proverbial pride may render it therefore especially painful to her to abandon any position she once has held. The impulse to vindicate what she conceives to be her national honor by fighting at any cost to the last extremity for what she had once claimed as her right, or against what she had once denounced as a wrong or an indignity, may therefore be especially potent with her, even though she might herself feel that she could not justly maintain her contentions. But if she were conscious of that, would her national honor demand that she should at least try to uphold those contentions at the cost of more bloody and destructive war? Whatever may be thought of the character of Spanish rule, nobody will say that the Spanish nation needs further proof of its courage or national spirit. Of those qualities at least the tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure with which Spain has struggled to keep her grasp upon Cuba has given new and ample demonstration. In that respect, therefore, her national honor would not be jeoparded by submission to any fair demands, if such were made upon her on our part.

Neither would her national honor, in any sense, suffer by the abandonment of Cuba as soon as she has to admit that her rule over the inhabitants of that island can no longer be maintained. There has been a rumor that the proud Spaniard, when the loss of Cuba becomes certain, will then, for national honor's sake, provoke a war with the United States, so as to preserve at least the appearance of succumbing only to the superior strength of one of the great powers of the world. No misconception of national honor could be more grotesque than the fancy that the moral dignity of a nation can better be saved by punishing one's self with an absolutely useless demonstration of willingness to shed more blood and to squander more wealth and to create more misery, than by a wise and decorous acceptance of the inevitable. It is a monstrous notion, which can have sprung only from some very much overheated brain; but it fairly illustrates the strange confusion of ideas in which national honor figures as something that stands above the dictates of common-sense, as well as of common morality.

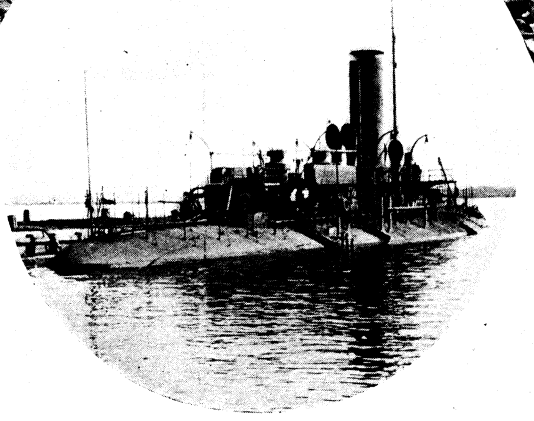
We have had much of this wild sort of talk in this country, and we may have more. But there is good reason for hoping that it will not run away with the self-respect of the American people. We may well be proud of the self-contained dignity with which so far President MCKINLEY and his ministers have conducted our foreign affairs amid the excitements of the day; proud of the wellnigh unanimous applause which the calm attitude of those in power has elicited from the citizenship of the country; and proud of the fact that a bill to put the republic in a state of defence could pass both Houses of Congress without hot appeals to warlike passions. This gives us a taste of that sense of national honor which draws its inspiration not from hysterical spasms, but from sober wisdom; not from the brutal wantonness of superior strength, but from the noble resolve to be all the more just and generous, because strong.



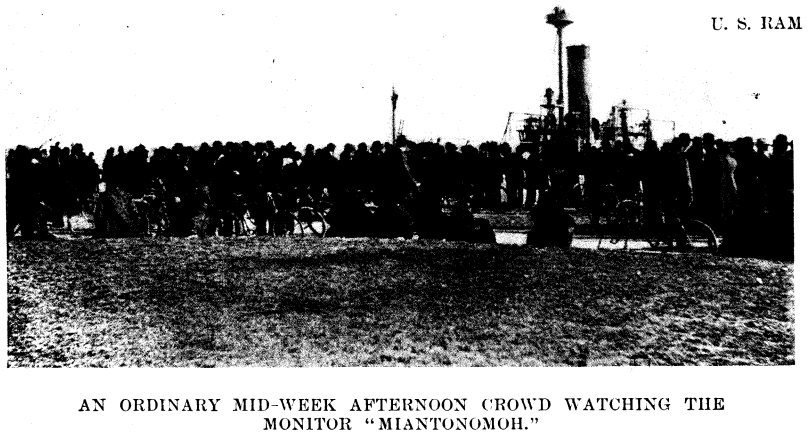
U. S. S. "Minneapolis."
U. S. TUG "SAMOSET," LIEUT. YORKE NOEL, PLACED IN COMMISSION AS A DESPATCH-BOAT.



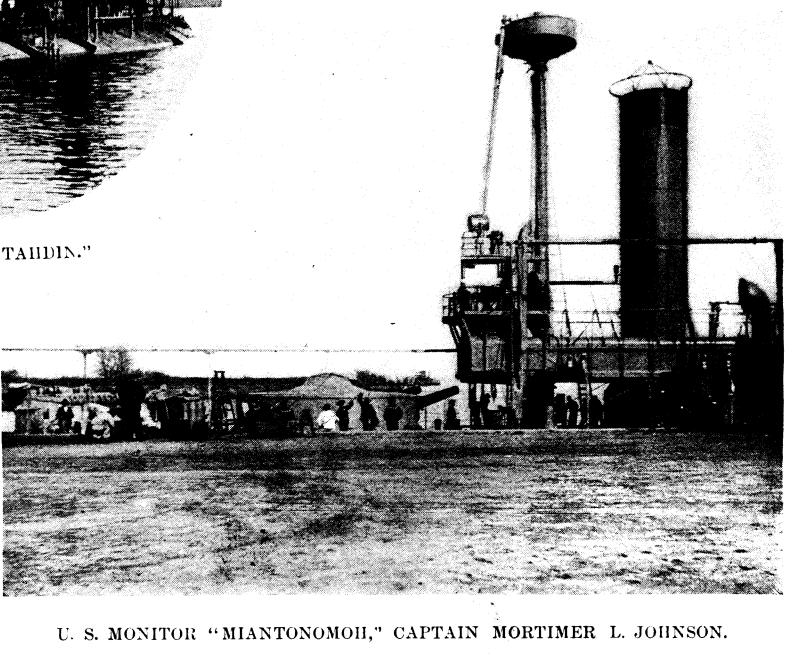
U. S. CRUISER "COLUMBIA," CAPTAIN J. H. SANDS, IN DRY DOCK—STERN VIEW.



U. S. RAM "KATAHDIN."



AN ORDINARY MID-WEEK AFTERNOON CROWD WATCHING THE MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."



U. S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH," CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON.

NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT THE NAVY-YARD, LEAGUE ISLAND, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 283.]

THE DRAMA.

The Criterion Independent Theatre deserves the gratitude of all lovers of the drama in New York for having had the energy, the wise judgment, and the courage to produce, for the first time in this country, Echegaray's powerful work, "El Gran Galeoto." It seems a pity that the Berkeley Lyceum, instead of one of the regular theatres, should have been chosen for the week's performances; it is probable, however, that none of the regular theatres could have been secured. Certainly "El Gran Galeoto," even in the admirably condensed, coherent, and altogether effective English version made by Miss Maude Banks, would not, for several reasons, have been looked upon with favor by the average theatrical manager. In the first place, it appeals strongly to the intelligence—that is, it makes people think. Now to make people think is exactly what the average manager wishes to avoid, for he knows that most people go to the theatre merely to be amused, to be relaxed after the day's cares. Then, too, "El Gran Galeoto" ends unhappily—a disastrous feature, according to the theatrical manager. Most shocking of all, the drama is "literary." So it is plain that if the Criterion Independent Theatre did not exist, we could not have hoped to see the great Spanish play on any metropolitan stage. With this fact in mind, it seems rather amusing that the recent performances should have shown "El Gran Galeoto" to be one of the most interesting, vivid, and dramatic plays seen in this country during the past ten years.

For craftsmanship "El Gran Galeoto" might be taken as a model. Throughout the drama there is not a superfluous incident, nor an unnecessary word. On the rise of the curtain the case is presented in a few swift scenes, and swiftly, logically, and inevitably the climax is developed. Here are three honest people living happily together in Madrid—a young wife, a husband considerably older, and a young poet, the son of the husband's old friend. Into their home come two prying relatives, who make their "duty" an excuse for repeating the inevitable slander. The husband repudiates it angrily, and holds out his arms to his wife. The young man insists upon leaving the house. In spite of himself, the husband becomes watchful, suspicious, at last almost crazy with jealousy; but he still tries to convince himself that he believes nothing. When he hears that the youth is about to fight a duel in vindication of his wife's name, he loses all restraint. Such a meeting, he argues, would make his wife love her champion even if she had not loved him before. So he forces his way into the presence of the traducer, insults him, and crosses swords with him at once. He is mortally wounded, and carried into the very apartment were his wife has gone to dissuade the youth from defending her. His suspicion then becomes a conviction, and the drama closes with his death, and with the dishonor of the two young people, who have no recourse but to verify the slander by going away together.

The drama was very strongly presented by a company that included Mr. Eben Plympton as the husband, Miss Maude Banks as the wife, and Mr. John Blair as the young poet. Mr. Plympton acted with fine impetuosity, giving the character exactly the right emphasis. He ought to be seen more often in New York. It was a satisfaction to observe that he has modified his old habit of over-nice enunciation, which used to make some of his performances very irritating. Miss Banks has never done anything in New York to compare with her acting in this Spanish piece; it was natural, effective, and nearly always finished, her only fault being a tendency to become shrill when she meant to be passionate. Mr. Blair made a very strong impression on the audience; his work in his earlier scenes lacked ease and variety, but as the drama developed in intensity he rose to considerable power. On the whole, it was an inspiring presentation of an uncommonly fine play.

Mr. David Bispham's adaptation of a romantic one-act play from the German, with Beethoven as the central figure, was given for the first time in a regular play-house, at the Lyceum Theatre, one afternoon last week. It is very imperfectly constructed, the speeches are clumsy, and the work has a very slight artistic value; nevertheless, it possesses charm, of a dangerously sentimental kind, to be sure, and the representation of the great composer is very interesting. Even if the piece had been less satisfactory than it proved to be, it would have given pleasure to the audience on account of the vigorous acting of Mr. David Bispham—one of those rare opera-singers who are able really to interpret a rôle. Mr. Bispham's make-up was a marvellous imitation of the well-known picture of the master, and his big, sonorous voice lent to his speeches the effect of music. The actor was very successful in depicting Beethoven's profound absorption and melancholy, as well as those outbursts of joy and tenderness at the unexpected appearance of his beloved *Adelaide*. Miss Julie Opp gave a very beautiful impersonation of the title part. In the touching scene of her parting with *Beethoven*, at the close of the drama, she succeeded in expressing a great deal of genuine feeling. Since her first appearance here this winter Miss Opp has considerably gained in authority of bearing and in finish. Mannerisms threatened to be her bane, but these she has already shown a disposition to correct.

A few weeks ago, when a little play called "Dangerfield '95," by Mildred Dowling, was presented at a benefit in New York, it was received with such favor that Mr. Charles Frohman put it on at Hoyt's Theatre in connection with that dreary farce, "Oh, Susannah!" Its success may be attributed less to its very dubious merits than to the delightful acting of Miss Annie Russell. The representation that it gives of a dissipated young Harvard man, though grossly exaggerated, is perhaps less absurd than the characterization of the suburban Boston girl, who pretends to swear and to become tipsy in order to shock *Dangerfield '95* into reformation. However, audiences like these travesties of human nature, which, to be fair, are in this instance partly atoned for by brightness of dialogue. The piece has done good service in giving Miss Annie Russell a chance of reappearing on the New York stage, where she ought to be regularly employed. Miss Russell is one of the few really fine artists that we have, and she has never displayed her skill more ingeniously than in this foolish curtain-raiser. It is disheartening to think of the material our actors are obliged to exploit. It seems astonishing that any of them should be able to keep close to nature. Mr. Frank Mills, who played with Miss Russell, has never shown a disposition even to approximate nature; he believes he can do better. So he co-operated with the creator of *Dangerfield '95* in making the character ridiculously theatrical.

Actors like Mr. Mills ought to go and see Miss Beatrice Herford, who is now giving some recitals in New York. Miss Herford recites monologues which she has herself written, each being a distinct reproduction of character. She appears on the stage without accessories of any kind, and she relies for her effects wholly on variations of speech and manner. Without the least exaggeration, without the least suggestion of artifice or of a striving for points, she gives absolutely vivid and lifelike, as well as most amusing characterizations. At the Waldorf-Astoria the other day she delivered several of these monologues, in which she impersonated a woman book-agent, several New England types, and the travelling English woman. It was a very unique and remarkable performance, and it illustrated, among other things, how much an impersonator gains by going straight to life for inspiration, instead of perpetuating, as so many of our actors do, the absurd conventions of generations of bad performers.

Miss Elizabeth Robbins, an American actress, born in Kentucky, who has lived for eight years in England, and has been prominently identified with productions in London of plays by Ibsen, is to give next week, at a matinée in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the first performance in this country of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." If this venture receives sufficient encouragement, Miss Robbins will present a series of Ibsen plays. In London, besides appearing in Ibsen rôles, Miss Robbins's most ambitious work was done in Mr. Tree's production of "Diplomacy," in which she played the part of the *Countess Zicka*.

John D. Barry.

NAVAL ACTIVITY—FITTING OUT VESSELS AND ENLISTING CREWS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.—[See Page 270.]

1. Rushing Work on the U. S. Ram "Katahdin," Commander G. F. F. Wilde, League Island. 2. Calking Decks and preparing Mounts for Rapid-Fire Guns on U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh," League Island. 3. Types of Applicants for Enlistment, New York Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 4. Boxing the Compass—a would-be Recruit before the Enlisting Officer, on Board U. S. Receiving-Ship "Vermont," Navy-Yard, Brooklyn. 5. Applicants for Enlistment waiting their Turn, U. S. Receiving-Ship "Richmond," Navy-Yard, League Island. 6. Gun-Deck, U. S. Receiving-Ship "Richmond"—Applicants for Enlistment waiting to go before the Examining Board.

HAVANA.

March 9, 1898.

On March 3 three sets of divers were engaged in working on the *Maine*—the Spaniards, the American naval divers, and the divers of the wrecking company.

The Spaniards are performing their work in a desultory way. It is impossible to believe that their examination, as they are pursuing it, can be an effective and proper one. Little interest is felt in their doings, and less in the coming verdict of the committee to whom they will report the result of their work.

Our naval divers are working with a view to a further report to the court of inquiry when it returns to this port.

An occasional body is recovered. But now the bodies are so decomposed as to be unrecognizable. The work of identification and burial has been attended to by the chaplain of the *Maine*. There are at present 164 men buried in Colon Cemetery. The coffin of each man is numbered, and where the dead man has not been identified the chaplain has a description of the body under that number. After five years it will be possible to remove any of the bodies to American soil. As soon as the chaplain can see the descriptions of the enlisted men on file in Washington he believes he will be able to identify many of the men now unknown. It has been ordered that all bodies recovered in future from the wreck be sent to Key West. The *Bache* left Havana March 6, bearing five of the latest recovered bodies to American soil. There remain at this date, March 9, about eighty-five bodies in the wreck.

The wrecking company now have two boats alongside the *Maine*. The *I. J. Merritt*, with a lighter in tow, arrived here on March 2. The company's men are systematically pursuing the work of salvage.

The wrecking-tug *Right Arm* has returned to the United States. She was found to be too light for the work in question. This leaves the *Merritt* and the lighter *Sharp* at present moored to the wreck of the *Maine*.

An ensign of the *New York* came over to Havana to take charge of the American divers working on the *Maine*. In the beginning his duties were such as are befitting an ensign. Then it was discovered that the divers were inclined to talk too freely of important discoveries below-water, and the ensign's duty gradually changed into that of guardian to the tongue of the most communicative diver. This diver in question is an active man, and covers much ground in a day, but he has never been seen, day or night, without the ensign close at his side.

It is a curious fact that some of the men who were asleep on the *Maine* when the explosion occurred, and who were saved, have absolutely no knowledge of what happened. They returned to consciousness on board the *City of Washington* or in hospitals, surprised at not being in their own bunks. So it is a tenable supposition that many of the men who were asleep at the time of the explosion, and who were killed, were utterly unconscious of their death.

Certain members of the Red Cross Society visited the city of Matanzas on March 2. It is to be hoped that this visit will result in some of the American relief being sent to that city, where the suffering is great. There are between eleven and twelve thousand starving people in Matanzas, out of a total population, at the present day, of less than forty thousand; and so far not one pound of the American relief, contributed by the people of our country and consigned to General Lee in Havana, has reached Matanzas. The distribution of this American food has been placed in the hands of the president of the Red Cross Society by General Lee. Now that the members of this society have had ample time to perfect their arrangements of distribution, and that they are not hampered at this day by lack of sufficient food, the work of distribution should advance rapidly, and the heart-rending appeals from Matanzas and Sagua la Grande should receive prompt answers. It is said that they would have their first instalment of food into Matanzas by March 6, and into Sagua la Grande soon after. It would have been far better if this relief had been shipped directly to the seaports, instead of sending it first to Havana, as has been done. Then there would not have been several hundred tons of food idle in the warehouses of this city, while in Matanzas alone the destitution and absolute want were beyond words. If the report from New York, saying that the consignments of food and medicine are to be made directly to Matanzas and Sagua la Grande, be true, it is a good thing, and a sign that we may hope for efficient distribution of this relief in the future.

On March 4 certain Americans paid the first honors to the dead of the *Maine*. A statement was issued as follows:

Havana, Cuba, *February* 28, 1898.

American Citizens at Havana,—The first wreath of flowers placed on the graves of the 260 dead heroes of the battle-ship *Maine*.

May the American citizens continue this each year, and keep sacred their memory.

We all some day will have passed away, but may our country and the memory of these heroes "Live on Forever."

On that afternoon about sixty Americans, including Consul-General Lee, Captain Sigsbee, and Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine*, drove out to the cemetery Cristóbal Colon. After a short opening address the chaplain made a prayer, and the wreaths were placed reverently on the upturned soil of the mounds.

This occurrence has its interest as being the first public testimony of honor tendered these men in this city. This appeal to the American citizens of Havana will surely be heard by our country at large, and in the future, on the proper date of each year, some befitting ceremony will be observed to keep green the memory of these men.

The court of inquiry returned to Havana from Key West on Saturday, March 5. Work by the court was immediately begun, and the day was devoted to the examination of Ensign Powelson. Ensign Powelson has taken the daily reports of the divers who have been working on the wreck during the court's absence, and his testimony was a résumé of what the divers had accomplished during this time.

When the court left here before for Key West, it was known that the 10-inch magazine had not exploded. The other forward magazine, the 6-inch, did not contain sufficient explosive material to wreck the *Maine* as she was wrecked; on these facts alone, it has been assumed that the court had sufficient evidence of exterior explosion. Therefore there has been much speculation as to why the court returned here. The court will make its examination a most thorough one, and nothing will be neglected by it that may have a bearing on its verdict.

On Saturday morning, March 5, the *Almirante Oquendo* arrived in this port from Spain. The *Almirante Oquendo* is a sister ship to the *Vizcaya*. She was welcomed as was the *Vizcaya* on last Tuesday. The people were enthusiastic, and lined the wharves and house-tops. Now the two sister ships are side by side in the bay.

The political situation here is a complex one. It is closely allied with the politics of Spain, and the solution of many of the questions must be looked for from Madrid.

The Conservative party, the intransigentes, as they are called, are the Spanish residents of Cuba, loyal to the peninsula. They favored Weyler and his methods, and regret his recall. Blanco arrived with the banner of autonomy, but this policy has not met with encouraging success. As evidence of its failure, two recent occurrences are cited.

Between midnight of Thursday, March 3, and midnight of March 4 there were some fourteen political arrests in Havana. The men taken prisoners were Cubans, insurgent sympathizers, some of whom had been expelled from the island by Weyler, and who had returned under the alleged modified rule of Blanco. It is reported on good authority that these men had been urged to use their influence with the insurgents in persuading them to accept autonomy, and that their failures in that direction were, in a measure, accountable for their arrest. Not since the days of Weyler have there been such wholesale arrests of political prisoners in Havana, and this occurrence indicates a return to the days and methods of the late Captain-General. Only these men in question are not to be shot. Their houses were searched, and they themselves taken to Cabañas. Some are to be deported to the Isle of Pines, others will be sent out of the country.

Another significant occurrence of the last week has been the assurance from the palace, which was confirmed from Madrid, that the Havana volunteers were not to be disbanded. The volunteers number, in Havana alone, some eighteen or twenty thousand men, and there are eighty thousand of them throughout the island. They are similiar to our militia, being drawn from the townspeople; but in the volunteers, each man owns his arms, which he keeps in his home. The Havana volunteers form a local guard for the city. They have never been sent into the field against the insurgents, notwithstanding the fact that their presence as a guard to the city has not always been imperative. They are pampered, and they are feared. The government is uneasy as to what course they might take in an emergency, for they are intransigentes, loyal to Weyler, and opposed to autonomy. So when it was said that they were to be disbanded, and that this act was a plank in the autonomistic platform, the colonels of the volunteers met in conclave, and decided to ask for a denial of the rumor. This they promptly received, from Havana and from Madrid. The volunteers promise to be a most disturbing and dangerous element in future events in the city of Havana.

The liberal offer of Spain in the matter of autonomy has been refused by the Cuban leaders of the rebellion. While the Spanish government may be sincere in its offer of autonomy, it is not believed that this applies to the Spanish people.

Bribery has been unsuccessful. In the first place, it is next to impossible to get the proposition of bribery through the lines to the men whom they want to reach. If some Cubans have taken the field with the express purpose of being bought up, that the Spaniards might proclaim the fact from the house-tops, it has no bearing on the statement that the insurgents are not being bought.

It was discovered last week that a box containing jewelry and other dutiable articles has been sent into Havana among the provisions and stores intended for the relief of the reconcentrados, which have come into Cuba free of duty. General Lee and the Red Cross people are entirely ignorant of the matter. It was evidently the intention of the shipper to collect, in some manner, the jewelry in question from the Red Cross Society. Under the circumstances, the trick is contemptible. It can only result in annoyance to those who are attempting to relieve the starving; the custom-house authorities are naturally suspicious of similar attempts, and are now making examinations of certain consignments, with the view of preventing further evasion of their regulations.

Much quinine has been sent from the United States. It has been sent to the reconcentrados in the country. On Friday, March 4, an order was received from the palace forbidding the further shipping of any of this medicine. It was stated, as grounds for the order, that the quinine was getting into the hands of the insurgents. This is a statement worthy of belief; the reconcentrados in the smaller towns could convey the medicine to their rebel friends, or it is possible for the insurgents to raid a town and possess themselves of the drug, now particularly valuable as the rainy season approaches. General Lee has been appealed to in the premises, but it is not a matter on which he feels justified in taking action.

Condensed milk in large quantities has been sent from the United States for the starving masses in Cuba. There is no question but that it is needed in the hospitals and in the country. But it has been distributed in such quantities to the poor in Havana that they sell it, and with the few coppers obtained for a can, buy tobacco or other things more to their taste. The price of condensed milk in the stores has dropped from twenty-two cents to ten and eight cents a can because of these sales. This should not for a moment be taken as an indication that the milk is not needed, but only as an evidence that its distribution is not carefully superintended. This matter has been brought to the notice of our Consul-General.

On Sunday the court did not meet officially. In the morning some of Saturday's testimony was reviewed.

On Monday, the 7th, the examination of Ensign Powelson was continued, supplemented by personal examination of two of the divers.

The *Montgomery* arrived at Havana to-day. She will replace the *Fern* in this port. The *Montgomery* will serve as quarters for Captain Sigsbee and other officers of the *Maine* now in Havana. The *Fern* will carry provisions to Matanzas and to Sagua la Grande for the reconcentrados.

A new hospital for children has been opened in Cerro, an immediate suburb of Havana. This hospital is under the direction of the American Red Cross, and its management has been placed in competent and experienced hands. The building is large and well adapted to its purposes, and the situation an excellent one. The wards are scrupulously clean, and besides the Red Cross nurses in attendance, three young Cuban women have volunteered their services. There were thirty-seven inmates of the hospital on the first day, and there are accommodations for over one hundred. A free clinic and dispensary is run in connection with this hospital.

There are reports in Havana that the American papers of last Sunday and Monday contain most sensational stories concerning the safety of American citizens in this city. These reports are entirely unwarranted. The condition and safety of Americans in Havana were referred to in my previous letter, and the facts as then stated remain unchanged. The arrests of the political prisoners on last Friday probably started these rumors.

While it is true that there was some talk of certain newspaper correspondents being sent from the island, no one heeded the stories, which were unfounded, so far as is known at this writing. Reports of this were sent from here to Key West, and then the trouble was done. Key West, that turbid caldron of unfermented lies and exaggerations, seething over with the desire to startle the country and justify countless salaries and hotel bills, magnified the facts as above stated, and sent you reports to its heart's content.

In the harbor of Havana a rather curious arrangement of war-vessels is noticeable. Around the wreck of the *Maine*, outside of the wrecking-tug *Merritt* and the lighters, are grouped the American boats the *Fern*, the *Mangrove*, and the *Montgomery*. The *Bache* is of the number when she is in port. Around this assemblage are the Spanish war-vessels. The *Vizcaya* and the *Oquendo* are moored between our boats and the entrance to the port, the *Alfonso XII.* and a Spanish gunboat are close to us on the opposite side. The *Pelayo* is expected soon to join the number.

On board the Spanish boats visitors are admitted daily. Yet this does not interfere in any way with strict discipline and the daily exercising of turrets and machinery. The war-vessels are patrolled all day by their boats and launches, and at night a careful watch is kept at the harbor's mouth, and even some distance outside.

Senator Proctor returned on March 8 from an extended tour to Cienfuegos and Sagua la Grande. He leaves Havana to-day for Key West.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 14, 1898.

Although there have been no new developments in the matter of the *Maine* disaster or in the Cuban situation, the week has been characterized by extraordinary activity in the War and Navy departments, Congress having, by unanimous vote in both Houses, appropriated $50,000,000 for the national defence, to be expended in the discretion of the President, to remain available till January 1, 1899. "Hurry orders" were issued in every direction for work on ships and guns. Recruiting stations were opened in the East for the 1600 men needed for the two new artillery regiments recently authorized, and in the South and West for 2000 seamen for the navy. The naval attachés at all United States legations in Europe were called up by cable for information as to the available ships and munitions of naval warfare which could be purchased of foreign governments and manufacturers; at the same time Commander W. H. Brownson was sent abroad with instructions to inspect everything of this sort offered for sale to us, and report condition, prices, etc., to the Department. The Secretary of the Navy has prepared a list of all the merchant and passenger vessels which could be bought or impressed into the naval service if needed, and finds that these number not less than two hundred. The Secretary of the Treasury announces that not only the $50,000,000 appropriated, but $25,000,000 additional could be spared from the free gold now in the Treasury without inconvenience. The President has been receiving from time to time notes of the evidence brought out by the board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster, and is expecting the report of the board in a few days. The indications now favor a report that the explosion was caused by some external agency, but without fixing the direct responsibility. Meanwhile the cruiser *Montgomery* has taken the place of the *Maine* at Havana, and been received with every courtesy. The new Spanish minister, Don Luis Polo y Bernabé, has arrived in Washington and presented his credentials to the President, and the late Chargé d'Affaires, Señor du Bosc, has disavowed, in behalf of his government, any desire for the recall of Consul-General Lee. The Consul-General has notified the Department of State that Americans visiting Cuba hence-forward would better provide themselves with passports accurately describing themselves, and that these passports are liable to detention twenty-four hours for inspection before their bearers are permitted to leave the island.

None of the "war talk" put forth by imaginative newspaper correspondents in Washington has been encouraged by the administration. The President is still hopeful of avoiding a resort to arms, and to that end is gathering opinions from public men, whether the better course would be to treat the intervention question and the questions raised by the *Maine* disaster separately, or as one. If treated separately, any demand for indemnity which we may make will be disposed of as promptly as possible; and then the reports of our consuls in Cuba, showing that intervention offers the only alternative for charitable relief indefinitely continued, will come up for discussion. If, on the other hand, the questions are to be merged, the President has been urged to represent to Spain that our interference in her affairs is unselfish and solely in the interest of humanity; and that, in order to strip it of any misleading appearance, we are willing to waive all considerations of indemnity, and find our satisfaction in the sense of having brought a bloody and devastating war to an end. The President has both plans under advisement, his one thought being to adopt that which will the more surely make for international peace and good-will. In spite of the supposed popular clamor for war, ninety-eight per cent. of the mail which pours into the White House from all over the country contains admonitions to keep the peace.

Francis E. Leupp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT has seemed to some of the gentlemen who are interested in the proposed memorial to the late Marshall Newell, a Harvard athlete, that in a recent allusion to their project in the WEEKLY too much stress was laid on Mr. Newell's distinction as a football-player, and not enough on his personal character and its influence on his contemporaries. They wish it understood that the memorial will stand in memory of a good man, rather than merely in memory of a successful football-player. It may be well to repeat what was said in the paragraph to which exception is taken—that so far as the proposed memorial is inspired simply by affection and respect it is outside of criticism, and considerations as to whether it is due or not are not relevant. Memorials of all sorts which attest the affection of surviving friends for good men whose work is done are common, happily, in all colleges. Such memorials are almost always welcome, and the propriety of them is rarely questioned.

The hearing in Boston, on March 2 and 4, on the bill to make it a misdemeanor to practise any branch of the healing art for hire in Massachusetts without a certificate from the State Board of Registration in Medicine was very lively, and excited an exceptional degree of public interest. The bill seems to have been generally favored by the medical profession, and was opposed by spiritualists, Christian scientists, magnetic healers, druggists, and persons who, though they personally preferred to rely on the ministrations of the educated doctors, were content to let their neighbors seek cures wherever they thought they might find them. The hearing was before the Legislature's Committee on Public Health. The most notable speeches against the measure were made on March 2 by William Lloyd Garrison and Professor William James. Mr. Garrison's plea was simply for liberty. He reminded the committee of the long and bitter fight against homœopathy, and of how that method of cure had finally won recognition and equal rights. "I come," he said, "as a citizen jealous of all infringements of the law of equal freedom."

Professor James, "as a citizen who cares for sound laws and for the advance of medical knowledge," protested against the bill. He spoke of the imperfect and experimental state of all medical knowledge. He intimated that the regular physicians knew their own methods and no others. He doubted if a single doctor who denounced mind-cure methods had taken the trouble to follow up a mind-curer's cases and acquaint himself with the results. Then he said:

"I am a doctor of medicine, and count some of the advocates of this proposed law among my dearest friends, and well do I know how I shall stand in their eyes hereafter for standing to-day in my present position. But I cannot look on passively, and I must urge my point. That point is this: that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not a medical body, has no right to a medical opinion, and should not dare to take sides in a medical controversy. In the particular business of mental healing there can be no doubt that if the proposed law were really enforced it would stamp out and arrest the acquisition of that whole branch of medical experience. The mind-curers and their public return the scorn of the regular profession with an equal scorn, and will never come up for the examinations. Their movement is a religious or quasi-religious movement; personality is one condition of success there, and impressions and intuitions seem to accomplish more than chemical, anatomical, or physiological information. These are the facts, gentlemen. You as legislators are not bound either to affirm or deny them yourselves, or in any way to judge them from a medical point of view, but simply, after ascertaining that thousands of intelligent citizens believe in them, decide whether to legislate or not. Do you feel called on, do you dare, to thrust the coarse machinery of criminal law into these vital mysteries, into these personal relations of doctor and patient, into these infinitely subtle operations of nature, and enact that a whole department of medical investigation (for such it is), together with the special conditions of freedom under which it flourishes, must cease to be? I venture to say that you dare not, gentlemen. You dare not convert the laws of this commonwealth into obstacles to the acquisition of truth. You are not to ask yourselves whether these mind-curers do really achieve the successes that are claimed. It is enough for you as legislators to ascertain that a large number of our citizens, persons as intelligent and well educated as yourselves or I, persons whose number seems daily to increase, are convinced that they do achieve them. Here is a purely medical question, in which our general court, not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, must remain strictly neutral under penalty of making the confusion worse."

Professor James has thus been quoted at some length because it does not seem probable that the argument against legislative interference with mental healers will be more weightily put than he has put it. The subject is one of considerable current importance, and one in which Professor James—a physician by education and a psychologist by profession—ought to be peculiarly qualified to speak. He has looked into the various methods of mental healing, and thinks he has found in them germs of truth too valuable to be stamped out. Yet he is disinterested. He said in his speech that if one single type of practitioner had to be singled out for license he would vote without hesitation for the Harvard Medical School type, but he found no necessity for such exclusive selection.

There were many other addresses, and at the second hearing some instances were given of Christian-science cures.

On March 7 the committee reported against the bill.

Columbia University has received a gift of New York real estate valued at $1,100,000 for an endowment for its library. The giver is Mr. Joseph F. Loubat, of New York and Paris, who establishes the fund as "The Galliard-Loubat Library Endowment Fund," in memory of his mother and father. The income of this fund will not be immediately available, as it is a condition of the gift that the property shall pay Mr. Loubat an annuity of $60,000 a year during his lifetime; but it assures what will eventually be an ample endowment for a great library.

The Columbia library, housed in the beautiful building given by President Low, already numbers about 250,000 volumes, and promises to be the second best library in New York. Its building, if all of it were used for library purposes, would shelter more than a million books, and has room for a thousand readers; so that for at least one great department of Columbia it may be considered that ample provision has been made.

Mr. Loubat was born in New York in 1831, and was educated chiefly in France. He is a citizen of the world, and spends a large part of his time abroad. He has made other notable gifts, especially to the Catholic Church. Several years ago the Pope conferred on him the title of Duc de Loubat, which is perhaps useful to him in Europe, though he does not wear it at home. He is a member of very many clubs, societies, and associations, learned and social, in America and in Europe.

According to the annual report of the Board of Regents of New York State, Columbia, with 289 teachers, 1921 students, and a property of nearly $18,000,000, is just now the leading university in the State. Cornell is next, and very near, followed by New York and Syracuse universities. In seven years the amount of property owned by colleges and professional and technical schools in this State has increased from $39,045,604 to $77,148,944—that is, it has very nearly doubled. What a prodigious increase! If we don't come, in the lapse of ages, to know as much as the Massachusetts people, it won't be because the rich people of this State are niggardly in their disbursements for secondary education.

Primary education and public instruction generally in Greater New York was promoted on March 7 by the election of Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper as Central Superintendent of Schools for New York city. Dr. Draper is president of the University of Illinois, and it is confidently asserted that he will stay where he is, and will decline the new appointment. In that case the office seems likely to go to Dr. Maxwell of Brooklyn, another admirable and highly competent educator. From 1886 to 1897 Dr. Draper was Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State, and filled the office with conspicuous ability. It seems to be the sentiment of the Board of Education that he belongs to this State, and should be brought back here if it is in any way possible.

Strange experiences fall to the lot of the adjective "colored." We are used to speaking of negroes as colored people. That usage commends itself to polite people as euphemistical, but the derivatives of it as passing queer. "For a Colored Reformatory," is the head-line of a recent paragraph in a Boston paper, from which it appeared that the Negro Reformatory Association at Richmond, Virginia, wants funds (for what, by-the-way, seems a good purpose). What is a negro reformatory in Richmond becomes, apparently, a colored reformatory when it reaches Boston.

In the hearing of the present paragrapher some one recently accused Joel Chandler Harris of writing "colored dialect," and that happened not in Boston at all, but in New York. No doubt there is a "colored press," the friends and owners of which would resent the supposition of uninformed persons that perhaps it was "yellow." The truth is that the immense increase in the scope and descriptive force of "yellow" has made "colored" rather too ambiguous a word for miscellaneous use.

The six causes of poverty, as defined in a recent lecture by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, are refusal to work, lack of employment, struggle to rise, unequal distribution of accident, wrong public policy, and sentimental charity. Any reader whose income is inadequate is invited to consider this list and determine which cause fits his own case.

Complaint has been made that in a recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY, which dwelt upon the influence of the do-everything Hoe press on modern journalism, no mention was made of the analogous influences of the linotype machine and of the cheapening of paper. Of course all these innovations tend to the same result and share a divided responsibility. The facilities and processes for getting news and publishing it have been enormously improved and cheapened, but the art of speaking the truth is just as difficult as it ever was, and it is no easier than it used to be to form sound opinions and put them into fit words. There is a lack of moral earnestness and personal responsibility about contemporary newspaper-makers which almost warrants regret for the good old conscientious times when William C. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, met William L. Stone, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the street at eight o'clock in the morning, and beat him about the head with a cowhide whip. That was a fervent and strenuous editorial difference, and it was interesting, as was that other encounter in Wall Street between James Gordon Bennett and James Watson Webb. Nowadays, such are the improvements in journalism, editorial differences have lost all their snap and are dreary affairs. There is no more cowhide, no more personal collisions. It is all done by machinery—by the familiar process which includes the stenographer, the type-writer, the linotype machine, and the multiplex Hoe press—and the only discernible result is that great expanses of cheap paper are covered with cheap reading.

A Boston architect, Mr. Longfellow, has won a prize of $1000 for the best design for an elevated-railroad station. It will be interesting to observe what progress Boston can make towards making an elevated railroad a thing of beauty. No doubt if the New York elevated were to be built over again its appearance would be ameliorated, for we certainly do things of that sort better now than thirty years ago. About our elevated railroad as it is there are unnecessary disfigurements, some of which are so queer and so conspicuous as to have a certain comic value. Consider, for example, the terminus of the Sixth Avenue road at Fifty-ninth Street. The elevated tracks project about thirty feet beyond the house-line of Fifty-ninth Street, and are crowned at their extremity by a tool-shed of the simplest design, constructed at a total cost of perhaps $42. That shed occupies, year after year, the most conspicuous site on that street. One may overlook the Navarro flats or the new athletic club building, but the simple and enduring tool-shed of the Sixth Avenue elevated, defying oversight, stands out like a monument to Russell Sage.

Chile has three war-ships in course of construction in England, and the Chilian representative in London is quoted as saying that he has had recent offers for them from six different powers. The briskness of this demand suggests that there might be economy and profit in keeping war-ships for hire. The demand for a large number of war-ships by a modern nation is analogous to the demand for a large number of carriages by a modern family. Occasionally a family has a funeral, or a wedding, and has temporary use for a lot of carriages, just as occasionally a nation has a war scare and wants all the floating iron in sight. But of course, if the average family attempted to maintain all the time carriages enough for its use at funerals, it would suffer great inconvenience from the expense of such a precaution. The cost of maintaining a huge stableful of war-ships is correspondingly inconvenient for nations. As livery-stables meet the extraordinary demand for communities for carriages, so should be met the extraordinary demands of the world for war-ships. All families don't have funerals on the same day, so all nations do not, as a rule, have fights on hand at the same time. As it is possible for a family to engage a lot of carriages for a certain date, so it should be possible for a nation to engage by cable as many war-ships as it thinks it will need for a given trouble. Of course there are inconveniences and objections to this plan, but there are huge inconveniences and terrible objections to the present plan. If a syndicate of capitalists should go into the business of keeping war-ships for hire, it seems likely that there would be a great profit in it. Of course the stock would lie idle a good deal of the time, but when the demand did arise there would be a fine chance for extortion. The property, on the whole, would be pretty safe property. The percentage of loss in war-ships for the last thirty years has been low. A few were damaged in the Chinese war, two or three have been accidentally sunk, but the foe that modern war-ships have most reason to fear is old age.

Mr. Gulich's picture, on another page of this week's WEEKLY, of the "White Ball" at Nice tells its own story. People don't go to Nice in search of mortifications of the flesh, and as the place in late winter and early spring abounds in idle folks who need to be amused, it is not surprising that the opportunities of Lent should be only moderately appreciated, and that mid-Lent's offer of a frolic should be somewhat rapturously embraced. The best-known mid-Lent frivolity is the Battle of the Flowers at the Casino, which is followed on the evening of the same day by the *Grande Redoute Blanche*, or White Ball. It is given in the Opera-house, which adjoins the Casino, and forms, with the winter garden, an enormous building. An admission-fee of twenty francs is charged, and no one is let in who is not in a white costume. At midnight silk banners are awarded as prizes for the best costumes. Then the more sedate people go home and the less sedate continue to enjoy themselves.

Sometimes a red ball is given (*redoute rouge*), but that is said to be less pretty, because there are too many conflicting shades of color that pass as red.

A discussion of considerable warmth prevails about the methods of teaching English at present in use at Yale University. At a recent Yale alumni dinner at Worcester, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, formerly Governor of South Carolina, discussed the matter with freedom and lucidity. He said that there was only one good teacher of English at Yale, and that that one was more or less in disgrace, and was watched jealously for fear he would make the study of English popular. The teacher whom Mr. Chamberlain is understood to have had in mind is Mr. William L. Phelps, a Yale graduate of the class of 1887, who was connected for several years after graduation with the English department at Harvard. Mr. Phelps, for a time, gave a course at Yale in modern fiction, which was so alarmingly popular that the faculty thought it best that it should be discontinued. Mr. Henry A. Beers, professor of literature at Yale, took vigorous exception to Mr. Chamberlain's criticisms, and replied to them with denials, general and particular, and with some discharge of rhetorical missiles. None of the English professors agrees with Mr. Chamberlain, and even Professor Phelps, whom he commended as the sole efficient instructor in the English department, is unable to approve his findings.

The truth seems to be that the study of English at Yale is in a transition state, and while it has been affected to some extent by the methods which have recently been developed at Harvard, it has not fully adopted the Harvard system, nor shown a present purpose to do so. The study of English at Yale has been largely a study of English literature. The branch of the study of English at Harvard which has had the greatest recent development, and excited the most general interest, has been the study of English composition. Yale seems as yet not inclined to go the lengths that Harvard has gone in teaching lads to write. "We do not believe," says Professor Phelps, "in devoting more time to composition than to literature, because we think that ideas are more important than the expression of them." It might be answered that expression bears a relation to ideas analogous to the relation of digestion to food, and that it is highly important to have both.

Designs have been completed for three new professorships in English at Yale. Funds for one of them—the Emily Sanford chair—are in hand, and funds for the other two will be forth-coming when the Lampson bequests are available. As yet none of these chairs has been filled.

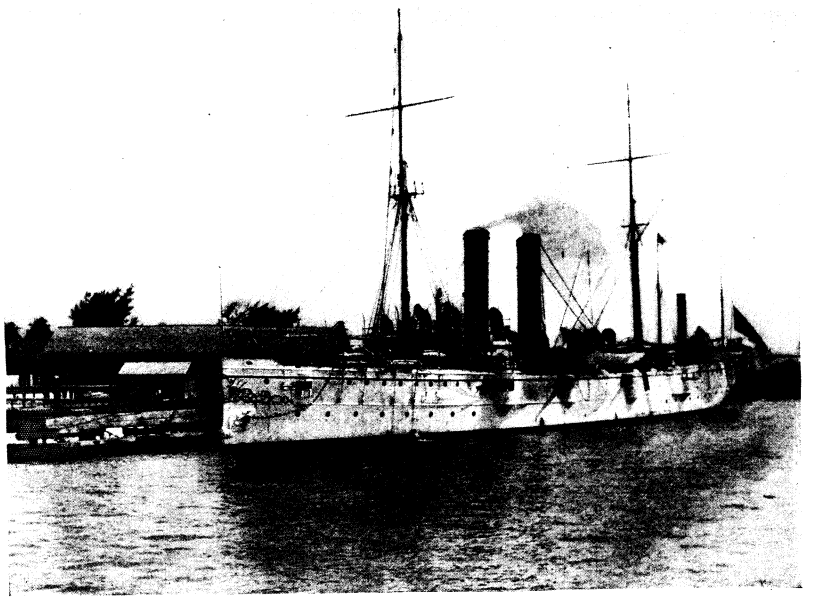
The British enterprise known as the Egypt Exploration Fund has developed a New York branch, with twenty-five solvent and eminent American gentlemen in its Council, and three in its Committee. The committee-men are Mr. C. D. Warner, Mr. H. M. Wilcox, and the Rev. A. A. Brockway, secretary (2 Bible House). This branch has been started on the strength of a resolution of the London society to share its work and privileges with independent organizations in America, to receive American money for explorations, and allot to the societies sending it a share in antiquities unearthed proportionate to the amount contributed. American subscribers also get the publications of the British society.

As a diggings Egypt holds out wonderfully. Some of the best loot ever recovered from its soil has been taken out within the last two years. The very latest discovery, reported this month, is the tomb of Osiris. It was found by a French Egyptologist, M. Amelineau. The reports about it are accepted in London as veracious, and it is considered to be not less than ten thousand years old.

E. S. MARTIN.



GRAVES OF "MAINE" VICTIMS IN THE CEMETERY AT HAVANA.



U. S. S. "MONTGOMERY" COALING AT KEY WEST.

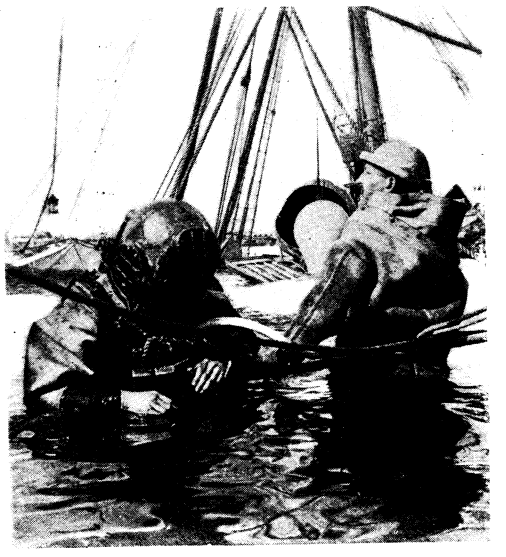


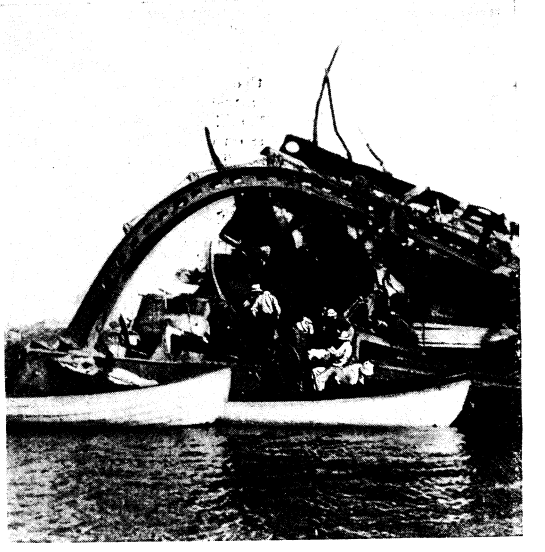
THE DEATH-BOAT—ALWAYS ANCHORED NEAR THE WRECK WITH ITS LOAD OF EMPTY COFFINS.



WRECKING-BOATS AROUND THE "MAINE."







AMERICAN DIVERS AT WORK ON THE WRECKED BATTLE-SHIP.



FIRST WREATH PLACED ON THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS.
"In Memory of our Dead Heroes—American Citizens mourn their Boys."



GENERAL LEE, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, AND CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK IN THE CEMENTERIO CRISTOBAL COLON.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS AND CARE OF THE DEAD.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 270.]



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGO OF THE BROAD AXE.

BUT as for me, sleep I could not. And indeed that is small wonder. For it was the first night I had ever spent out of the Red Tower in my life. I seemed to miss some accompaniment to the act of going to sleep.

It was a long while before I could find out what it was that was disturbing me. At last I discovered that it was the howling of the kennelled blood-hounds that I missed. For at night they always raged and leaped on the barriers with their fore feet, hearing mayhap the moving to and fro of men come up sleeplessly from the streets of the city beneath.

But here, within a long day's march of Thorn, I had come into a new world. Slowly the night passed on. The candle guttered. A draught of air blew fitfully through the corridor in which we lay. It carried the flame of the candle in the opposite direction. I wondered whence it could come, for the air had been still and thick before. Yet I was glad of the stir, for it cooled my temples, and I think that but for one thing I might have slept. And had I fallen on sleep then no one of us might have waked so easily. I heard once or twice the flame of the candle give a smart little "spit," as if a moth or a fat bluebottle had forwarded into it, and fallen spinning to the ground with burnt wings. Yet there were no moths in the chambers, or we should have seen them about the lights at the time of supper. Nevertheless, I heard again the quick light "*plap!*" And presently I saw a pellet fall to the ground, rolling away from the wall almost to the edge of the straw on which I lay.

I reached out a hand for it, and in a trice had it in my fingers. It was soft like mason's putty. "Plop" came another. I was sure now. Some one was shooting at the flame of the candle, with intent to leave us in the dark. Jorian and Boris snored loudly, like tired men-at-arms. I need say no more.

I lay with my head in the shadow, but by moving little by little, with sleepy grunts of dissatisfaction, I brought my face far enough round to see through the straw the window at the far end of the passage, which, as I had discovered upon our first coming, opened out upon the ravine running at right angles to the street by which we had come.

Presently I could see the lattice move noiselessly, and a white face appeared with a boy's blow-gun of pierced bore-tree at its lips.

"Alas!" said I to myself, "that I had these soldiers' skill of the knife-throwing. I would have marked that gentleman." But I had not even a bow—only my sword and dagger. I resolved to begin to learn the practice of pistol and crossbow on the morrow.

"*Plap-scat!*" The aim was good this time. We were in darkness. I listened the barest fragment of a moment. Some one was stealthily entering at the window end.

"Rise, Jorian and Boris!" I cried. "An enemy!"

And leaping up, I ran to relight the candle. By good luck the wick was a sound, honest, thick one, a good housewife's wick—not such as are made to sell and to put in ordinary candles of offertory.

The wick was red, and smoked as I put my hands behind it and blew. "*Twang! twang! hiss! hiss!*" went the arrows and bolts about me, bringing down the clay dust in handfuls from the walls.

"Down on your stomachs—they are shooting crosswise along the passage!" cried Jorian, who had instantly awakened. I longed to follow the advice, for I felt something sharp catch the back of my under-suit of soft leather, in which, for comfort, I had laid me down to sleep. But I *must* get the candle alight. Hurrah! the flame flickered and caught at last. "*Twang! twang!*" went the bows. Something hurtled hotly through my hair—the iron bolt of an arbalest, as I knew by the song of the steel bow in a man's hand at the end of the passage.

"Get into a doorway!" cried Boris, as the light revealed me.

And like a startled rabbit I ran for the nearest—that within which Helene and the Lady Ysolinde were lying asleep. The candle, as I have said, was in a niche, which proved a great mercy for us. For our foes, who had thought to come on us by fraud, could not now shoot it out. Also, in lighting it, in my eagerness to save myself from the hissing arrows behind me, I had pushed it to the very back of the shrine. I had no weapon now but my dagger, for in rising to relight the candle I had carelessly left my sword in the straw. And I felt very useless and foolish as I stood there to wait the assault with only a bit of guardless knife in my hand.

Suddenly, however, there came a diversion.

"Crash!" went a gun. Flame, smoke—much of both—and the stifling smell of sulphur. Jorian had fired at the face of the pop-gun knave. That putty-white countenance had a crimson splash on it ere it vanished. Then came back to us a scream of agony and the sound of a heavy fall outside.

"End of act the first! The Wicked Angels—hum, hum—go to hell!" cried Jorian, cheerily, recharging his pistolet and driving home the wadding as he spoke.

It may well be imagined that during our encounter with the assailants of the candle, whose transverse fire had so nearly finished me, the company out in the great kitchen had not been content to lie snoring on their backs. We could hear them creeping and whispering out there beyond the doors; but till after the shot from the soldier's pistolet they had not dared to show us any overt act of hostility.

Suddenly Jorian, once more facing the door, now that the passage was clear, perceived by the rustling of the straw that it began to open gradually. He waited till in another moment it would have been wide enough to let in a man.

"Back there, dog, or I fire!" he bellowed. And the door was promptly shut to.

After that there came another period of waiting very difficult to put over. I wished with all my heart for a crossbow or any shooting weapon. Much did I reproach myself that I had not learned before, as I might well have done from the men-at-arms about the Wolfsberg, who for my father's sake (or Helene's) would gladly have taught me.

The women folk in the room behind my back were now up and dressed. Indeed, the Lady Ysolinde would have come out and watched with us. But I besought her to abide where she was. Presently, however, Helene put her head without, and seeing me stand by the door with my sword, she asked if I wanted anything. She appeared to have forgotten her unkind good-night tone, and I was not the man to remind her of it.

"Only another weapon, Sweetheart, besides this prick-point small sword!" said I, looking at the thing in my hand, I doubt not, a trifle scornfully.

Helene shut to the door, and for a space I heard no more. Presently, however, she opened it again, and thrust an axe with a long handle through to me. It was the very fellow of the weapon I had used on the pendent calf in the kitchen. I understood at once that it was her apology, and her justification as well. For the Little Playmate was ever a straight lass. She ever did so much more than she promised, and ever said less than her heart meant. Which perhaps is less common than the other way about—especially among women.

"I found it on my incoming, and hid it under the bed," she said.

Then judge ye if I sheathed not my small sword right swiftly, and made the broad axe blade, to the skil l of which I was born, whistle through the air. For a mightily strange thing it is that though I had ever a rooted horror at the thought of my father's office itself, and from my childhood never for a moment intended to exercise it, nevertheless I had always the most notable facility for cutting things. Never to this day have I a stick in hand, but when I walk abroad among the ragweed waving yellow on the grassy pastures below the Wolfsberg, I must

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

needs make wagers with myself to cut to an inch at the heads of the tallest and never miss. And this I can do the day by the length, and never grow weary. Then again, for pleasaunce, my father used to put me to the cutting of light wood with an axe, not always laying it upon a block or nag-clog, but sometimes setting the billet upright and making me cut the top off with a horizontal swing of the axe. And in this I became exceedingly expert. And how difficult it is no one knows till he has tried.

So it is small wonder that as soon as I gripped the axe which Helene passed me I felt my own man again.

Then we were silent and listened—and again listened and held our breaths. Now I tell you when enemies are whispering unseen without, rustling like rats in straw, and you wonder where they will break in next, thinking all the while of the woman you love (or do not yet love, but may) in the chamber behind—I tell you a castle is something less difficult to hold at such a time than just one's own breath.

Suddenly I heard a sound in the outer chamber which I knew the meaning of. It was the shifting of horses' feet as they turn in narrow space to leave their stalls. Our good friends were making free with our horses. And if we were not quick about it we should soon see the last of them, and be compelled to traverse the rest of the road to Plassenburg upon our feet.

"Jorian," cried I, "do you hear? They are slipping our horses out of the stalls! Shall you and I make a sortie against them, while Boris with that pistol of his keeps the passage from the wicks of the middle door?"

"Good!" answered Jorian. "Give the word when you are ready."

With the axe in my right hand, the handle of the door in my left, I gave the signal.

"When I say 'Three!' Jorian."

"Good!" said Jorian.

Clatter went the horses' hoofs as they were led towards the door.

"One! Two! Three!" I counted, softly but clearly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SORTIE.

The door was open, and the next I mind was my axe whirling about my head, and Jorian rushing out of the other door a step ahead of me, with his broadsword in his hand. I cannot tell much about the fight. I never could all my days. And I wot well that those who can relate such long particulars of tales of fighting are those who stood at a distance and labored manfully at the looking on—not of them that were close in, and felt the hot breaths and saw the death-gleam in fierce desperate eyes, close as the eyes of lovers when they embrace. Ah, Brothers of the Sword, these things cannot be told. Yet, of a surety, there is heady delight in the fray itself. And so I found. For I struck and warded not, that being scarce necessary. Because an axe is an uncanny weapon to use, but still harder to stand against when well used. And I drove the rabble before me—the men of them, I mean. I felt my terrible weapon stopped now and then—now stopped softly, now suddenly, according to that which I struck against. And all the while the kitchen of the inn resounded with yells and threatenings, with oaths and cursings.

But Jorian and I drove them steadily back, though they came at us again and again, with spits, iron hooks, and all manner of curious weapons. From out of the corners we saw the gleaming watchful eyes of a dark huddle of women and children. Presently the clamorous rabble turned tail suddenly, and poured through the door out upon the pathway, quicker than spring water through a tide-race in the fulness of the ebb.

And, lo! in a moment the room was sucked empty, save only for the huddled women in the corners, who cried and suckled their children to keep them still. And some of the wounded with the axe and the sword crawled to them to have their ghastly wounds bound. For an axe makes ugly work at the best of times, and still worse on the edges of such a pagan fight as we three had just fought.

So we went back victorious to our inner doors.

Then Jorian looked at Boris and nodded across at me.

"Good!" was all that he said. But the single word made me happier than many encomiums.

In spite of all, we were no nearer to getting away that I could see. For there was still all that long, desperate traverse of the defile before we could guide our horses to firm ground again. But while I was thinking bitterly of my first night's sleep (save the mark!) away from the Red Tower, I heard something I knew not the meaning of—the beginning of a new attack, as I judged.

It sounded like a scraping and a crumbling somewhere above.

"God help us now, Jorian!" I cried; "they are coming upon us every way. I can hear them stripping off the roof-tile overhead—if such rabbit-warrens as this have Christian roofs!"

Boris sat down with his back against the earthen wall and trained his pistol upwards, ready to shoot whatever should appear. Presently fragments of earth and hardened clay began to drop on the hard floor of the corridor. I heard the soft hiss of the man-at-arms blowing up his match. And I waited for the crash and the little heap of flame from the touch.

Suddenly a foot, larger than that of mortal, plumped through our ceiling of brick-dust, and a huge scatterment of earth tumbled down. A great bare leg, with attachment of tattered hose hanging here and there, followed.

Before the pistol could go off, Boris meanwhile waiting shrewdly for the appearance of a more vital part, a voice cried, "Stop!"

I looked about me, and there was the Lady Ysolinde come out of her chamber, with a dagger in her hand, looking upward at the hole in the ceiling.

"For God's sake, do not fire!" she cried; "'tis only my poor Lubber Fiend. Shame on me that I had quite forgotten him all this time!"

At which, without turning away the muzzle, Boris put it a little aside, and waited for the disturber of brick-dust ceilings to reveal himself. Which, when presently he did, a huge grinning face appeared, pushing forward at first slowly and with difficulty; then, as soon as the ears had crossed the narrows of the pass, the whole head to the neck was glaring down and grinning to us.

"Lubber Jan," said Ysolinde, "what do you up there?"

The head only grinned and waggled pleasantly, as it had been through a horse-collar at Danzig fair.

"Speak!" said she, and stamped her foot. "I will shake thee with terrors else, monster!"

"Poor Jan came down from above. It is quite easy!" he said. "But not for horses. Oh no! But I will go and bring the Burgomeister. Do you keep the castle while I go. He bides below the town in a great house of stone, and entertains our Prince Miller's Son's archers. I will bring all that are sober of them."

"God help us, then!" quoth Jorian; "it is past eleven, and as I know them, man by man, there will not be so much as one man able to prop up another by this time!"

"Aha!" cried the head above, "you say that because you know the archers. But I say I shall bring twenty of them—because I know the strength of the Burgomeister's ale. Hold the place for half an hour and twenty right sober men shall ye have."

And with that the Lubber Fiend disappeared in a final avalanche of brick-dust.

He was gone, and half an hour was a long time to wait. Yet in such a case there was nothing for it but to stand it out. So I besought the maids to retire again to their inner chamber, into which neither bullets nor arrows could penetrate. This, after some little persuasion, they did.

We waited. I have since that night fought many easier battles, and bloody battles too. Now and then a face would look in momentarily from the great outer door, and vanish before one could put a shot into it. Next, ere one was aware, an arrow would whistle with a "*Hissst!*" past one's breastbone, and stand quivering, head-covered in the clay. Vicious things they were, too, steel-pointed, and shafted with iron for half their length.

But all waitings come to an end, even that of him who waits on a woman's arraying of herself. Erdberg evidently did not know of the little party down at the Burgomeister's, below the pass of the ravine. Or, knowing, did not care. For just as our half-hour was crawling to an end, with a unanimous yell a crowd of wild men with weapons in their hands poured in through the great door and ran shouting at our position. The window at the end of the passage opened, and a man leaped through. Him I sharply attended to with the axe, and stood waiting for the next. He also came, but not through the window. He ran, head first, through the door, and being stricken down, completely blocked it up. Good service! And a usefully bulky man he was. But how he bled—Saint Christopher! That is the worst of bulky men, they can do nothing featly—not even die!

One man won past me, indeed, darting under the stroke of my axe, but he was little advantaged thereby. For I fetched a blow at the back of his head with the handle, which brought him to his knees. He stumbled and fell at the threshold of the maids' chamber. And, by my sooth, the Lady Ysolinde stooped and poignarded him as featly as though it had been a work of broidering with a bodkin. Too late Helene wept and besought her to hold her hand. He was, she said, some one's son and lover. It was deucedly unpractical. But 'twas my Little Playmate. And, after all, I suppose, the crack he got from me in the way of business would have done the job neatly enough without my lady's dagger.

I tell you, the work was hot enough about those three doors during the next few moments. I never again want to see warmer on this side of Peter's gates—especially not since I got this wound, with its trick of reopening in my thigh at the most inconvenient seasons. But the broad axe was a blessed thought of the little Helene's, and helped to keep the castle right valiantly.

Yet I can testify that I was glad with more than mere joy when I heard the "trot, trot!" of the Prince's archers coming at the wolf's lope, all in each other's footsteps, along the narrow ledge of the village street.

"Hurrah, lads!" I shouted; "quick and help us!"

And then, at the sound of them, the turmoil emptied itself as quickly as it had come. The rabble of ill-doers melted through the wide outer door, and the archers received and attended to them there. Some precipitated themselves over the cliff. Some were straightway knocked down, stunned, and bound. Some died suddenly. And a few were saved to stretch the judicial ropes of the Bailiwick. For it was always thought a good thing by such as were in authority to have a good show on the "Thieves' Architrave," or general gallows of the vicinity, as a thing at once creditable to the zeal of the worthy dispensers of local justice and pleasing to the Kaiser's officer when he comes spying that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

President Kruger's abrupt dismissal of Chief-Justice Kotze has precipitated in its most acute form a crisis for which students of South African history have long been prepared. The net result of the President's action is to destroy the independence of the Transvaal judiciary, to override the Grondwet, or written constitution, of the republic, and make the Volksraad, like the British Parliament, the supreme legislative authority of the land. It is as though some American President, with the consent of Congress, but without consulting the wishes of the people, were suddenly to force the Supreme Court into a position of subserviency to the national legislature, and give to Congress a plenary power in the making of laws, uncontrolled by the Constitution of 1789. One's imagination shrinks from considering the inevitable chaos even in such an orderly country as America, where parties are evenly balanced, and no class reserves to itself a divine right of tyrannizing over another class, and where a chance majority in Congress, having no permanent hostility to any particular section of the electorate, would be less likely to abuse its illimitable authority. It is the absence of all these conditions in the Transvaal that makes the open subjection of the judiciary and the consequent supremacy of the Volksraad a grave danger to the welfare of the republic. Half the land and nineteen-twentieths of the wealth are owned by the Outlanders, who have no votes by means of which they can influence legislation. These Outlanders, who outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one, possess also whatever intelligence and businesslike capacity are to be found in the country. The Boers, to whom alone is given the right of voting, and who therefore have absolute control of the Volksraad, are a nation of stock-raisers, so ignorant and incompetent that their President had to import a batch of clerks from Holland to run their government for them. Circumstances have rendered this pastoral oligarchy suspicious of and hostile to the wealth-producing majority of unenfranchised residents. The Volksraad, in particular, has made it a pastime to harass their industries by every conceivable form of oppressive legislation. Some of its less backward members are disposed to a fairer and more lenient treatment of the Outlander claims; but though the Volksraad is legally possessed of more legislative power than is granted to any other chamber in the world, the tumultuous course of events has made the President practically despotic—just as the American civil war broke through the strict letter of the Constitution and made Mr. Lincoln a dictator as absolute as Cromwell or Napoleon. And President Kruger, in his aversion to the foreigners who have settled in the Transvaal, is a thorough Boer of the old school, and as little disposed as any one can be to change the course of legislation in their favor. Hitherto the Outlanders have found in the High Court and the ability and rectitude of the Chief Justice some protection against the more wanton of the President's acts. Now that the Chief Justice is dismissed and the High Court made subject to the Volksraad, their last safeguard is taken away. The property and rights of 100,000 Englishmen, Germans, and Americans, who claim nothing more than that amount of justice which is allowed to the resident in every civilized land, are completely at the mercy of an irascible old farmer who can hardly sign his name.

The dispute between the President and his Chief Justice must be traced back to its source in the vague drafting of the Grondwet ("ground law") of 1858. The Boers who drew up that instrument were simple farmers whose dissociative habits and restricted language had more than confirmed their native ignorance. Of historical or legal knowledge they had virtually none. Nor had they, like the sages of 1789, like the framers of the Australian Federation to-day, any pre-existing political organization on which to model their new constitution. Indistinct recollections of the system of government in Cape Colony formed their only material. Necessarily the document they hammered out was crude, imperfect, and often obscure. It consists of two hundred and thirty-two articles, many of them dealing with the most trivial subjects in the most minute way. But the grand defect of the charter is that it contains no provision for amendment—an oversight all the more curious as the constitution of the neighboring republic of the Orange Free State, framed only four years earlier, prescribes a simple and effective scheme of alteration. The drafters may have thought, like Justinian, that their handiwork was so complete and would so commend itself to posterity that no change would prove necessary. Possibly they relied on Boer conservatism and the general good sense of the nation. More probably they overlooked the point altogether. Its omission has had the odd result of casting doubt on the real nature of the Grondwet. Does it embody a rigid or a flexible constitution? That is to say, can it, like the constitutions of Switzerland and the United States, be altered only in some specially prescribed fashion? Or may it, like the British constitution, be changed in the same way and by the same authority as that whereby the ordinary law is changed?

In favor of the former alternative, that the constitution is a rigid one, it has been urged that since the Grondwet was drawn up by a Volksraad specifically elected for that purpose, it ought only to be altered by a similar body chosen in like manner; that the general scheme of government it provides for—the division of authority among the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary—was obviously meant to be unchangeable; and that several of its clauses—clause 9, for instance, which declares that "the people will not allow of any equality between colored and white inhabitants"—were certainly intended to be and have always been regarded as the fundamental law of the land. On the other hand, the excessive minuteness of some of the provisions forbids the idea that they could ever have been seriously expected to remain unaltered; and as no specific scheme of amendment is laid down, the changes, when change is necessary, can only be made by the Volksraad acting in its ordinary legislative capacity. Hence the constitution must be deemed a flexible one. This indeed is the view which the Volksraad has repeatedly taken without protest from the people or the judiciary. Several alterations in the structure of government have been effected by a simple act of the Legislature without any express mandate from the people. In fact, whatever may have been the intentions of its framers, the Grondwet has, for the most part, come to be regarded as embodying a flexible constitution, alterable by the Volksraad at its own unfettered discretion.

With this view the judiciary, having a natural preference for the strict letter of the law, has not been wholly in agreement. Many times it has seen the Grondwet violated and made no protest, either through timidity or conceiving that the changes contemplated by the Volksraad were necessary, and did not affect what was obviously organic and fundamental in the constitution.

But of late years the increasing boldness of the legislature in occupying most of the debatable ground left open by the constitution-framers of 1858 has roused the judiciary to a proper sense of its position, and made it aspire to the dignity and authority of the United States Supreme Court. Chief-Justice Kotze was the first to announce from the bench that the Grondwet was the paramount law of the land, and to claim for the High Court the right of testing the enactments of the Volksraad by reference to its provisions. The legislature, after so long an immunity from judicial control, did not take kindly to this claim, and for the past ten years disputes between the Volksraad and the High Court have been frequent, and at times critical. In particular, Article 12 in the Grondwet has been the subject of continuous disagreement. This clause allows a period of three months within which the people may intimate to the Volksraad their opinion on any proposed law, except "those laws which admit of no delay." Now the legislature has in fact neglected this provision, and passed what it has called "resolutions," many of which have been by no means urgent, and on none of which have the people been asked their opinion. These "resolutions" have been treated as equally binding with laws passed in accordance with Article 12, which has never been formally repealed. But when the judiciary began to assert

itself, the validity of these "resolutions" was very properly called into question, and many of them pronounced null and void, the High Court declaring that it alone could determine what matters were or were not urgent. On the other hand, it is contended that by the prevailing Roman Dutch doctrine of obsolescence by contrary practice, Article 12 has been implicitly repealed; and that even if this be not so, there is nothing in the Grondwet to prevent the Volksraad from deciding at its own discretion what laws do or do not admit of delay.

Obviously such a rough and ready system of jurisprudence was fraught with danger. The time was bound to come when a direct collision between the judiciary and the legislature on some vital matter could not be avoided. Such a time came in 1896. The Volksraad passed the Alien Immigration Act and the Press Act in clear contravention of Articles 6 and 19 in the Grondwet. The High Court declared them unconstitutional, and therefore void. Mr. Kruger retaliated by requiring the judges to take oath they would henceforth recognize the enactments of the legislature as of higher authority than the Grondwet. This the Chief Justice, firm in the support of professional opinion, refused to do. A compromise was effected in March, 1897, by which the High Court agreed not to question the acts and the resolutions of the Volksraad, provided that, after the Presidential election, the Grondwet should be reaffirmed as the fundamental constitution of the state, and the High Court be made entirely independent. The election took place last month, and Mr. Kruger was chosen President for the fourth time. His first act was to break through the compact of the preceding March, dismiss the Chief Justice, and appoint in his place a judge who had already given proof of a willingness to oblige the President, and who received his new office only on condition that the claim of the High Court to pronounce on the validity of the acts of the Volksraad should be quietly abandoned. Chief-Justice Kotze has not accepted his dismissal without protest. He has adjourned the High Court *sine die*, and still considers himself technically the highest judicial officer in the state. But he is practically powerless to enforce his claims against the ignorance of the Boers, the popularity of the President, and the ambitions of the Volksraad. The Transvaal judiciary has in effect become the tool of the legislature.

In taking this extreme step President Kruger may or may not, owing to the opposite interpretations of the Grondwet, be legally correct. But that his action is one of bad faith and politically mischievous is certain. It can only increase the disaffection of the Outlanders. Of all their demands, only one, and that the least important, has been conceded since Dr. Jameson's raid threw discredit on the justice of their cause. The remainder, and they make a formidable list, are as far from being granted to-day as they ever were. In America, which apparently is not the same country that once held the principle of taxation without representation to justify a revolution, their claims have been scoffed at as unreasonable. For all that, they seem to many not only just, but certain of realization. Two things are on their side—time and the follies of the Boer government. The latter, by making a travesty of justice, will gradually alienate the more enlightened among their supporters; and as the process of educating the Transvaal goes on, it will become more and more clear that the independence of the republic can only be maintained by the admission to the franchise of the foreign settlers. A revolution is bound to come; whether peaceably or with war and bloodshed depends on the extent to which the Boers grant or resist the necessary reforms. President Kruger's conquest of the judiciary, by incensing the Outlanders more than it will estrange his followers, looks ominous for a peaceful settlement. It may easily prove to be the beginning of the end.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER LIBRARY.

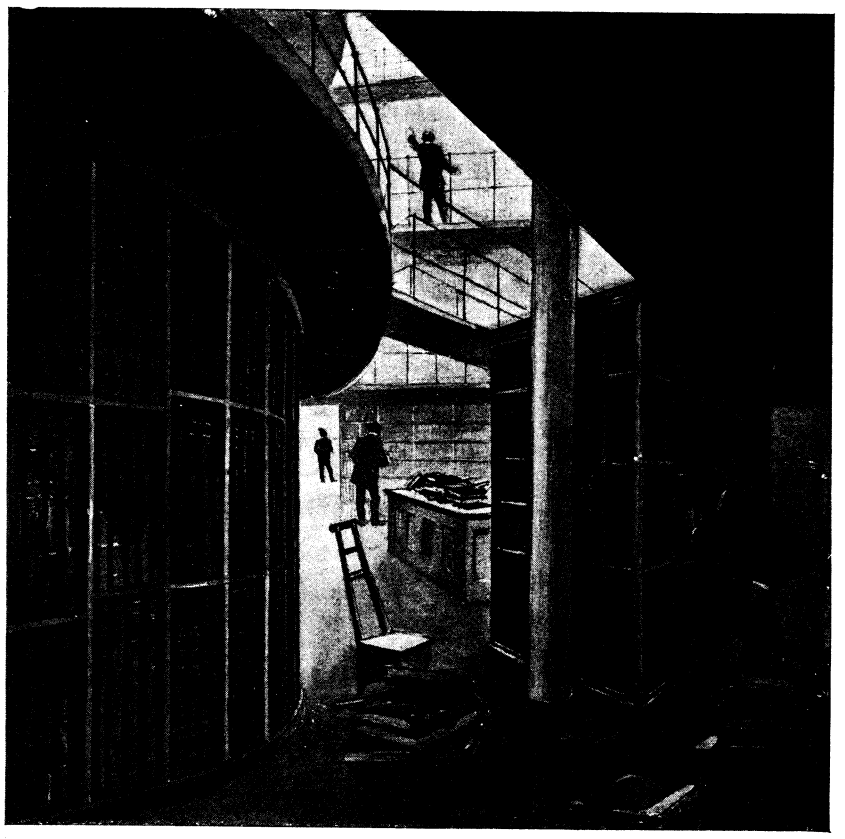
THE huge and ever-increasing collection of newspapers which now forms so large and so useful a part of the National Library at the British Museum had its beginnings in an almost accidental way. From the days when the modern newspaper came into existence in England, until the middle years of this century, three taxes were paid in connection with newspapers. White paper paid a duty at the mill. Every newspaper had to be impressed with an inland revenue stamp, and another duty was paid on advertisements. The collection of these duties formed a large part of the work of the Inland Revenue Department two generations ago, and to aid the collectors in checking the amounts due for newspapers and advertisements, printers of newspapers were required by law to send copies to the department at Somerset House in London.

When the department had used the newspapers for its purposes, they were turned over to the British Museum, and thus was formed the nucleus of the vast collection which to-day includes the complete files of every newspaper printed in England during the present century.

The taxes imposed on newspapers were all abolished between 1840 and 1869; and in 1869, when the last of them was gone, and Parliament was freeing journalism from the fetters fastened on it in the reactionary period of the French Revolution, it also repealed the law which required the sending of a copy of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue Department. By 1869, however, the value and utility of the great collection of newspapers which had been gradually formed at the British Museum had become well known, and there was some apprehension lest, when the obligation of the newspaper proprietors to the Inland Revenue Department was gone, the growth and continuity of the collection should be jeopardized.

It was thought that an act of Parliament would be necessary to bring the proprietors of newspapers into the same relationship to the British Museum that they had held to the Inland Revenue Department; but it was discovered that the Museum had claims upon the proprietors under the Copyright act of 1845. These claims had not been pressed as long as the Inland Revenue Department was acting as the collecting agent for the Museum.

As soon, however, as the tax-collectors ceased to discharge this duty, the Museum authorities asserted their rights under the Copyright act; and since 1869 every proprietor of a newspaper has been compelled to send files of his journal to the Museum.



NEWSPAPER STACKS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nothing that can be described as a newspaper escapes the law. A copy of every issue of the *Times* is on file at the Museum; so is a copy of every provincial weekly newspaper, no matter how insignificant. All the papers are sent free of expense to the Museum. The sending of them is something of a tax on the proprietors, but it is one of the conditions under which the copyrights of their journals are secured.

In addition to the newspapers thus obtained during the present century the Museum has acquired—sometimes by purchase, sometimes by gift—a large collection of journals of the eighteenth century. Some of these go back as far as 1720. Altogether there are now some 27,000 volumes of newspaper files at the Museum. They are all carefully catalogued, and the volumes are as easy of access to students as any of the books in the great library.

This was not always the case. A few years ago the collection was in much confusion, and there was no adequate catalogue. Within the last three or four years, however, the entire collection has been rearranged. Every volume has been overhauled, and a large number of long-lost journals have been discovered and catalogued. The cataloguing and the arrangement are now as complete as possible, and the only difficulty which confronts the Museum authorities is that of space.

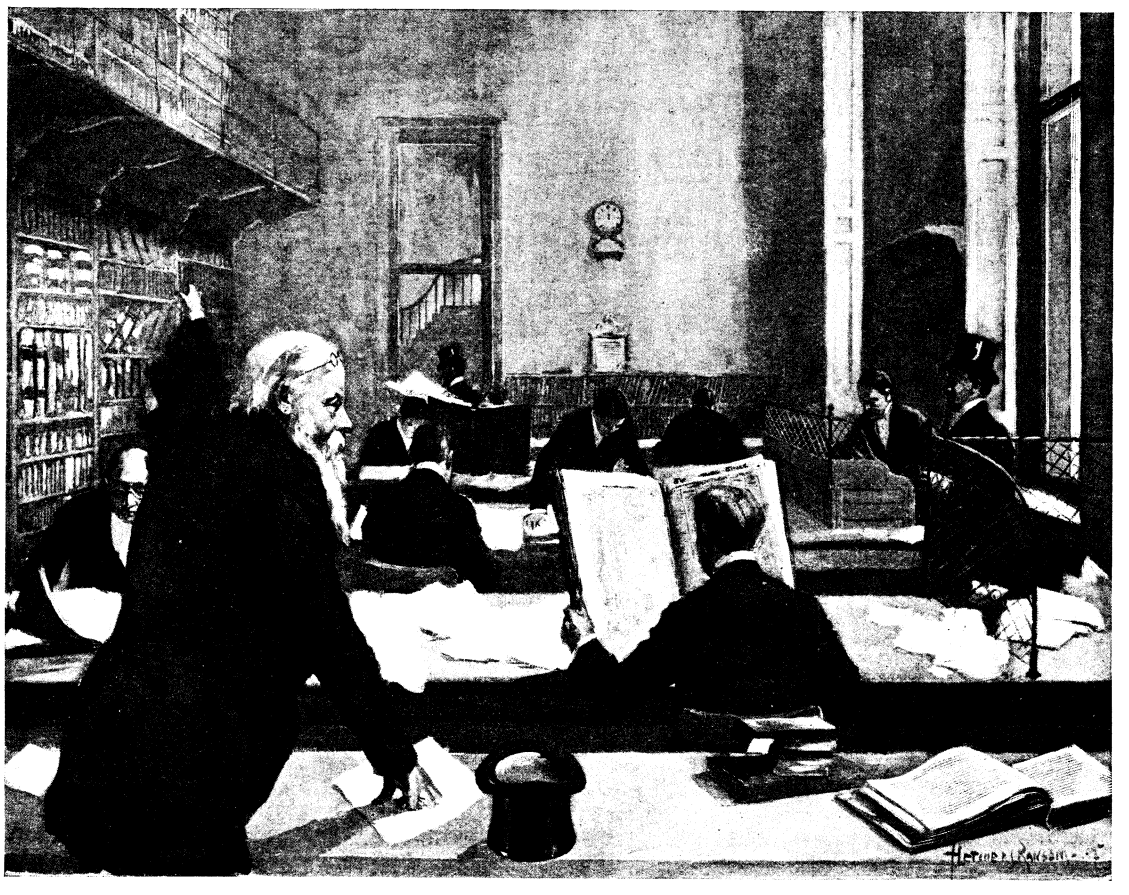
The collection grows at a remarkable rate, and before long it will have absorbed all the space which, in the existing building, can be set apart for newspapers. Before long some system of selection may have to be adopted. As yet, however, everything received is bound and catalogued.

The rate at which the collection grows is shown by the fact that for 1831 the English provincial newspapers were all contained in 41 volumes. The number for 1860 had increased to 278, while for 1894 it was over 900. Twenty to twenty-five presses are required to accommodate the files of the provincial papers for one year. Only in the larger English towns are there daily journals. Most of the provincial papers are published weekly; a few of them twice a week.

Each provincial newspaper is not given a volume entirely to itself. The weekly papers are bound in sets of thirteen weeks, and it often happens that three different sets of newspapers are contained within one green vellum cover. The name of each paper in the volume, and the period the file covers, are in gilt lettering on the back, and all the files of one year are arranged in adjoining presses.

Most of the newspaper files are stored on either side of the corridor which runs around outside the rotunda. The general reading-room is in the rotunda, the whole of which is given up to books and desks for readers. The corridor is on the outside of this vast room, and on the floor below the reading-room. Presses and shelves line the corridor on either side, and on these shelves the files of the provincial newspapers are stored. The inner wall affords 279 square yards of shelf space, and the outer wall 360 square yards, while in the angles formed by the rotunda and in the adjoining corridors on the same floor there are, in addition, 390 square yards. In all, on this floor there are rather over 10,000 square yards of shelf room, the whole of which is set apart for the provincial papers, in which are included those of Scotland and Ireland.

The London papers are all housed on another floor, in what is known as the White Wing of the Library building, and in this wing is the hall set apart for newspaper-readers. It is fitted with desks and racks specially adapted to meet the convenience of searchers and students who are using the heavy newspaper files; it is excellently lighted; all the facilities afforded to readers in the general reading-room are available, and no newspaper research-work is permitted except in this room. The London papers are on the same floor as the newspaper reading-room; but any one of the 27,000 volumes contained in the collection is at the disposal of the readers.



NEWSPAPER-REFERENCE READING-ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Newspapers for the current year are not accessible, but the work of binding, indexing, and cataloguing the volumes is kept well up to date, and the files of one year are usually available early in the next. The majority of the readers are lawyers, historical students, and journalists, and the desks in the newspaper-room are always as well filled as those in the general reading-room. Some of the larger English municipal libraries, such as those of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, file a number of the more important daily and weekly papers. The collection at the Museum, however, is the only one of national proportions; and the fact that this collection exists, is so inclusive and so easily accessible, makes it unnecessary for the public libraries of lesser importance to use their funds or their space in making collections of newspapers.



THE MID-LENT FESTIVAL AT NICE—THE "WHITE BA



L" AT THE CASINO.—Drawn by J. Gulich.—[See Page 271.]

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



VIII.—DROUTH-RESISTING CROPS—ALFALFA AND KAFFIR CORN.

THE man who has seen his property, representing perhaps the accumulation of a long time, swept out of existence by fire, without adequate insurance, probably can understand the feelings of utter hopelessness and absolute discouragement that come to the farmer on the Western prairies when the blasting winds, sometimes in a single night, blister the face of the earth for hundreds of miles, and destroy millions of dollars' worth of crops by "firing." When such a scourge comes, the farmer's lot is most forlorn. It seems as if the hand of God was raised against him. The blow stuns and staggers.

What in the East would be called a smart breeze sweeps almost constantly over the prairie States of the Middle West. In the daytime in summer it is usually hot. At sundown the wind almost ceases, and then a cool breeze, refreshing and sweet, takes its place, and brings rest and comfort to the tired man who tills the land. Occasionally, however, the evening breeze rolls in over the land as if it had been caught on the way and passed through the coils of some monster furnace; it burns and blisters even worse than the wind through which the hot rays of the sun shine. The farmer tosses wearily on his bed, and early in the morning, when he goes to his fields, he finds that a pestilential blight has passed over them in the darkness, and his crops are ruined. His corn has been "fired." From the ground perhaps half-way up the stalks the plants are dead and yellow. This happens when there has been a marked deficiency of moisture, and the ground is parched until its life-giving qualities are almost exhausted before the killing winds arrive.

At such a time it is little help to the farmer to reflect that the ways of Providence are mysterious, or to recall that the afflictions of the righteous are many. The Western farmer is not an irreligious man—in fact, in no State, probably, in the Union are the churches so well filled as in Kansas; he is energetic and practical in his beliefs and theories. He has fought too many battles with nature to give up entirely when the hot winds smite him grievously. He is too intelligent to sit still and do nothing at such a time, and so for years he has been studying how to defeat nature in what to him is her most costly mood. Moreover, the intelligent farmer, with the aid of scientific research and experiment, has been practically successful. In two crops, alfalfa hay and Kaffir corn, he has found drouth-resisting qualities that practically defy nature's withering blasts. Alfalfa, of itself, is a most valuable crop for feeding and developing live-stock, and, besides, withstands great heat. It is almost an ideal food. Kaffir corn has practically the same nutritive qualities that Indian-corn possesses, and also withstands great heat. Taken altogether, alfalfa and Kaffir corn make the ideal dairy ration, as has been found after exhaustive tests—a ration that is bringing prosperity to thousands of those engaged in that industry.

Alfalfa is not new to the United States. For many years it has been one of the chief crops on the Pacific coast. It has also been cultivated to some extent in the East, but not by the ordinary farmer. The farmer of the Middle West knew little of it. Professor Flint, who has made a study of grasses, says that it was introduced into Europe by Darius, from Media in Asia, about 500 B.C. It was cultivated by the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. When the western hemisphere was discovered Spanish priests brought it across the Atlantic and planted it near their missions. In that way it was introduced into South America. In that way also it crept up along the Pacific coast, and into Central America and into what is now the southern part of the United States. Wherever it has gone it has proved a blessing. It has lasting qualities as a forage plant. It is said that near the city of Mexico there are alfalfa-fields more than three hundred years old. One authority says that the plant will live in a field one thousand years, producing bountifully every year. With half a chance it defies heat. It even laughs at hail. It enriches the soil, and it does what probably no other plant in this country can do—it produces three crops a year even above the frost-line. After it becomes established in a home it requires only the care of the reaper. Its production is cheap, therefore, and it is doubtful if nature ever made a more beneficent gift of the kind to humanity.

Alfalfa is what might be called a clover-plant. It has somewhat the appearance of clover. It is slender, and branches considerably. It has leaves arranged in threes, but smaller than the leaves of clover. It is what is called a leguminous plant; that is, it bears its fruits in pods. It has beautiful purple blossoms scattered along its stems. But its crowning glory is its deep green color. No landscape carpet can compare with it in that respect. A poetic writer of Nebraska has called the plant "the gentle green-robed queen of the prairie," which, "waving her magic wand, has brought peace and plenty to many an humble home." It holds its color after the biting frosts come, and a valley spread for many miles with alfalfa is probably the most beautiful sight that nature affords in the Middle West.

The chief utility of the plant to Kansas and Nebraska is that it will grow in the short-grass country—the sloping half-barren lands that reach clear to the Rocky Mountains. No other kind of "tame grass" may be grown there successfully. A long and bitter struggle has convinced the farmer that the small grains and ordinary corn cannot be grown with a fair certainty of profit west of the middle-line of Kansas and Nebraska. To remain in that territory the farmer must raise those things which will not antagonize nature too deeply. Live-stock thrives on the natural grasses, and in that there is a hint which the farmer has employed to his advantage. By raising three crops of alfalfa hay a year he has something with which to feed his live-stock in the winter and prepare them for food. With Kaffir corn, as has been said, it makes the ideal dairy ration, and this enables the farmer to make money in that industry.

The chief reason why alfalfa hay will grow in the short-grass country is that it has long roots. They have been known to strike twenty-five feet deep for moisture. The plant will not thrive, therefore, in soil that is not open and deep. An ideal place for its growth is along the river bottoms in the western part of Kansas—land under which great lakes of "sheet water," miles upon miles in extent, are found from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface. The roots of alfalfa readily push down to the water and drink when they need moisture, and the result is that the plant blossoms and prospers, and becomes a never-failing source of revenue to the man who cultivates it. On the rolling uplands, where there is scarcely an average rainfall of twenty-five inches a year, the plant will live and produce hay nearly always. It makes good pasturage under ordinary conditions there, and is almost certain every year to produce a fine crop of seed. All the uplands are fertile enough, the only trouble about making use of that fertility being the lack of moisture. Irrigation has not yet succeeded in bringing water in abundance to the assistance of the tiller of the soil in this region, and therefore only such a plant can live as has deep roots, and a pertinacity that even the hot winds of Kansas cannot shake.

There is another remarkable characteristic of this plant that none of its rivals possesses—that is, the power to enrich chemically exhausted land. Along its tangled roots close examination shows masses of what are known to be tubercles. In other words, every root of alfalfa is afflicted with tuberculosis. Inhabiting these tubercles are myriads of bacteria. It is a general belief that bacteria are harmful to the human race. Some kinds are; but science is authority for the statement that bacteria are not always dangerous. Professor G. L. Clothier, of the State Agricultural College in Kansas, says, in discussing the bacteria on alfalfa and similar plants. "Many species are very beneficial to the world. Among them are the bacteria inhabiting the tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants."

I remember that one of the assistants in this department of that college held up to me with a great show of pride a culture of some sort showing what he said was a marvellous growth of bacteria in tubercles. He was absolutely fond of those tubercles. My thought was one of great surprise, until he informed me that one of the best things for the rehabilitation of exhausted soils was to grow some sort of plants on whose roots tubercles such as those would thrive. Alfalfa is one of these plants. Its long roots have a double part to play in this renovation of nature. The millions upon millions of bacteria draw large quantities of nitrogen from the air and store it up in the tubercles for use when the plant needs it. Scientific experiment has shown this to be absolutely true. Then the roots go on an excursion for certain chemicals on their own hook. They go down ten, fifteen, or twenty feet, and bring up the potash and phosphoric acid that are needed for such a plant and its tubercles. Now when these roots decay or are ploughed underground they not only release the great quantities of chemicals that have been stored up, but they leave millions upon millions of little openings in the earth, into which fresh air and moisture find their way, and thus fertility of soil is renewed. In other words, the land renews its youth and vigor by means of a plant which drags down into its roots certain chemicals from the air, and pulls up into its roots certain other chemicals from the deep soil that could not be reached in any other way. It has been said that alfalfa lives more on the air than on the soil.

It has been proved beyond shadow of doubt that alfalfa does renew the youth of the soil. Phenomenal yields of wheat and other cereals have followed the ploughing under of fields of alfalfa, and these yields have continued year after year. Professor Clothier has called attention to the mistake that farmers make in uprooting many of the native grasses and weeds in the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska. He says he wants to see the farmers treat the soil in a rational manner. He puts his complaint in this way:

"Something over forty years ago man came along and proceeded to disturb the harmonious arrangement of plant species which nature, by the law of evolution, had established. He destroyed the wild plants in order that he might grow wheat and corn. But wheat and corn do not support the beneficent soil bacteria, so these gradually became exterminated. From that time on the fertility of the soil has been slowly but surely becoming exhausted, and in the end the farmer himself is becoming exhausted in the process of raising wheat and corn. He does not know that the extermination of a microscopic one-celled plant, living in the dark places of the earth, is the cause of his failure in business, and yet this is undoubtedly the case."

Professor Clothier also adds, "In my opinion the wild lands of Kansas contain more productive wealth (capital), if left in the wild condition, than the gold-mines of Colorado."

The immediate use to the farmer of alfalfa, however, is to feed his live-stock. He may use it as pasture or as hay. In other words, he may feed it green or dry. But it seems to be agreed that as pasture alfalfa is somewhat dangerous. Cattle and sheep which eat of it freely become sick, bloat, and often die rapidly. Horses and swine may eat it green with safety. It is rich in albuminoids, and pigs simply thrive on it. One of the authorities says that "alfalfa-grown hogs have never been known to have the cholera. Diligent inquiry through the sections of western Kansas where hogs have been grown on alfalfa fails to reveal a single case of loss by that disease."

It seems to be agreed that the chief value of alfalfa as a food is to promote growth of animals, and that to produce fat it needs some other food mixed with it. In a dry condition it may be fed with reasonable safety to all kinds of live-stock. It is cheap in its production, and it is highly nutritious. Its nearest of kin in hay is red clover, and chemical analysis has shown that either as hay or in a green condition alfalfa is superior in every respect to red clover. It contains nearly fifty per cent. more crude protein, the chief element in all foods, than red clover. One authority has figured out that alfalfa is forty-five per cent. better in feeding value than clover, and sixty per cent. better than timothy hay. It must be a remarkable plant, surely, that has these rich food qualities, as well as the power to resist drouth when ordinary grasses would die, and also the power to reinvigorate the soil.

One might ask why, if all these things are true, it is not raised more extensively by farmers generally. In the first place, the seed is expensive as yet. In the next place, it is practically new, and farmers are slow to take up newfangled things. Again, it requires most skilful care in raising it, a full crop not being available for three years. At one year's growth the plant is easily killed. Too much water or too little cultivation will destroy it. When once firmly rooted it is perennial, and requires no care except to gather in the fruit of its enduring labor in the shape of strong succulent hay. The farmer must know how to utilize it as fodder, or it becomes dangerous, and it is for this and the other reasons given, probably, that it has not been cultivated more extensively. Nevertheless, it is increasing in acreage yearly. The number of acres growing in Kansas in 1896 was 155,949, a great increase over the previous year. In 1897 the number of acres was 177,137, an increase of more than 21,000 in one year. It is said that there is a profit of from $10 to $30 an acre in raising this crop, and it is also said that it will remain a profitable crop, no matter how many farmers go into the business, because when transformed into beef it makes the cheapest and best meat in the central West. The beef industry is one that by the nature of things must increase. If the farmer cannot sell his alfalfa hay at paying prices as hay, he can sell it as beef.

The Hon. J. H. Churchill illustrates the staying qualities of alfalfa by saying:

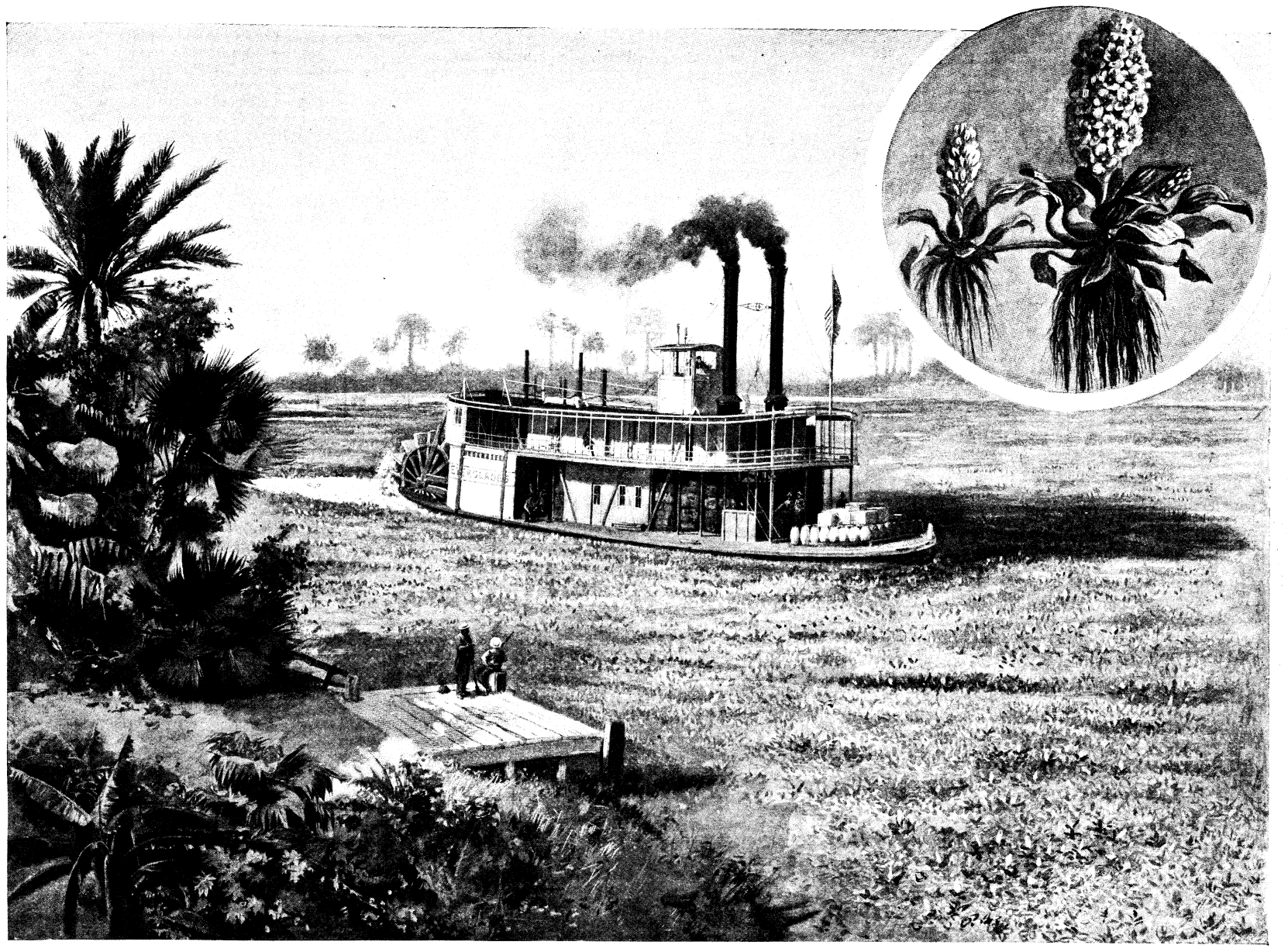
"The alfalfa farm is a dividend-paying investment through all kinds of seasons, an insurance against hail, as well as a guarantee from drouth. I have seen a field in bloom cut to the ground by a June hail, and in less than thirty days blooming again for the harvest. What other crop will do that? . . . I believe this is the best paying business in the West to-day."

There are many men in the West to-day who have recognized the truth of what Mr. Churchill says. The crop failures of recent years showed that it paid to raise alfalfa. One of the best known newspaper writers in Nebraska, J. W. Johnson, told in the Nebraska *State Journal*, on November 21 last, a story that illustrated this fact graphically. He had been driving near Culbertson, in the western part of Nebraska, and his companion stopped suddenly and pointed out a brick bank building in town and a white farm-house not far from town. Those buildings concerned the careers of two men. One was a banker who had come out into Nebraska about fifteen years before. He had been county treasurer of one of the best known counties of Iowa, and had brought with him to Nebraska nearly $30,000, with which he started a bank. He did very well, until hard times came along, and then he got into difficulties. The other man was a Russian peasant, who came to the same place a year or two later. It took about all his savings to get to his destination, so that it is said of him that when he reached Culbertson he was as "poor as a rat." That man got hold of a bushel of alfalfa seed, and he raised as much of the hay as he could from it, increasing his crop year by year. He raised cattle and hogs as well. He always had crops when corn and wheat and the other cereals failed, and he always had live-stock to sell. He soon so prospered that he gave to each of his sons a farm at marriage, and to his daughter, who was married not long ago, he gave $1000 in cash—an unheard-of wedding-gift for a farmer to make out in that territory. This alfalfa-grower had considerable business to do with the bank. According to Mr. Johnson, when he found that the bank was in trouble he demanded his money. The bank went down, but the farmer remained in control, and the banker had to quit. Alfalfa for that man had not only withstood all the storms of nature, but had helped him to survive the financial storms that had swept over that region. Those farmers in the West who have raised alfalfa with care and intelligence are not among the people who are distressingly poor.

Illustrating again the profit there is in raising alfalfa, I quote from a speech made by the Hon. W. R. Akers, former secretary of the Nebraska Board of Irrigation, at the fourth annual convention of the Nebraska Irrigation Association, at Lexington, Nebraska, on November 20, 1896:

> But of all the ordinary agricultural crops, alfalfa is the most remunerative. I almost fear to commence to talk of this wonderful fodder plant and to tell in relation to it, for fear of being thought untruthful. Some of the stories told me on a late visit to my home in Scotts Bluff County seem incredible, and were it not for the fact that I can vouch for the honesty of the people who told me, I would scarcely dare to repeat them. One is the alfalfa seed crop of John R. Stilts, of Mitchell Valley, Scotts Bluff County. He had a forty-acre field of alfalfa which he saved for seed, and from this field he took thirteen bushels and three pecks per acre, which he sold at $3 per bushel; besides, he cut one crop of hay, which alone would pay all the expense of irrigating, cutting, and threshing, leaving him a net profit of $41 25 per acre; or, in other words, a net of ten per cent. on $412 50 per acre. I have no doubt that if you had offered John $30 per acre for his land before he got his crop, you would have gotten the land.

Akin to alfalfa as a drouth-resisting plant is Kaffir corn. It is something new in agriculture in this country. It was



WATER-HYACINTHS IN THE ST. JOHNS RIVER, FLORIDA.

introduced late in the eighties from Africa, where it had attracted attention in resisting drouth. It too has long roots. They reach a depth of from eighteen to twenty inches. It seems to have the power of sustaining itself during a period of arrested development. In other words, it stops growing in time of drouth, when other corn dies, and if a rain comes within a reasonable time—say, three or four weeks after Indian corn has been killed—it will start up growing where it left off, and produce a crop. The Hon. Scott E. Winne is authority for this statement regarding the drouth-defying qualities of Kaffir corn:

"I have seen Kaffir corn mature a crop of from forty to fifty bushels per acre right by the side of Indian corn that was killed by drouth so that not even a nubbin was matured."

Kaffir corn does not grow quite as high as Indian corn. It sends out more than one flower-stalk, and thus develops several ears. The yield of this kind of corn is from ten to fifteen bushels an acre greater than Indian corn in good years, and when Indian corn produces absolutely nothing, Kaffir corn has been known to produce from twenty to thirty bushels of corn. It will grow on almost any kind of soil, and it must be a complete vegetation-killing year when it will not produce some kind of a crop. In 1893 there were 45,000 acres of this kind of corn grown in Kansas. In 1897 there were 371,838 acres of it produced in that State. It was equivalent to 1,358,739 tons of corn, and the value of it was $4,076,217. Nebraska raised a large quantity of this kind of corn also. It has come to play an important part in the fortune and economy of the West in the ten years it has been known.

In yielding fodder this corn has another desirable characteristic. It remains green until after the seed is ripe. The yield of this fodder is nearly double that of ordinary corn. The grain makes good flour, and is also a good pop-corn. As a food product it is not quite so nutritious for live-stock as Indian corn, but the margin of difference is so slight that only scientific research is able to reveal it. In a given quantity it has been found that Indian corn has 81.7 per cent. of the substances that produce heat and fat and support muscular effort. Kaffir corn produces 80.7 per cent. of the same substances in the same quantity of corn. It is more difficult, however, for the farmer to prepare the grain of Kaffir corn for food than the old-time corn. Kaffir corn is harder and grittier, and needs more grinding than its rival. Neither cattle nor swine make as great a growth in weight while being fed for market on Kaffir corn as on the old-time feeds, but an exhaustive experiment, made by the State Agricultural College in Kansas in 1896, revealed that when cattle and hogs are fed together, red Kaffir corn (the white Kaffir corn not being so nutritious as the red) is the best ration that can be used on the farm. That part of the product that the cattle fail to use in beef-making the hogs absorb, and the minimum waste results. Elaborate tables have been made showing the superiority of Kaffir corn to all other kinds of corn for the Western farmer, all based upon the fact that it is a drouth-resister, that it has the power to grow again after it has taken a forced rest, and that it does not become "fired," as ordinary corn does in a time of hot winds.

A remarkable thing about alfalfa and Kaffir corn has been demonstrated in the experiments at the Kansas Agricultural College, and that is that twenty pounds of alfalfa hay and eight pounds of Kaffir corn make the "ideal dairy ration." It is asserted by the experts at this institution that on this ration it is possible for the Kansas dairy cow to produce the very best butter at four cents a pound. Allowing two cents a pound for freight to New York city, the Kansas dairymen assert that they can put butter on the market in the metropolis cheaper than any other producers in the country. If that be true, the outlook for the farmer who cultivates these unfailing crops of alfalfa and Kaffir corn must be rosy, for whether the farmer decides to transform these crops into butter, or into beef, pork, or mutton, he seems to be in a position to do so at the minimum cost.

There is still another food coming into cultivation in Kansas and Nebraska that will have an important effect probably on agriculture in those States. That food is the soy bean, a Japanese product that was brought to this country in 1890. This bean has the peculiar property of being able to supply certain qualities that are lacking in all varieties of corn as a fattening product. It is a little black bean that has been grown for centuries in Japan, and takes its name from a sauce into which the beans are made in that country. None of the ordinary fodder plants of this country compare with the soy bean in nutritive qualities. As a food it is equally attractive to human beings as to live-stock. It compares favorably with the ordinary bean for table use. Its great value as a supplemental food is shown by some tables which the Kansas Agricultural College worked out in an experiment with twelve pigs. When fed with Kaffir-corn meal the pigs made a gain of .50 of a pound a day. When fed with a ration consisting of two-thirds Kaffir corn and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.44 pounds a day. When fed with a ration of ordinary corn-meal the gain a day was .80 of a pound. When fed on a ration of two-thirds ordinary corn-meal and one-third soy bean the gain was 1.46 pounds a day. There are other kinds of Japanese beans that are undergoing investigation in the West. In alfalfa and Kaffir corn the farmer has two splendid weapons with which to contest with nature for supremacy. The officials of the Kansas Agricultural College do not hesitate to say that these two crops will be the "probable salvation of western Kansas and other portions of our Western country under similar climatic conditions."

When one goes about an agricultural community and talks with this and that man, he is likely to become confused as to the relative value of the various branches of farming. One man will assert that it pays best to raise fruits. Another will declare for live-stock. Another will assert that wheat is the only crop worth while producing. As each branch is extolled, and only the good points of that branch brought to the front, one wonders how any farmer ever failed in raising almost anything on his property. It is owing to the difficulty of obtaining unbiassed judgments about crops, and especially about alfalfa, that Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture had this to say in one of his official reports:

"To be persuaded of its worth and importance does not necessitate accepting without qualification the honestly made, well-meant, yet almost incredible statements of yields and profits. Discounted fully one-half, they still indicate that under conditions such as prevail on millions of Kansas acres, alfalfa can and should early become a factor in our agricultural economy and prosperity."

If alfalfa may be called the "gentle queen of the prairie," surely Kaffir corn may be designated properly as the stalwart king and consort. And it is not too great a stretch of the fancy to denominate the soy bean as an attractive prince of the realm.

THE WATER-HYACINTH PEST IN FLORIDA.

It seems strange to denominate so beautiful a flower as most of us regard the hyacinth a pest, and yet too much of a good thing, not properly placed, frequently becomes noxious; thus it is with the water-hyacinth in Florida. Its beauty can be seen from the vignette, which represents the hyacinth in full bloom, and its pestiferous qualities will have to be imagined from the following description.

It is not actually known when or how this flower was first introduced into Florida, although statistics tell us that it was found in the St. Johns River about 1890, in a pond somewhere near Palatka. The settlers tell us that in cleaning out this pond some of the plants were thrown into the river, they grew, and were so beautiful that settlers transplanted them to different parts of the river, to beautify their places, and thus the seemingly irreparable mistake was made.

The hyacinth is a native of South America, has a thick bushy root, and floats on the top of the water without any apparent attachment to the bottom. If it could be kept near the shore no danger need be apprehended, but wind and storms send it floating out into the middle of the stream in such large masses that navigation is seriously impeded, and the captains of the river craft are beginning to look upon it with growing fear and horror.

As I was sailing up the river on the old steamer *Everglades*, as represented in the sketch, toward Jacksonville, I noticed this great green mass. As we sailed farther up, it became so thick that the vessel advanced with difficulty. The illustration shows how our steamer struck the mass. We backed and pushed, and finally extricated ourselves. The small stern-paddle boats can hardly push their way through these large masses, and at times are completely blocked. I have seen vessels going at full speed brought to a complete standstill.

These plants are capable of doing considerable damage in many ways other than that of endangering navigation. They propagate so fast and grow so rank that the narrow creeks running into the larger river are so thoroughly covered, from bank to bank, that boards can be laid across that would easily bear a person, so it is quite impossible to expect anything short of a dredging-machine to penetrate them. One can also see how much danger may lie concealed under this dense mass. It imperils the health of the neighborhoods in which it grows so rank, being washed up on the bank, carrying with it the refuse that has been caught among its tangled mass, and decaying, sends forth odors that are neither the most pleasant to inhale nor the most healthful to breathe. Then, too, the hyacinth is destroying the timber industry, as it is impossible to float the logs, and it is menacing the livelihood

of the fishermen, by preventing them from spreading their nets as has been their custom in the past; and not only are the fishermen prevented from catching the fish, but the fish get under these large masses and multiply with marvellous rapidity. The fish dying in large numbers, rise to the surface, and floating on the water, lodge amongst the other decaying matter on the banks, and constitute a dangerous menace to the health of that part of the country in which the hyacinth is getting to be so abundant.

The query is how to get rid of the pest. An agent from the Agricultural Department of the United States has been sent to Florida to ascertain, if possible, what can be done. It has been suggested that perhaps if the red spider or some natural enemy of the plant were deposited there it would be effectual in ridding Florida of the pest; but after this work had been accomplished, and the Floridians had got rid of their dreaded hyacinth, they might possibly find a more formidable enemy in the newly imported exterminator.

But certain it is something must be done or the rivers will soon be completely choked, navigation stopped entirely, and the water-hyacinth will take its place as one of the plagues of modern times.

REORGANIZATION OF THE NAVAL PERSONNEL, AND ITS BEARING UPON EFFICIENCY.

THE building of new ships and the providing them with armaments have absorbed during a large part of the last sixteen years that portion of the public attention and energy given to naval affairs—a work which has been almost wholly creative and administrative.

At the beginning of this period of reconstruction our navy consisted of a few wooden corvettes, which had long been anything but a source of pride or security to the country, and which were following one another to "Rotten Row" with appalling speed. Unless the country meant to disappear as a naval power, it was necessary to build ships; and so the work began, which has continued to the present day, and still continues. First, cruisers and gunboats were supplied to take the places of the old vessels; then, as our industrial facilities increased, armored cruisers were produced, and, finally, battle-ships and torpedo-boats, until the fleet, built and building, is of respectable size, and the vessels are, of their respective classes, equal to the best in foreign navies.

This work depended upon a great industrial development, and could not have been effected without it. Its demands induced and fostered this development. There was in the United States little knowledge of steel-making. Men claiming to be expert metallurgists still argued vehemently in favor of cast-iron guns. There was no establishment in the country that could produce the forgings for an eight-inch gun, and none that could roll five-inch armor. In the rapid strides of the past ten years these facts have been almost forgotten; but they existed, and they serve to mark the industrial advance which has placed our ship-yards and armor-plants in a position to seek and obtain foreign contracts, not finding in those from their own government enough to keep them employed.

There was little to do at sea when this movement began, and comparatively few officers were employed at sea. The ships, diminished in number and small in size, not only did not demand them, but could not accommodate them. The surplus were available for other duties, and were largely so employed. The Coast Survey, the Fish Commission, the Smithsonian Institute, and all the naval offices of the government were filled with officers deprived of their legitimate and proper field of duty and experience by the inadequacy of the fleet.

To this surplus the rebuilding of the navy brought new duties, but duties which were technical, not military. They were employed very largely in the design and construction of ordnance, and also in steel inspection, in the supervision of equipment, and in the domain of electricity. Well grounded in mathematics and the natural sciences at Annapolis, versatile, adaptable, and ambitious of results, naval officers took for fifteen years, after the first appropriations for new ships, a large part in the rebuilding of the fleet, and are entitled to corresponding credit for its successful accomplishment. In the mean time the stagnation of promotion, which had begun soon after the close of the war, grew continually more pronounced, and men began to get old in the subordinate grades. In 1875 officers reached command rank at the age of thirty-four; in 1885, at forty; and in 1895, at forty-nine. While, however, the naval mind was occupied more with questions of construction and of armament than with those of military organization and efficiency—*i. e.*, more with the material of war than with the means of using it—this block in the flow of promotion, and its effect upon the service, failed to attract the attention due to its importance.

But with the completion of a sufficient number of vessels again to place the United States in the position of a respectable and rising naval power—a period which may be regarded as beginning with the first assemblage, in 1889, of a squadron of the new cruisers, and with the return of officers to their natural and proper field of effort—military questions asserted their supremacy, and the effect upon the future employment and value of the new ships, produced by a stagnation of promotion unexampled in naval history, began to be widely and seriously discussed.

The first official recognition of the importance of remedying this growing evil took place in 1891, when Secretary Tracy organized a board of officers, presided over by Captain Phythian, to report upon its causes and the necessary measures of reform. Captain Mahan was a member of this board. It made an exhaustive report, showing plainly and logically that defective and ill-considered legislation and administration extending over a long period had produced only natural and to be expected results, and it recommended incisive and effective—in some respects, drastic—measures of reform. This report pleased neither the navy nor the Department. It was a cold, clear-cut analysis of the situation, and its recommendations were made without regard to individuals or classes of officers, but wholly in the interests of military (naval) efficiency. The majority of naval officers, conservative by habit and tradition, opposed any change, and the report was pigeonholed. But its able presentation of the question had not been without effect, and those who advocated this important reform were encouraged to continue their efforts.

The next step was Congressional. In January, 1894, a joint subcommittee, consisting of three Senators and three Representatives from their respective naval committees, was appointed "to fully investigate and consider the entire subject of the rank, pay, and all other matters relating to the *personnel* of the navy." This joint subcommittee sat for about a year, heard testimony and suggestions from line-officers of the several grades, from staff-officers, and from representatives of the enlisted men, and at the end of that time formulated its opinions and conclusions in a bill which was presented in the Senate by Senator Butler of South Carolina, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Meyer of Louisiana. The characteristics of this bill were substantially the same as those of the Phythian Board report of three years before—viz., that arbitrary transfers to the retired list or to a "reserved list for shore duty only," to relieve the stagnation in promotion, and selection in some form which should constantly discriminate between officers, and bring to command and flag rank only those of superior ability, character, and acquirements, were both essential to naval efficiency.

The joint subcommittee bill failed. It received little or no support from the Department, and its enemies in the navy were active. There was a majority in the House of Representatives in its favor, or at least in favor of the adoption of a rule limiting debate and bringing it to a vote; but the Speaker, Mr. Crisp, whose influence had been enlisted against it, would not allow it to come to a vote. A decided step in advance had, however, been made, and the character of the opposition to reform had been more clearly defined. In the line of the navy it came from officers who were firmly and unalterably opposed to any change in existing laws which impaired the security of the promotion of each in his turn to the highest grade, and his retirement at the age of sixty-two with the highest pay. They maintained that all officers were of equal merit, or of merit so nearly equal that no board could discriminate with justice to individuals, or with advantage to the service, and, therefore, that seniority constituted a paramount claim to promotion. They admitted that this system had wholly broken down in war; that in 1861, with a navy list whose composition and formation was practically the same as that existing to-day—*i. e.*, the result of a system of promotion by seniority during a long period of peace—complete reorganization of the *personnel* was necessary before the navy was put fairly upon a war footing; that of the seventy-six captains at the head of the navy at that time very few achieved distinction, and that the great majority were set aside altogether, their places being taken by younger men. Nevertheless, in the face of this tremendous object-lesson, they insisted that nothing should be done in time of peace, but that the necessary changes should be effected after war breaks out—which means, under present conditions, that they shall be made in the face of an alert and prepared enemy. For it is hardly necessary to say that the views of these officers are not sustained by the theory or practice of any foreign naval power. Abroad it is held that everything which can be done in time of peace to prepare for war should be done, and while the final test of military worth is undoubtedly active service, that it is better and safer to select those of the best promise, of superior industry and capacity, than to trust to chance alone. Much of the work, also, upon which the success of campaigns depends—the work of organization and administration—is the same as in time of peace, and can be judged with equal fairness.

And of the advantages of more rapid promotion there is no doubt; that is a feature apart from selection, and may be separately considered. Men must be young, or they will not have the vitality for war. If on the downhill side of life, they cannot endure its physical and nervous strains. That has been abundantly demonstrated in all wars of any considerable duration.

No other navy has a record of service comparable with that of the navy of Great Britain, and there the two leading features controlling advancement here referred to as essential have been in operation for generations. Officers are selected for each promotion up to the grade of captain, and there is in each grade an age for retirement which limits the age of promotion to the next grade above and weeds out the poorest men—viz., those who have not been selected. A lieutenant is retired at forty-five, a commander at fifty, a captain at fifty-five. The retiring regulations of the British navy applied to the United States navy at the present time would retire twenty-four of the forty-five captains, sixty-nine of the eighty-five commanders, all of the lieutenant-commanders, and seventy-two—nearly one-third—of the lieutenants. Great Britain has found it necessary to keep the *personnel* of her navy young and vigorous, and to get the best men in the highest places. She has thus had a navy always ready for war, and one which has always stood the test of war without disorganizing changes in its rank list. She has never had an experience like ours in 1861–5, when a lieutenant at the beginning of the war was a rear-admiral at its close. A system which has endured such strains and achieved such results is worthy of study and imitation.

There was still another important source of opposition to naval reform in the attitude and aspirations of the corps of naval engineers. In the new ships the domain of mechanics was complete. Everything was done by or through steam-power, the electric and hydraulic motors being worked by steam through a conversion of energy; and the engineers claimed that this great change gave to their profession an added importance, and should increase their authority and the scope of their duties. This view was opposed by the line, which claimed that the prime conditions of military organization were not affected, and that, whether ships were propelled by oars, sails, or steam, the functions of her captain and other military officers remained the same, and that their authority should not be divided or impaired.

Much was said on both sides. Both had their adherents, and the real issue was not always clearly understood; but what is material to the present subject is that it became evident that nothing could be accomplished so long as line-officers and engineers were at odds. That was plainly stated by public men whose dictum was conclusive.

Matters were in this shape when, last fall, the board presided over by Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt was organized to consider and report upon the existing difficulties and propose remedies. Apart from Mr. Roosevelt's special interest in the navy, his name was a guarantee for the thorough and conscientious treatment of any subject to which he gave his attention, and the naval members of the board commanded the confidence of the service. There were seven line-officers and four engineers.

Their report, presented in the form of a bill, has received the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, and is now before Congress. Its striking and radical feature is the incorporation of the engineers with the line of the navy, or the abolition of the engineers as a separate corps. Of course this change is to be applied gradually to existing conditions. The older engineers are to have simply a change of title, but no change of duties. The members of an intermediate group may, if they elect to do so, and can pass the required examinations, be assigned to the general duties of the line, including succession to command; otherwise they are classed with the first group. The younger engineers are required to qualify within a certain time for line duties in all respects. Nearly all of those engineers who *must* or *may* undertake general line duties are graduates of the Naval Academy and have received a military training. The bill provides also for a corps of warrant-machinists for engine-room watches, and when the change has been completed a lieutenant will be detailed as chief engineer of a ship, as now he is detailed as her navigator, and will command the engineer division.

This scheme runs counter to tradition, and has naturally excited some opposition; but it is remarkable that a very large majority of the men in the service accepted it at once, showing that, consciously or unconsciously, they were prepared for this solution of the vexed problem. Line-officers are more than half engineers already. They have had, from the beginning of our naval renaissance, control of the design, installation, and management of all electrical and ordnance machinery, and have successfully met the attendant demands. To be thoroughly competent naval officers of the present day, they must of necessity be engineers, and in Mr. Roosevelt's admirable letter, transmitting the report of the board, this is set forth with effective reasoning. The change will have also the enormous advantage of simplifying relations on board ship, and removing causes of friction.

But this was only one of the questions passed upon by the board, and, in the estimation of many officers, not the most important one. The combining of line and engineers was simply enlarging the sphere of duties of naval officers. There remained the pressing demand for improving the military condition of the navy.

Briefly, the two prime conditions which must be met by any real reform of our system of naval advancement are:

(1) To bring picked men to the head of the list—*i.e.*, to the highest commands and responsibilities.

(2) To secure promotion to command rank prior to that age at which, through long service as a subordinate, an officer's capacity of adapting himself to new conditions and to the exercise of independent judgment and authority has become seriously impaired.

The Roosevelt Board, like the Phythian Board and the joint subcommittee of 1894, recognized these essentials in the measures of reform which it proposed. It prescribed the number of vacancies which should take place in the several grades each year—thirteen in the grade of captain, twenty in that of commander, twenty-nine in that of lieutenant-commander, and forty in that of lieutenant. If these occurred through natural causes, well and good, and a measure of voluntary retirement was introduced to facilitate the making of vacancies. But, if not, a board of rear-admirals was to be appointed towards the close of each year to produce the vacancies by transferring such officers as it should select to the retired list.

This is by no means a radical measure. It will still leave some of the lists, notably those of the lieutenant-commanders and lieutenants, filled with officers too old, according to naval standards and the experience of active service, for the subordinate duties which they are called upon to perform, but it will arrest the present stagnation of promotion, and will probably turn the tide in the other direction. The age of attaining command rank, which is now fifty, and steadily increasing—which within eight years, under present laws, will be fifty-five—would remain stationary for a few years, and would then probably gradually decrease.

The present bill is the latest step in a series of movements, actuated by the same necessity, meant to accomplish the same result, and which have been remarkable for their similarity of conclusions and recommendations. The Roosevelt Board, like its predecessors, finds that it is impossible to promote all officers to command rank, or all those who reach command rank to flag rank, and maintain the navy in a healthy and fit condition for war. The proportion of subordinate officers to those of command rank is so great that if all are promoted they reach command rank too late in life successfully to take up its new and important duties; and the proportion of commanding officers to flag-officers is so great that if all are promoted the tenure of flag rank is too short. It being necessary, then, to retire officers in the intermediate grades, the question arises as to how this retirement shall best be effected, and the board decides that it should be done by selection. This is the only feature of the board's report which was not unanimously agreed to. One of its members, having certainly the courage of his convictions, voiced the sentiment of the ultra conservatives when he desired this retirement to be effected "without the intervention of human intelligence"—*i. e.*, by chance or lot. But this view received only slight support; and it seems hardly necessary to assert that, when enforced retirements are to be made, the best officers, or those considered the best, should be retained. That is merely following a rule adopted in all departments of human activity.

The case, so far as regards the importance—more than the importance, the necessity—of this reform, seems to be closed. If, as a distinguished naval authority has asserted, "a ship is worth no more than the man who commands her," it is imperative that this man should have every advantage of training and experience. Existing conditions deny this absolutely to the men who will in a few years command our ships—even to the men who will in ten or twelve years command our squadrons. No bill which has ever been presented to Congress for the increase of the navy is of more importance than this measure to make and to keep the *personnel* equal to its ships and guns, and able to meet all demands in war as well as in peace.



DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

I.

THE peasants who were streaming down the mountain trail had in their sharp terror evidently lost their ability to count. The cattle and the huge round bundles seemed to suffice to the minds of the crowd if there were now two in each case where there had been three. This brown stream poured on with a constant wastage of goods and beasts. A goat fell behind to scout the dried grass, and its owner, howling, flogging his donkeys, passed far ahead. A colt, suddenly frightened, made a stumbling charge up the hill-side. The expenditure was always profligate, and always unnamed, unnoted. It was as if fear was a river, and this horde had simply been caught in the torrent, man tumbling over beast, beast over man, as helpless in it as the logs that fall and shoulder grindingly through the gorges of a lumber country. It was a freshet that might sear the face of the tall quiet mountain; it might draw a livid line across the land, this downpour of fear, with a thousand homes adrift in the current—men, women, babes, animals. From it there arose a constant babble of tongues, shrill, broken, and sometimes choking, as from men drowning. Many made gestures, painting their agonies on the air with fingers that twirled swiftly.

The blue bay with its pointed ships, and the white town, lay below them—distant, flat, serene. There was upon this vista a peace that a bird knows, when high in air it surveys the world, a great calm thing rolling noiselessly toward the end of the mystery. Here on the height one felt the existence of the universe scornfully defining the pain in ten thousand minds. The sky was an arch of stolid sapphire. Even to the mountains, raising their mighty shapes from the valley, this headlong rush of the fugitives was too minute. The sea, the sky, and the hills combined in their grandeur to term this misery inconsequent. Then, too, it sometimes happened that a face seen as it passed on the flood reflected curiously the spirit of them all, and still more. One saw then a woman of the opinion of the vaults above the clouds. When a child cried, it cried always because of some adjacent misfortune, some discomfort of a pack-saddle, or rudeness of an encircling arm. In the dismal melody of this flight there were often sounding chords of apathy. Into these preoccupied countenances one felt that needles could be thrust without purchasing a scream. The trail wound here and there, as the sheep had willed in the making of it.

Although this throng seemed to prove that the whole of humanity was fleeing in one direction—with every tie severed that binds us to the soil—a young man was walking rapidly up the mountain, hastening to a side of the path from time to time to avoid some particularly wide rush of people and cattle. He looked at everything in agitation and pity. Frequently he called admonitions to maniacal fugitives, and at other moments he exchanged strange stares with the imperturbable ones. They seemed to him to wear merely the expressions of so many bowlders rolling down the hill. He exhibited wonder and awe with his pitying glances.

Turning once toward the rear, he saw a man in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry marching the same way. He waited then, subconsciously elate at a prospect of being able to make into words the emotion which heretofore had only been expressed in the flash of eyes and sensitive movements of his flexible mouth. He spoke to the officer in rapid French, waving his arms wildly, and often pointing with a dramatic finger.

"Ah, this is too cruel, too cruel, too cruel! Is it not? I did not think it would be as bad as this. I did not think—God's mercy!—I did not think at all. And yet I am a Greek. Or at least my father was a Greek. I did not come here to fight. I am really a correspondent, you see. I was to write for an Italian paper. I have been educated in Italy. I have spent nearly all my life in Italy. At the schools and universities. I knew nothing of war! I was a student—a student. I came here merely because my father was a Greek, and for his sake I thought of Greece—I loved Greece. But I did not dream—"

He paused, breathing heavily. His eyes glistened from that soft overflow which comes on occasion to the glance of a young woman. Eager, passionate, profoundly moved, his first words while facing the procession of fugitives had been an active definition of his own dimension, his personal relation to men, geography, life. Throughout he had preserved the fiery dignity of a tragedian.

The officer's manner at once deferred to this outburst. "Yes," he said, polite but mournful, "these poor people! These poor people! I do not know what is to become of these poor people."

The young man declaimed again. "I had no dream—I had no dream that it would be like this! This is too cruel! Too cruel! Now I want to be a soldier. Now I want to fight. Now I want to do battle for the land of my father." He made a sweeping gesture into the northwest.

The officer was also a young man, but he was bronzed and steady. Above his high military collar of crimson cloth, with one silver star upon it, appeared a profile stern, quiet, and confident, respecting fate, fearing only opinion. His clothes were covered with dust; the only bright spot was the flame of the crimson collar. At the violent cries of his companion he smiled as if to himself, meanwhile keeping his eyes fixed in a glance ahead.

From a land toward which their faces were bent came a continuous boom of artillery fire. It was sounding in regular measures like the beating of a colossal clock—a clock that was counting the seconds in the lives of the stars, and men had time to die between the ticks. Solemn, oracular, inexorable, the great seconds tolled over the hills as if God fronted this dial rimmed by the horizon. The soldier and the correspondent found themselves silent. The latter in particular was sunk in a great mournfulness, as if he had resolved willy-nilly to swing to the bottom of the abyss where dwell secrets of his kind, and had learned beforehand that all to be met there was cruelty and hopelessness. A strap of his bright new leather leggings came unfastened, and he bowed over it slowly, impressively, as one bending over the grave of a child.

Then suddenly the reverberations mingled, until one could not separate an explosion from another, and into the hubbub came the drawling sound of a leisurely musketry fire. Instantly, for some reason of cadence, the noise was irritating, silly, infantile. This uproar was childish. It forced the nerves to object, to protest against this racket, which was as idle as the din of a lad with a drum.

The Lieutenant lifted his finger and pointed. He spoke in vexed tones, as if he held the other man personally responsible for the noise. "Well, there!" he said. "If you wish for war, you have now an opportunity magnificent."

The correspondent raised himself upon his toes. He tapped his chest with gloomy pride. "Yes! There is war—there is the war I wish to enter. I fling myself in. I am a Greek—a Greek, you understand. I wish to fight for my country. You know the way! Lead me! I offer myself." Struck with a sudden thought, he brought a case from his pocket, and extracting a card, handed it to the officer with a bow. "My name is Peza," he said, simply.

A strange smile passed over the soldier's face. There were pity and pride—the vanity of experience—and contempt in it. "Very well," he said, returning the bow. "If my company is in the middle of the fight, I shall be glad for the honor of your companionship. If my company is not in the middle of the fight, I will make other arrangements for you."

Peza bowed once more, very stiffly, and correctly spoke his thanks. On the edge of what he took to be a great venture toward death, he discovered that he was annoyed at something in the Lieutenant's tone. Things immediately assumed new and extraordinary proportions. The battle, the great carnival of woe, was sunk at once to an equation with a vexation by a stranger. He wanted to ask the Lieutenant what was his meaning. He bowed again majestically; the Lieutenant bowed. They flung a shadow of manners, of capering tinsel ceremony, across a land that groaned, and it satisfied something within themselves completely.

In the mean time the river of fleeing villagers had changed to simply a last dropping of belated creatures, who fled past, stammering, and flinging their hands high. The two men had come to the top of the great hill. Before them was a green plain as level as an inland sea. It swept northward, and merged finally into a length of silvery mist. Upon the near part of this plain, and upon two gray treeless mountains at the sides of it, were little black lines, from which floated slanting sheets of smoke. It was not a battle to the nerves. One could survey it with equanimity, as if it were a tea table, but upon Peza's mind it struck a loud clanging blow. It was war. Edified, aghast, triumphant, he paused suddenly, his lips apart. He remembered the pageants of carnage that had marched through the dreams of his childhood. Love he knew that he had confronted, alone, isolated, wondering, an individual, an atom taking the hand of a titanic principle. But like the faintest breeze on his forehead, he felt here the vibration from the hearts of forty thousand men.

The Lieutenant's nostrils were moving. "I must go at once," he said. "I must go at once."

"I will go with you wherever you go," shouted Peza, loudly.

A primitive track wound down the side of the moun-

tain, and in their rush they bounded from here to there, choosing risks which in the ordinary caution of man would surely have seemed of remarkable danger. The ardor of the correspondent surpassed the full energy of the soldier. Several times he turned and shouted: "Come on! Come on!"

At the foot of the path they came to a wide road which extended toward the battle in a yellow and straight line. Some men were trudging wearily to the rear. They were without rifles; their clumsy uniforms were dirty and all awry. They turned eyes dully aglow with fever upon the pair striding toward the battle. Others were bandaged with the triangular kerchief upon which one could still see through blood-stains the little explanatory pictures illustrating the ways to bind various wounds—"Fig. 1." "Fig. 2." "Fig. 7." Mingled with the pacing soldiers were peasants, indifferent, capable of smiling, gibbering about the battle, which was to them an ulterior drama. A man was leading a string of three donkeys to the rear, and at intervals he was accosted by wounded or fevered soldiers, from whom he defended his animals with apelike cries and mad gesticulation. After much chattering they usually subsided gloomily, and allowed him to go with his sleek little beasts unburdened. Finally he encountered a soldier who walked slowly with the assistance of a staff. His head was bound with a wide bandage, grimy from blood and mud. He made application to the peasant, and immediately they were involved in a hideous Levantine discussion. The peasant whined and clamored, sometimes spitting like a kitten. The wounded soldier jawed on thunderously, his great hands stretched in clawlike graspings over the peasant's head. Once he raised his staff and made threat with it. Then suddenly the row was at an end. The other sick men saw their comrade mount the leading donkey and at once begin to drum with his heels. None attempted to gain the backs of the remaining animals. They gazed after him dully. Finally they saw the caravan outlined for a moment against the sky. The soldier was still waving his arms passionately, having it out with the peasants.

Peza was alive with despair for these men who looked at him with such doleful quiet eyes. "Ah, my God!" he cried to the Lieutenant. "These poor souls! These poor souls!"

The officer faced about angrily. "If you are coming with me, there is no time for this." Peza obeyed instantly, and with a sudden meekness. In the moment some portion of egotism left him, and he modestly wondered if the universe took cognizance of him to an important degree. This theatre for slaughter, built by the inscrutable needs of the earth, was an enormous affair, and he reflected that the accidental destruction of an individual, Peza by name, would perhaps be nothing at all.

With the Lieutenant, he was soon walking along behind a series of little crescent-shaped trenches, in which were soldiers tranquilly interested, gossiping with the hum of a tea party. Although these men were not at this time under fire, he concluded that they were fabulously brave, else they would not be so comfortable, so at home in their sticky brown trenches. They were certain to be heavily attacked before the day was old. The universities had not taught him to understand this attitude. At the passing of the young man in very nice tweed, with his new leggings, his new white helmet, his new field-glass case, his new revolver-holster, the soiled soldiers turned with the same curiosity which a being in strange garb meets at the corners of streets. He might as well have been promenading a populous avenue. The soldiers volubly discussed his identity.

To Peza there was something awful in the absolute familiarity of each tone, expression, gesture. These men, menaced with battle, displayed the curiosity of the café. Then, on the verge of his great encounter toward death, he found himself extremely embarrassed, composing his face with difficulty, wondering what to do with his hands, like a gawk at a levee.

He felt ridiculous, and also he felt awed, aghast at these men who could turn their faces from the ominous front and debate his clothes, his business. There was an element which was new born into his theory of war.

He was not averse to the brisk pace at which the Lieutenant moved along the line. The roar of fighting was always in Peza's ears. It came from some short hills ahead and to the left. The road curved suddenly and entered a wood. The trees stretched their luxuriant and graceful branches over grassy slopes. A breeze made all this verdure gently rustle and speak in long silken sighs. Absorbed in listening to the hurricane racket from the front, he still remembered that these trees were growing, the grass blades were extending according to their process. He inhaled a deep breath of moisture and fragrance from the grove, a wet odor which expressed all the opulent fecundity of unmoved nature, marching on with her million plans for multiple life, multiple death.

Further on they came to a place where the Turkish shells were landing. There was a long hurtling sound in the air, and then one had sight of a shell. To Peza it was of the conical missiles which friendly officers had displayed to him on board war-ships. Curiously enough, too, this first shell smacked of the foundry, of men with smudged faces, of the blare of furnace fires. It brought machinery immediately into his mind. He thought that if he was killed there at that time it would be as romantic, to the old standards, as death by a bit of falling iron in a factory.

II.

A child was playing on a mountain, and disregarding a battle that was waging on the plain. Behind him was the little cobbled hut of his fled parents. It was now occupied by a pearl-colored cow, that stared out from the darkness, thoughtful and tender-eyed. The child ran to and fro, fumbling with sticks, and making great machinations with pebbles. By a striking exercise of artistic license the sticks were ponies, cows, and dogs, and the pebbles were sheep. He was managing large agricultural and herding affairs. He was too intent on them to pay much heed to the fight four miles away, which at that distance resembled in sound the beating of surf upon rocks. However, there were occasions when some louder outbreak of that thunder stirred him from his serious occupation, and he turned then a questioning eye upon the battle, a small stick poised in his hand, interrupted in the act of sending his dog after his sheep. His tranquillity in regard to the death on the plain was as invincible as that of the mountain on which he stood.

It was evident that fear had swept the parents away from their home in a manner that could make them forget this child—the first-born. Nevertheless, the hut was cleaned bare. The cow had committed no impropriety in billeting herself at the domicile of her masters. This smoke-colored and odorous interior contained nothing as large as a humming-bird. Terror had operated on these runaway people in its sinister fashion, elevating details to enormous heights, causing a man to remember a button while he forgot a coat, overpowering every one with recollections of a broken coffee-cup, deluging them with fears for the safety of an old pipe, and causing them to forget their first-born. Meanwhile the child played soberly with his trinkets.

He was solitary; engrossed in his own pursuits, it was seldom that he lifted his head to inquire of the world why it made so much noise. The stick in his hand was much larger to him than was an army corps of the distance. It was too childish for the mind of the child. He was dealing with sticks.

The battle lines writhed at times in the agony of a sea-creature on the sands. These tentacles flung and waved in a supreme excitement of pain, and the struggles of the great outlined body brought it near and nearer to the child. Once he looked at the plain and saw some men running wildly across a field. He had seen people chasing obdurate beasts in such fashion, and it struck him immediately that it was a manly thing which he would incorporate in his game. Consequently he raced furiously at his stone sheep, flourishing a cudgel, crying the shepherd calls. He paused frequently to get a cue of manner from the soldiers fighting on the plain. He reproduced to a degree any movements which he accounted rational to his theory of sheep-herding, the business of men, the traditional and exalted living of his father.

III.

It was as if Peza was a corpse walking on the bottom of the sea, and finding there fields of grain, groves, weeds, the faces of men, voices. War, a strange employment of the race, presented to him a scene crowded with familiar objects which wore the livery of their commonness placidly, undauntedly. He was smitten with keen astonishment; a spread of green grass lit with the flames of poppies was too old for the company of this new ogre. If he had been devoting the full lens of his mind to this phase, he would have known he was amazed that the trees, the flowers, the grass, all tender and peaceful nature, had not taken to heels at once upon the outbreak of battle. He venerated the immovable poppies.

The road seemed to lead into the apex of an angle formed by the two defensive lines of the Greeks. There was a straggle of wounded men and of gunless and jaded men. These latter did not seem to be frightened. They remained very cool, walking with unhurried steps and busy in gossip. Peza tried to define them. Perhaps during the fight they had reached the limit of their mental storage, their capacity for excitement, for tragedy, and had then simply come away. Peza remembered his visit to a certain place of pictures, where he had found himself amid heavenly skies and diabolic midnights, the sunshine beating red upon desert sands, nude bodies flung to the shore in the green moonglow, ghastly and starving men clawing at a wall in darkness, a girl at her bath with screened rays falling upon her pearly shoulders, a dance, a funeral, a review, an execution—all the strength of Argus-eyed art; and he had whirled and whirled amid this universe with cries of woe and joy, sin and beauty, piercing his ears, until he had been obliged to simply come away. He remembered that as he had emerged he had lit a cigarette with unction, and advanced promptly to a café. A great hollow quiet seemed to be upon the earth.

This was a different case, but in his thoughts he conceded the same causes to many of these gunless wanderers. They too may have dreamed at lightning speed, until the capacity for it was overwhelmed. As he watched them he again saw himself walking toward the café, puffing upon his cigarette. As if to re-enforce his theory, a soldier stopped him with an eager but polite inquiry for a match. He watched the man light his little roll of tobacco and paper and begin to smoke ravenously.

Peza no longer was torn with sorrow at the sight of wounded men. Evidently he found that pity had a numerical limit, and when this was passed the emotion became another thing. Now as he viewed them he merely felt himself very lucky, and beseeched the continuance of his superior fortune. At the passing of these slouched and stained figures he now heard a reiteration of warning. A part of himself was appealing through the medium of these grim shapes. It was plucking at his sleeve and pointing, telling him to beware, and so it had come to pass that he cared for the implacable misery of these soldiers only as he would have cared for the harms of broken dolls. His whole vision was focussed upon his own chance.

The Lieutenant suddenly halted. "Look," he said. "I find that my duty is in another direction. I must go another way. But if you wish to fight, you have only to go forward, and any officer of the fighting line will give you opportunity."

He raised his cap ceremoniously; Peza raised his new white helmet. The stranger to battles uttered thanks to his chaperon, the one who had presented him. They bowed punctiliously, staring at each other with civil eyes.

The Lieutenant moved quietly away through a field. In an instant it flashed upon Peza's mind that this desertion was perfidious. He had been subjected to a criminal discourtesy. The officer had fetched him into the middle of the thing, and then left him to wander helplessly toward death. At one time he was upon the point of shouting at the officer.

In the vale there was an effect as if one was then beneath the battle. It was going on above somewhere. Alone, unguided, Peza felt like a man groping in a cellar. He reflected, too, that one should always see the beginning of a fight. It was too difficult to thus approach it when the affair was in full swing. The trees hid all movements of troops from him, and he thought he might be walking out to the very spot which chance had provided for the reception of a fool. He asked eager questions of passing soldiers. Some paid no heed to him; others shook their heads mournfully. They knew nothing, save that war was hard work. If they talked at all, it was in testimony of having fought well, savagely. They did not know if the army was going to advance, hold its ground, or retreat; they were weary.

A long pointed shell flashed through the air, and struck near the base of a tree with a fierce upheaval compounded of earth and flames. Looking back, Peza could see the shattered tree quivering from head to foot. Its whole being underwent a convulsive tremor which was an exhibition of pain, and, furthermore, deep amazement. As he advanced through the vale the shells continued to hiss and hurtle in long low flights, and the bullets purred in the air. The missiles were flying into the breast of an astounded nature. The landscape—bewildered, agonized—was suffering a rain of infamous shots, and Peza imagined a million eyes gazing at him with the gaze of startled antelopes.

There was a resolute crashing of musketry from the tall hill on the left, and from directly in front there was a mingled din of artillery and musketry firing. Peza felt that his pride was playing a great trick in forcing him forward in this manner under conditions of strangeness, isolation, and ignorance. But he recalled the manner of the Lieutenant, the smile on the hill-top among the flying peasants. Peza blushed and pulled the peak of his helmet down on his forehead. He strode onward firmly. Nevertheless, he hated the Lieutenant, and he resolved that on some future occasion he would take much trouble to arrange a stinging social revenge upon that grinning jackanapes. It did not occur to him until later that he was now going to battle mainly because at a previous time a certain man had smiled.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF CITIES.

At a recent meeting of the National Sculpture Society there was shown on the screen a number of views of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, while Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl explained the buildings and their decoration. A point made by the speaker was the recent origin of most of the striking buildings and monuments of the capitals of Austria and Hungary, proving that we cannot take refuge behind the newness of our country for the lack of beauty in our civic buildings, the absence of plan in the adornment of our cities, the neglect of sculpture as decorations for public and private edifices. Vienna and Buda-Pesth have made themselves attractive since our civil war.

Another point is still less flattering to our national and civic pride—in these two cities, many of, if not all, the monuments, fine public structures, parks, and systems of transportation are the result of intelligent support on the part of the people, not the work of the upper or privileged classes or of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. These beautiful or convenient novelties on the Danube were built with the people's money, with the permission, if not at the instigation, of the people themselves.

The natural moral is that our towns and cities might lay out their streets, avenues, parks, and sites for future buildings far ahead of the moment when they are used, and pass laws forbidding the erection of buildings that violate certain obvious rules made for the preservation of the city's good looks and the health and enjoyment of the town population. But under our system of government, complicated by the two factors of coarse—conscienceless politicians and immigrants who sell their votes—we have learned how useless it is to look to our municipal officers or to expect them to possess an understanding of the financial as well as the æsthetic value of beauty in a city.

But we can do something by way of citizen initiative, and to this end there exist in various cities organizations like the Municipal Art Society of New York and the Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia. The Reform Club, which is a society that has a large non-resident membership, did something recently to rouse the members of the Municipal Art Society to greater activity; but the dinner and speeches on that occasion will be eaten and spoken in vain if the public does not enlist in the cause.

As it now works, the Municipal Art Society of New York puts together every year a few thousand dollars and expends almost the entire sum on a mural painting, like the Simmons pictures in the Criminal Court building, or a piece of sculpture with architectural surroundings, like the memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt. Its organization, however, does not permit of keeping the sentiment of local patriotism alive, or making propaganda for municipal art. Its very name, as an artist has very justly pointed out, is unfortunate, in that it does not express definitely that its object is the embellishment of the city. Municipal art is, indeed, a vague term by no means calculated to attract the public. That name and the absence of an effective organization have kept the Municipal Art Society confined to a very narrow horizon of the populace.

With an endowment which would permit the accumulation of interest and furnish the money so that proper steps might be taken to widen greatly its membership, a society for the embellishment of a city might do great things. The alternative is a smaller society which collects a round sum, say one hundred dollars per annum from each of its members; but in no case is it likely that an American town government will be found, not even in populistic and socialistic States, to spend money for the decoration of an American city on the scale which has been employed in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and Paris. It would therefore seem the office of the public press in our several great cities to take up this subject as a very pressing public work and employ the unrivalled organization of its leading papers in collecting funds for the embellishment of cities. We have seen in the past what the press has done for charities, such as hospital, fresh-air, and ice funds. Why should we not call on the press to place the local society for the embellishment of the city where papers are printed in such a financial position that it can attend to its duties with effectiveness?

Most of the great cities of the land are already provided with museums and art schools; many have independent societies of artists who pursue their studies and strive to educate the public about them. Has not the time come for the enlightened public, acting through its natural mouthpiece, the press, to take each local organization for the embellishment of cities under the arms and lift it clear of financial embarrassment? A more far-sighted, more public-spirited action on the part of the press it were difficult to find.

Charles de Kay.

OUR FLEET IN THE ATLANTIC.

In the official list of the ships composing the navy of the United States the vessels are rated according to their displacement tonnage—displacement tonnage being the weight in tons of the amount of water displaced by the vessel's hull as she floats upright, with all her armament, stores, and equipment on board; in other words, it is the weight of the ship. The classification of the fleet is as follows:

Ships of the first rate, 5000 tons and over—11, eight of which are armored.

Ships of the second rate, between 3000 tons and 5000 tons—16, five of which are armored.

Ships of the third rate, between 1000 tons and 3000 tons—42, fourteen of which are armored.

Ships of the fourth rate, between 500 tons and 1000 tons—7, all of which are unarmored.

This makes the total number of ships of the United States navy all told equal to 76 vessels, 27 of which, including 13 old Monitors, are armored. Not all of these 76 ships are ready for sea at this instant, nor can they all be mobilized—that is, passed from a condition of peace into a condition of war—without a considerable time being spent in repairing them. Nevertheless, they are good ships, not obsolete, and not unable to go into action when fitted out. The unserviceable ships in the navy number 9, the sailing-ships 6, and the receiving-ships—serving as rendezvous and enlistment vessels at our navy-yards—5. These 20—old ships, receiving-ships, and sailing-ships—are not included in the list of 76 ships; they could not be utilized as fighting-ships, whereas all the 76 could.

There are to-day in commission and ready to go immediately into commission 51 ships, officered, manned, ready for action, each one presumably in the very pink of perfection, for each one has been recently at some navy-yard to be tuned up. These 51 ships are divided among the different waters of the globe as follows: in Europe, 3; in Asia, 7; in the Pacific, 7; in the South Atlantic, 3; in the North Atlantic, 27, including 4 Monitors and excluding torpedo-boats. But since the three ships of the South Atlantic are now in the waters of the West Indies, they are in close touch with the North Atlantic squadron, and are under the orders of Admiral Sicard, the commander-in-chief of that squadron, so they form part of that squadron.

There is no gainsaying the fact that these 31 vessels now in the neighboring waters of Cuba constitute a thoroughly efficient fighting force, well officered, well armed, well disciplined. Three of them—the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts*—are first-class battle-ships, mounting 50 guns, all told, in their main batteries. Their place in action is in the line of battle, where the fighting is fiercest. They are to give hard knocks with their 12-inch, 13-inch, and 8-inch guns, and to receive them on their 15-inch and 17-inch nickel-steel armor belts and turrets. To a somewhat less extent are similar duties demanded of the smaller battle-ship *Texas*, of 8 guns.

To act in concert with these battle-ships, though with greater mobility, more after the manner of the heavy detachments of a land force, are the armored cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, mounting together 38 guns. The largest calibre of these guns, 8-inch, should be more than a match for opposing armor of that thickness. Then comes that unique craft the ram *Katahdin*. What possibilities lie in the successful application of such a weapon are known to all, though as yet no ship designed solely to use it, unassisted by guns or torpedoes, has ever been put to the test. Undoubtedly the place of the ram is near the battle-ships, in the thickest of the fight, so that when close quarters come she can launch herself against the hull of her foe. Another type of armored ship belonging to the North Atlantic fleet is the Monitor, the old "cheese-box" of Ericsson. Alone among navies do we still adhere to this class of vessel. And not without reason, for to pass forts unscathed, though stormed at with shot and shell, the Monitor stands unequalled. There are four of this type in commission in the Atlantic ports. Very readily could these low floating platforms with two round turrets on them go to sea with the remainder of the squadron; but the *Puritan*, with her four 12-inch guns, and the *Amphitrite*, *Miantonomoh*, and *Terror*, each with four 10-inch guns, will be needed to safeguard the entrances from the sea to our great cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and others. Their duties will be arduous, and to assist them will be assigned probably the *Ajax*, *Canonicus*, *Mahopac*, *Manhattan*, *Wyandotte*, *Catskill*, *Jason*, *Lehigh*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Nantucket*, and *Passaic*—twelve old-time single-turret Monitors, each mounting two smooth-bore muzzle-loading 15-inch guns. Not much speed have these "old hookers," but they can be made to go about five knots, their turrets can be made to train and their guns to fire, and they can be put into service after a week's hard work. Then no unarmored ship dare engage them in battle; the safety of our ports will be assured, and the more active ships will be left free to carry the war into the enemy's country.

Of cruisers the North Atlantic fleet has a good lot, though not enough of them to wage a war against an extensive commerce, as well as to protect commerce and be with the fleet to act as scouts, lookouts, and do other flying-cavalry service. The *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, mounting eleven guns each, with phenomenal speed, might be the hawks in search of quarry, assisted by the *Cincinnati*, of eleven guns, though to do good work these flyers should have two or three large armed merchant steamships along with them. For the heavy cruising in connection with the armored fleet about Key West, there are the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, *Marblehead*, swift and sure, mounting ten guns each; the despatch-boat *Dolphin*, of two guns; and the *Wilmington*, *Nashville*, *Machias*, and *Castine*, of eight guns each. To do the lighter work of the squadron there are the *Annapolis*, *Vicksburg*, and *Newport*, of six guns each. For despatch-work perhaps the *Vesuvius* might suit Admiral Sicard; she is a very fast little ship. There are some other naval vessels in the North Atlantic to-day: the *Fern*—what excellent work such craft can do has been recently made apparent—is one; and the *Adams*, *Alliance*, *Essex*, and *Enterprise*, good wooden sloops of war, each mounting six guns, are others. These can be made use of.

Not yet, however, are all the fighting means of the Atlantic fleet exhausted, for there are the torpedo-boats *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, *Foote*, *Rogers*, *Winslow*, *Porter*, *Du Pont*, *Gwin*, and *Talbot*—names to conjure with, and to inspire deeds of greatest daring.

Summarizing, we find in figures that Admiral Sicard has directly under his command to-day, or dependent upon it, the following fleet:

Armored ships	7
Cruisers	20
Torpedo-boats	9
Total	36
Monitors—new	4
" old	12
Total coast defence	16
Total, North Atlantic	52
And if we add to this number the ships in other squadrons	18
The grand total, United States fleet, which can be immediately mobilized, will number	70

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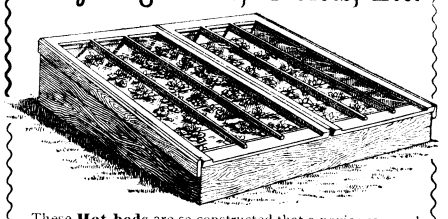
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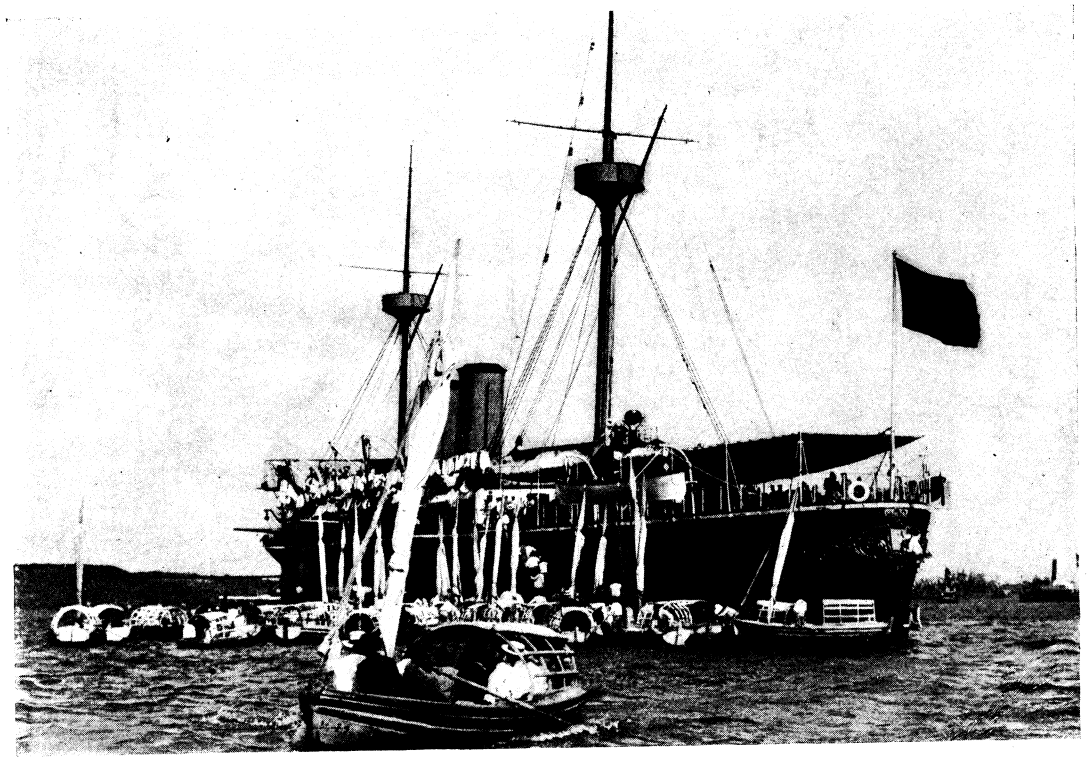
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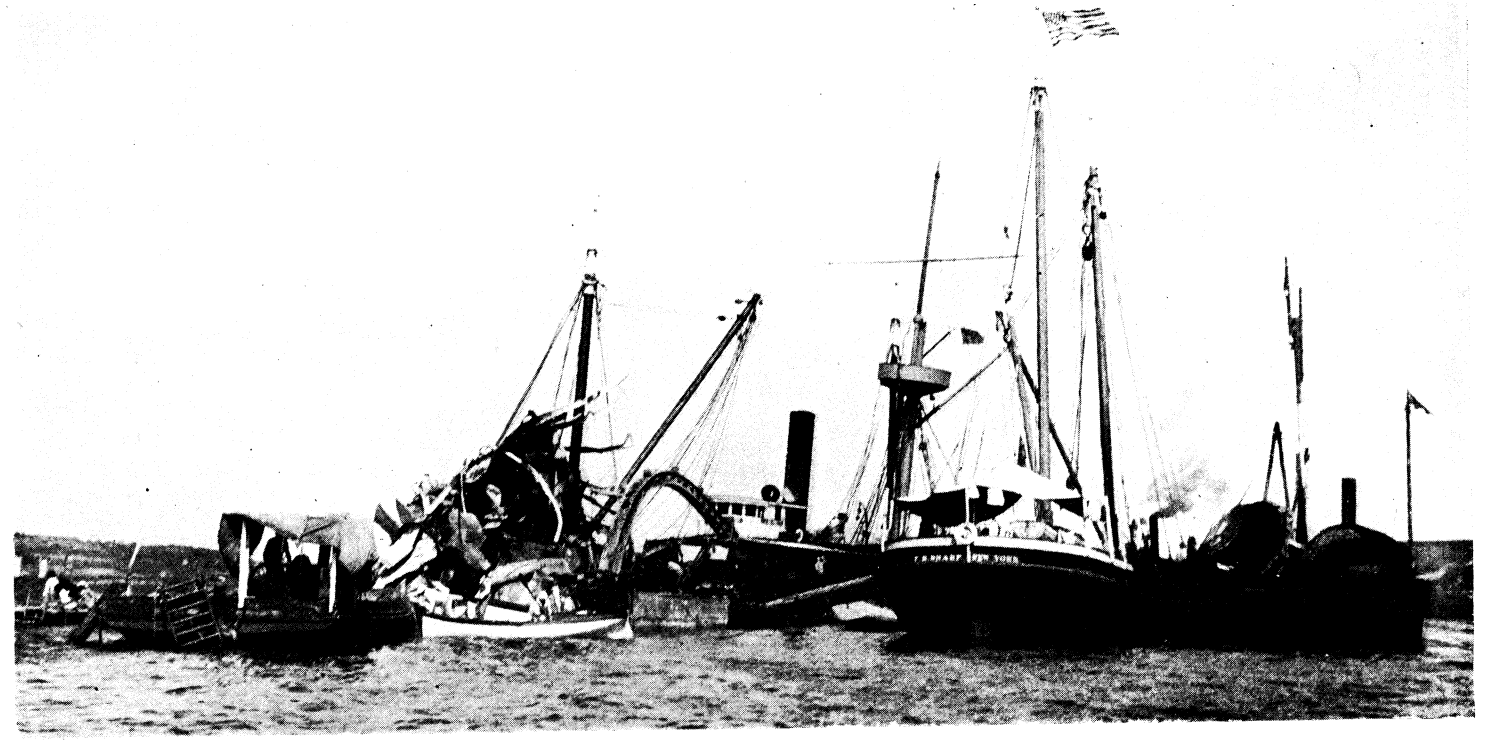
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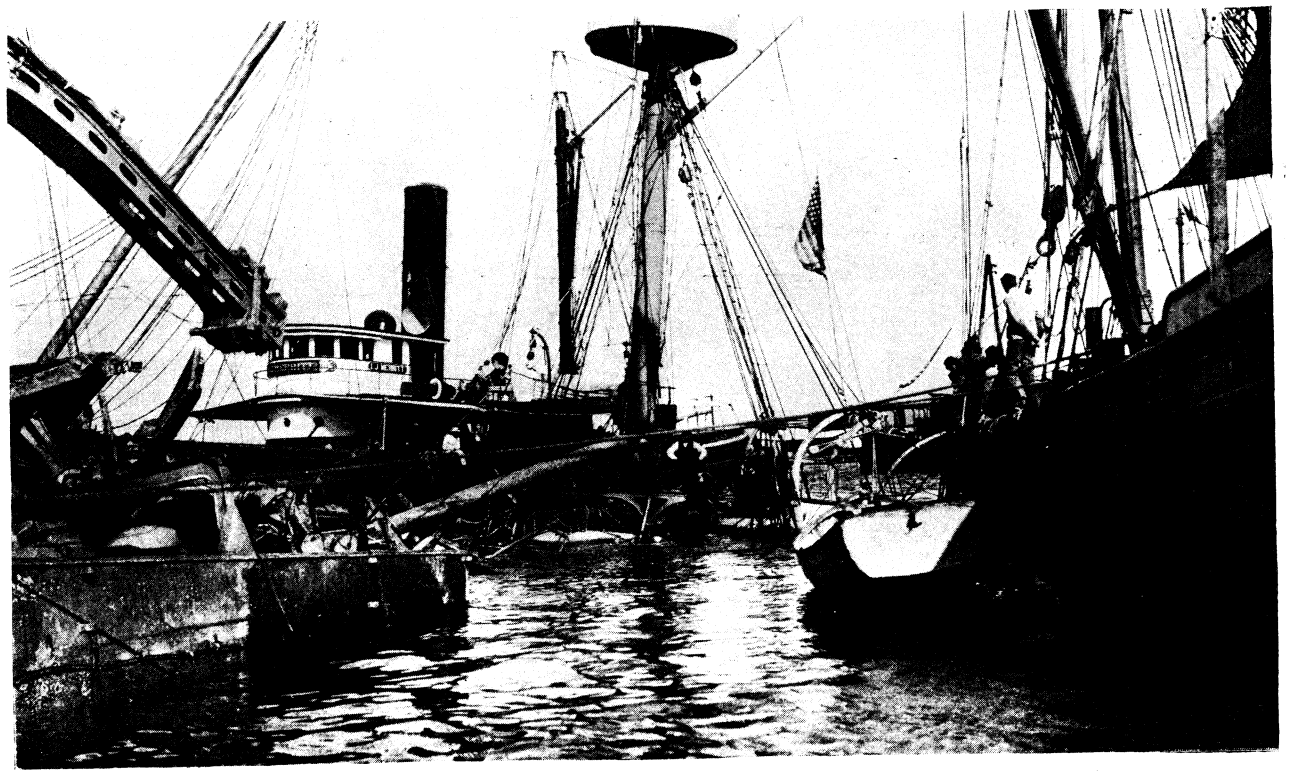
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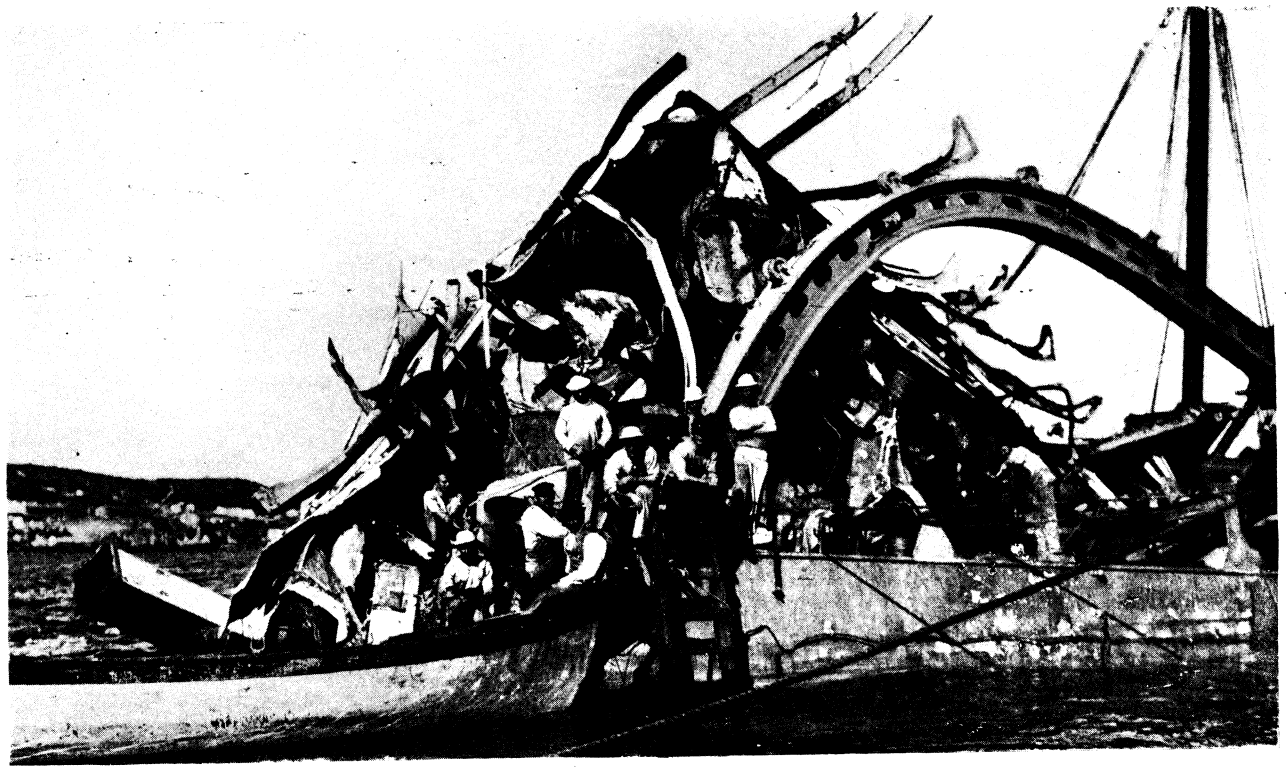
PLEASURE-BOATS SWARMING AROUND THE "VIZCAYA" ON HER ARRIVAL IN HAVANA BAY.



BROADSIDE VIEW OF WRECK, SHOWING THE "MAINE'S" SMOKE-STACKS ON A LIGHTER READY FOR SHIPMENT.



MIDSHIP PORTION OF THE WRECK.



THE BLUEJACKET DIVERS, IN CHARGE OF GUNNER MORGAN, JUST AFTER A DAY'S WORK.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS ON THE HULK OF THE BATTLE-SHIP.—[See Page 270.]

THE GREATER BOSTON SPEEDWAY.

NEW YORK narrowly escaped an irreparable mutilation of Central Park by the intrusion of a road for speeding horses in the midst of the best scenery of that noble pleasure-ground. The calamity was only averted by the assignment of the Manhattan bank of the Harlem River for that purpose. Then, most unfortunately, the opportunity for a beautiful water-side pleasureway was partially lost by wilful neglect of the landscape opportunities of the site and the refusal to consult expert advice until the work had been taken in hand and the scenery of the shore damaged beyond remedy.

A similar misfortune for the Boston park system has been made impossible by the wise action of the Metropolitan Park Commission in including in its scheme of park improvement for Greater Boston remarkably complete provisions for speeding purposes. An important feature of this metropolitan scheme is the reclamation of the scenery of the Charles River by converting its waters and shores into a continuous chain of pleasure-grounds. The banks of the stream at one point offered an ideal site for a speedway. A plan for the work was prepared by the landscape architects, Messrs. F. L. and J. C. Olmsted, and its execution is now in hand. The scheme is admirably complete in meeting all the requirements of the case, with provisions for public enjoyment of the spectacle as well as for the convenience and safety of the participators.

The plan comprises two speedways, in fact—one for horses and the other for bicycles. The location is central, being in the Brighton district of Boston, just across the river from Cambridge, and easily accessible by parkways or other good roads from all parts of Greater Boston. The famous Longfellow Meadow, celebrated in the poet's verse, and the chief feature in the landscape from the historic Longfellow homestead, is traversed by the speedway and its approaches. Being but a short walk from Harvard, it will be a favorite resort for the university students, with whom the bicycle-track will be especially popular. The speedway, indeed, is a great extension of an already important athletic centre. The Harvard athletic ground, Soldiers' Field, presented to the university by Mr. Henry L. Higginson, adjoins it, as does the North Brighton Play-Ground, and the Harvard boat-house is across the river, close to the Boylston Street bridge. From the North Brighton Play-Ground a subway passing beneath the speedway connects with a great ball-field on the bank of the river.

The speedway is approached and bordered by a parkway drive. This road, where it parallels the speedway, is sixty feet wide, to allow space for the return of the speeders from the finish to the start, speeding being permissible only in one direction. A row of trees in a ribbon of turf separates the drive from the speedway, which is fifty feet wide. Instead of being crowned, the speedway slopes slightly from one side to the other, counteracting the effect of the long, easy curve. The course is a mile from start to finish. At the end of the mile is a concourse, and the speedway track continues in a long "run over," so as to slow the horses before turning into the driveway.

Next the horse-speedway is a double bicycle-track. The two tracks, each twenty feet wide, are separated by a hedge occupying a space five feet wide. Like the horse-speedway, these tracks are also sloped slightly from the outer side of the curve to the inner. This gives a mile on a long, easy curve, practically a "straightaway." At the end of the mile, however, the bicycles, instead of swinging into the return drive, like the horses, keep on, the track making a gradual loop and returning upon itself. This gives a continuous course of two and a quarter miles, with "corners" at the loop similar to those of a one-third-mile track. To avoid interference with those on the track the start is placed on a siding, and subways give access to the space within the track. A lavatory is located within convenient access of the start, and will be appreciated by users of the track.

The edge of the river is followed by a broad promenade. Rows of trees separate the bicycle-track from the horse-speedway and from the adjacent walk. All these ways, with the exception of a portion of the boundary road that will be faced by houses, have a grade just above the marsh-level, and are protected from high tides in the river by a temporary dike along the line of the promenade. With the enactment of expected national and State legislation, a dam lower down stream will keep out the salt water, and enhance the beauty of the river by maintaining an even level of fresh water. Neither the horse-speedway nor the bicycle-course will take the place of the ordinary racing-track, since all parts of the course will not be visible from any one point. But a free and public place for these popular sports will be an important feature in the scheme of out-door recreation furnished by the extensive and varied pleasure-grounds of the New England metropolis.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

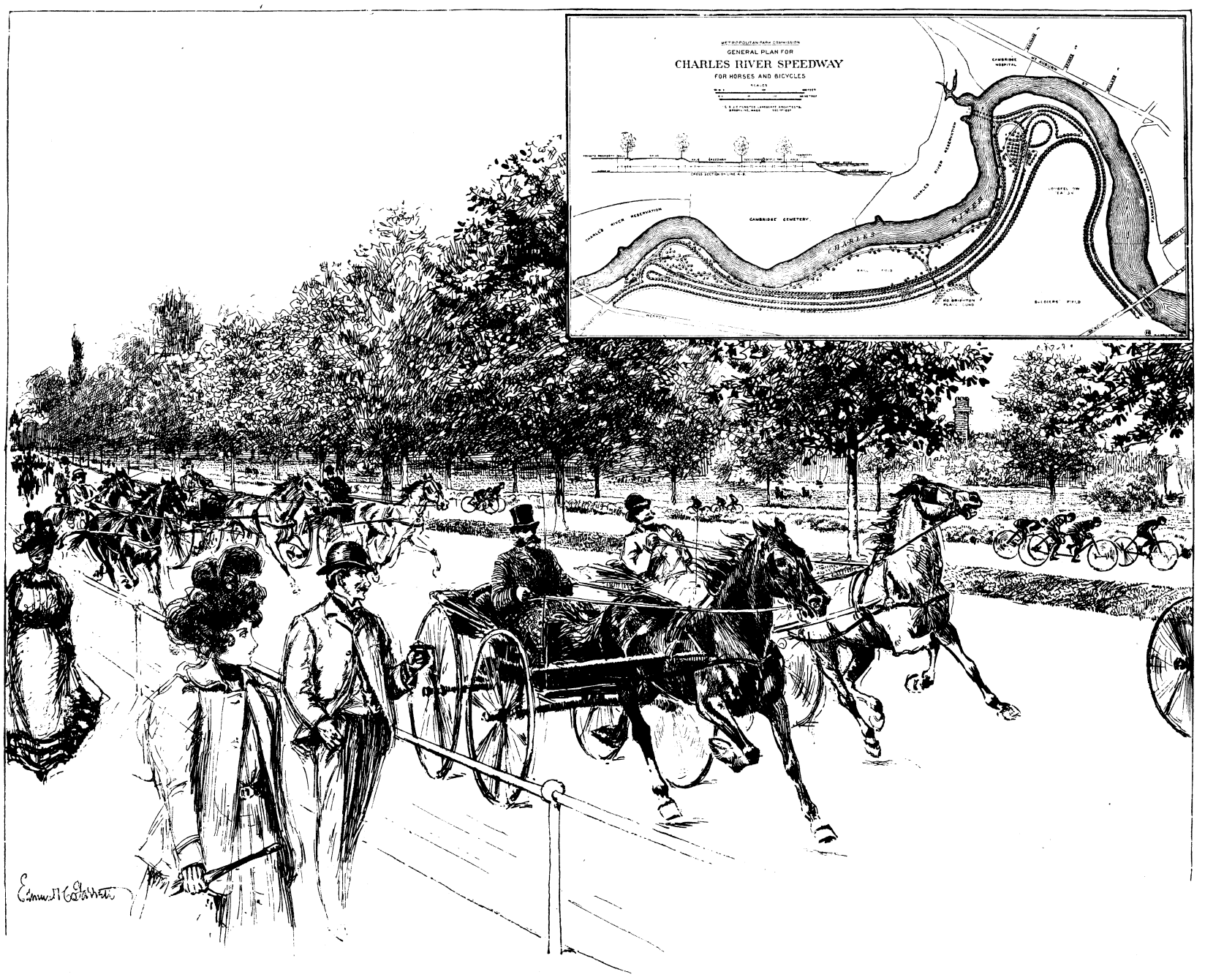
III.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOATING.

THE relationship of the autumn tubbing I have described, and its incidental sociability, to the welfare of the sport in the college and the university seems remote enough to an American mind; for out of the score of fellows who are tubbed only three or four, on an average, go into the college torpid. Yet it is typical of the whole; and it will help us in following the English boating season through the three terms of the college year. These are the autumn term, with the college tubbing and fours, which I have described, and with, besides, the 'varsity trials; the winter term, with the college torpids and the inter-'varsity eights; and the summer term, with the college bumping races. Throughout the year there are two converging currents of activity in boating. On the one hand, the tubs in the autumn term develop men for the torpids, which come on during the winter term; and the torpids develop men for the summer eights. On the other hand, the 'varsity trials in the autumn term develop men for the 'varsity eight which trains in the winter term; and the 'varsity oarsmen end the season in the eights of their respective colleges.

I.

The torpid is, so to speak, the understudy to the college eight. In order to give full swing to the new men, no member of the eight of the year before is allowed to row in it; and the leading colleges man two boats—sometimes even three. The training here is much more serious than that given to the tubs; wine and tobacco are out of order. The races, which are conducted like the celebrated May Eights, are rowed in midwinter—in the second of the three Oxford terms—under leaden skies, and often with snow piled up along the towing-paths. On the barges, instead of the crowds of ladies, gayly dressed and bent on a week of social enjoyment, one finds knots of loyal partisans who are keen on the afternoon's sport. The towing-path, too, is not so crowded as in May Week; but nothing could surpass the din of pistols and rattles and shouting that accompanies the races. It is not for the lack of coaching and experience if the men in the torpid do not learn how to row the stroke to the finish under the excitement of a race. When the torpids break training there are many ceremonies to signalize the return to the flesh-pots: one hardly realizes that the weeks of sport and comradeship have all gone to the filling of a place or two in the college eight.

All this time, while the tubs and torpids have been training up men for the college eight, the 'Varsity Boat Club, whose home is on the shore of the Isis opposite the row of college barges, has also, so to speak, been doing its tubbing; and though one seldom stops to realize it, both sets of tubsters (Oxford is guiltless of this word)—those of the 'varsity eight and those of the colleges—are in the end equally related to the college eights of May Week. The new men for the 'varsity are chiefly those who have come to the front in the May Eights of the previous year—oars of two or three years' standing, though occasionally men are taken directly from the Eton eight, which enters yearly for the Ladies' Plate at Henley. These will number nine or ten; and early in the autumn they are taken out in tubs. They are soon joined by as many of last year's blues as are left in Oxford. The lot is divided into two eights, as evenly



THE CHARLES RIVER SPEEDWAY, BOSTON.

matched as possible, which are coached separately. These are called the Trial Eights, or 'Varsity Trials. To "get one's trials" is no mean honor. It is the *sine qua non* of membership to the Leander—admittedly the foremost boating club of the world. Toward the end of the first term there is a race of two and a half miles between the two trial eights at Moulsford, where the Thames is wide enough to permit the two boats to race abreast. Of the men who row in the trials the best ten or a dozen are selected to train for the 'varsity during the winter term.

Of the training of the 'varsity eight it is not necessary to speak here at length. The signal fact is that the men are so well schooled in the stroke, and so accustomed to racing, that a season of eight weeks, at Oxford and at Putney, is enough to fit them to go over the four miles and a quarter between Putney and Mortlake with the best possible results. The race takes place in March, after the close of the winter term.

The races I have mentioned give some idea of the scheme and scope of English boating, but is by no means exhaustive. The strength of the boating spirit gives rise to no end of casual and incidental races. Chief among these are the coxswainless fours, which take place about the middle of the autumn term, while the trials are on the river. The crews are from the four or five chief boating colleges, and are made up largely from the men in the trial eights. The races have no relation that I could discover to the 'varsity race; the only point is to find which college has the best four. It is characteristic that merely for the sport of it the training of the 'varsity trials should, in a measure, be interrupted.

After the 'varsity race the members of the crew rest during what remains of the Easter vacation, and then take their places in the boats of their respective colleges. Here they are joined by the rest of the trials men, the remaining members of last year's college eight, and the two or three men who have come up from the torpids. Now begins the liveliest season on the river. Every afternoon the river is clogged with eights rowing to Iffley or to Sandford, and the towing-path swarms with enthusiasts. The course in the May bumping races is a mile and a quarter long—the same as the course of the torpids—and the crews race over it every day for a week, except Sunday. These races, from the point of view of the expert oarsman, are far less important than the 'varsity race; yet, socially, they are far more prominent, and the enthusiasm they arouse among the undergraduates is incomparable. The entire boating system, with its tubs, torpids, and the 'varsity crew itself, is so arranged as to reach its climax each year in the college bumping races.

II.

The difference between American and English boating is primarily a matter of numbers. With us, in a university of from two to four thousand men there are normally four class crews and a 'varsity crew, though, in addition to this, a few "scratch" crews are manned yearly. In the English universities each of the score of colleges, numbering on an average something like one hundred and fifty men apiece, mans innumerable fours, at least one eight-oared torpid, and finally the college eight. A simple calculation will show that with us one man in fifty to seventy goes in for the sport, while in England the proportion is one man in five to seven. This is a conservative estimate, and it makes the proportion of boating-men in England ten times greater.

The difference in spirit is as great as the difference in numbers. Where so many men take part the motive must be as much the love of the sport as the desire to excel at it. In America the sole purpose of boating, which is proclaimed again and again, is to beat the rival eight; and the arguments used to call out candidates is that they owe it to the university to make every possible sacrifice of personal pleasure. In England such an argument is undreamed of. If boating were not a sport, and as such enjoyable to the normal man, no argument could force men into it. To ask them to come out to be tubbed, moreover, in order to strengthen the 'varsity or the college eights, would be a trifle far-fetched. The result of these two systems is curiously at variance with the intention. The English college eights or the 'varsity would be as poor a thing without the support of the college barges as the university itself would be without Winchester, Eton, Rugby, and the rest of the public schools. At Yale and Harvard not only are the 'varsity crews apparently inferior to the English crews, but the class crews are comparative failures in producing 'varsity material. In a word, boating in England is a strong native growth; with us it is an exotic, kept alive by the hot-house stimulants of inter-university rivalry.

A striking example of the inadequacy of our system is to be seen in the lack of an established style. Every institution has a different stroke, which is usually the invention and personal property of one man. The result is that endless energy is spent in discussing styles and experimenting with them. When Yale was winning, the Cook stroke was thought perfection, but no sooner did Yale lose at Henley than its author began a series of experiments at adapting English ideas. In the following year Yale and the English-coached Harvard crew were beaten by Cornell. Now the Courtney stroke is supreme. What the merits of the various styles may be I do not pretend to know, yet it is safe to say that a single good style well adhered to will do more in spreading the boating spirit and in getting out excellent crews than decades of experiments.

A curious consequence of this lack of a traditional style is to be seen in the physical character of the men in our boats. Our coaches have found that, as a rule, it is less trouble to educate a green oar than to eradicate the habits of an oar brought up in a different stroke. Now to learn to row easily and correctly requires an incredibly long and severe course of training, and it has been found that no one who has not originally the physique of an ox can stand the strain. Clearly, however, the physique of an ox is not that of an oarsman. If one finds a man of fine muscular fibre and prime nervous energy in one of our crews he is likely to be so overtrained by the day of the season as to be dead-wood in the boat. In England every Freshman is familiar with the theory of the stroke, and many row it naturally. It is for reasons such as this that eight weeks of training together is enough for a 'varsity crew. The supreme advantage of having an established style is that in England the men are selected from the outset for their skill and nervous force, so that, though naturally heavier of mould than we as a race, their oarsmen are, as a rule, lighter and more agile.

III.

To the American who believes in boating as a sport the English barges have clearly a far-reaching lesson to teach. Yet it is obvious at the outset that it is impossible to adopt the English system *in toto*. The rigors of our winter make the sport impossible for the larger part of the college year, so that, instead of rowing in torpids, our boating-men are forced to the dire monotony of pulley-weights and to the galley-slavery of the tank. And our waterways, which at first sight seem so promising, are in many respects a drawback. They are so wide that it is impossible to follow a crew from the shore, either in practice or in a race. The coaches take passage in a launch, and the rest of us shiver on the banks, perhaps for hours, and in the end see at best the finish. In all probability English boating has gained more by the proximity of the towing-path than it has lost by the narrowness of the rivers.

The most serious drawback, however, is not in the conditions of boating, but in our social attitude toward it. Our boat-houses are so bleak and barren that there is little or no comfort in them, and sometimes—as not long since at Harvard—they have caused actual sickness. And then there is that curiously difficult aspect of our sports, the "society" influence pure and simple. Our successful oarsmen are rewarded for the martyrdom of sport by social advantages far greater than any an English university has to offer. Yet this is as untoward for the sport as the martyrdom they have suffered. Whereas in England the tendency is always for the 'varsity oar to cultivate the members of his college eight, for the eightsman to keep an eye on the torpid, and for both of these to tub Freshmen, and be hospitable to them, our social system tends constantly to lift successful oarsmen out of the world of the aspiring novice. The two are apt to be creatures of different spheres. Instead of stimulating the instinct for boating, our societies knock away its shores and spurs.

The only positive influence our societies exert is in inducing men to take up with boating for the sake of social advancement. In effect, the social spirit says, Give yourself over to the galley-slavery of boating in order that we may win, and we will elect you to the best societies. It makes one's gorge rise, and all the more because, when rightly managed, no better basis can be found for club affinities than a love of manly strife in the open.

What of the future? There is at least a gleam of hope. Among the class crews and the 'varsity there is a tendency to train more men and row more races—a result of Mr. Lehmann's excellent influence at Harvard. And among the laymen the attractions of boating are more and more strongly felt. Last year the Weld Boat Club at Harvard put forth a set of oarsmen who stood for nothing but the love of sport, and won a series of very notable victories over boat clubs in the neighborhood of Boston. And little by little our boat-houses are improving, and the banks of our waterways are made attractive to all interested in the work of the crews. The whole question is one of civilization, and we are advancing with rapid strides. One fact, however, is obvious: as a basis for boating spirit the rivalries of English colleges are far superior to those of our four classes. So long as this difference remains in the social structure of the university the limit of our development is far short of that attained in England.

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN, MILL-BOY AND MILLIONAIRE.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

Isaac Holden, the mill-boy who became a millionaire, the mechanic, inventor, philanthropist, and statesman, passed away not long ago at the age of ninety. Spurgeon, his friend, once described him as "being good and doing good." In spite of a frail form, he maintained his health through the years of strenuous labor, toiled at his numerous inventions, built up a gigantic business, and preserved to the end his simplicity of manners and sympathy with the needy. His life is a romance of industry and generosity.

He was born in a collier's cottage in Scotland. George III. was King of England, Jefferson was President of the United States, and Bonaparte, who that year declared Great Britain blockaded, was the national bogie. His father was a Cumberland man, who had married a Scotch woman. The parents of both had become Wesleyans under John Wesley's personal guidance. The father, when quite young, worked in a lead-mine. His little home in Cumberland is still standing. He then removed to a Scotch village, and became head man in a coal-pit near the Clyde. Times were hard, wages low, and food at famine prices. The collier had often only two days' work in the week.

Isaac, when five years old, began his education in a little village school. Five years later, when work at the pit ceased, the family removed again. The parents devoted all their savings to send the boy to Kilbarchan Grammar-School. But the wages again failed, and food was so dear that Isaac had to go to work after he was ten years of age, and this time as draw-boy to two weavers. He went to school at night. The sight of machinery became his constant inspiration. He was always devising, even then, new plans for saving labor. After a while he became a full-fledged mill-boy, and worked fourteen hours a day.

When better days came he left the mill, and was sent to the school kept by a Mr. Fraser, who had known well the poet Burns. This schoolmaster was popularly called "Old Radical." Sir Isaac was fond of telling, later, how Old Radical had "A Man's a Man for a' That" printed in large type and mounted on boards for the boys of the school to look at and parse at sight. When, in the year that George III. died, 1820, Isaac's father removed to Paisley, Isaac went to say good-by to Old Radical, who talked to him about George IV.'s accession, and said: "If you want to study the new King, read Suetonius and Petronius. You will find his counterpart in their works." Isaac had been an apt pupil, and replied, "'The kings of the earth take counsel together,' but what is true and just must live in spite of them."

The boy of fifteen was placed with an uncle at Paisley, to learn shawl-weaving. Here his health broke down, so that he could do little or no manual labor. He then became assistant to John Kennedy, a scientific lecturer, with whom he studied Greek, Latin, French, and mathematics. Twice he offered himself for the Wesleyan ministry, and was accepted as a candidate, but his feeble health closed this path to him. When he was nineteen he became a mathematical tutor at Reading, and formed a mathematical institute, giving lectures in natural science and history. Young Holden's lectures at Reading were given to about one hundred young men, who clubbed together and furnished a little laboratory. In the course of his chemical experiments, in 1829, he originated the idea of the lucifer-match, though he never patented it nor derived any financial benefit from it. But we shall hear him tell his own story. Before a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the working of the Patent Laws, he said:

"In the morning I used to get up at four o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterwards lucifer-matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer-match."

Mr. Holden gave up teaching in 1830, and obtained a place as bookkeeper at Cullingworth, near Keighley, to Messrs. Townend Brothers, in which establishment he afterwards became manager. From the time when he was a mill-boy he had never lost sight of the need for an improvement in the process of wool-combing. He watched the hand-combers at work, and learned that many attempts had been made to treat the fibre by machinery, but that the fibre itself was so delicate that every experiment had failed. He determined to try again. At last he succeeded in the production of the "square-motion wool-comber," with action to imitate that of the hands. In the same year Holden invented a device for genappe yarns.

He next entered into partnership with Mr. Lister, now Lord Masham, whom he bought out at the end of ten years by the payment of £85,000. He improved his patents, extended his business, and accumulated a vast fortune. His Bradford works alone combed 60,000,000 pounds of wool a year. Great factories have grown up in France at Rheims and Croix. At the latter place the population rose as the result of his enterprise from 1700 to over 10,000. The firm of Holden & Sons has become the largest industrial concern of the kind in the world. The French towns which owe their prosperity to him acknowledge with gratitude the two free meals each day provided for them during the Franco-German war of 1870.

Miss Emily Crawford tells us how Sir Isaac killed and buried the "flounced petticoat," which for long had been the pride of the Paris laundress. The cotton famine which followed our war of 1861–65 gave a great stimulus to the wool trade. Muslin dresses almost died out in France, but the particular petticoat, so richly flounced, long defied all opposition, but in time was doomed to entire extinction. It had been a work of art to bleach, starch, and iron the garment, with its multitudes of small flounces, and it cost from ten to fifteen shillings to "get one up." When ironed, the petticoat was carried home suspended from a pole, and in streets where there were many laundresses there were daily petticoat processions. Sir Isaac believed that the cotton garment could be replaced by light mohair. He plotted for that result. The day of the flounced petticoat was gone forever. The Holden factories grew apace under the increased demand for the new and very fashionable fabric.

Mr. Holden entered Parliament in 1865, and retired from public life in 1892. He attributed his vigorous old age to regularity and temperance in living. After 1892 he made it a rule to take ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. On one occasion, in 1893, he said: "I take for my breakfast at present one baked apple, one orange, twenty grapes, and a biscuit made from banana flour. My midday meal consists of about three ounces of beef or mutton, with now and again a half-cupful of soup. If I take a little fish, I take so much less of meat. For supper I practically repeat my breakfast menu. After the system has been built up, and the period of manhood has been reached, all starch foods should be banished from the human diet." Thus this hard-working man, who in early years had feeble health, could look back on a ninetieth birthday! He was habitually cheerful, and in his home life he was singularly happy.

The baronetcy, which the father won by his distinguished public services, now passes to his eldest son, Mr. Angus Holden, M.P., who was born in 1830.

Sir Isaac was for many years a local or lay preacher in the British Wesleyan Church. He was strongly opposed to liturgical worship, yet used often to say that if he were a minister he would prepare his prayers as carefully as he would his sermons.

As an employer he was exact and just, but very kind, generous, and sympathetic with all his work-people. Of his factories at Rheims and Croix he was proud to be able to say that of the English population there three-fourths were children whose fathers had been in his employment, most of them more than thirty years. His own valet had, at the time of his death, served Sir Isaac twenty-three years, and said that he had never, in all that time, noticed a shade of ill-humor on "the master's" face, or heard an impatient word cross his lips.

Thousands of workmen stood bareheaded in the lanes as his funeral cortége passed by, and many a tear fell as the remains of this eminent master of industry were laid to rest in the family tomb. A friend of Sir Isaac, one who knew him well, has said: "He was not a man spoiled by success. When honors poured in upon him, and high positions became his, and the Queen selected him for knighthood, and he attained European fame, he was the same gentle, modest, sympathetic man as he was seventy years ago."

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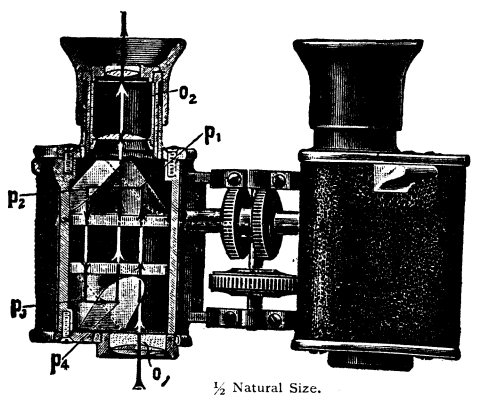
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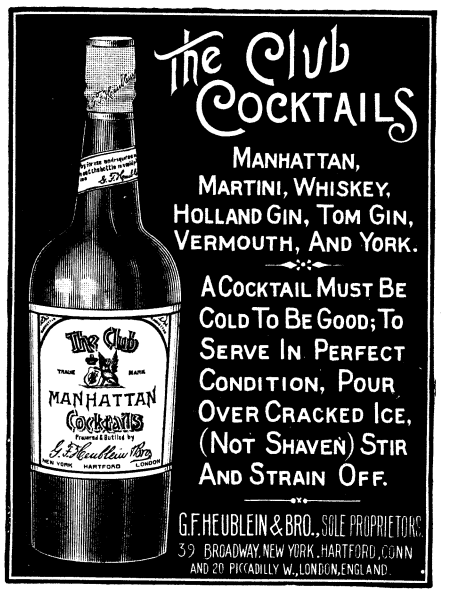


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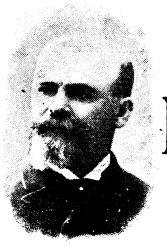


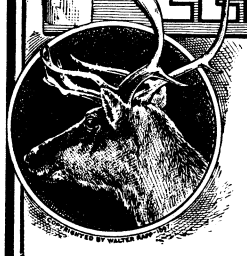
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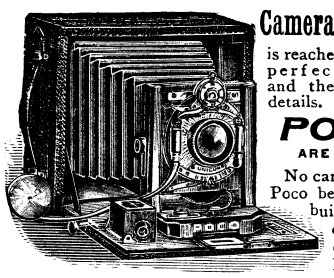
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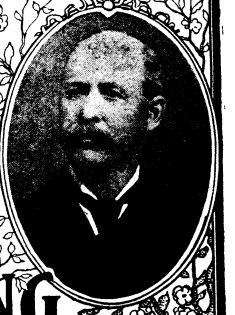
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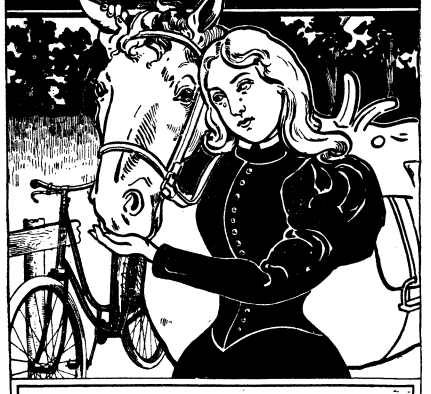
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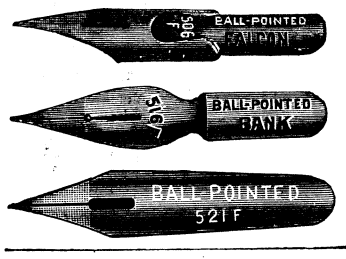
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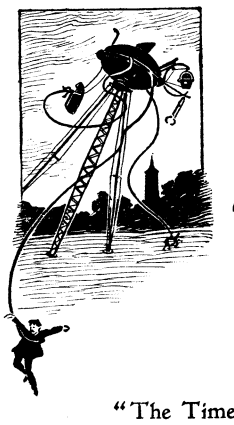
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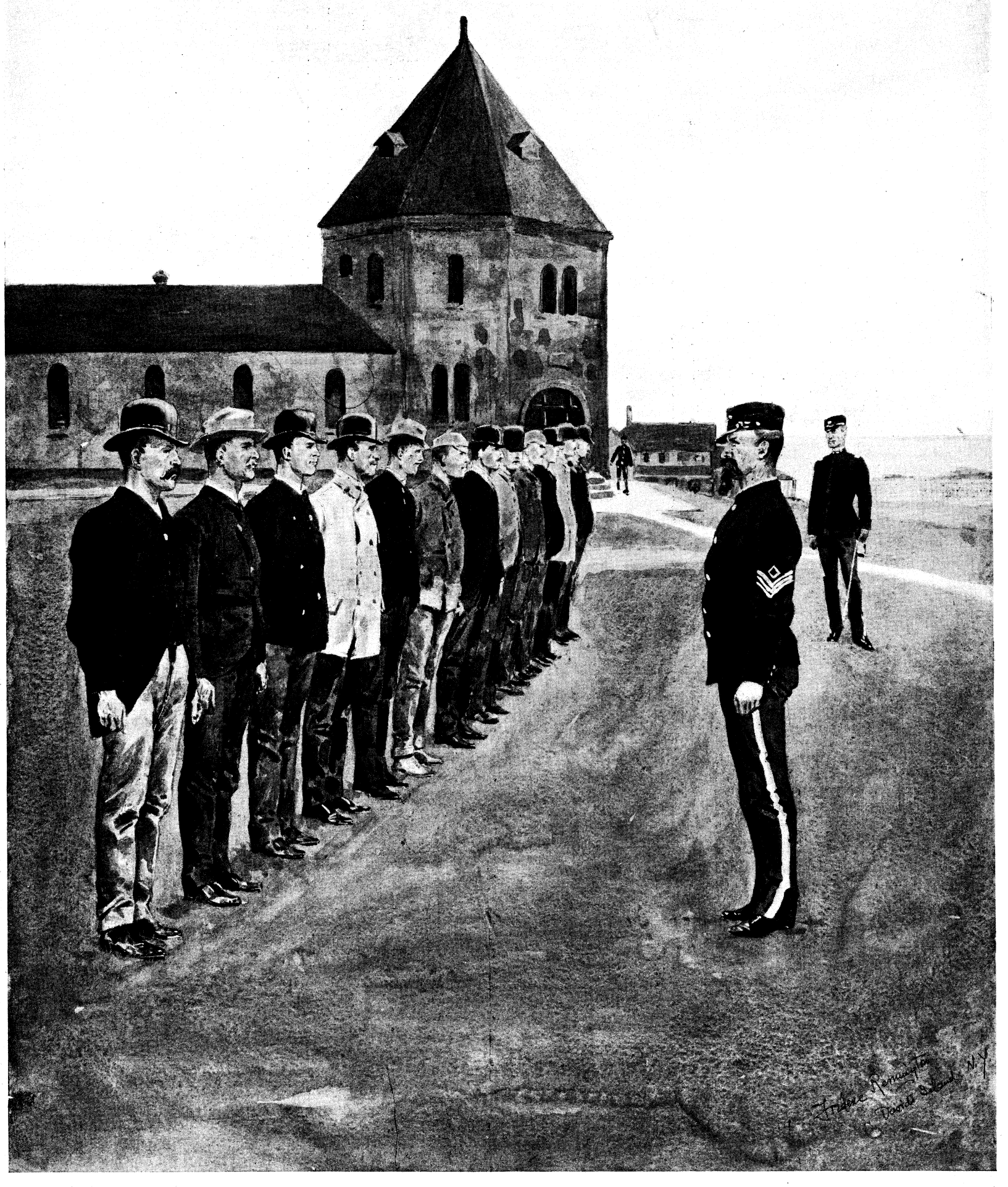
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"THE PUBLIC FINANCE OF SPAIN, 1895-1898."—[See Page 299.]

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THE joint resolution to annex Hawaii by law, the treaty having been dropped, apparently, has been anticipated. We are quite sure that open discussion of this resolution will eventually kill it, as secret discussion has killed the treaty.

THE value of our ante-war news may be judged from the fact that every important statement made in the description printed last Thursday morning in one of the leading New York daily newspapers concerning the defences of New York Harbor was inaccurate. If this is the direful consequence of the use of the reporter's eyes, what can we anticipate from his imagination?

ON another page of the paper will be found an elaborate exposition of the condition of the Spanish finances. It is the work of one of the most eminent statisticians of our country, who for certain excellent reasons does not wish to sign the article at the present time. It is a more thorough examination of the subject than has appeared in any country, even in Spain, and indicates that while Spain is not wholly bankrupt, she is on the verge of bankruptcy; that she has resorted to methods unknown in modern times, outside of Turkey, to replenish her Treasury; that the continuance of her efforts to hold the island of Cuba must result in her bankruptcy, for although the pretence is that the Cuban Treasury is paying the war expenses, the fact is that the enormous debt is a lien upon the Spanish Treasury. Unless Spain can excite the sympathy of the Paris Bourse in her behalf, it is evident from this article that she will not have enough money even to make proper preparation for a war with the United States.

THE primary law that has been agreed upon, or which at least is to be passed, if any primary bill is to become a law, is almost as bad as the bosses could make it. It was not very much of a bill that was agreed to by persons representing various Republican factions, and no bill that provides, among other things, for conventions and for the management of a party primary by its own election officers will be of the slightest value as a reform measure. PLATT election inspectors at Republican primaries and Tammany election inspectors at Democratic primaries would simply make the frauds by which the bosses would continue their control of their organizations the work of official instead of unofficial persons. All friends of primary reform should oppose the passage of the proposed measure, because it will be looked upon as a reform measure and will postpone real reform for a time, while the fact might as well be recognized first as last that no real measure of primary reform will be enacted by the boss-ridden Legislature until party opinion in favor of reform has reached a more acute stage than there are any signs of at present.

THAT the partnership between CROKER and PLATT has not been dissolved is shown by the introduction of another ELLSWORTH bill besides that for limiting the freedom of the press of which we have already spoken. This bill abolishes the present Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York, and provides for the appointment of a bipartisan commission. It is intended, of course, to put an end to any rapid transit in the city during the time that either CROKER or PLATT is in power. It is possibly intended for the furtherance of an agreement between the political bosses and the surface and elevated railroads made prior to election and in consideration of material assistance. Such a commission as is suggested might also be of great service to the bosses in enabling them to "strike" the surface and elevated railroad companies whenever they were in need of funds, or to "rig" the market. At all events, it is decidedly hostile to the interests of the city, and an illustration of the extremes to which bosses have the courage to go in these days of their strength. Every other city should take notice of the effort, and should watch curiously to see whether the citizens of New York have the civic virtue and courage to frighten off the bosses from their scheme of plunder and oppression.

WHETHER the President and Speaker REED do or do not wish Congress to adjourn at an early date, as bearing on the settlement of any question that may result from the report of the SAMPSON board of inquiry, or from the unfortunate transmission to Congress of the consular correspondence, the country will be better off and its interests will be better looked after if Congress is not in session. And this is not necessarily a reflection on Congress. If there is a question between the two countries, it is one that requires diplomatic and delicate treatment, and no one expects or even desires the reticence and self-restraint from the legislative branch of the government that ought to, and must, characterize the action of the Executive in dealing with a foreign power. Even the most excited will probably admit that if we have any difference of opinion with Spain, and if we have anything to gain from its settlement, it will be better to effect the settlement and to gain our object by peaceful methods, and it is certain that peaceful efforts will be greatly endangered if Congress remain in session while they are in progress. It will be impossible, in such an event, to restrain the flood of oratory which is ready to break forth on the Cuban question at any moment, and though the majority may hope for quiet, the noisy minority will probably have their way. Their oratory will naturally excite and anger the people with whom the President will be negotiating, so that if Congress is not out of the way at the perilous moment, if the perilous moment is to come, the chances for war will be enormously increased.

IT seems to be the general impression that there is only one course for the United States to pursue should it be determined that the war in Cuba must be stopped, and that this country may properly intervene to bring about that result. The assumption is that in such an event the United States must insist that Cuba shall be granted independence; but it has been suggested at Washington, and the suggestion has been received favorably in influential quarters, that the United States may ask that hostilities cease, and may meantime suggest to the Cubans that they make a trial of the autonomic government which Spain has offered to them. This is a very sensible suggestion, and the criticism that it would be in effect a decision against an oppressed people is not a fair one. The Cubans are struggling for independence, but they cannot obtain independence by their own unaided efforts. It is true that the struggle they are making may go on for a long time to come, but so long as Spain resists, the insurrection will be a failure, and in the mean time the war has resulted in the death of hundreds of thousands of Spaniards and Cubans, some on the field of battle, some from diseases contracted in an unwholesome climate, and many from starvation. The industries of the island are paralyzed, and Cuba is not only a desolate and death-stricken place, but it is a nuisance to all neighboring countries, and a crying offence to all persons of humane feeling. It is true that the United States might intervene to stop this in the way that the insurgents desire, and in the only way that has been seriously discussed; but in order to put an end to the war in that way the United States would be obliged itself to incur the miseries of war, and to add to its already complex and difficult political and social problems the grave questions and complications that would result from the annexation of an island situated at a distance, and inhabited by an alien people with alien manners and customs. Therefore the suggestion that the United States should ask the insurgents to try autonomy seems to be the best and the wisest one that has been made. If autonomy is unsuccessful, the Cubans can renew their rebellion with greater chances of success than they now enjoy, because now the civilized world believes that they would be happy under autonomy, so that if it was proved that this was a mistake, the insurgents would have sympathy where they are now looked upon as obstinate, reckless rebels, who are willing to ruin their island if they cannot rule it. Successful autonomy would not only be a great gain for the Cubans, but it would be the best possible solution of what difficulty there is between Spain and the United States. It would be a step also towards self-government, for Spain could be much more easily prevailed upon to surrender Cuba after granting it autonomy than now in the midst of an exasperating war, which has aroused not only her passions, but all her pride.

FALSE AMERICANS.

WE hear and read a good deal, in these stirring times of shouting, about the "American spirit" and an "American policy." The people who are talking most about this spirit and this policy mean the spirit of war, and the policy which they advocate is that of taking Cuba away from Spain. And they remind us disagreeably of the fact that if there should be a war we shall still have them with us for a generation after the war is over, as prominent politicians, screeching editors, pension agents, and such like worse than worthless citizens, disgracing us by their bombast, corrupting our politics, and insisting on an undeserved preference in nearly every relation of life. A majority of the shouters of to-day would not fight, although some of them might enlist in the army and navy, and would be therefore compelled to take part in the proposed contest, which is quite as likely to be brought about by their own noise as by any other cause. If they really did enlist, they would do so under the momentary excitement which they are themselves creating. The real fighting, however, would be done by the men who are sincerely opposed to war, who appreciate its horrors, who are doing their utmost to prevent it, and who are, in consequence, the objects of the insults of the obstreperous people who are now claiming the possession of all the patriotism of the country, just as in the future, if they succeed in forcing war upon us, they will be claiming all the pecuniary rewards of patriotism, rewards which, as decent men know, are never claimed by the deserving, but which a grateful people, ashamed to seem niggardly where patriotic services appear to be in question, readily yield on the first clamorous demand.

What kind of people are these who are claiming to be imbued with the "American spirit," who are insisting upon the right to formulate the American policy, who are lauding themselves as patriots because they want to make war on Spain, and who are denouncing as disloyal cowards those who are for keeping the peace? They are chiefly the proprietors and editors of certain extremely vulgar and crassly ignorant newspapers. With hardly an exception, these men who are calling themselves the only "true Americans" are among the most disgraceful elements of American society. They have done their best to debase its tone, to lower its moral standards, to bring our government into contempt. They are now declaring that the United States must fight for American honor, but, until now, they have worked with the ingenuity of mocking Mephistopheles to bring to the surface the vilest features of American life, and to make them appear as its characteristics. In no single instance have they been known to celebrate or spread abroad the fine achievements of Americans who have won distinction for moral and intellectual qualities, unless those achievements have possessed commercial value to themselves. There is not a statesman of character and conscience, not a public man who has unselfishly devoted himself to his country's good, who has not been the object of their abuse. The very atmosphere in which good men dwell affronts and enrages these creatures. On the other hand, there is not a scoundrel in public life whose success has not been promoted and maintained by them. So intimate are the relations existing between the ruffians of the press and the ruffians of political slums that the latter have apparently no dignity to uphold, either personal or official, if the maintenance of the semblance is incompatible with the wishes, denoted generally in advertising schemes, of their patrons of the press; for relations of patronage have been renewed, although places have changed, since yellow journalism came into power, and instead of the editor sitting meanly in the antechamber of the politician, we have the mean politician waiting humbly in the outer office of the lordly editor. These howlers for war, and for blood, which better men will shed, have not only promoted corruption and elevated ignoble men to high position, have not only been the most potent influences in driving good men out of public life, but they have never hesitated to defy the law, nor, when they have been unable to discover a hidden truth that might discredit their country, have they hesitated to invent lies that would serve the same end.

They are now urging the country into war, boastfully proclaiming that they can compel it, for the single purpose of making money by increasing their sales. Judging from their conduct in the past and at present, what would be their attitude in case war should unfortunately come? They would, of course,

remain the enemies of every decent man in public life, the inventors of sensations, the authors of lies when the truth failed to contain sufficient spice for their depraved tastes. They would at once set at work an army of spies, whose business it would be to worm out all the secrets of the war. These spies would sneak into the public offices and into the tents of the commanding generals of the army. They would resort to the meanest and most dishonorable subterfuges to attain their ends and earn their pay. If by bribery or other base devices they could obtain a plan of campaign, they would not hesitate to publish it in their newspapers. If they could steal their way into secret defences, they would publish plans of them. The fact that these publications would lead to the defeat of our own armies or the capture of our own strongholds would not deter them from printing what they call the news. They would as willingly betray the enemy as their own country, it is true, but that is as far as their patriotism would carry them. Their ignorant and foolish criticisms of the conduct of the war would affect popular opinion, which they would direct against every self-respecting officer who treated them as they deserved to be treated, and against every capable officer whose movements were not quick enough or sensational enough to whet the appetite for newspapers. This is one of the problems with which our government will be called upon to deal in the event of a war, and it must be confessed that it is so difficult as to make successful war almost impossible. The country would find the lying newspapers in the rear quite as formidable as the armed troops and navies in front.

These newspaper editors and publishers are the most dangerous of the self-proclaimed patriots who are the embodiments of the so-called American spirit and the advocates of the so-called "American policy." Their companions and tools are the lowest of the politicians with whom a commercial age and a commercial perversion of our system of government have filled the offices and the legislatures of the country. With them, too, are a horde of money-makers, who see in war an opportunity to pocket the millions which the government will be obliged to expend for supplies—for ships, for guns, for arms of all kinds, for food and medicine for the sailors and soldiers, for clothing, for powder—for all that must be bought by the government at a time when the need of haste is so great that opportunity for thorough inspection is lacking, while opportunity for fraud and cheating is correspondingly great. There are some honest but misguided people who are talking about the "American spirit" and the true "American policy" in much the same foolish way as these others, but the great majority of the shouters are such as we have described.

It is true they reach the height of insolence in assuming to be the patriots of the country; but if they are blessed with a war, their mendacity and impudence, re-enforced by their noise, will triumph over the true Americans who hold, in modesty and silence, the true American view, which is that the republic is established for the promotion of the arts of peace and for the prosperity of its honest and industrious citizens; who hold, too, the faith that WASHINGTON taught in his Farewell Address, and that the President of to-day enforced in his address at the University of Pennsylvania on WASHINGTON'S birthday.

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct,"

said the first President, and the last President echoes:

"Following the precepts of WASHINGTON we cannot err. The wise lessons in government which he left us it will be profitable to heed. He seems to have grasped all possible conditions and pointed the way safely to meet them. He has established danger signals all along the pathway of the nation's march. He has warned us against false lights. He has taught us the true philosophy of 'a perfect union,' and shown us the graphic dangers from sectionalism and wild and unreasonable party spirit. He has emphasized the necessity at all times for the exercise of sober and dispassionate judgment."

These are the words of true patriots, and they speak the wish of true Americans. If war shall come, it will be fought bravely by the men who love their country for the blessings of peace which have followed the establishment of the republic, for the public virtue and enlightenment for which it stands, for its attainments for human liberty and human progress; by the men now silent and apprehensive, who look forward with an intelligent appreciation of what may come; by such men as those now at the head of affairs in both the civic and military branches of the government. These are the men who come to the surface of American life in every dangerous crisis and sturdily bear its burdens, only to retire, we regret to say, after the crisis is over, to leave the field to the mouthing boasters whose noise may have produced the crisis, and whose aim will certainly be to make all the money possible out of the misery and the suffering of those whom they are now insulting, and upon whose strength and fidelity depend always the safety and welfare of the country.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

NOTHING could be more natural than the sympathy of Americans with other Americans who struggle against oppression, and with those poor victims of the struggle who, in consequence of it, are reduced to starvation and misery. That the bloody and destructive conflict in Cuba be brought to a speedy conclusion, and be followed by a reign of liberty, law, and order, is therefore the sincere wish of all the good people of this country. That wish springs from a generous sentiment, and it is strengthened by a just appreciation of the annoyances, commercial and other, which are caused by the frequent recurrence of distracting disorders at our very doors. The thought that it may be the business of this republic to put an end to the trouble by friendly counsel and mediation, or, if that be of no avail, by forcible interference, finds, under such circumstances, much favor, even among persons who do not think lightly of a war with its incalculable sacrifices in blood and treasure which interference by force would bring on. But it is by no means inconsistent with so generous a disposition calmly to examine, aside from other considerations of right or of interest, the question whether the attainment of the immediate object of such interference, the abolishment of Spanish rule in Cuba, would really have the desired effect of securing to the people of that island the blessings of peace, liberty, and a fair measure of good government. In this respect we are not without valuable experience.

In the early part of this century the efforts of the Spanish colonies on the American continent to achieve their independence excited much sympathy in the United States. HENRY CLAY championed their cause with characteristic fervor. Those efforts appeared to him like a repetition of our own Revolutionary war. He attributed to the struggling South Americans all the political capacities of his own people. He thought that as to their "fitness for freedom" the people of South America were "in some particulars even in advance of us." He fiercely attacked the MONROE administration for not aiding them effectively. He urged the repeal of our neutrality laws for their benefit, and insisted that their independence be formally recognized while the struggle was yet undecided. He predicted for them a glorious future. His glowing speeches created a great stir in the country, but the administration remained firm in its conservative attitude.

In March, 1821, HENRY CLAY had an interview on the subject with the Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who thus recorded his part of the conversation in his diary: "I regretted the difference between his [CLAY'S] views and those of the administration upon South American affairs. That the final issue of their present struggle would be their entire independence of Spain I had never doubted. That it was our true policy and duty to take no part in the contest was equally clear. The principle of neutrality in *all* foreign wars was, in my opinion, fundamental to the continuance of our liberties and our Union. So far as they were contending for independence I wished well to their cause; but I had seen, and yet see, no prospect that they would establish free or liberal institutions of government.... Arbitrary power, military and ecclesiastical, was stamped upon their education, upon their habits, and upon all their institutions. Civil dissension was infused into all their seminal principles. War and mutual destruction were in every member of their organization, moral, political, and physical.... Of these opinions, both his [CLAY'S] and mine, time must be the test."

Time has been the test, and it is now generally recognized that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S predictions have proved far more correct than those of HENRY CLAY. In fact, seven years after the interview, CLAY himself, in answering a complimentary letter from BOLIVAR, the famous South American leader, could not refrain from giving words to his disappointment, saying that the people of the United States were still anxiously looking for the realization of their hope that with the independence of the South American republics free institutions would be established, "insuring all the blessings of liberty." He might say the same thing now.

The question whether the population of Cuba, consisting of Spaniards, white Creoles, and one-third of negroes and mulattoes, is in any essential respect superior to that of the American republics south of us, and whether better things may be expected of it, is certainly one of far-reaching importance. That question is by no means answered by the statement upon which an esteemed contemporary lays great stress—that the insurgents in Cuba have exhibited splendid fighting qualities, and that they may therefore be trusted with equal capacities for self-government. The fighting in the Spanish South American colonies was in its time quite as respectable as the fighting now is in Cuba; and considering that the national origin of the two insurgent forces as to the white source is the same—there being an Indian admixture in South America and a strong negro element in Cuba—and considering further that the two populations have grown up under similar tropical conditions of climate and under similar traditional influences, religious, social, and political, it is not unreasonable to apprehend that their conduct after the achievement of independence will be similar also. In other words, it is very probable, if not certain, that in Cuba, as in South America, when the war against the Spaniards ends, wars of factions will begin. And inasmuch as in Cuba a large part of the revolutionary forces consists of negroes and mulattoes, high places of command being held by men of color, who, having done their share of fighting, will claim their share in "running" the government, those wars of factions are likely to become embittered by race antagonisms of peculiar acrimony.

Those of us who by warlike intervention—that is, by shedding the blood of our own people and by sacrificing the treasure of our own country for the purpose of "liberating" Cuba—expect to stop bloodshed and destructive disorder, and to establish civil liberty, peace, and prosperity there, may thus meet with a disappointment as keen as that of HENRY CLAY was. To accomplish their humanitarian end entirely, more intervention by force will probably be required against the factious disturbers. The same men whom our first intervention had liberated would then hate and fight their friends and liberators of yesterday as their enemies and oppressors of to-day. Whoever regards this as an overdrawn picture need only read the history of the American republics south of us, and imagine that the United States had helped them against the Spaniard by warlike intervention, and then attempted to establish and maintain peace and orderly government within their borders. Such a study will convince every candid mind of the complexities of the task. And nobody can foretell how far, after we had once embarked in such a task, our sense of responsibility—not to speak of the growth of a reckless spirit of adventure—would drive us on.

Would not then the annexation of Cuba to the United States appear as the only remaining shift? Probably it would. This would mean the incorporation in our political system of a country, with a population of over 1,500,000 souls, which is essentially uncongenial, if not positively hostile, to our political and social principles, ways of thinking, and habits; a country the climatic conditions of which are such that its principal laboring force—that is, the bulk of its citizenship—can never consist of people of Anglo-Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, of Germanic, blood; a country that is sure to breed interminable race antagonisms—an evil of which we already have more than enough; a country in every way unfitted for the building up of a well-ordered democracy as we understand it. The idea of embodying in our political system such a country with such a population, of making ourselves responsible for "maintaining a republican form of government" and peace and order there, and of permitting such a State—for a State it would become—to take an important part in governing our whole republic, is so appalling that every thinking American may well hesitate before venturing upon any step likely to lead us on to it.

It may be said that all this is mere conjecture. If so, it is conjecture based upon historical experience which no serious man will make light of—the experience that no American republic south of us has ever enjoyed many years of internal peace and prosperity, except under such a government as that of POFIRIO DIAZ in Mexico—an intelligent and vigorous martial dictatorship clad in republican garb—for such it is—a kind of government which, although the best Mexico or any southern republic ever had, we would surely not tolerate in this country, and which we could never exercise over others without fatal injury to our own free institutions. In the face of so grave a situation as the present, it is not ungenerous and certainly not unpatriotic to consider the future of our own country at least as much as that of any other.



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FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 310.]

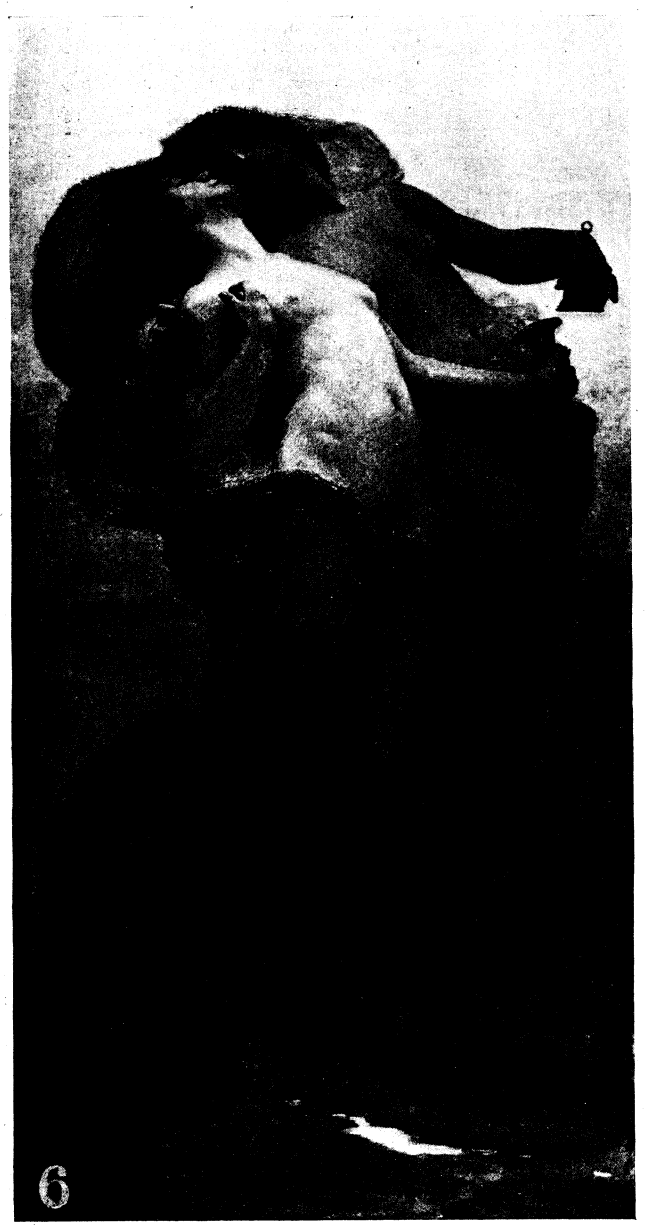
1. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, by John S. Sargent. 2. Portrait of a Young Man, by Charles Hopkinson. 3. Portrait of a Lady, by Samuel Isham. 4. Portrait of young Miss C., by William M. Chase.

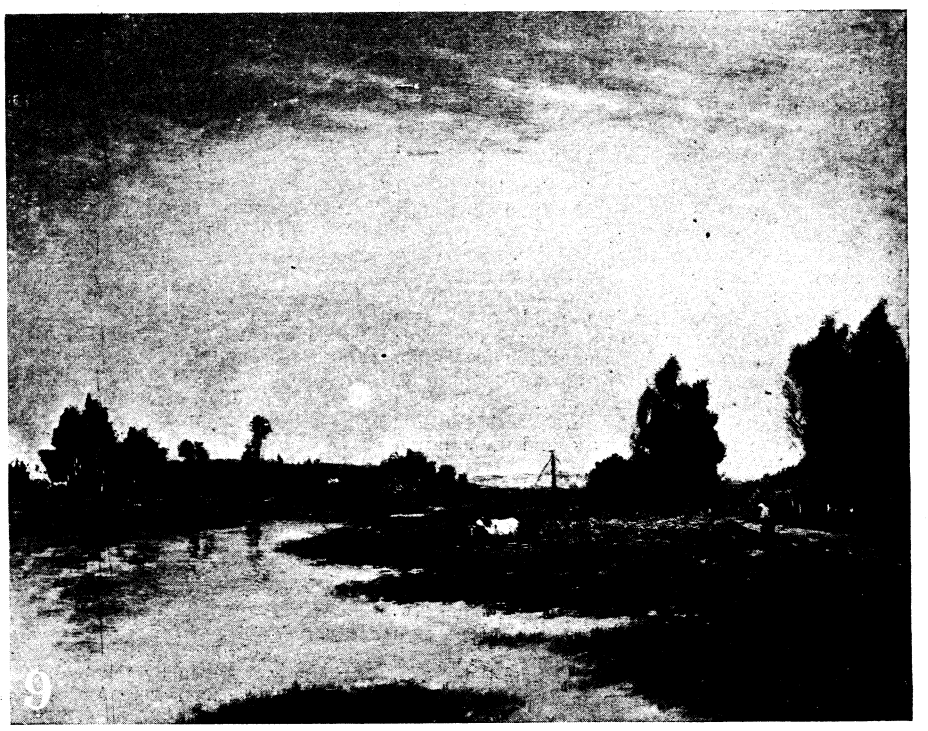


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FROM THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK.—[See Page 310.]

5. "Song of the Pines," by Douglas Volk. 6. "Night and the Waning Day," by George R. Barse, Jr. (Awarded the Shaw Fund). 7. Portrait, by Abbott H. Thayer. 8. "Sea-Sirens," by F. S. Church. 9. "Evening, Honfleur," by George H. Bogert (Awarded the Webb Prize).

HAVANA.

March 12, 1898.

The daily life of Havana goes on in apparent unconsciousness of the rebellion in the interior of the island and the quiet and unobtrusive doings of the court of inquiry into the *Maine* disaster. The bay and wharves are busy with shipping; the narrow streets are crowded with broad mule-carts and the ever-present carriage. A new franchise for a street railway is about to be granted. The present omnibuses—the plebeian conveyance of those who cannot pay twenty cents for a *coche*—are crowded; and to the British vice-consul, just out from home, and who probably has no further immediate interest in the *Maine* nor in the revolution than we have in the depredations of a rebellious tribe of Indian hillmen, Havana may well have the appearance of an active tropical city. Havana is white and glistening. Havana lies sun-bathed day after day in the brilliant light of the tropics. The cool breezes of the Gulf blow in from the white-capped water, and watering-carts lay the dust in the streets. Calle General Weyler, formerly called Obispo, but lately changed to honor the Captain-General, is shaded with awnings and gay with Spanish flags. The shops seem busy, and summer fabrics are displayed to the Spanish women. Spanish officers in their tropical uniforms crowd the cafés by night, and walk down the narrow streets three and four abreast. There are so many of them in town that one imagines field duty may be unpopular. The British vice-consul might well have said: "Is there insurrection in the island? Do they anticipate trouble with the States?"

But one is told that before the war the harbor was as full again of shipping; that before the war the noticeable activity of the city was double what it now is; that to-day business is dead; that, with the Spanish merchants, the idea of annexation or a protectorate grows daily in favor, for their interests and profits go hand in hand with stability of government and commercial confidence.

Havana is awaiting the report of the dignified court of inquiry in their harbor with as much interest as you are doing at home.

Meantime the routine work goes on; the autonomist party print long accounts of their policy and aspirations—manifestoes that are laughed at and ignored. There is also published in the papers each day the censored news from the seat of war—which means from the whole island—telling of the sally of some Spanish column, relating the movements of officers gone to join their regiments, telling of insurgents killed or wounded, of a machete and saddle-bags captured from the rebels. There are long telegrams from the mother-country, expressing satisfaction with what has been done by force of Spanish arms and the autonomistic party toward the pacification of Cuba, and assuring those fire-eating volunteers that no one ever thought of disarming them; that Spain's confidence in them as defenders of the country and preservers of public order is unshaken. One cannot help but remember that the disbanding of the 80,000 volunteers in Cuba was the first plank in the autonomistic platform.

Go a few miles outside of Havana and you come to deserted and idle land; ten miles away the sugar-cane is burned nightly by rebels. Between the fortified villages the railway trains run through insurgent country, and the railway companies are said to pay toll to the rebels for permission to run their trains and *not* have them blown up *en route*. The fact that trains are now seldom wrecked would point to the truth of this statement.

And in the city there are starvation and illness and misery, mourning and sorrow. Notice the many women in mourning upon the streets; see them kneeling in the dim light of church aisles. Read the death notices in the papers—they fill many lines, while the number of births is insignificant in comparison. On last Sunday, March 6, 17,745 people were fed in Havana and Guanabacoa by the food sent from our country. And Havana has felt the effects of the war less than any other city in the island.

And behind many of the stucco walls and grated windows, hidden from view, shrinking sensitively and proudly from the pity of old friends and newer enemies, are suffering and hunger none the less poignant than that which can be seen. From the possession of sugar estates and a house on the Prado to a lodging-house in the suburbs—it is an old story, and there are thousands to tell it. Husbands and elder brothers dead or in the field; the women and boys striving to help themselves, striving to help the cause.

After the arrival of a troop-ship from Spain one sees upon the streets knots of the new soldiers, brave in bright uniforms—fresh, strong-looking boys and vigorous young men. What if they have been drafted to the war against their will? The colony is full of interest; Havana pleases them; they have been cheered and welcomed. Ahead of them is the rainy season; fever will break them down; many will die in hospitals, and the crowded transport that carries the remainder back to Spain will enter many a death on her books.

Havana in the evening is bright with electric lights on the principal thoroughfares. The stores keep open until ten o'clock, and a ceaseless line of carriages parades around the Central Park looking for fares. As is the custom in every South American city, the band plays on certain evenings in the park, and the women turn out to be looked at by the men. But in the old days it was different. Then the plaza on band nights was crowded; the people filled every available chair, at a fee of ten cents per chair for the evening; they blocked the streets, and kept the efficient military police of Havana busy in clearing a way for the *coches*. But in these days a few hundred gather on one side of the park, and the children play among the vacant seats.

Men wander listlessly in and out of the cafés; the newsboys cry their wares on the sidewalk, announcing each paper to be of to-day's issue, and the beggars around the hotels are persistent. The cable messages that you read the next morning have been censored and sent to the cable office; the special tugs to Key West, bearing matter the censor would never pass, have sailed, and the correspondents are free to talk of the day's news. Men scan the hotel register for the names of the latest arrivals, hoping to find the name of a friend from the North. Naval officers come up from the harbor, the Consul-General is talking to the latest Senator from home, and the chief of Havana's police walks through the corridors, leisurely and unoccupied, but noting each face. You may wake up in the morning to hear that the police have made wholesale political arrests during the night, and that the man you talked to last night is in Cabañas.

Such was my experience last week; and straightway followed an exodus from Havana to the insurgent ranks of many Cubans. They deem it better to be in the field than in Cabañas.

Turn from the lighted plaza and the strolling officers down a side street. Gaunt women, their rags drawn around their bony bodies, their despairing faces hid against their dying babies, lean against the walls. Little boys and girls are stretched out under your feet; their bodies are swollen, and their arms like pipe-stems. These are the reconcentrados, and that many of them are alive to-day is due to the charity from our country. There are thousands that cannot live; life is torture, death a blessing, and it would be a mercy to aid them peacefully to pass away. This is Havana, and Havana has known less suffering than any other city in the island.

The court of inquiry has been holding daily sessions, and the testimony of divers and experts is being taken. It is possible, though not considered probable, that the findings of the court be submitted to the scrutiny and arbitration of a foreign body, and to be thoroughly prepared for such a contingency, should it arise, the court is making its examination a thorough and full one in every particular. The wisdom of such action is clear.

The *Montgomery*, trim, graceful, glistening with white paint and burnished guns, is moored but a few yards from the Spanish cruisers *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo*. The American boat comes in for her fair share of attention from the harbor and the wharves. Her batteries are discussed by the longshoremen, and there are always groups of idle people on the water-front who express their favorable opinion of our war-vessel. Her visitors would surely be many were visitors allowed to the degree that is permitted on board the Spanish vessels; but this privilege has been extended to Americans only, and it has been a pleasure indeed to receive this hospitality and the courteous treatment at the hands of the officers of the *Montgomery*. Vigilance on this vessel is unabated day or night. The search-light is ready for immediate use, and reports as to harbor happenings are constant on board the American cruiser.

On March 11 the Austrian steam-frigate *Donau* arrived in this port. Official visits were at once paid to her by the different men-of-war in the harbor; it was a pretty sight to see the white men-o'-war boats pulling for the latest arrival, and it is a pleasure to record that the men of the *Montgomery* got away in fine style, and beat the whole harbor to the goal.

To-day there have been paid many visits of courtesy to the men-of-war. The autonomistic cabinet went on board the *Montgomery* at two o'clock, and the booming of saluting guns has been incessant.

The attempt to smuggle jewelry into Havana under cover to the Red Cross Society, and the annoyance to that society resulting therefrom, are now things of the past. The government was naturally incensed at the trick, for the custom receipts are of vast importance here, and when one attempts to evade them it is like touching a man in his most tender, as well as only tender, spot. But the government is convinced that there was no intentional attempt at fraud or evasion, and all restrictions to the free entrance of food have therefore been removed.

March 16.

The court of inquiry have sailed from Havana. Their work here is finished and they will not return. They have completed and perfected all plans and drawings; their examination has been careful and thorough.

The work of the Spanish divers claims so little attention and awakens so little interest that it is impossible to learn that they have done anything that is worthy of serious consideration. They have worked in a perfunctory and careless manner, and have made reports to men appointed to hear them; and while these men are ready with many plausible reasons, all tending to show that the *Maine* explosion was internal, very little serious heed is paid to the Spanish investigation.

The floating derrick *Chief* was yesterday towed into Havana Harbor by the *Underwriter*. The *Underwriter* will at once return to Newport News for a large lighter. The *Chief* is a very powerful derrick, and capable of raising many tons. It is believed that the *Maine's* great guns can be saved by the *Chief*, as well as much armor-plate, machinery, and other valuable material.

There has been much improvement in the methods used for getting the American food to the sufferers in Havana. One large central station has been established, which is open from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon every day in the week, and from which are given out weekly rations for twelve thousand people. There are three sub-stations, properly located in the near suburbs of the city, which are open all day Sunday, and which bring the number of people fed up to 17,450 a week. There has also been established, as an experiment, a diet kitchen. If this one is successful, others will be immediately put into operation. Here cooked food will be given out to the sick—such food as is suited to their needs—and the benefit to these people from this charity will be great indeed, for many of the suffering have no means of properly cooking food for themselves.

The much-talked-of pacification of the province of Matanzas is amusing. At the head of the rebel forces in this province of Matanzas is one Betancourt, with a price of $2000 on his head. He was at one time a dentist in Matanzas city; he is a man of education, and a successful leader. On the night of March 11 he raided a point on the San Juan River not more than a mile from the city limits of Matanzas, and drove off eighty-odd head of cattle, and more than forty horses. There was no fighting on this occasion. On February 24 last, to celebrate the beginning of the fourth year of the insurrection, an expedition of arms and ammunition was, by night, landed on a beach across the bay, and within plain view of the house-tops of Matanzas city, and not more than a mile from a Spanish fort called Murillo.

A strong indication that the Cubans will not consider autonomy is given by the following very recent occurrence. Three men were found dead at the side of the railroad track. The bodies bore papers announcing them to be Cuban leaders of importance who had been killed by their comrades when it was discovered they were in communication with the Spanish with a view to the furtherance of the autonomistic policy.

By day the province of Matanzas is covered with the smoke from burning sugar-cane. The ashes from destroying flames blow through the capital, and in the evening the sun is dulled and yellow from the smoke. At night-time fires give their dull glow to the darkness; and on Sunday before last, in broad daylight, the rattle of musketry was as music to the ears of the rebel families living in one of the suburbs of Matanzas city that stretches along the bay.

Within the last few days there was an engagement between Spanish and Cubans at a town not more than fourteen miles from Matanzas. The insurgents had to retreat, not having ammunition to return their enemies' fire. The next day men were busily occupied in the city in buying from Spanish soldiers cartridges at a cent apiece, and by the following night the insurgents were replenished with ammunition.

There is constant and easy communication between the rebels in the field and their friends in Matanzas. Letters are received one day and answered the next. Matanzas is but sixty-six miles east of Havana, on the northern coast of the island.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 21, 1898.

Four incidents in connection with the Cuban question have occupied public attention here during the last week. The first was the purchase by our government of two cruisers which had been built in England for the Brazilian navy, the *Amazonas* and the *Almirante Abrouall*. The second was an order from the Spanish Admiralty, since suspended, for the sailing of a flotilla comprising three torpedo-boats and three torpedo-boat-destroyers from Cadiz for Porto Rico. The third was an informal remonstrance by Spain against our assembling so formidable a fleet of war-ships in the waters contiguous to Cuba, as indicating a spirit unfriendly to Spain, and tending to defeat the autonomic experiment in Cuba by encouraging the restless element there to vote against the government at the coming elections. The fourth was the completion of enough of the work of the naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster to permit of its preparing a report.

Possibly before these lines meet the eye of the reader the substance of the board's report will have been laid before Congress. In view of this, considerable significance is attached to a widely printed forecast of a report which will be made by a Spanish board appointed to inquire into the destruction of the *Maine*. The Spanish report, it is announced, will declare the explosion to have had its origin within the ship. This is interpreted to mean that Spain is prepared for a report by our board in support of the external origin of the explosion, and purposes to contest this assumption, with a view to submitting the whole question to arbitration, and thus postponing for a time any further step on our part.

Meanwhile Congress is making active preparations for the national defence. In the House the Naval Affairs Committee has provided in the annual appropriation bill for recruiting the Marine Corps to its legal complement of 3000 men; and the Military Affairs Committee, with the approval of the War Department, has prepared a bill to put the army upon a war-footing with 104,000 men. Statistics have been gathered from all the States and Territories, showing the numerical strength of the organized militia to be 114,362, while the total number of men available for military service, but now unorganized, is more than ten millions. Congress has been much agitated by a rumor that the President shares the hope of Speaker Reed for the speedy passage of the appropriation bills and an early adjournment. This is resented by some members—chiefly by Senators—on the ground that it implies disrespect for the law-making branch of the government, and a desire to leave the executive branch in undisturbed control of the negotiations which may be necessary during the next few months.

Madrid is said to have been stirred early last week by a rumor that Cuban sympathizers in the United States were making ready an armed expedition to take Porto Rico. The suggestion is made in well-informed quarters, however, that this story probably had its origin in Spain, as it afforded a convenient explanation of the proposed despatch of the torpedo flotilla to Porto Rico. Without some such pretext it would have been hard to account for this action on any theory consistent with the attitude of protest assumed by Spain toward the preparations for defence made by the United States; for torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat-destroyers are used only for operations against a navy, and the Cuban insurgents, of course, have no navy.

With the decision of the Spanish Admiralty to suspend the sailing orders for the flotilla, however, and our simultaneous substitution of the harmless *Fern* for the formidable *Montgomery* in the harbor of Havana, the excitement at Madrid seems to have subsided.

Senator Davis's sudden change of base on the Hawaiian question, in dropping the treaty of annexation which was pending in executive session, and substituting a joint resolution to be considered in open Senate, was regarded here as bearing directly upon our strained relations with Spain.

The war party in Washington has demanded haste in the annexation of Hawaii, so as to furnish our navy with a base for operations against the Philippine Islands, the idea being to strip Spain simultaneously of her most valuable colonies in both hemispheres, and thus cripple her efforts to raise money in any foreign market.

The Naval Affairs Committee of the House has referred to a subcommittee the Roosevelt *personnel* bill. Leading members of the committee have assured Secretary Long that some measure in the general line of the *personnel* bill will be reported to the House—either the Roosevelt bill itself, or one providing for one hundred additional engineers and machinists.

The latest indications of the President's policy point to his separate treatment of the *Maine* incident and the horrors of Cuban warfare. If Congress consents to this programme, any further steps on our part which might lead to war are liable to go over till fall.

Francis E. Leupp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY in Noblesville, Indiana, read a recent paragraph in this department about the willingness of the Hoosiers to stay at home "after they had won the right to leave the State." She calls it "an attack on our Hoosier State," and wants to know if the idea is that Indiana is a prison, and that "only those high on the 'merit-card' may leave the State." Is New York, she asks, the place where good Hoosiers go when they get the right? and, she inquires further, where do the good New-Yorkers go to when the time comes for them to move on? These queries, put in the name of a ladies' club, are of special interest because of their bearing on certain tendencies of American life.

When our querist speaks of the WEEKLY'S "attack on the Hoosier State," she is doubtless joking, for the import of the paragraph she read was to felicitate Indiana on her success in keeping her best citizens at home. The reason why there is anything remarkable about that is because of the existence of a propensity in human creatures who may choose their place of abode to select the place in which they think that life will be most interesting, and because persons who have lived long, under agreeable conditions, in great capitals like Washington, or in big seaboard cities like New York, are apt to consider that there is more fun to be had in such places than in smaller cities. It is recorded of Lincoln that after he had served one term in Congress he liked Washington, and was inclined to stay there, but failed to get a government office which he coveted, and so, happily, went back to Illinois, where he belonged. When the war broke out, Grant was living in Galena, Illinois. When he retired from public life, after two terms in the White House, he did not go back to Galena, but settled in New York. He liked the life of the East, and had lived so long in the East that most of his friends were here, so that it was a natural thing for him to stay here. When General Sherman retired from active service in the army, he tried living in St. Louis, but didn't like it, and finally came to New York, where he died. It was natural, because he had lived for twenty years in the East, and it had become more homelike to him than Missouri. When Grover Cleveland retired from the White House for the first time he came to New York to live. When he finished his second term, and concluded to stop work, he settled in Princeton, New Jersey. He did not go back to Buffalo.

One of the conspicuous features of modern life is the attraction that the great centres of population have for restless or unattached persons. Every considerable city gives evidence of this attraction. New York being the biggest of American cities, and having many allurements of business, climate, and society, attracts more people than any other American city. Washington is socially attractive in an analogous way, because it is a capital. Boston is attractive because it is rich and handsome, and has delightful suburbs. People who can get a license to live in Boston often find life there very pleasant. Chicago is a good place to make money in. People go there chiefly for that purpose, and as it is an exceedingly cogent motive, they go steadily, and in large numbers; but it is observed that Chicago people who have made money enough often pack up and come East to live. When they do that, it must be because life in the East suits them better.

It does appear, therefore, and probably the Ladies' Club of Noblesville will admit it, that the Americans straggle a good deal, and feel no special obligation to stick to one particular State, if they think they can find better sport in another. So it is all the more a credit to Indiana that it seems to hold the Hoosiers pretty close, and that those of them who go out and view the world, and serve in various high places, are apt to go home again in the end. No doubt there are hundreds of native Hoosiers in New York, but it can hardly be said that "the good Hoosiers" come to New York. They seem to stay at home. That's their peculiarity.

As to the "good New-Yorkers," and where they go, that is worth considering. It used to be said that good Americans went to Paris when they died, but that was thirty years ago. The more modern tendency is to go to London. The migratory habits of the very rich Americans are easily studied. Pretty much all of the excessively rich Californians seem to be living in New York or Europe. Rich Chicago people who get tired of Chicago build houses in New York or Washington, and summer-houses in New England. Ohio is a feeder for New York, Washington, and London. New York people who are cloyed with the life of their own town go into the country, or live on a yacht like Editor Bennett, or move to England like Mr. Waldorf Astor, or, like many others, have houses in various likely places — London, Paris, Rome, Florence, or Scotland—and still keep up a few establishments for occasional use at home. One general truth impresses the observer, that while the course of the star of empire is westward, the current of dollars spent in luxury and unproductive investment seems to run the other way.

It is true that this world is not our home, but our sojournings in it interest us in it as a place of temporary residence, and most of us like to have our ideas of places and people assume as much permanency as possible. We like to identify certain people with certain places, and however individuals may move about we like families to have places of permanent residence. It is an interesting question how far this identification of families with places is going to be possible in this country. During the present century, migration—especially migration westward—has been the habit of the country, and nowadays transportation is so cheap and communication so general that it is almost as easy to go somewhere else as it is to stay at home. The two classes of people who seem most likely to maintain permanent relations with localities are those who are too poor to get away, and those who are rich enough to go and come back. Everywhere the conditions of life and of industry, and the relative importance of places and situations, keep changing and compelling moves, and between the families that go to town to make a living and those that go to spend a fortune and those who leave town to save money, the art of staying at home seems to get finer and finer all the time, and the successful practice of it more and more unusual.

General William Starke Rosecrans, who died on March 11 at his home near Redondo in southern California, was one of the noted generals of the war who held high command and won high distinction. He was born in Delaware County, Ohio, in 1819, was graduated fifth in his class at West Point, and after serving eleven years in the engineer corps of the regular army, resigned (in 1854) and opened an office in Cincinnati. When the war came he promptly received a commission as Brigadier-General in the regular army, and a command of 11,000 troops in West Virginia. There he did well, repulsing General R. E. Lee, who tried to recapture the State. In 1862 he commanded a division under Pope in Halleck's army, presently succeeded Pope in command, was appointed Major-General of Volunteers, won the battle of Corinth, took command in October of the Army of the Ohio, and at the very end of the year beat Bragg in the noted battle of Stone River, wherein 108,000 troops were engaged. The battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, which was saved by Thomas from being a serious disaster, ended the more brilliant part of his military career. He was relieved from command, and Thomas, against his own protests, succeeded him. After serving for nearly a year in command of the Department of Missouri, he was left without a command during the rest of the war. In 1867 he resigned his commission in the regular army. For a year he served, by appointment of President Johnson, as United States Minister to Mexico, and about 1870 he moved to San Rafael, California, and resumed the practice of his profession as civil engineer. He served in Congress two terms, from 1881 to 1885, and from that time until about a year ago held the office of Register of the Treasury.

In Charles A. Dana's "Reminiscences," in the February number of *McClure's Magazine*, there is an interesting record of the impression General Rosecrans made on Mr. Dana, who was with him in the Chickamauga campaign of 1863. Mr. Dana says of him:

> While few persons exhibited more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man possessing talent with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He had inventive fertility and knowledge, but he had no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scattered; there was no system in the use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he was a feeble commander. He was conscientious and honest, just as he was imperious and disputatious; always with a stray vein of caprice, and an overweening passion for the approbation of his personal friends and the public outside.

This is an interesting estimate, whether or not it is just. It is proper to remember that it was made after Chickamauga, and not at a time when its subject appeared at the best advantage. As to General Rosecrans's patriotism, courage, and fidelity, as well as his very considerable talent, there never has been but one opinion. Personally he was very popular, and beloved by his soldiers, and liked by the generals and officers who served with him.

A good deal of light was thrown on current processes of making war news by the recent intelligence distributed by the *Times*, that Mr. Chamberlain, the war-news editor of the *Evening World*, was lying at his home in New Jersey, gravely ill with brain-fever. The nature of the war extras of the yellow papers has been so generally appreciated, and the process of getting them out has seemed so very simple, that probably few persons have realized that their issue involved any serious strain, except perhaps upon machinery—multiplex, million-a-minute presses, linotype machines, and devices for getting red and black inks upon plates in expedient contrasts. Mr. Chamberlain's collapse, however, shows that there is more to the "extra" business than that, and that it even involves something fit to be described as a mental strain. We are told that from the time of the *Maine* explosion until he broke down Mr. Chamberlain spent his days and most of his nights in turning out incessant designs for new extras, and worked himself into a state of mind which finally discovered itself about six o'clock on Saturday evening, March 12, in the appearance on the street of a *World* extra which announced in vociferous head-lines that war had been declared. It occurred to some one in authority that the announcement was premature, and if so, might be indiscreet, so this issue was called in, and arrangements were promptly made for Mr. Chamberlain to take a month's vacation. The next night brain-fever developed, a result of over-zealous solicitude for the promotion of his employer's interests.

It is to be hoped that this case may have induced better and more sensible methods in issuing extras. There is no need at all of such precipitation in the preparation of these wares. A better way is illustrated in every lunch-room where they serve batter-cakes hot to consumers. The batter is all prepared beforehand, the griddle is kept hot, and the cakes are issued to meet the demand. Such war extras as this unlucky Mr. Chamberlain has worn himself out over might just as well have been issued in an analogous way. They have been at all times gloriously independent of fact or actual occurrence, and could have been as well prepared calmly and by daylight hours, perhaps days before they were needed. Mix your batter, gentlemen, betimes, and if possible let it stand overnight. Have fifteen or twenty different pails of it if necessary, and then when you get ready let us have our extras prompt and hot, and in such succession as the market will stand. If a little real war news comes in, it can be sifted in at any time, and so much the better, but don't let faithful men wear themselves out on these things. Rather than have that happen, we could spare them altogether.

These many eons the Lowell Institute lecture course has been a source of erudition to the people of Boston, and has helped to account for their superior accumulations of knowledge. One of this season's Lowell lecturers has been Dr. William Everett, of Quincy, who has given a series of very popular discourses on poets. Any one would suppose that a Boston lecturer on poets would wish to be contemporaneous, and would consider Kipling, William Watson, Stephen Phillips, and Richard Le Gallienne; or if he preferred to stay at home, then Riley, Steadman, Aldrich, and Richard Watson Gilder. But Dr. Everett has done no such thing. Fearless of the reproach that his reading and appreciation are not "up to date," he has been turning back the clock and talking to the Boston moderns about the poetry their grandmothers read. He has lectured, at this writing, on Cowper, Crabbe, Scott, and Moore, and Campbell, Byron, and maybe others are still to follow. Dr. Everett can read poetry as well as talk about it and the writers of it, and the *Transcript* reports that his lectures have been very successful.

Captain Mahan is an accomplished gentleman, and the fact that he is the world's accepted authority on one great subject of current interest by no means warrants the conclusion that all his intelligence has been concentrated on that subject. He made an interesting address on March 15 at a Lenten service in an Episcopal church on Brooklyn Heights, wherein he told his views, or rather his experience, of religion. He said nothing novel or startling, suggested no new interpretations of Scripture or unusual theological deduction, yet his testimony, simple as it is, is interesting. His discourse, as reported, includes this passage:

> "My experience of life is that of one who has based his practice upon the full intellectual acceptance of the Christian faith as explicitly set forth in the historic creeds—the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds. In those and in the Word of God I have found and find not merely comfort and strength, but intense intellectual satisfaction."

Evidently Captain Mahan does not share the sentiments of those condescending thinkers who regard belief in the Christian faith as a valuable refuge for persons who are tired of thinking.

The new circular adopted at Pittsburg by the Permanent Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly, to be issued to the presbyteries, suggests to church courts that it is their duty to "forewarn parents of the temptations that may beset their sons as they enter upon college life," but does not name or suggest any college in which those temptations seem to be more potent than in another. It does state that "the Presbyterian Church has long been teaching that temperance is total abstinence from intoxicants—not their moderate use—and that the traffic (in intoxicants), licensed or unlicensed, is a curse to be constantly combated by every Christian citizen."

That seems a sufficiently explicit statement of the attitude of the Presbyterian Church towards strong drink. It has the advantage of being easily understood. Perhaps it is worth noting, not as a basis of complaint, but in a spirit of friendly interest, that, judged by the standard of temperance thus determined, the Presbyterian fold must contain a very considerable number of intemperate sheep, and not a few intemperate shepherds.

As was anticipated, Dr. Andrew S. Draper declined his recent election as City Superintendent of Schools of Greater New York, and on March 16 the Board of Education elected to that important office Mr. William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the public schools of Brooklyn. Mr. Maxwell is serving his third term in his present office. He is a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1852. His father was a Presbyterian minister. He was educated in Ireland, is a graduate of the Queen's University, and for two years taught in the Victoria College for women in Belfast. He came to America in 1874, and became managing editor of the Brooklyn *Times*. In 1880 he began to teach school in Brooklyn, where, since 1887, he has been Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Aubrey Beardsley died of consumption at Mentone on March 16. Most unenlightened persons will remember him as the artificer of a line of drawings as unwholesome as ever got admittance to polite society. That, however, is doubtless a crude view to take of him. The company of his instigators and admirers included many persons qualified to hold opinions on matters of art, and though many other persons equally well qualified found his creations absurd, the inquiring layman must conclude that he had a talent worth developing, and which we must regret to see cut off. His success, such as it was, was astonishing, for his drawings are well known all over Europe and America, and his work was in active request, yet he was born in 1874 which makes him only twenty-four years old.

A Mr. Sandford of New Haven, described as "Yale's old centre rush and football coach," is quoted in the newspapers as being of a mind to enlist if there is war, and as of the opinion that "every old college football-player in the East will do the same." Mr. Sandford is a peace man, but he says that all the stalwart old Yale athletes whom he has seen are ready to respond to a call to arms, and he believes the country will find no stouter defenders "than the warriors who have gained courage on football fields."

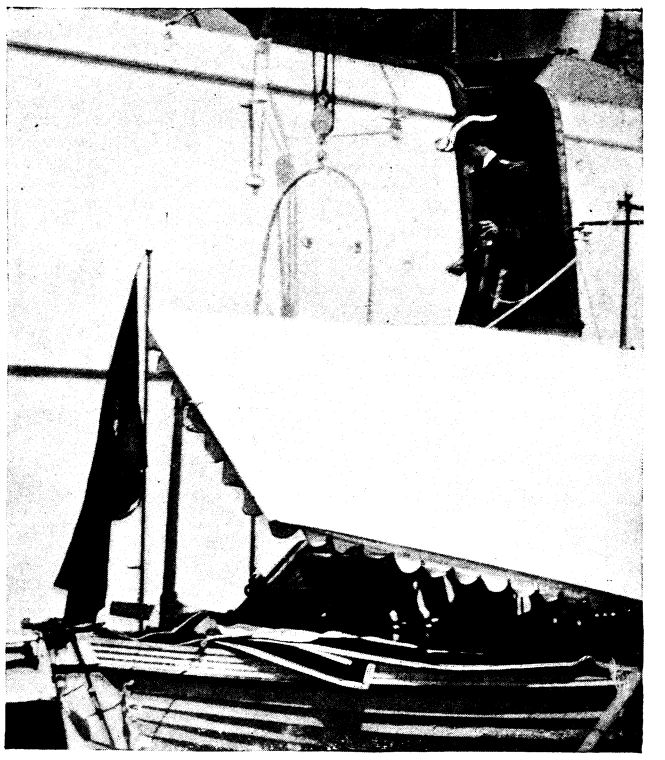
No doubt the football men would give a good account of themselves if it came to blows, though there is some reason to think that if our troubles with Spain should end in active hostilities, the heavy end of the conflict would fall not so much upon fighting-men as upon stokers. The value of football as a means of keeping alive a martial spirit in time of peace has been abundantly dwelt upon, yet, after all, the chief particular in which veteran football-players would be expected to excel as soldiers would be in the possession of superior physical endurance, and in that particular, if war came, they would compete not with students and young men somewhat delicately reared, but with the great body of working-men. The hard physical work of war is done for the most part by young men accustomed from an early age to physical labor. In the host of such men that are available for service the little army of football men would cut, numerically at least, a small figure. One of the interesting results of war would be the chance it would afford of ascertaining whether football has had a visible effect upon our military capacity. Of course, however, it wouldn't pay to hatch out a trouble on that account alone.

The gold medal of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, established in 1893 by Mr. John H. Converse, has just been awarded to two natives of Philadelphia, and former pupils of the Academy, Miss Cecilia Beaux and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Under the conditions of its foundation this medal is awarded, at the discretion of the Board of Directors, to American painters and sculptors in recognition of high achievement in their profession. The Academy is fortunate in having two representatives of its own schools who are so conspicuously fit to receive the honors in its gift.

E. S. MARTIN.



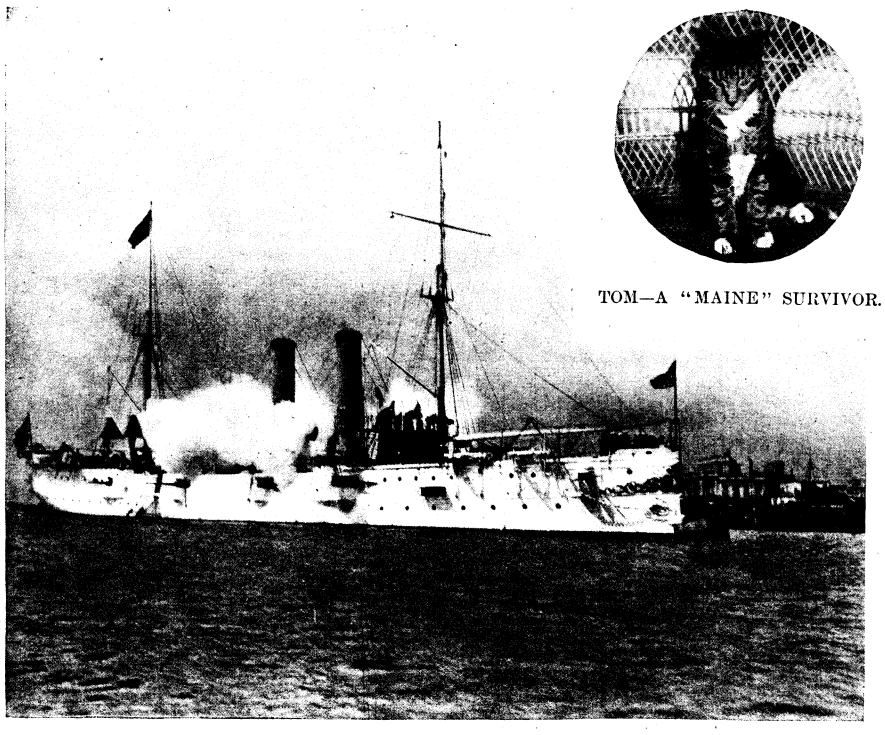
A VERY IMPORTANT PIECE OF WRECKAGE BLOWN UP FORWARD.



NAVAL COURTESIES—CAPTAIN KUKIN LEAVING THE "MONTGOMERY" AFTER AN OFFICIAL CALL.

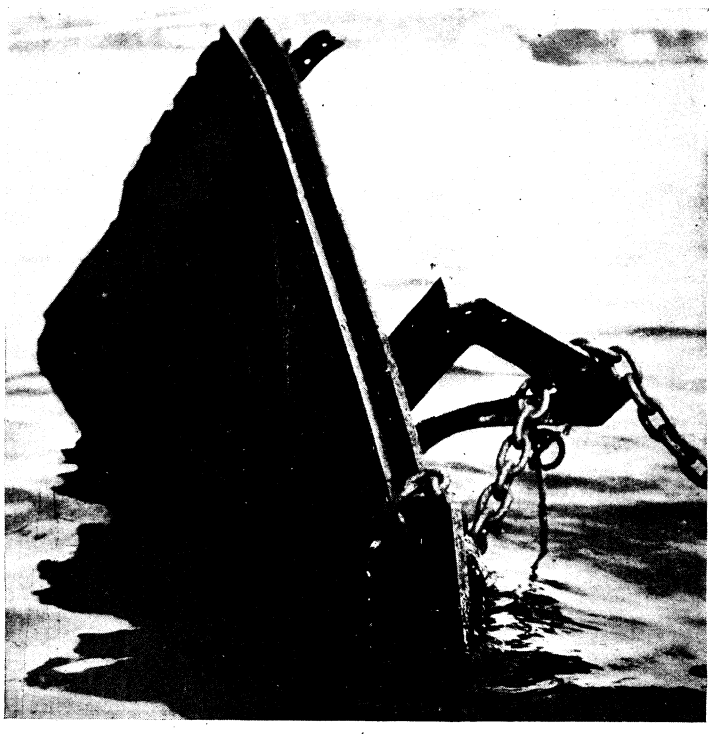


WRECKERS AT WORK ON THE MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE "MAINE."



THE "MONTGOMERY" SALUTING ON HER ARRIVAL AT HAVANA.

TOM—A "MAINE" SURVIVOR.



ONE OF THE "MAINE'S" PLATES BLOWN UP FROM THE FORWARD PART OF THE SHIP.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—SCENES IN HAVANA HARBOR.—[See Page 294.]



DEATH AND THE CHILD.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

IV.

THE road moved around the base of a little hill, and on this hill a battery of mountain-guns was leisurely shelling something unseen. In the lee of the height, the mules, contented under their heavy saddles, were quietly browsing the long grass. Peza ascended the hill by a slanting path. He felt his heart beat swiftly; once at the top of the hill, he would be obliged to look this phenomenon in the face. He hurried, with a mysterious idea of preventing by this strategy the battle from making his appearance a signal for some tremendous renewal. This vague thought seemed logical at the time. Certainly this living thing had knowledge of his coming. He endowed it with the intelligence of a barbaric deity. And so he hurried; he wished to surprise war, this terrible emperor, when it was only growling on its throne. The ferocious and horrible sovereign was not to be allowed to make the arrival a pretext for some fit of smoky rage and blood. In this half-lull Peza had distinctly the sense of stealing upon the battle unawares.

The soldiers watching the mules did not seem to be impressed by anything august. Two of them sat side by side and talked comfortably; another lay flat upon his back, staring dreamily at the sky; another cursed a mule for certain refractions. Despite their uniforms, their bandoleers and rifles, they were dwelling in the peace of hostlers. However, the long shells were whooping from time to time over the brow of the hill and swirling in almost straight lines toward the vale of trees, flowers, and grass. Peza, hearing and seeing the shells, and seeing the pensive guardians of the mules, felt reassured. They were accepting the condition of war as easily as an old sailor accepts the chair behind the counter of a tobacco-shop. Or it was merely that the farm-boy had gone to sea, and he had adjusted himself to the circumstances immediately, and with only the usual first misadventures in conduct. Peza was proud and ashamed that he was not of them, these stupid peasants, who, throughout the world, hold potentates on their thrones, make statesmen illustrious, provide generals with lasting victories, all with ignorance, indifference, or half-witted hatred, moving the world with the strength of their arms, and getting their heads knocked together in the name of God, the king, or the stock exchange—immortal, dreaming, hopeless asses who surrender their reason to the care of a shining puppet, and persuade some toy to carry their lives in his purse. Peza mentally abased himself before them, and wished to stir them with furious kicks.

As his eyes ranged above the rim of the plateau, he saw a group of artillery officers talking busily. They turned at once and regarded his ascent. A moment later a row of infantry soldiers, in a trench beyond the little guns, all faced him. Peza bowed to the officers. He understood at the time that he had made a good and cool bow, and he wondered at it, for his breath was coming in gasps; he was stifling from sheer excitement. He felt like a tipsy man trying to conceal his muscular uncertainty from the people in the street. But the officers did not display any knowledge. They bowed. Behind them Peza saw the plain glittering green, with three lines of black marked upon it heavily. The front of the first of these lines was frothy with smoke. To the left of this hill was a craggy mountain, from which came a continual dull rattle of musketry. Its summit was ringed with the white smoke. The black lines on the plain slowly moved. The shells that came from there passed overhead with the sound of great birds frantically flapping their wings. Peza thought of the first sight of the sea during a storm. He seemed to feel against his face the wind that races over the tops of cold and tumultuous billows.

He heard a voice afar off. "Sir, what would you?"

He turned, and saw the dapper Captain of the battery standing beside him. Only a moment had elapsed. "Pardon me, sir," said Peza, bowing again.

The officer was evidently reserving his bows; he scanned the new-comer attentively. "Are you a correspondent?" he asked.

Peza produced a card.

"Yes, I came as a correspondent," he replied, "but now, sir, I have other thoughts. I wish to help. You see? I wish to help."

"What do you mean?" said the Captain. "Are you a Greek? Do you wish to fight?"

"Yes, I am a Greek. I wish to fight." Peza's voice surprised him by coming from his lips in even and deliberate tones. He thought with gratification that he was behaving rather well. Another shell, travelling from some unknown point on the plain, whirled close and furiously in the air, pursuing an apparently horizontal course, as if it were never going to touch the earth. The dark shape swished across the sky.

"Ah!" cried the Captain, now smiling. "I am not sure that we will be able to accommodate you with a fierce affair here just at this time, but—" He walked gayly to and fro behind the guns with Peza, pointing out to him the lines of the Greeks and describing his opinion of the general plan of defence. He wore the air of an amiable host. Other officers questioned Peza in regard to the politics of the war. The King, the ministry, Germany, England, Russia—all these huge words were continually upon their tongues. "And the people in Athens, were they—" Amid this vivacious babble Peza, seated upon an ammunition-box, kept his glance high, watching the appearance of shell after shell. These officers were like men who had been lost for days in the forest. They were thirsty for any scrap of news. Nevertheless, one of them would occasionally dispute their informant courteously. What would Servia have to say to that? No, no; France and Russia could never allow it. Peza was elated. The shells killed no one; war was not so bad. He was simply having coffee in the smoking-room of some embassy where reverberate the names of nations.

A rumor had passed along the motley line of privates in the trench. The new arrival with the clean white helmet was a famous English cavalry officer come to assist the army with his counsel. They stared at the figure of him surrounded by officers. Peza, gaining sense of the glances and whispers, felt that his coming was an event.

Later he resolved that he could with temerity do something finer. He contemplated the mountain where the Greek infantry was engaged, and announced leisurely to the Captain of the battery that he thought presently of going in that direction and getting into the fight. He reaffirmed the sentiments of a patriot. The Captain seemed surprised. "Oh, there will be fighting here at this knoll in a few minutes!" he said, orientally. "That will be sufficient. You had better stay with us. Besides, I have been ordered to resume fire." The officers all tried to dissuade him from departing. It was really not worth the trouble. The battery would begin again directly. Then it would be amusing for him.

Peza felt that he was wandering with his protestations of high patriotism through a desert of sensible men. These officers gave no heed to his exalted declarations. They seemed too jaded. They were fighting the men who were fighting them. Palaver of the particular kind had subsided before their intense preoccupation in war as a craft. Moreover, many men had talked in that manner, and only talked.

Peza believed at first that they were treating him delicately. They were considerate of his inexperience. War had turned out to be such a gentle business that Peza concluded that he could scorn this idea. He bade them a heroic farewell, despite their objections.

However, when he reflected upon their ways afterwards, he saw dimly that they were actuated principally by some universal childish desire for a spectator of their fine things. They were going into action, and they wished to be seen at war precise and fearless.

V.

Climbing slowly to the high infantry position, Peza was amazed to meet a soldier whose jaw had been half shot away, and who was being helped down the steep track by two tearful comrades. The man's breast was drenched with blood, and from a cloth which he held to the wound drops were splashing wildly upon the stones of the path. He gazed at Peza for a moment. It was a mystic gaze which Peza withstood with difficulty. He was exchanging looks with a spectre; all aspect of the man was somehow gone from this victim. As Peza went on, one of the unwounded soldiers loudly shouted to him to return and assist in this tragic march. But even Peza's fingers revolted; he was afraid of the spectre; he would not have dared to touch it. He was surely craven in the movement of refusal he made to them. He scrambled hastily on up the path. He was running away.

At the top of the hill he came immediately upon a part of the line that was in action. Another battery of mountain-guns was here, firing at the streaks of black on the plain. There were trenches filled with men lining parts of the crest, and near the base were other trenches, all crashing away mightily. The plain stretched as far as the eye could see, and from where silver mist ended this emerald ocean of grass a great ridge of snow-topped mountain poised against a fleckless blue sky. Two knolls, green and yellow with grain, sat on the prairie, confronting the dark hills of the Greek position. Between them were the lines of the enemy. A row of trees, a village, a stretch of road, showed faintly on this great canvas, this tremendous picture; but men, the Turkish battalions, were emphasized startlingly upon it. The ranks of troops be-

tween the knolls and the Greek position were as black as ink. The first line, of course, was muffled in smoke, but at the rear of it battalions crawled up and to and fro plainer than beetles on a plate. Peza had never understood that masses of men were so declarative, so unmistakable, as if nature makes every arrangement to give information of the coming and the presence of destruction, the end, oblivion. The firing was full, complete, a roar of cataracts, and this pealing of connected volleys was adjusted to the grandeur of the far-off range of snowy mountains. Peza, breathless, pale, felt that he had been set upon a pillar and was surveying mankind, the world. In the mean time dust had got in his eye. He took his handkerchief and mechanically administered to it.

An officer with a double stripe of purple on his trousers paced in the rear of the battery of howitzers. He waved a little cane. Sometimes he paused in his promenade to study the field through his glasses. "A fine scene, sir," he cried, airily, upon the approach of Peza. It was like a blow in the chest to the wide-eyed volunteer. It revealed to him a point of view.

"Yes, sir, it is a fine scene," he answered.

They spoke in French. "I am happy to be able to entertain monsieur with a little fine practice," continued the officer. "I am firing upon that mass of troops you see there a little to the right. They are probably forming for another attack."

Peza smiled. Here again appeared manners—manners erect by the side of death.

The right-flank gun of the battery thundered; there was a belch of fire and smoke; the shell, flung swiftly and afar, was known only to the ear, in which rang a broadening, hooting wake of sound. The howitzer had thrown itself backward convulsively, and lay with its wheels moving in the air as a squad of men rushed towards it. And later it seemed as if each little gun had made the supreme effort of its being in each particular shot. They roared with voices far too loud, and the thunderous effort caused a gun to bound as in a dying convulsion. And then occasionally one was hurled with wheels in air. These shuddering howitzers presented an appearance of so many cowards, always longing to bolt to the rear, but being implacably held up to their business by this throng of soldiers, who ran in squads to drag them up again to their obligation. The guns were herded and cajoled and bullied interminably. One by one in relentless programme they were dragged forward to contribute a profound vibration of steel and wood, a flash and a roar, to the important happiness of man.

The adjacent infantry celebrated a good shot with smiles and an outburst of gleeful talk.

"Look, sir!" cried an officer once to Peza. Thin smoke was drifting lazily before Peza, and, dodging impatiently, he brought his eyes to bear upon that part of the plain indicated by the officer's finger. The enemy's infantry was advancing to attack. From the black lines had come forth an inky mass, which was shaped much like a human tongue. It advanced slowly, casually, without apparent spirit, but with an insolent confidence that was like a proclamation of the inevitable.

The impetuous part was all played by the defensive side. Officers called, men plucked each other by the sleeve; there were shouts, motions; all eyes were turned upon the inky mass which was flowing towards the base of the hills, heavily, languorously, as oily and thick as one of the streams that ooze through a swamp.

Peza was chattering a question at every one. In the way, pushed aside, or in the way again, he continued to repeat it. "Can they take the position? Can they take the position? Can they take the position?" He was apparently addressing an assemblage of deaf men. Every eye was busy watching every hand. The soldiers did not even seem to see the interesting stranger in the white helmet who was crying out so feverishly.

Finally, however, the hurried Captain of the battery espied him and heeded his question. "No, sir! No, sir! It is impossible!" he shouted, angrily. His manner seemed to denote that if he had had sufficient time he would have completely insulted Peza. The latter swallowed the crumb of news without regard to the coating of scorn, and waving his hand in adieu, he began to run along the crest of the hill towards the part of the Greek line against which the attack was directed.

VI.

Peza, as he ran along the crest of the mountain, believed that his action was receiving the wrathful attention of the hosts of the foe. To him then it was incredible foolhardiness thus to call to himself the stares of thousands of hateful eyes. He was like a lad induced by playmates to commit some indiscretion in a cathedral. He was abashed; perhaps he even blushed as he ran. It seemed to him that the whole solemn ceremony of war had paused during this commission. So he scrambled wildly over the rocks in his haste to end the embarrassing ordeal. When he came among the crowning rifle-pits filled with eager soldiers he wanted to yell with joy. None noticed him, save a young officer of infantry, who said, "Sir, what do you want?" It was obvious that people had devoted some attention to their own affairs.

Peza asserted, in Greek, that he wished above everything to battle for the father-land. The officer nodded; with a smile he pointed to some dead men covered with blankets, from which were thrust upturned dusty shoes.

"Yes, I know, I know," cried Peza. He thought the officer was poetically alluding to the danger.

"No," said the officer at once. "I mean cartridges—a bandoleer. Take a bandoleer from one of them."

Peza went cautiously towards a body. He moved a hand towards a corner of a blanket. There he hesitated, stuck, as if his arm had turned to plaster. Hearing a rustle behind him, he spun quickly. Three soldiers of the close rank in the trench were regarding him. The officer came again and tapped him on the shoulder. "Have you any tobacco?" Peza looked at him in bewilderment. His hand was still extended towards the blanket which covered the dead soldier.

"Yes," he said, "I have some tobacco." He gave the officer his pouch. As if in compensation, the other directed a soldier to strip the bandoleer from the corpse. Peza, having crossed the long cartridge-belt on his breast, felt that the dead man had flung his two arms around him.

A soldier with a polite nod and smile gave Peza a rifle, a relic of another dead man. Thus he felt besides the clutch of a corpse about his neck that the rifle was as unhumanly horrible as a snake that lives in a tomb. He heard at his ear something that was in effect like the voices of those two dead men, their low voices speaking to him of bloody death, mutilation. The bandoleer gripped him tighter; he wished to raise his hands to his throat like a man who is choking. The rifle was clammy; upon his palms he felt the movement of the sluggish currents of a serpent's life; it was crawling and frightfu..

All about him were these peasants, with their interested countenances, gibbering of the fight. From time to time a soldier cried out in semi-humorous lamentations descriptive of his thirst. One bearded man sat munching a great bit of hard bread. Fat, greasy, squat, he was like an idol made of tallow. Peza felt dimly that there was a distinction between this man and a young student who could write sonnets and play the piano quite well. This old blockhead was coolly gnawing at the bread, while he, Peza, was being throttled by a dead man's arms.

He looked behind him, and saw that a head by some chance had been uncovered from its blanket. Two liquid-like eyes were staring into his face. The head was turned a little sideways, as if to get better opportunity for the scrutiny. Peza could feel himself blanch; he was being drawn and drawn by these dead men slowly, firmly down, as to some mystic chamber under the earth, where they could walk, dreadful figures, swollen and blood-marked. He was bidden; they had commanded him; he was going, going, going.

When the man in the new white helmet bolted for the rear, many of the soldiers in the trench thought that he had been struck. But those who had been nearest to him knew better. Otherwise they would have heard the silken, sliding, tender noise of the bullet and the thud of its impact. They bawled after him curses, and also outbursts of self-congratulation and vanity. Despite the prominence of the cowardly part, they were enabled to see in this exhibition a fine comment upon their own fortitude. The other soldiers thought that Peza had been wounded somewhere in the neck, because, as he ran, he was tearing madly at the bandoleer, the dead man's arms. The soldier with the bread paused in his eating and cynically remarked upon the speed of the runaway.

An officer's voice was suddenly heard calling out the calculation of the distance to the enemy, the readjustments of the sights. There was a stirring rattle along the line. The men turned their eyes to the front. Other trenches beneath them to the right were already heavily in action. The smoke was lifting towards the blue sky. The soldier with the bread placed it carefully on a bit of paper beside him as he turned to kneel in the trench.

VII.

In the late afternoon the child ceased his play on the mountain with his flocks and his dogs. Part of the battle had whirled very near to the base of his hill, and the noise was great. Sometimes he could see fantastic smoky shapes which resembled the curious figures in foam which one sees on the slant of a rough sea. The plain, indeed, was etched in white circles and whirligigs like the slope of a colossal wave. The child took seat on a stone and contemplated the fight. He was beginning to be astonished; he had never before seen cattle herded with such uproar. Lines of flame flashed out here and there. It was mystery.

Finally, without any preliminary indication, he began to weep. If the men struggling on the plain had had time and greater vision, they could have seen this strange tiny figure, seated on a bowlder, surveying them while the tears streamed. It was as simple as some powerful symbol.

As the magic clear light of day amid the mountains dimmed the distances, and the plain shone as a pallid blue cloth marked by the red threads of the firing, the child arose and moved off to the unwelcoming door of his home. He called softly for his mother, and complained of his hunger in the familiar formulæ. The pearl-colored cow, grinding her jaws thoughtfully, stared at him with her large eyes. The peaceful gloom of evening was slowly draping the hills.

The child heard a rattle of loose stones on the hill-side, and facing the sound, saw, a moment later, a man drag himself up to the crest of the hill and fall panting. Forgetting his mother and his hunger, filled with calm interest, the child walked forward and stood over the heaving form. His eyes, too, were now large and inscrutably wise and sad, like those of the animal in the house.

After a silence, he spoke, inquiringly: "Are you a man?"

Peza rolled over quickly and gazed up into the fearless cherubic countenance. He did not attempt to reply. He breathed as if life was about to leave his body. He was covered with dust; his face had been cut in some way, and his cheek was ribboned with blood. All the spick of his former appearance had vanished in a general dishevelment, in which he resembled a creature that had been flung to and fro, up and down, by cliffs and prairies, during an earthquake. He rolled his eye glassily at the child.

They remained thus until the child repeated his words: "Are you a man?"

Peza gasped in the manner of a fish. Palsied, windless, and abject, he confronted the primitive courage, the sovereign child, the brother of the mountains, the sky, and the sea, and he knew that the definition of his misery could be written on a wee grass blade.

THE END.

HOW A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION IS LANDED.

From an experience gained in two successful filibustering expeditions, I can safely assert that the difficulty does not consist in effecting the actual landing, but in making the start. When once the Cuban coast is reached, there is nothing to fear; the whole thing becomes a picnic. The patrol of the coast by Spanish gunboats is entirely inefficient. The smart little filibuster can show a clean pair of heels to any of their boats. She is handled with coolness and dash, and the men aboard her are brimful of patriotism, and so sure of success that it is no wonder they almost always obtain it.

Now to tell something about one of these expeditions. It was about two o'clock in the morning of February — that our filibustering steamer picked up the members of the expedition. The place was in mid-ocean, and I will satisfy curiosity by saying it was about thirty-five miles from the nearest point of land. A tug-boat ran alongside of us and put on board some seventy men. Then we started for another rendezvous, where we were to pick up the boxes of arms and ammunition. It took us two days to reach the spot, and there a disappointment awaited us, for not a boat was in sight. How we strained our eyes and scrutinized the horizon! and how many times some fantastic cloud was mistaken for our boat! But the success of filibustering consists in being able to anticipate all kinds of *contre-temps*. Something had evidently interfered with our ship reaching this point, or remaining there if she had arrived; and to meet just such an emergency as this, a second place of rendezvous had been settled upon. And for this we started, everybody feeling confident that we should find our friends waiting for us. But again we were disappointed. There was not a sign of a boat. About thirty miles off, however, was a light-house, and we resolved to approach it and see if we could obtain any information of what we were beginning to call our "phantom ship." At a mile from the light-house we dropped anchor, and a boat put off to make inquiries.

It was over five hours before these men returned. Their excuse was that they had been chicken-hunting, and that the chickens, scared by so many strangers, had given them a long chase. Later on it transpired that two pretty daughters of the light-house-keeper had led the chase, so that the delay was easily accounted for. The sad part of it was that they had been unable to obtain any news of our boat, so, after much consultation, it was decided to revisit the first meeting-place. Great was the excitement of all on board when, early next morning, the lookout-man sang out, "Sail right ahead!" We had had so many disappointments that some of our number were at first inclined to be pessimistic, but as we got within hailing distance, and our signals were answered, and we knew it was our supply-ship, a long hurrah went up from our people!

Once alongside, the work of transferring the cargo was soon begun. It was a fine sight to see the ardor and alacrity with which this handful of "banditis," as the Spaniards would call them, set to work. In reality our party were good representatives of the Cuban upper classes. Doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, merchants, and an owner of a sugar-plantation worked away, not only at transferring the cargo, but also at filling the coal-bunkers, and all seemed to enjoy the novelty of the experience. By the following morning we had transferred to our little filibuster a complete cargo of boxes of arms and ammunition, and, exchanging salutes with our supply-ship, we started for our landing-place.

It was early on Sunday morning when we first sighted Cuba. The sea was like a mirror; the gorgeous tints of the dawn mingled with the azure of the Gulf water and spread over it myriad colors. In the distance the green coast loomed through a purple haze. The picture was so thrilling that all danger was forgotten in the rapture of the scene. Near us are two sailing-vessels, but of those we take no notice. A veteran of the ten years' war is at the bow, glass in hand. The orders are to get ready for the landing. While approaching the shore the lookout-man reports, "Smoke on the starboard quarter!" Instead of beating a hasty retreat, we wait to investigate, and presently discover that the stranger is a merchantman, so the boat is lowered and a party volunteer to go ashore and reconnoitre. In a very short time they come back and report everything favorable, and all start to busy themselves with unloading the precious cargo. While the work is proceeding, a voice is heard coming from the bushes on shore, then a shout of "Viva Cuba Libre," to which we answer, "Cuba expedicioneros." At once three coast-guards mounted on little mustangs make their appearance, and are welcomed by us with a chorus of "Viva Cuba libre." The joy seems to have intoxicated us all, for we are sure now that the expedition will never fall into the hands of the Spaniards. One of the coast-guards has already started to inform a Cuban force, encamped close by, of the arrival of the expedition. The steamer which we had sighted while approaching the land is by this time plainly seen to be an English tramp as she comes close in shore to satisfy her curiosity. Guessing our mission, she hoists her colors and salutes us with three blasts of her whistle, which we promptly answer. One hour and fifty minutes after reaching the coast the cargo has been landed, the boats are hoisted, and we sail away, amid the hurrahs of those on board, heartily answered by those who are left behind.

The barometer had begun to fall, but as yet caused little anxiety on board, as it might portend merely squally weather, and next day we were once more lying alongside of our supply-ship. On account of the rolling of the two vessels, we were obliged to proceed very slowly in the transfer of our cargo, and it was the following day before we were able to start to land our second expedition. The nearer we approached the Cuban shore the worse the weather became. Some of us had retired to the cabin to secure a little rest, when we were aroused at about an hour before midnight by the cry of fire—not a pleasant awakening on a vessel carrying three tons of dynamite. A lamp had exploded, but was fortunately thrown overboard without occasioning further damage, and quietness was once more restored. The superstitious sailors were inclined to look on this incident as an evil omen, but the effect was counteracted an hour afterwards by a large American eagle which majestically landed on our foremast.

The following night at about ten o'clock we sighted the light of Morro Castle, and altering our course, headed for our landing-place, which was not far from the city of Havana. Unfortunately, owing to the darkness and the rough weather, we were unable to make our port, and were compelled to put to sea again. The lookout-man announced a vessel approaching on our port bow, and at this interesting moment our steering-gear gave way. Fortunately, the accident was not serious and was quickly mended, and we put to sea without further incident. Next day we lay to out of sight of land, and that night once more headed for the light of Morro Castle. This time, in order to avoid repeating our error of the night before, we went so near to Havana that we were able plainly to distinguish the electric lights in Central Park. Two hours later we arrived at our destination. In two hours more, and in the midst of a driving rain, we had landed our second cargo and had again left the Cuban coast.

Ramon Silva.

THE PUBLIC FINANCE OF SPAIN, 1895–1898.

WONDERFUL are the mysteries of financial management in a state verging on bankruptcy. The extravagancies of Egyptian and Turkish finance were long the envy of those who wished to get something out of nothing, and were willing to spend non-productively what their trusting lenders would give them. It was only the intervention of the European powers and the "financial control" that pricked the bubble of prosperous borrowing in Egypt, and by drastic measures proved that a debt was not a blessing, or public credit illimitable. Now it is Spain that is the financial wonder, and its relations to the United States, real and possible, make the question of its financial ability of more than ordinary interest.

Before 1882 Spain was suffering from financial troubles. The anarchist outbreak of 1873, the Carlist movement which did not come to an end till 1876, and the Cuban rebellion which was suppressed in 1878, had involved the credit of the state so deeply as to lead to a default in the payment of interest on the consolidated debt, and to embarrass the treasury in its ordinary transactions. During the reign of Alphonso XII. the annual revenue rose from 659,000,000 pesetas (a peseta = 19.3 cents) in 1876 to 873,700,000 pesetas in 1883, the average for the period being 765,400,000 pesetas. The expenditures, it is true, increased at a more rapid pace, and it was little comfort to be assured that the increase was necessitated by advancement in civilization, and was in part due to useful and reproductive investments. The budget accounts of War and Marine diminished, while that of internal improvements nearly doubled. Starting with an expenditure of 797,000,000 pesetas in 1876, the amount continued in excess of the receipts, attaining a maximum in 1882 with 906,500,000 pesetas. For the period 1876–1885 the annual average expenditure was 834,300,000 pesetas, or nearly 79,000,000 pesetas more than the revenues from all sources.

In the first ten years of the Regency, the receipts and expenditures were:

Year.	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Deficits.
	Pesetas.	Pesetas.	Pesetas.
1885–86	795,206,816	895,618,069	100,411,253
1886–87	814,603,151	940,133,469	125,530,318
1887–88	760,690,360	843,209,546	82,519,186
1888–89	713,123,339	854,544,196	141,420,557
1889–90	752,905,325	835,167,613	82,262,288
1890–91	753,911,974	831,165,851	77,253,877
1891–92	748,825,123	823,520,786	74,695,663
1892–93	719,498,794	767,855,381	48,356,587
1893–94	718,178,524	772,192,103	54,013,579
1894–95	754,320,577	779,569,917	25,249,340

Satisfactory as these results were toward showing an approach to a balance of receipts and expenditure, they were accomplished by means that, in the end, affected the revenue ability of the state. Lotteries, monopolies, and octrois are financial instruments of the Middle Ages, and discarded in most commercial countries. By the side of these antiquities were customs, land taxes, succession duties, and the sale of state properties. It was some of the regular taxes, direct and indirect, and the farmed monopolies that tended to give better returns. The increase was not sufficient to bridge over the difference between the receipts and expenditures. The budget on paper always balanced, or showed a small surplus; but the extraordinary credits accorded to each department during the year gave a deficit, which was covered by the issue of state bonds, or of temporary obligations issued to the Bank of Spain. Even with this annual drawback, the Minister of Finance, Navarro Reverter, believed a reduction of the debt could each year be effected. Indeed, he asserted that a conversion of the debt would afford a part of the saving needed for the financial equilibrium, and he had drawn the most favorable expectations of the near future—conditioned on peace at home and abroad.

In January, 1893, the debt of Spain was classed as follows:

	Pesetas.
Perpetual external at 4 per cent	1,971,151,000
Perpetual internal " "	2,274,660,450
Redeemable " "	1,714,075,000

In addition there were sums due on public works and to employés amounting to 2,156,640 pesetas, making the total 5,962,043,090 pesetas, on which the annual interest and charges amounted to 271,150,858 pesetas. In this account, which is based upon official figures, are not included a small sum due to the United States (3,000,000 pesetas), the inscribed debts in favor of civil corporations and the clergy (725,836,000 pesetas), a floating debt of 195,516,000 pesetas, and obligations incurred on behalf of Cuba, of unknown amount, but placed at about 250,000,000 pesetas. The price quoted in London for the 4-per-cent. external bonds in 1893 fluctuated between 59¾ and 67½, and at the close of the year was at 63, returning to the investor somewhat more than 6 per cent.

It is somewhat significant that in the budget statement for the service of 1897–8 no mention is made of the capital of the public debt. But the *Estafeta* recently published the composition of the debt on January 1, 1898, and with it a statement of the Cuban debt. Since 1893 the capital of the home debt has not materially changed, and stood at 6,767,961,300 pesetas. There was a floating debt of 30,000,000 pesetas, and advances due to the Bank of Spain of 300,000,000 pesetas. The Cuban debt now amounted to 1,448,400,000 pesetas, or six times what it was estimated to have been in 1893. The annual debt charges on the entire amount of the two accounts, including interest, redemptions (*amortissements*), and loss in exchange on foreign payments, are placed at 527,185,659 pesetas—a very heavy item to be provided for in a budget of less than 800,000,000 pesetas. In these charges the Cuban debt calls for 87,718,060 pesetas each year.

The expenses of the war in Cuba have been charged against the "resources" of that island. For many years before the insurrection those resources had not been sufficient to meet the ordinary necessities, and in face of difficulties could not be made to meet the extraordinary requirements of war expenditures. In this dilemma recourse was had to credit—a credit nominally Cuban, but supported and strengthened by a guarantee from Spain. The deficits in the home revenue since 1891 had been met by expedients that were hardly defensible. The advances from the Bank of Spain and the tobacco monopoly company, originally destined by law to other extraordinary purposes, were used in part to obtain a balance in the budget. The bank had offered to loan to the state, without interest, 150,000,000 pesetas for a prolongation of its charter till 1921, and the Tobacco Company offered about one-half of this amount as an advance, these sums to be used for the completion of the new fleet, for army administration, and subsidies to railway companies. No further advances from these sources could be looked for without new concessions or special favors of too liberal a nature. The Cuban Treasury had since 1886 shown a deficit each year of nearly 25,000,000 pesetas, so little real basis for credit could be found in the island.

From the opening of the insurrection the demand for funds was pressing, and this is what was done: In February and March, 1895, the Sagasta cabinet obtained from the Bank of Spain 17,500,000 pesetas, which were advanced to the Cuban Treasury upon Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds of 1890. In April, 1895, the Castillo government induced the bank to make a further advance to the Cuban Treasury of 25,000,000 pesetas at 4½ per cent., with a guarantee in the shape of 35,000,000 pesetas of Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds of 1886. This was expected to carry on the Treasury till the middle of June. To provide further means an operation not dissimilar to the resort to the issue of bonds under our old law as practised in Mr. Cleveland's administration was entered into. In 1890 the Cortes had authorized a very large issue of Cuban 5-per-cent. bonds, on a guarantee of the customs and other revenue of the island. These bonds were to be used in funding the floating debts and arrears of the island, to withdraw the depreciated paper money, and to convert the outstanding Cuban 6-per-cent. bonds into the new securities bearing a lower rate of interest. The conversion scheme had never been carried into effect, and the ministry now proposed to use the bonds originally destined to that purpose, and amounting to 600,000,000 pesetas, as a pledge to procure advances to the Cuban Treasury. The Cortes authorized this act, and under it the Minister of Finance obtained 50,000,000 pesetas from the bank, which took the bonds at 80, and sold others (about 30,000,000 pesetas) in the open market, obtaining from 89 to 91 for the takings.

One result of these operations was to turn foreign exchange against Spain, imposing a heavy tax on her remittances abroad. These remittances were increasing, as the purchases of war material and the interest on the external debt called for immediate payment. In September Cánovas thought to remedy this disadvantage by inducing some French banks, which had on former occasions assisted the Spanish Treasury, to open a credit of 100,000,000 pesetas, on a promise of future concessions to Spanish railroads in which French capital was largely interested. The only result of this suggestion was a sale of 50,000,000 of these Cuban bonds to the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas—a sum hardly sufficient to meet two months' expenditures in Cuba. Further sales were made to the Bank of Spain, and in this way about 400,000,000 of the 600,000,000 pesetas were marketed, at about 80, before the opening of 1896. It was confidently anticipated that the balance could be placed before the end of June, 1896, under an expectation of a speedy reduction of the island, under the new viceroy, General Weyler.

This confidence appeared reasonable, granted the basis on which it rested—peace in Cuba. The bonds of that island had naturally been affected by the insurrection, the 6-per-cents. falling from 110 to 91, and the 5-per-cents. from 101 to 80. The well-known resources of the island were expected to begin to pay the interest on the debt within a few years after pacification, and indeed offered better promise than did the finances of the mother-country. One difficulty was imminent—the expansion of the note issues of the Bank of Spain, due to the heavy advances made to the government on Cuban account, which threatened trouble unless the holding of an adequate specie reserve was enforced. Further, some internal discontent was arising in the manufacturing districts, whose best and often sole markets were to be found in Cuba and Puerto Rico. Even agricultural interests suffered a loss of trade, as the exports of breadstuffs to the colonies, always of importance, were almost disappearing. Diminished commerce affected the shipping, and the immense demand for transports could not make good this widely distributed dislocation and destruction of Spanish commerce, based as it was, even in natural conditions, on a high protective system.

In this situation was the budget for 1896–7 presented to the Cortes by Señor Reverter. He very judiciously maintained silence on the cost of the Cuban war, and confined his predictions and arrangements—chiefly predictions—to the home finances. The principal object to be attained was new resources of revenue and better returns from the old. The budget statement proposed to modify the regulations imposing the contributions on immovables, to increase the tax paid by industrial stock companies, to alter the succession duties, and to reorganize the system of octrois, which were farmed out, and under a contract having still three years to run. The special tax on distilled spirits, on sugars, all stamp duties, were also to be increased, or so changed as to bring new revenue. The tobacco monopoly, about to apply for a renewal of its privileges, agreed to pay a higher rental, and to advance to the Treasury 60,000,000 pesetas at five per cent., redeemable in twenty years. The Rothschilds came into a conditional agreement to make a loan upon the security of an extended lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines, amounting to about 75,000,000 pesetas; and, finally, the shipping interests, somewhat favored by the hire of government, acquiesced in a navigation tax, which was expected to produce 12,000,000 pesetas. Here were expectations beyond the ordinary sources of revenue of 147,000,000 pesetas.

What was most suggestive in this scheme was the pronounced resort to monopolies, and the expressed intention of still further intrusting the collection of revenue to farmers for a long term of years. Authority was requested to place in the hands of companies to be formed for the purpose the state lottery for fifteen years and a salt monopoly for twenty-five years. The tobacco, stamps, matches, and explosives had been already farmed out, and it was admitted that better returns had followed than had been secured under state management. With the prospect of a large demand for money in the fall, it was felt that every available source of income should be touched, and the farming system was proposed as promising the highest results. Without it an appeal to the money-market would meet with poor offers.

The Cortes was prorogued in September, having conferred full authority on the ministry to use the state credit as needed. To establish that credit in banking centres outside of Spain, the parliament had passed the railroad-relief measure, by which the government was empowered to give subventions to the railways and extend their privileges to 1980 as a maximum period, on condition that the roads should co-operate with the government in establishing a credit of 1,000,000,000 pesetas, with a general guarantee of the nation. Such a law was a curious attempt to mingle state loans with company management, and cannot be defended on any ground, financial or economic. Armed with this authority and backing, which practically gave power to negotiate a loan for 1,000,000,000 pesetas under a general guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and perhaps a special mortgage on some state monopoly or source of revenue, the administration went into the loan market.

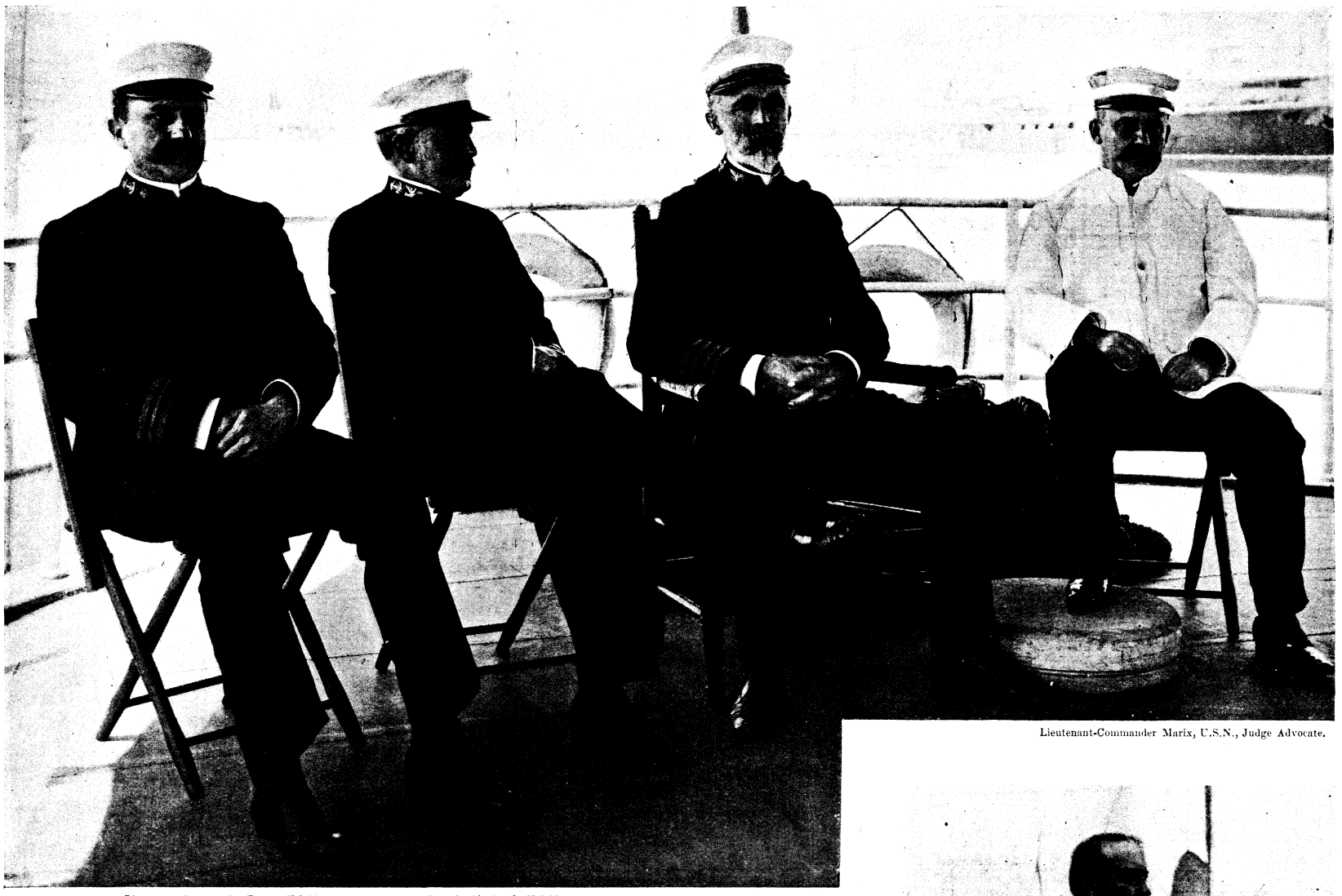
It was long since any government of Europe had undertaken so gigantic an operation in finance. France, when her war indemnity was paid, obtained by popular loan, and under circumstances that impelled every Frenchman to contribute according to his ability, had successfully placed two loans—one for 2,225,000,000 francs, and one for 3,478,000,000 francs. But French territory and nationality were at stake. Russia, in 1896, asked for 400,000,000 francs, and obtained them on the strength of her naturally great resources and her scrupulous regard for her foreign obligations. Here was a loan two and one-half times that of Russia, and offered by a country whose finances had long been deranged, and whose attitude toward her creditors had not been beyond reproach, and the security offered was a curious combination of state and railway companies—a combination resting upon a debt justly due from the state to the companies; one that should have been paid without any entangling conditions. The transaction stands almost unique in public finance.

It was expected that some share, and probably a large share, of the offerings would be taken by foreign money centres; but every attempt to effect an arrangement with the financiers, French and Belgian, to whom the most tempting terms were given, failed, and the ministry were obliged to look at the home markets for support. In November, 1896, the government invited offers for 400,000,000 pesetas at 5 per cent., redeemable after eight years, and secured by a pledge of the customs revenue. The loan was liberally subscribed for, and produced about 372,000,000 pesetas, much of which went to repay the loan from the Banque de Paris et Pays Bas, and some of the advances made by the Bank of Spain—an operation which placed in the hands of the minister some of the Cuban bonds pledged for this assistance, but left little real money at his disposal. The Cuban bonds thus obtained had greatly fallen in value, and an attempt to place them anew would still further depress them in the market.

The government was in this position when the Cortes assembled in May, 1897. Money was absolutely necessary for immediate use, and the available resources had been utilized as far as it was safe so to do without seriously affecting, if not destroying, the credit of the state. Monopolies might be created, but time would be required for their operation, and any advances made for the privileges granted would give but little real assistance to the Treasury. The most profitable of the monopolies had been already provided for, and the highest returns from them assured. What remained was of secondary importance from a revenue point of view. The bonds in the hands of the ministry were a doubtful asset, available only should general conditions favor their sale. After more than two years of borrowing, of pledging monopolies, and attempting a huge credit operation dependent upon the active and unselfish aid of corporations (the railroads) which had proved reluctant when the time came to act, the government turned to taxation. It offers one more instance of a nation staving off what is a necessary operation in war, because it forms the very basis of all credit, to a late day. Drastic taxation at the first would have supplied the means of supporting Spain's financial credit at home and abroad. In default of that, a mere exchange of securities, of new borrowings to pay old debts, and each new loan demanding heavier sacrifice, could not vitalize the ability to command offers wherever money could be had on fair terms. It is the usurer who profits in such transactions.

In the Cortes the path was cleared for the ministry by the withdrawal of the opposition. In a session of eight days the financial propositions of the government were carried—propositions admittedly "temporary makeshifts to meet the requirements of extraordinary circumstances at home and in the colonies." No formal budget was passed, as the constitution provides for an extension of the old budget in case the Cortes does not vote a new one. The ministry admitted there would be a deficit in 1897–8, and the additional revenue was to be obtained (1) by adding 10 per cent. to all direct and indirect taxation, except on landed property and on the coupons of the debt; (2) by creating monopolies in the fabrication, import, and sale of petroleum and all mineral oils, and the fabrication and sale of explosives. On these proposals depended the needed revenue, estimated as follows: 2,000,000 pesetas from the surcharge on direct and indirect taxes; 40,000,000 from the farmers of the petroleum privileges; and 16,000,000 from the explosives monopoly. Not only was the revenue from these objects held in view, but operations of credit based upon that revenue were contemplated.

It must be borne in mind that these figures are estimated, and the results may differ widely from the estimates, as they have so frequently differed in the past. The navigation tax, already described, had not produced one-half what had been expected from it; and the Rothschilds in the end refused to close a contract for the lease of the Almaden quicksilver-mines. Full powers were continued to the ministry to borrow money "to cover the expenses of the Cuban war, with the guarantee of the Imperial Treasury, and with a lien on such sources of the



Lieutenant-Commander Potter, U.S.N. Captain Chadwick, U.S.N. Captain Sampson, U.S.N. Lieutenant-Commander Marix, U.S.N., Judge Advocate.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT OF INVESTIGATION ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE," HAVANA.



ENSIGN W. V. M. POWELSON, U.S.N.
Expert Witness in the "Maine" Disaster.



LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.
Executive Officer of the "Maine" at the Time of Explosion.



CAPTAIN C. D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.



Captain Sigsbee. General Lee. Chaplain Chidwick.

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS WHO WERE KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON THE "MAINE"—CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK'S INVOCATION.

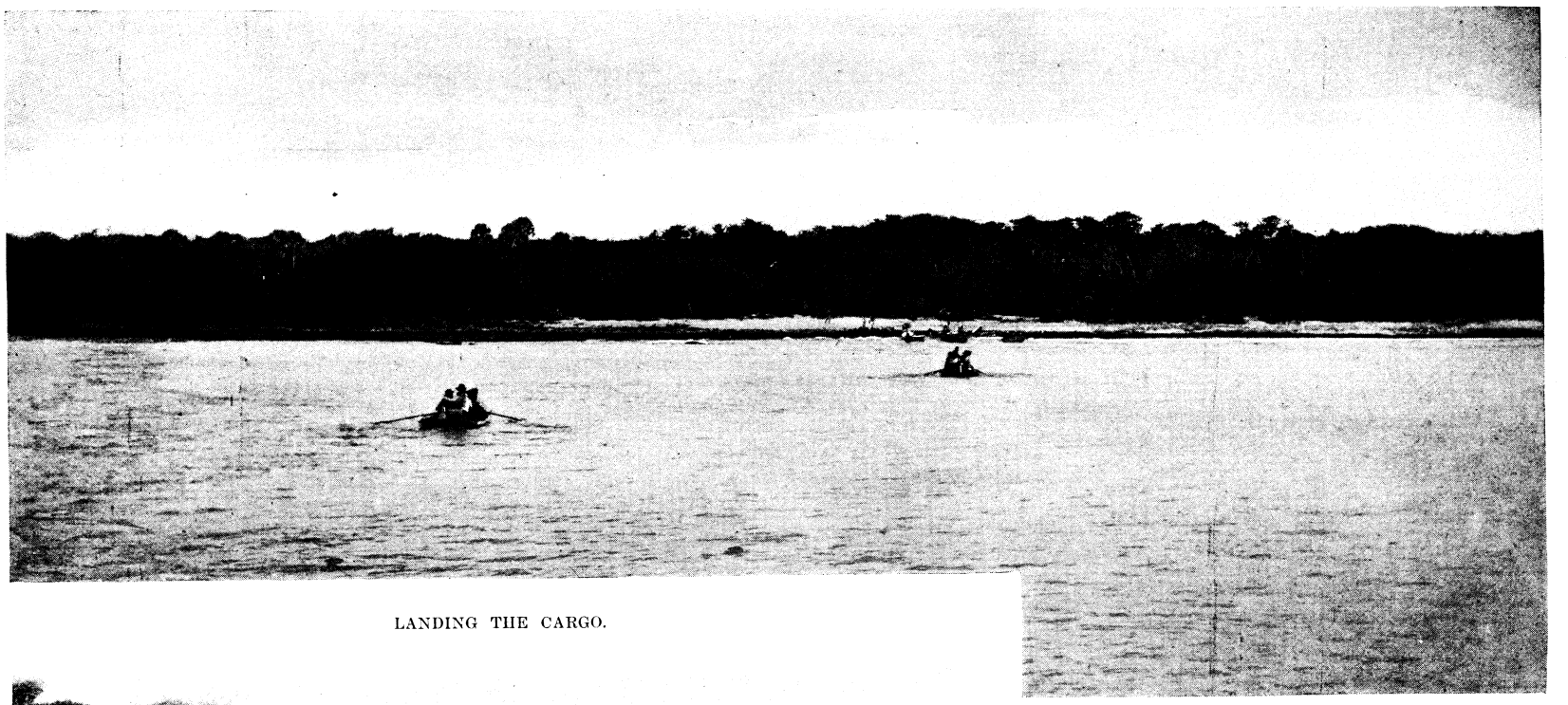
THE "MAINE" DISASTER—PROGRESS OF THE INVESTIGATION AND HONORS TO THE DEAD.—[See Page 294.]



THE FIRST BOAT ASHORE—JUST BEFORE SUNRISE.



THE CARGO ON THE SHORE.



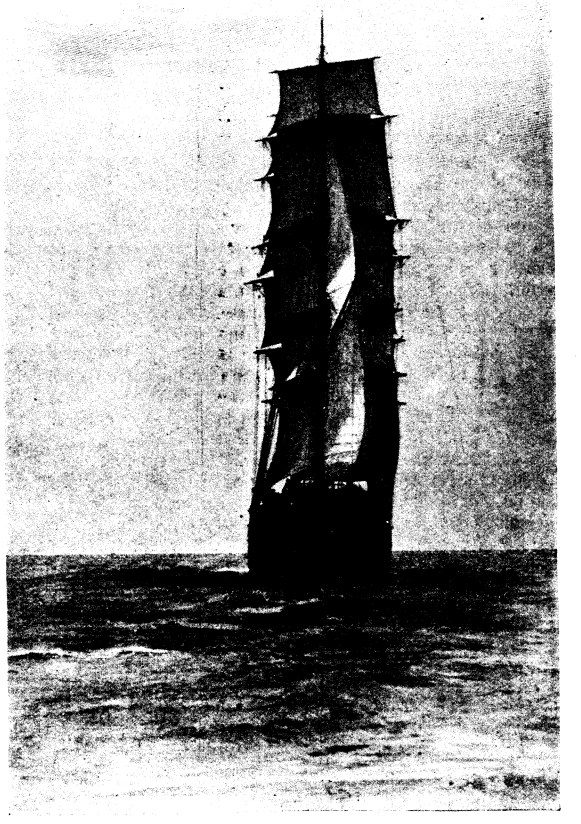
LANDING THE CARGO.



THE LAST BOAT-LOAD.



TRANSPORTING THE CARGO INTO THE INTERIOR.



THE SUPPLY-SHIP.

LANDING A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION ON THE CUBAN COAST.—[See Page 298.]

revenue of Spain as might be considered necessary to secure the success of the loans." A similar power was granted for the cost of the Philippine insurrection, and both were conceded only on the assurance of the minister that they would involve temporary sacrifices on the Spanish Treasury, to be eventually reimbursed from the treasuries of the two colonies.

Supported by these measures, the Minister of Finance obtained a popular loan on bonds based upon a pledge of the Philippine customs, a resource thitherto almost unmortgaged. To sell a 6-per-cent. bond for 92, allowing liberal commissions to the banks, was not a very brilliant operation. Out of the proceeds of this loan a certain amount was credited to the Cuban fund, repayments of advances made out of the Cuban bond transactions. But the primary object of the loan was to defray the war expenses in the East Indies. For Cuban expenditures the ministry sounded foreign and home bankers, only to meet with disappointment. It became doubtful if anything could be obtained on the home budget, which required some bolstering from the outside to maintain an appearance of equilibrium. In its trouble, the Treasury appealed to the Bank of Spain, and the statement submitted was not one calculated to excite confidence. On Cuban account nine months' arrears were due to army, navy, civil servants, pensioners, and army contractors—arrears amounting to 400,000,000 pesetas. Marshal Blanco would require 20,000,000 pesetas each month on that account, and 40,000,000 pesetas monthly to defray expenses of war and the reorganization of the colonial militia—a necessary measure in his plan of campaign. Under an arrangement with the bank 200,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds were issued, supported by a pledge of the Spanish customs, and with this assistance the administration expected to meet the demands on Cuban account until April. The Cortes then to assemble would be expected to frame new plans for assisting the Cuban Treasury.

It will thus be recognized that the fiction of paying the cost of the war out of the Cuban Treasury has been maintained from the first, but when examined clearly it seems to have no foundation. It is Spain that has given the money, and Spanish resources that have been mortgaged to obtain this money. Upwards of 800,000,000 pesetas in 5-per-cent. bonds, redeemable at par in eight years, with the hypothecary guarantee of the Spanish customs revenue, have been issued since the outbreak in Cuba, and this represents about one-half of the real debt thus created. For 700,000,000 of the Cuban bonds authorized in 1890 have been issued since 1895, and nearly the whole of the two issues is held by Spaniards or Cuban loyalists. Naturally the final settlement of this debt will present very important and troublesome political and financial problems. In the royal decree establishing home-rule in Cuba and Puerto Rico the reference to this question was eloquent in its evasion of the real issue. It was intimated that the Spanish Parliament would later on be asked to "devise the means to cover the expense of the debt that burdens the Spanish and Cuban treasuries, and the debt that will have been contracted up to the close of the war; and in this law will be fixed the share corresponding to the two treasuries, and the special means to pay the interest and redemption, and reimburse, if needs be, the capital." Suppose Spain loses Cuba, as is most probable, what remedy have these bondholders outside of the Spanish Treasury? And if Cuba is annexed to the United States, would it not be necessary to quiet this claim by some important concessions from us? Certain it is that Cuba will be in no position to meet the interest on even a small part of the debt nominally Cuban.

Two points remain to be considered: the sources of ordinary revenue of the Spanish government and the situation of the Bank of Spain.

It has been shown that outside of new arrangements in certain monopolies the Spanish government has only lately touched the existing scheme of taxes and duties. On the elasticity of these imposts must depend the ability to obtain the money needed to meet the interest on the existing debt and that on the debt to be created. The receipts in 1895-6 were obtained from the following principal sources:

	Pesetas.
Land and building tax	139,475,000
Customs	111,478,000
Tobacco	89,996,000
Octrois	72,202,000
Stamp duties	47,918,000
Taxes on industrial and commercial companies	36,244,000
Exemption from military service	30,293,000
Succession and legacy duties	29,948,000
Retained sums on payments and pensions	25,227,488
Lotteries	22,480,000

No other single duties yielded as much as 20,000,000 pesetas. From alcoholic liquors only 2,366,000 pesetas and from sugar only 14,000,000 pesetas were obtained. The items named gave nearly 90 per cent. of the total revenue collected in 1895-6, and must be the sources to be further tapped for revenue, unless entirely new taxes be devised. The customs cannot be made more remunerative without a reduction in the present very high and protective tariff, framed in 1892, and any reduction would encounter violent opposition from the industrial interests now supposed to be benefited. Tobacco and stamp duties are as productive as they can be, as they are farmed out, and that means little relaxation of vigilance in collection. Lotteries are no longer a certain source of revenue, and taxes on legacies are not very elastic. The purchase of exemption from military service has brought in more than 100,000,000 pesetas in three years, but can hardly be regarded as more than a temporary resource, however profitable at present. The octrois are connected with local considerations which would make any change difficult and requiring time. So that in distilled spirits and possibly in sugar only can Spain expect to obtain additional revenue to any amount. Spirits are now very lightly taxed, and yet a new duty might fail by encouraging illicit manufacture or smuggling. Spanish financiers believe that the land tax could be made much more remunerative than it is, provided a new valuation (*cadastre*) be made, and greater rigor applied in its collection. To make a new apportionment would require years, and even then might prove no more satisfactory than the existing one, which is evaded by collusion of the assessors.

The results of the year 1896-7 gave a net revenue of 736,627,000 pesetas against 706,368,000 pesetas in the previous year, an increase due to the activity of the monopolies and temporary conditions, such as the imports of grain, because of the short home crops and the purchase of exemption from military service. Taxes in general showed a reduced yield, and it is only by regarding the immediate future in the most optimistic light that hope of an actual balancing of the budget can be entertained. The expenses, on the other hand, are increasing each year with the absolute certainty that belongs to permanent demands. An immense floating debt, liable to be called in any emergency, in itself constitutes a serious menace, as no form of indebtedness is so dangerous to the Treasury. Yet an economist of standing thus sums up the financial situation of Spain: "In spite of the existing crisis in Spain and her colonies, in spite of the errors of extreme protection, in spite of the abuses of administration, its financial position is already very favorable, and permits the supposition that with the natural resources of the peninsula, with the proof of vitality shown by its thrift, its middle class and its capitalists, in the domestic loans and enterprises of every description, the Spanish nation will find relief, and will be able to meet its obligations on the day it is no longer embarrassed by the Cuban question."

As the fiscal agent of the government, the Bank of Spain has borne the brunt of the financial burdens since 1895. Even before that year its position as a bank was peculiar, by reason of the immense advances it had made to the state. In July, 1894, its capital and reserve amounted to about 165,000,000 pesetas. It had given to the state a permanent loan of 150,000,000 pesetas, and in addition advances upwards of 620,000,000 pesetas secured by bonds and Treasury obligations of various kinds, no large part of which could be disposed of without creating a panic. As the deposits in the bank were only 350,000,000 pesetas, it will be seen that all the true resources of the bank, and the greater part of the circulating notes in excess, had been loaned to the government.

The circulation at this time was about 944,500,000 pesetas, and the holdings of specie were 428,000,000 pesetas, of which more than one-half, 230,000,000 pesetas, was in silver. Since 1894 the situation has become more critical. The amount of gold has increased nearly one-fifth, of silver one-eighth, and of circulating notes nearly one-third. In 1894 the issue of notes was excessive, for the depreciation as indicated in the exchanges was 27 per cent., and is now over 33 per cent. It is not discoverable how much of the government securities are at present held by the bank, but it has been so large that only a few months ago relief was made necessary, and a small part of the sums due to the bank was paid out of the current popular loans.

It would not be correct to look upon Spain as actually bankrupt. On the verge of it she must be, and her finances at home seem to be hopelessly deranged. Her 4-per-cent. bonds, which sold at 80 three years ago, are now quoted at 51, and the paper circulation is depreciated one-third of its face value. From the experience of the United States a lesson may be learned. In July, 1864, the paper dollar ("greenback") had depreciated so far as to be worth only 38.7 cents in gold—a depreciation nearly twice that now reached by the Spanish note. Yet recovery of value was accomplished in one case, and it does not seem improbable that Spain could do the same when freed from the cancer of war.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XXV.

MINE HOST RUNS HIS LAST RACE.

HEARTY were the greetings when the soldiers found us all safe and sound. They shook us again by the hand. They clapped us on the back. They examined professionally the dead who lay strewn about.

"A good stroke! Well smitten!" they cried as they turned them over, like spectators who applaud at a game they can all understand. Specially did they compliment me on my axe-work. Never had anything like it been seen in Plassenburg. The head of the yearling calf was duly exhibited, when the neatness of the blow and the exactness of the aim at the weakest jointing were prodigiously admired.

The good fellows, mellow with the Burgomeister's small-ale, were growing friendly beyond all telling, when in the light of the offertory taper, now growing beguttered and burning low, there appeared the Lady Ysolinde.

You never saw so quick a change in any men. The heartiest reveller forthwith became silent, and slunk behind his neighbor. Knees shook beneath stalwart frames, and there seemed a very general tendency to get down upon marrow-bones.

The Lady Ysolinde stood before them, strangely different from the slim willowy maiden I had seen her. She looked almost imperial in her demeanor.

"You shall be rewarded for your ready obedience," she said; "the Prince will not forget your service. Take away that offal!"

She pointed to the dead rascals on the floor.

And the men, muttering something that sounded to me like "Yes, your Highness!" hastened to obey.

"Did you say 'Yes, your Highness'?" I asked one of them, who seemed by his air of command to be the superior among them.

"Aye," answered he, dryly; "it is a term usually applied to the Lady Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

I was never more smitten, dazed, and dumb in my life. Ysolinde, the daughter of Master Gerard, the maid who had read my fate in the ink-pool, whom I had "made suffer," according to her own telling—she the Princess of Plassenburg!

Ah! I had it now. Here at last was the explanation of the threadbare and inexplicable jest of Jorian and Boris—"The Prince hath a Princess, and she is oft upon her travels!"

But what a Wendish barking about so small a bone! I have heard an emperor proclaimed with less cackle.

Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg — yes, that made a difference. And I had taken her hand—I, the son of the Red Axe—I, the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark! Well, after all, she had sought me, not I her. And then, the little Helene—what would she make of it? I longed greatly to find an opportunity to tell her. It might teach her in what manner to cut her cloth.

The archers of the Prince camped with us the rest of the night in the place of the outcast crew. They behaved well (though their forbearance was perhaps as much owing to the near presence of the Princess as to any inherent virtue in the men of the bow) to the women and children, who remained huddled in the corners.

Then came the dawn, swift-foot from the east. A fair dawn it was, the sun rising, not through barred clouds, with the lightest at the horizon (which is the foul-weather dawn), but through streamers and bannerets that fluttered upwards and fired to crimson and gold as he rose.

We rode among a subdued people, and ere we went the Princess called for the Burgomeister and bade him send to Plassenburg the landlord, so soon as he should be found, and also the heads of the half-dozen houses on either side of the inn.

Then, indeed, there was a turmoil and a wailing to speak about. Women folk crowded out of the huts and kissed the white feet of the palfrey that bore the Lady Ysolinde.

"Have mercy!" they wailed; "show kindness, great Princess! Here are our men, unwounded and unhurt, that have lain by our sides all the night. They are innocent of all intent of evil—of every dark deed. Ah, lady, send them not to your prisons. We shall never see them more, and they are all we have, and our children. 'Tis they bring in the bread to this drear spot!"

"Produce me your husbands, then!" said the Lady Ysolinde.

Whereat the women ran and brought a number of frowsy and bleared men, all unwounded, save one that had a broken head.

Then Ysolinde call to the Burgomeister: "Come hither, chief of a thievish municipality; tell me if these be indeed these women's husbands."

The Burgomeister, a pallid, pouch-mouthed man, tremulously brick-dusty, like everything else in the village of Erdberg, came forward and examined the men.

"Every man to his woman!" he ordered brusquely, and the women went and stood each by her own husband—the men shamefaced and hangdog, the women anxious and pale. Some of the last threw a protecting arm about their husbands, which they for the most part appeared to resent. In every case the woman looked the more capable and intelligent, the men being apparently mere boors.

"They are all their true husbands—at least so far as one can know!" answered the Burgomeister, cautiously.

"Then," said the lady, "bid them catch the innkeeper and send him to Plassenburg, and these others can abide. But if they find him not, they must all come instead of him."

The men started at her words, their faces brightening wonderfully, and they were out of the door before we could count ten. We mounted our horses, and under the very humble guidance of the Burgomeister, who led the Princess's palfrey, we were soon out again upon the high table-land. Here we enjoyed to the full the breezes which swept with morning freshness across the scrubby undergrowths of oak and broom, and the sight of misty wisps of cloud scudding and whisking about the distant peaks behind which lay the city of Plassenburg.

We had not properly won clear of the ravines, when we heard a great shouting and turmoil behind us—so that I hastened to look to my weapons. For I saw the archers instinctively draw their quarrels and bolt-pouches off their backs, to be in readiness upon their left hips.

But it was only the rabble of men and women who had been threatened, the dwellers in those twelve houses next the inn, who came dragging our brick-faced knave of a host, with that hard-polished countenance of his gone slack and clammy—slate-gray in color, too, all the red tan clean gone out of it.

"Mercy—mercy, great lady!" he cried. "I pray you, do execution on me here and now. Carry me not to the extreme tortures. Death clears all. And I own that for my crimes I well deserve to die. But save me from the estrappado, from the torment of the rack. I am an old man, and could not endure."

The Lady Ysolinde looked at him, and her emerald eyes held a steely glitter in their depths.

"I am neither judge nor—" I think she was going to say "executioner," but she remembered in time, and for my sake was silent, which I thought was both gracious and charming of her. She resumed in a softer tone: "What sentence, then, would you desire, thus confessing your guilt?"

"That I might end myself over the cliff there!" said the innkeeper, pointing to the cliff along the edge of which we were riding.

"See, then, that he is well ended!" said the Princess, briefly, to Jorian.

"Good!" said Jorian, saluting.

And very coolly betook himself to the edge of the cliff, where he primed his piece anew and blew up his match.

"Loose the man and stand back!" cried the Princess.

A moment he stood nerving himself. A moment he hung on the thin edge of his resolve. The slack gray face worked convulsively; the white lips moved; the hands were gripped close to his sides, as though to run a race. His whole body seemed to shrink and fall in upon itself.

"The torture! The terrible torture!" he shrieked aloud, and ran swiftly from between the men who had held him. Between the path and the verge of the cliff from which he was suffered to cast himself there stretched some thirty or forty yards of fine green turf. The old man ran as though at a village fair for some wager of slippery pig's tail, but the face of him was like Death and Hell following after.

At the cliff's edge he leaped high into the air, and went headlong down, to our watching eyes as slowly as if he sank through water. None of us who were on the path saw more of him. But Jorian craned over, regarding the man's end calmly, and even critically. And when he had satisfied himself that that which was done was properly done, as coolly as before he stowed away his match in his cover-fire, mounted his horse, and rode toward us.

He nodded to the Princess. "Good, my Lady!" quoth he, for all comment.

"I saved a charge that time!" said he to his companion.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.



"AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE HE LEAPED HIGH INTO THE AIR, AND WENT HEADLONG DOWN."

"Good!" quoth Boris, in his turn.

We had now a safe and noble escort, and the way to Plassenburg was easy. The face of the country gradually changed. No more was it the gray, wistful plain of the Wolfmark upon which our Red Tower looked down. No more did we ride through the marly, dusty, parched lands, in which were the ravines and cavern villages, of which Erdberg was the chief. But green, well-watered valleys and mountains wooded to the top lay all about us—a pleasant land, a fertile land, and, as the Princess had said, a land in which the strong hand of Karl the Prince had long made "the broom-bush keep the cow."

I had all along been possessed with great desire to meet the Prince of so noble and well-cared-for a land, and perhaps also to meet the husband of so extraordinary a Princess.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRINCE JEHU MILLER'S-SON.

FOR now when she was in her own country, and as good as any queen thereof, I found the Lady Ysolinde in no wise different from what she had been in the city of Thorn and in her father's house. She called me often to ride beside her, Helene being on my other side, while the Lubber Fiend, who had saved all our lives, gambolled about, and came to her to be petted like a lapdog of some monstrous sort. He licked his lips and twisted his eyes in ecstasy till only the whites were visible whenever the Princess laid her hand on his head, so that it was as much as the archers of the guard could do to hide their laughter in their beards. But hide it they did, having a wholesome awe of the emerald eyes of their mistress, or perhaps of the steely light which sometimes came into them.

It was growing twilight upon the third day (for there were no adventures worth dwelling upon after that among the cavern dwellings of Erdberg), when for the first time we saw the towers of Plassenburg crowning a hill, with its river winding slow beneath. We were yet a good many miles from it, when down the dusty road towards us came a horseman, and fifty yards or so behind him another.

"The Prince—none rides like our Karl!" said Jorian, under his breath, but withal proudly.

"He comes alone!" said I, wonderingly. For indeed Duke Casimir of the Wolfsberg never went ten lances' length from his castle without a small army at his tail.

"Even so!" replied Jorian; "it is ever his custom. The officer who follows behind him has his work cut out—and basted. Not for nothing is our Karl called Prince Jehu Miller's-Son, for indeed he rides most furiously."

Before there was time for more words between us, a tall, grim-faced, pleasant-eyed man of fifty rode up at a furious gallop. The first thing I noticed about him was that his hair was exactly the same color as his horse—an iron gray, rusty a little, as if it had been rubbed with iron that had been years in the wet.

He took off his hat courteously to the Princess.

"I bid you welcome, my noble lady," said he, smiling; "the cages are ready for the new importations."

The Lady Ysolinde reached a hand for her husband to kiss, which he did with singular gentleness. But, so far as I could see, she neither looked at him even once, nor yet so much as spoke a word to him. Presently he questioned her directly: "And who may this fair young damsel be who has done me the honor to journey to my country?"

"She is Helene, called Helene Gottfried of Thorn, and has come to be one of my maids of honor," answered the Lady Ysolinde, looking straight before her into the gathering mist, which began to collect in white ponds and streaks here and there athwart the valley.

The Prince gave the Little Playmate a kindly ironic look out of his gray eyes, which, as I interpreted it, had for meaning, "Then God help thee, little one—'tis well thou knowest not what is before thee."

"And this young man?" said the Prince, nodding across to me.

But I answered for myself.

"I am the son of the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I. "I had no stomach for such work. Therefore, as I was shortly to be made my father's assistant, I have brought letters of introduction to your Highness, in the hopes that you will permit me the exercise of arms in your army in another and more honorable fashion."

"I have promised him a regiment!" said the Princess, speaking quickly.

"What—of leaden soldiers?" answered the Prince, looking at her mighty soberly.

"Your Highness is pleased to be brutal," answered the Lady Ysolinde. "It is your ordinary idea of humor!"

A kind of quaint humility sat on the face of the Prince.

"I but thought that your Highness could have nothing else in her mind—seeing that our Plassenburg regiments will only accept men of some years and experience to lead them. But the little soldiers of metal are not so queasy of stomach."

"May it please your Highness," said I, earnestly, "I will be content to begin with carrying a pike, so that I be permitted in any fashion to fight against your enemies."

Jorian and Boris came up and saluted at this point, like twin mechamguard. Then they stood silent and waiting.

The Prince nodded in token that they had permission to speak.

"With the sword the lad fights well," said Boris. "Is it not so, Jorian?"

"Good!" said Jorian.

"And with the broad axe he slashes about him like an angel from heaven—not so, Boris?" said Jorian.

"Good!" said Boris.

"Can you ride?" said the Prince.

"Aye, sire," said I. For indeed I could, and no shame to say it.

"That horse of his is blown; give him your fresh one!" said he to the officer who had accompanied him. "And do you show these good folk to their quarters."

Hardly was I mounted before the Prince set spurs to his beast, and, with a casual wave of his hand to the Princess and her train, he was off.

"Ride!" he cried to me. And was presently almost out of sight, stretching his horse's gray belly to the earth like a courser dog after a hare.

Well was it for me that I had learned to ride in a hard school—that is, upon the unbroken colts which were brought in for the mounting of the Duke Casimir's soldiery. For the horse that I had been given took the bit between his teeth and pursued so fiercely after his stable companion that I could scarce restrain him from passing the Prince. But our way lay homeward, so that though I was in no way able to guide or control my charger, yet presently the Prince and I were clattering through the town of Plassenburg like two fiends riding headlong to the pit.

Within the town the lamps were being lit in the booths, the folks busy marketing, and the watchmen already perambulating the city and crying at the street corners.

But as the Prince and I drove furiously through, like pursuer and pursued, the busy streets cleared themselves in a twinkling, and we rode through lanes of faces yellow in the lamp-light, or in the darker places blurs of scrabbled whiteness. So I leaned forward and let the beast take his chance of uneven causeway or open sewer. I expected nothing less than a broken neck, and for at least half a mile as we flew upwards to the castle I think that the certainty of naught worse than a broken arm would positively have pleasured me. At least I would very willingly have compounded my chances for that.

Presently, without drawing rein, we flew beneath the dark outer port of the castle, clattered through a court paved with slippery blocks of stone, thundered over a noble drawbridge, plunged into a long and gloomy archway, and finally came out in a bright inner palace court with lamps lit all about it.

I was at the Prince's bridle ere he could dismount.

"You can ride, Captain Hugo Gottfried!" he said. "I think I will make you my orderly officer."

And so he went within, without a word more of praise or welcome.

There came past just at that moment an ancient councillor clad in a long robe of black velvet, with broad facings and rosettes of scarlet. He was carrying a roll of papers in his hand.

"What said the Prince to you, young sir, if I may ask without offence?" said he, looking at me with a curiously sly upward glance out of the corner of his eye, as if he suspected me of a fixed intention to tell him a lie in any case.

"If it be any satisfaction to you to know," answered I, rather piqued at his tone, "the Prince informed me that I could ride, and that he intended to make me his orderly officer. And he called me not 'young sir,' but Captain Hugo Gottfried."

"How long has he known you?" said the Chief Councillor of State. For so by his habit I found him to be.

"Half an hour or thereby," answered I.

"God help this kingdom!" cried the old man, tripping off, flirting his hand hopelessly in the air. "If he had known you only ten minutes you would have been either Prime Minister or Commander-in-Chief of the army."

It was in this strange fashion that I entered the service of the Prince of Plassenburg—a service which I shall ever look back upon with gratitude, and count as having brought me all the honors and most of the pleasures of my life.

Half an hour or more afterwards the blowing of trumpets and the thunder of the new leathern cannon announced that the Princess and her train were entering the palace. The Prince came down to greet them on the threshold in a new and magnificent dress.

"The Prince's officer-in-waiting to attend upon his Highness!" cried a herald in fine raiment of blue and yellow.

I looked about for the man who was to be my superior in my new office—that is, if Prince Karl should prove to have spoken in earnest.

"The Prince's orderly to attend upon him!" again proclaimed the herald, more impatiently.

I saw every eye turn upon me, and I began to feel a gentle heat come over me. Presently I was blushing furiously. For I was still in my riding-clothes, and even they had not been changed after the adventure of the

Brick-dust Town. So that they were in no wise fitting to attend upon a mighty Prince.

The Prince of Plassenburg looked round.

"Ha!" he said, "this is not well—I had forgotten. My orderly ought to have been duly arrayed by this time."

"Pardon, my Prince," said I, "but all the apparel I have is upon my sumpter-horse, which comes in the train of the Princess."

My master looked right and left in his quickly imperious and yet humorous manner.

"Here, Count von Reuss," he said, to a tall, handsome, heavily jowled young man, "strip off thy fine coat for an hour, and lend it to my new officer-in-waiting. The ladies will admire thee more than ever in thy fine flowered waistcoat, with silk sleeves and purfles of lace!"

The young man, von Reuss, looked as if he desired much to tell the Prince to go and be hanged. But there was something in the bearing of Karl of Plassenburg—usurper, as they called him—the like of which for command I have never seen in the countenance and manner of any lawfully begotten prince of the world.

So, beckoning me into an antechamber, and swearing evilly under his breath all the time, the young man stripped off his fine coat, and offered it to me with one hand, without so much as looking at me. He gave it, indeed, churlishly, as one might give a dole to a loathsome beggar to be rid of his importunity.

"I thank you, sir," said I, "but more for your obedience to the Prince than for the fashion of your courtesy to me."

Yet for all that he answered me never a syllable, but turned his head and played with his mustache, till his man-servant brought him another coat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—FROM ACROSS THE BAY.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

MUSIC.

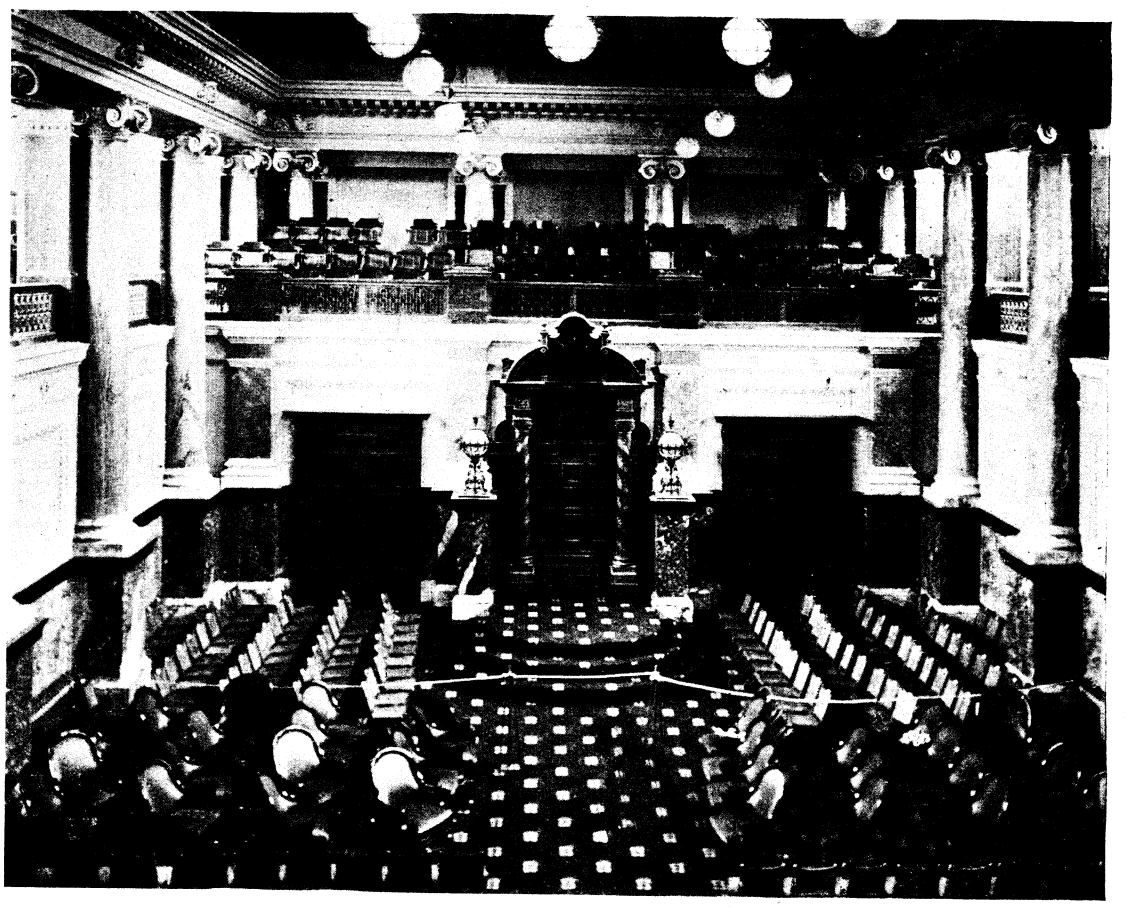
HOSTESS QUICKLY, it will be remembered, had a soul above little theological hinderances. "What's a joint of mutton or so in a whole Lent?" she exclaims with scorn. The days when concert performances between Ash-Wednesday and Easter meant a few routine matters smuggled in, without any one's thinking of referring to the season by their circulars, are bravely past. The musical joints of mutton are very large, and their cuts are ticketed "Lenten" amusingly. Awhile ago we had only Lenten lectures and evening classes and so forth. Now we have "Lenten orchestral concerts" (even the Chicago Orchestra employs that term), we have "Lenten" piano-forte recitals, we have "Lenten violoncello recitals," and "Lenten" matinées of chamber-music, "Lenten song-concerts," and dear knows what not, all labelled with the same dubious suitability. Really it is a wonder that we have not yet "Lenten" comic opera, and Holy-Week vaudevilles—so temporal rather than spiritual a meaning does the word seem to possess in the minds of managers of music. It would be well to allow this overworked reference to remain in the dictionary, or at least in its proper company, unless—as some needlessly æsthetic enthusiasts would have the world believe—art and religion are tantamount.

A mighty satisfaction was felt by Tammas Haggart, of Thrums, in his "sense o' humor." The outcomes—and incomes—of local musical projects often can be viewed with most philosophy if we call to our aid just as much good-nature as we can warm up. The proceedings of the latest (but, we hope, not last) plan to establish a new local concert-orchestra on an endowed basis, or (as the misapplied term goes) to make a "permanent" symphony-band here, certainly need whatever laughter and cheerful satire may be expended on the affair by persons who have grieved in their hearts that seemingly a pleasant-sounding scheme is spoiled as neatly as possible. By a fine touch of absurdity, almost exactly the thing was done to ruin it of which the promoters of it should have called out to each other their loudest "'Ware!" Two of the essential conditions of a good concert-orchestra, such as was mooted, are its separation from hack-work, operatic or other, and money enough as a foundation to make that sort of engagements wholly foreign to the members. The fund for the orchestra, pledged from one source here or from another source there, while large and literally promising, did not roll up to the needed million dollars that was judiciously urged by several workers for the scheme. Mr. Grau, being in this city at the time, occupied with arranging his long operatic campaign for next winter at the Metropolitan, saw his opportunity. Mr. Grau offered to hire the new band for his entire season, quite as he hires Mr. Anton Seidl for conductorial work. As Mr. Seidl's musical situation in New York (with all sorts of announcements and rumors thrown into the balance) has from the first been a special bit of politics entering into the plan—and not to its best aspects—the proposal of Mr. Grau was delightfully attractive to the new orchestra's pioneers. The committees in power at last accounts had closed with Mr. Grau's offer. Thus passes over their orchestra to the Metropolitan's arduous seventeen weeks of opera service, not to speak of whatever else may go with Mr. Grau's practical control of it for his work.

Comment is superfluous. The zealous ladies and gentlemen have wasted their time and enthusiasm. What have they done except, like *Hamlet's* "famous ape," to unpeg the basket into which they had crept, and break their own necks down? What kind of physical condition an orchestra can be kept in, how much time and nerve vigor it will have for fine concert-work, when it is the Metropolitan's band—and, we suspect, largely the Metropolitan's old band—beginning work in November and ending it in the spring? Some seventy performances are to be played, and Sunday concerts and what not besides. The relations of a concert-band to precisely such special and mechanical outside duty have already been indicated in a discussion here. To commit a concert-orchestra to them is ruinous. Much better were it to dismiss the scheme. It is not in any lack of appreciation of the merits of Mr. Seidl as a director of Wagner's operas to regret the obvious mixture of special and superfluous zealotism for Mr. Seidl's share in the project from the first. The plan should have been impersonal. There are other and better concert-leaders than Mr. Seidl. Overstocked as we are with foreign musicians, it would even be better to import another one. The announcement that the new orchestra is named and to be incorporated is, all the same, courageously made. Its title will be "The Orchestra of New York." Under the circumstances, this is assuming a good deal. "The Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera-House for 1898–99" would be better. Certain concerts from it are, indeed, promised to occur at such times of the year as are most practicable, because not in conflict with its duty to Mr. Grau and to the Metropolitan. But enough real superiority to average good work from the different concert-bands now busy here is not to be expected. A new name for just the same instrumentalists heard otherwise, and busy earning their bread, butter, and fiddle-strings as they are earning it now, will not change the amusing aspect of Mr. Grau's swift and exquisitely skilful *coup d'état.*

The visit of the Chicago Orchestra is not concluded as these lines are written. But the impression of its superb quality can hardly be more definite than it has already become, even with the last programmes to be played through. A great many people must have felt that the climax of the season had not come until that afternoon concert at which Rimsky-Korsakov's gorgeous "Sherzàd" Suite was played (for the first time here including its second movement, "The Story of the Calendar") and Richard Strauss's even more gorgeous and complex "Thus Spoke Zarathushtra," heard for the second time locally. Each was given with a virtuosity that not only did splendid justice to such rich orchestral devices, but was more interpretative of such extraordinary works than were preceding performances here under other leadership and by another splendid orchestra. Too much praise can hardly be given to the precision and sentiment of certain individual musicians in the band. That to the actual Chicago fraternity had to be added a contingent of local instrumentalists for some effects that the peculiar programme in question demanded does not alter the measure of individual honor to the Chicagoans. Mr. Thomas held under control both his own men and the temporary aids as few even as great conductors so potently can do. It was not strange that the huge audience became roused to a degree of enthusiasm worthy of the occasion, again and again—after the Suite and the Strauss tone-poem, in which modernity, the splendor of up-to-date instrumental diction, the glow and quiver and bedazzlement of sheer sensuous musical effect, cannot farther go. Hearing such, we soon become careless of how far they really carry out a descriptive programme or merely suggest it; the listener sits thrilled and amazed. And that interpretation of Brahms's Second Symphony on last Wednesday night—what a lecture on the contents of that great work of the last master-symphonist it was! It is one way of estimating the virtues of the Chicago Orchestra, and of recognizing the old-time breadth of its present leader's mind, that the demands of the latest elaborateness are met as effectively—without less impressiveness—as the simpler-stated and far profounder music of the art's earlier and brighter day.

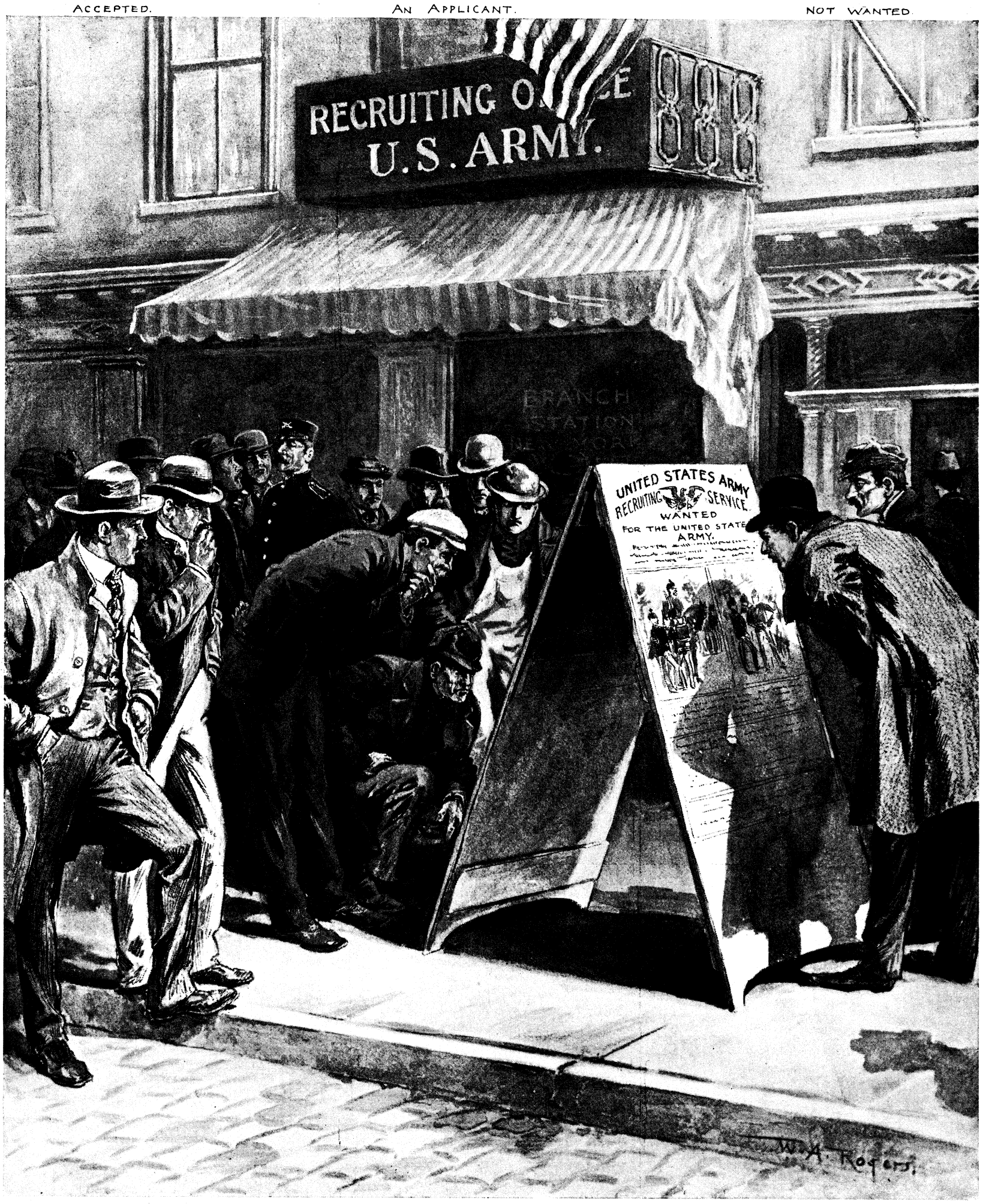
Of young Mr. Hofmann it is now fairer and easier to speak critically than it was a fortnight ago. He has appeared in several orchestral concerts and—a finer touch-stone—at his recitals mentioned previously. His measure is manifest. He is still distinctly a *young* pianistic prodigy—not an infant one (as he might have been called when with us ten years ago), but still a young prodigy. Far from mature as an interpretative musician, obviously undeveloped in his sense of the psychic in music, he is a pianist of unusually finished technic, a performer unusual in his hand, in his touch, in a muscular security and vigor that give noble effectiveness to his dynamics. He plays chords, especially, with a solidity and clearness that haunt the ear. His runs are crystalline; his octaves dazzle. All the lighter outward equipment of his profession this boy—for boy he yet is—seems to have at his fingers' ends. Dignity, repose, and fire each enters, at times, wondrously, into the work of so boyish a pianist. But having said all this, there let us pause and trust to the discretion of our ears and common-sense. The lad has not depth of musical insight, by any means, more than have dozens of other young players all the world over. He does not feel music half so much as he thinks about his playing of it. He is yet to come into the best part of his inheritance—musical emotionality. Rubinstein with him is the piano's pedal and key-board; Saint-Saëns is so, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin—everybody is more or less so. The deeps of music, the eloquence of its gravest speech, he does not perceive nor point. No; as he is, he is a wonderful young pianist, greatly advanced on his little-boy identity, but yet with a whole ocean of sentiment not in his surmise. The heart and the mind of artistic manhood, the lights and shadows of life, they alone make the pianist a musician. They alone teach the player the message between the lines on the page. How should it be otherwise with young Hofmann, unless his whole boyhood be his undoing? What error to expect anything at—is it here the age of eighteen, twenty, or what other? "We



LEGISLATIVE HALL, NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.—[SEE PAGE 306.]



ACCEPTED. AN APPLICANT. NOT WANTED.



INCREASING THE ARMY—SCENES AT A RECRUITING-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

learn in suffering what we teach in song." The pianist may be made. The musician, too, is made, but made by other than professional teaching. Josef Hofmann has yet to be so instructed. Let us be glad, for his sake, that such seems his fortune. The inward lessons will probably come soon, and will multiply impressively enough. Meantime a young player, nearly with his perfected technical sensibilities and power, he is a creature to hear with constant surprise, some respect, and many silent and yet unrealized expectations of his gift and career. At present the fashionable and too largely undiscerning admiration for the young man suggests Trumbull's observation that—

Optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The new Parliament buildings at Victoria, British Columbia, which were formally dedicated with impressive ceremonies on February 10, are the handsomest public edifices on the Pacific coast, though they cost about one-quarter the amount spent on the City Hall at San Francisco. Five years ago it was decided to erect new buildings, and architects were asked to submit designs. The competition was keen, and over sixty architects from Canada and the United States sent in drawings. Two experts awarded the prize to F. M. Rattenbury, of Vancouver, a young Englishman, who had recently come to the colony. The older architects were disgusted, but of the superiority of young Rattenbury's designs there was no question. He has personally superintended all the details of construction, and the result is a public building which is a credit to the colony. It may be said, in passing, that Mr. Rattenbury competed for the Capitol building at Olympia, Washington, and secured the contract, but was unable to go on with the work because it was discovered that he was a Canadian.

Victoria is built on an island shaped like a man's hand. One of the fingers is a peninsula which adjoins the island of Vancouver, and at about the centre of this peninsula are the Parliament buildings. Thus they are unobstructed, and from the little bay which separates the peninsula from the main part of Victoria the view is very striking.

There are three buildings, the central one being the administrative block and including the legislative hall, and the other two the Provincial Museum and the government printing-office. The central block is shaped like a T, the main entrance being in the centre of the two arms, and the great legislative hall forming the stem of the letter. The two side structures are built a little in front of the main building, and are connected with it by a covered colonnade forty feet long. The main entrance is flanked by towers and surmounted by a beautiful dome, which, rising above the trees, is as perfect as the Dome at Washington. Under the arch of the entrance are statues of Captain George Vancouver, the first surveyor of Victoria, and Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of the province. The main hall, or rotunda, is imposing. The dome rises clear for eighty feet, supported by eight marble pillars. There is a dado of marble eight feet high, and the floor is a mosaic of fine marble, with a handsome border. Directly across the rotunda is the entrance to the legislative hall, protected by handsome gates of coppered lacquer. The hall is sixty-one feet by thirty-nine feet three inches, and is surmounted on all sides by galleries. The roof is supported by twenty-two superb solid Italian-marble pillars, with gilt Ionic capitals, and there is an Italian-marble dado eight feet high.

The throne is of carved Indian oak, with twisted columns on either side, and is surmounted by a rich canopy. The coat of arms of the province is carved in oak overhead. Rooms for the various officials and committees occupy the remainder of this building. Each is finished in native woods. The museum, which is located in one of the side buildings, is well worth the attention of any tourist, as it is rich in Indian curios and in specimens of animals, birds, and fishes of the North.

LONDON.

March 7, 1898.

I never remember to have heard so much feeling expressed by average Englishmen on any American topic as with reference to the *Maine* disaster. What has touched people's hearts here is the self-restraint and self-control displayed by President and people in the face of almost irresistible temptation to "do something" strong under the sting of a calamity without precedent or parallel. The pride and high spirit of the American nation never made a deeper impression on this side than when it refused to listen to the sulphurous suggestions of the "yellow press." If trouble ensues, there is no doubt on which side effective British sympathies will be shown. The telegram of sympathy sent by the Navy League to the President of the United States, and courteously acknowledged by him, meant a good deal more than meets the eye. If all the fleets of the Continental powers were to sink at their moorings to-morrow morning, the Navy League would despatch no telegram of regret.

The English Radical press has contrived to give the impression in Europe that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are divided on the subject of colonial policy, and especially in regard to West Africa. Not only the French newspapers, but those who inspire organs of French opinion, like the *Temps*, are firmly under the belief that a struggle is going on in the cabinet between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Prime Minister. This is a mischievous perversion of the facts. I have the best reason for knowing that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are absolutely at one on the subject of French encroachments in West Africa and elsewhere. Not long since Lord Salisbury remarked to a friend that he had sat in many cabinets with many men, but in no cabinet and from no man had he ever experienced such harmonious and friendly collaboration as from Mr. Chamberlain. It has also come to my knowledge, and there is no harm in repeating it, that Mr. Chamberlain has freely expressed to his political friends his satisfaction at the cordial and easy relations existing between himself and the Prime Minister, for whom he entertains a profound admiration. Having regard to their political divisions in the past, it is only natural that friction is attributed by irresponsible writers to the working relations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. There is no friction. On principles they are absolutely agreed; even on details there has been no difference of opinion. The cabinet is a united cabinet, and the harmony between the Foreign and Colonial secretaries is, and has been, absolutely unbroken. It would be well if the French could appreciate the gravity of this fact.

There is reason to believe that the alterations recently made in the programme of the Channel squadron's cruise are not without grave significance. Leaving the west coast of Spain on March 19, Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson's magnificent fleet will visit Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca, and will remain in the Gulf of Lyons until the beginning of May. It is unnecessary to point out that, in the event of trouble with France, the immediate junction of the British Channel and Mediterranean squadrons is of the highest strategical importance. With the Channel fleet between Toulon and the Strait of Gibraltar, the French Mediterranean fleet, in the event of hostilities, would be unable to effect a junction with the Brest squadron, and the French admiral in command of the North Atlantic fleet would have no option but to remain under the guns of Brest and Cherbourg. At the time of writing this disposition of the British fleets has attracted no public attention, but I have good reason for saying that difficulties with France in West Africa and the Upper Nile Basin are not wholly unconnected with the recently altered programme of the Channel squadron's cruise.

Although confident hopes are held out that satisfactory arrangements will be come to in Paris on the subject of our West African difficulties, it is impossible to ignore the existence of a growing feeling of irritation with France. In the course of the colonial estimates recently before the House of Commons a sum of £10,000 was voted, after protest, for the compensation of the French fathers of the Catholic Mission at Uganda, whose property was destroyed during the disturbances that took place on the occupation of that region by the British. This payment of indemnity by England to France is regarded as a right and dignified course to adopt, as it is in accordance with the comity of nations. An unpleasant impression, however, has been created by the revelation that what is known as the Waima affair still remains unsettled. On the 5th of January, 1894, Captain Lendy, Lieutenant Wroughton, and Lieutenant Liston, with one sergeant and twenty-six men of one of her Majesty's West India regiments, were shot down by French soldiers on British territory, at Waima, in the colony of Sierra Leone. Observations taken by Colonel Ellis immediately after the occurrence, and subsequently confirmed by the Delimitation Commission, established the fact that Waima is in British territory. It is true that neither Lendy nor the two subaltern officers who were killed had much political or social influence. It is also true that twenty-seven of the slain were colored men, but they were all of them soldiers of the Queen. France has never expressed, or been asked to express, regret for the occurrence; France has neither paid, nor been asked to pay, such compensation to the families of the slain as would be afforded by a money indemnity. A strong feeling exists that this is no mere question of trade or of territory. National honor is involved. In Siam, Madagascar, Tunis, Newfoundland, and West Africa the squeezability of England has been exhibited to the great powers. Graceful concession in small matters or in large is all very well, provided concession is reciprocal. When, however, the concession is all on one side, when indemnities are paid by England to French subjects for mere loss of property, but are not received from France after the gravest provocation and actual slaughter of British troops by French trespassers, the question of honor takes precedence of that of material gain. The Earl of Selborne, the painstaking Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Office, declared the other night that England was absolutely unanimous that war with France would have been far too dear a price to pay for the loss of our trade-rights in Madagascar. I am convinced that Lord Selborne unconsciously misrepresents the feeling of thoughtful Englishmen on this point. Englishmen are not Jingoes, but when the point of honor is raised, it is immaterial whether the occasion relate to a pestiferous swamp or a combination of paradise and El Dorado. We have now reached that state of relations with France when no language and no diplomacy involving compromise or concession will settle outstanding differences. War or the unconditional surrender of France on the Boussa question is the only alternative.

In the opinion of the naval and military experts, the present is a favorable time to settle our differences with France, if fighting is necessary. In fact, by sending the Channel squadron to the Mediterranean, and thus preventing the junction of the French Toulon and Brest squadrons, the French battle-ships will either be compelled to remain in port or submit to battle with a superior force. French cruisers, for the first fortnight, may inflict a great deal of damage on our commerce; the cables will be cut; much suffering will be caused to the population of both countries; but the result to France will be her extinction as a great power. She will lose all her colonies within a month, including the West African hinterlands, for the sake of which she has driven England to bay. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility, I have no hesitation in saying that the twenty-fifth war between France and England, under present circumstances, however bitterly to be deplored, is now inevitable unless France yields or England sheds her honor. For the first time since the Norman Conquest three generations have lived and died without the forces of England and France meeting in battle array. For the first time since gunpowder was invented, no man lives who has fired a shot in warfare between the French and English nations.

The British public are gradually waking up to the fact that a vital principle is involved in the West African dispute with France. The hinterlands of two British colonies have been obliterated without serious resistance by Great Britain. The precedents of delay and surrender which made the name of Lord Granville a byword in British diplomacy have wrought incalculable evil, and it was not until the still, strong man, in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain, came to the Colonial Office that a serious stand was made. Probably the majority of English people have regarded West Africa as not worth fighting about. Whether or not this be true, if we show to the great powers that we are ready to be squeezed if they only exert sufficient pressure, we shall soon be squeezed dry. A propaganda of unavailing resistance to French encroachments has been made by two people during the last few years, each of whom is remarkable as an individuality. One of them is a lady, Miss Mary H. Kingsley—niece of the author of *Westward Ho*, and the daughter of Dr. Kingsley—whose extraordinary travels on the west coast, described in a thick and ill-arranged but most able book, have lifted the purdah from the mangrove swamps, the forests, the silent rivers, the malaria, and the sunny uplands of that unlovely region in a way that has been accomplished by no other writer. Miss Kingsley has the rare grace of humor. No more depressing tract of country exists on the earth's surface than the stretch of coast-line on the Bight of Benin. Miss Kingsley combines several remarkable qualities. She shuns notoriety. With unrivalled knowledge of the facts, she has refused to join in the discussion on west coast affairs. Her individuality may be judged by the remark of a west coast negro chieftain, who said to a trader that Miss Kingsley was not a white woman, but a white devil. I understand that the sable monarch was not so much alluding to a double dose of original sin as he was referring to the unquenchable vitality, energy, and resolution of the lady in question. She has travelled in Congo Français, in the German Cameroons and Togoland, as well as in the various west coast settlements. Her influence with the governing men in the present instance is considerable.

More remarkable, however, than her courage as an explorer in the worst of climates, or her complete knowledge of the tangled web of west coast politics, is the note of detachment which enables Miss Kingsley to illuminate this most complex and difficult subject with the dry light of reason and sense. Almost every one else with whom I have conversed has some axe to grind—pecuniary, political, military, or administrative—which tends to obscure his judgment, if not to impair the value of his evidence. To these, however, there is one exception.

Sir George Taubman Goldie belongs to a type more common in the Middle Ages than in the stress of these weltering days. Like Charles George Gordon, whom he resembles in more than one side of his character, he abhors publicity, and there is a touch of chivalry in his nature which for years has sustained him under misrepresentation, detraction, and a sea of troubles that would have drowned a smaller man. Sir George Goldie, under a quiet and gentle manner, covers a will of steel. Until Mr. Chamberlain came to the Colonial Office Goldie bore upon his own shoulders the brunt of such resistance to French aggression as was possible under the flaccid administration and degenerate traditions of the Colonial Office. A west coast Athanasius, alone he stood against the world. The result is now visible in the malevolent persecutions of the French press. For a long time the only obstacle to the realization of French ambition, Goldie is now the personification to the French colonial party of British interests and British force. Sir George Goldie is no arm-chair politician. As governor of the Royal Niger Company he personally undertook last year to break the tyranny of the slave-raiding Fulahs in the kingdom of Nupe, the strongest of the states making up the empire of Sokoto. I have no space to describe the campaign, or to recount the admirable arrangements organized by the non-advertising head of the Niger Company. On the 25th of February last year the big fight between 30,000 Fulahs and the Haussa troops of the company took place. The city of Bida was captured. There is little doubt that the Fulahs who were dispersed on that occasion have summoned the French to their help, and that in the form of a quasi-scientific expedition, well armed and with superfluous stores of ammunition, a French party, though disavowed by Monsieur Hanotaux, has actually crossed to the east bank of the Niger.

The hinterland of Lagos is of far greater value than its coast possessions. It is not generally known even in England that for centuries the products of the west coast found their way into Europe through Tripoli and Tunis, and pepper grown on the Niger and transported overland was sold in Constantinople, and found its way to London in the time of Charles II. Myriads of caravans threaded the Sahara region, which is by no means universally the desert it is generally believed to be, though white men are not guided through the fertile valleys it contains. Prosperity induced by this traffic created the populous cities of Kano and Kong. Gradually a touch of the ruling Arab blood graded up the inhabitants of the vast tract of country lying between the Bight of Benin and Tripoli. The French, to a large extent, have gained the sympathy of these people. Leaders of French expeditions have been not only resolute, but tactful and charming in manner. Upon traders they look down with contempt. The Senegalese are a fine fighting race, and, in the opinion of some west-coasters, would walk through the Haussa soldiery "like a hot knife through butter," to use the language of one of them. When the great caravan trade was first reduced by the sea outlet provided by British enterprise and the current of trade reversed, the wealth and comfort of the vast semi-civilizations diminished. Hunger produced discontent among the masses. Rude civilization relapsed into barbarism, and to-day a few caravans only thread their way between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. I need not point out that the potentialities of the open door into West Africa gave to the United States the possibility of a greater trade than is at present dreamed of. The city of Kano alone contains over a million inhabitants, still rudely civilized. Were Kano to become French, American machinery, textiles, and merchandise would be shut out. If Kano remains British, the prosperity of your Atlantic coast cities will be sensibly advanced. American and British interests on the west coast of Africa are absolutely identical as in China. The policy of the "open door" will yet bring about an understanding between the two branches of our race, although the hard knocks seem likely to fall on the British for the next few years.

Lord Salisbury is ill. His inability to get through his work has long been the subject of murmurings among his own subordinates, and of comment by the members of

the *corps diplomatique*. A foreign diplomatist accredited to the Court of St. James was heard to recount his experiences at the Foreign Office in a manner which, though amusing, effectively displays the practical results of Foreign Office administration when the minister has too much to do. The foreign envoy in question described a Wednesday afternoon at the Foreign Office in the following terms: "I arrive in Downing Street to see Lord Salisbury. Most politely they place me in a room. I wait one hour, two hours, three hours. My business is important. Then comes a young gentleman with charming manners. He is desolated at my waiting so long, and he conveys the profound regrets of Lord Salisbury that owing to pressure of public affairs with other countries he has been compelled to deny himself the pleasure of seeing me. And then this young gentleman continues by saying that it is necessary for Lord Salisbury to catch the train to Hatfield, he must 'go home to tea.' And so my business is not done. Friendly to England, I have been unable to communicate important information that would have been invaluable in recent difficulties, but have been unable to do so. But you are asking me do not I see Lord Salisbury in society? Yes, I see the British ministers in society, but if I talk to one of them on my business he is freezingly polite, but unmistakably conveys to me that I am a bore. I do not wish to be a bore, and therefore I go to spend my Wednesday afternoons in the Salle d'Attente of the Foreign Office." These are the *ipsissima verba* of a highly popular representative of a friendly state; and I am not without reason for saying that in dealing with ambassadors from more powerful states than that represented by the minister to whom I have referred, Lord Salisbury's preoccupations have also led to the curtailment of communications and of the postponement of replies to important letters. The foreign relations of England would be greatly benefited by such a rearrangement of the duties of the Foreign Minister as would enable him to give adequate attention to the representatives of foreign powers. It is said that even the United States ambassador has not received the prompt attention which is due, no less to the dignity of the country he represents, than to his own distinguished personality. ARNOLD WHITE.

AMATEUR SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the Military and Athletic Tournament which was held in Madison Square Garden last week was announced as the second annual tournament, it was the first held under the management of the Military Athletic League—the first tournament, held in 1897, having been run by private enterprise for the very incidental benefit of a hospital. To prevent any similar misuse of the services of military athletes, the Military Athletic League was formed recently, which gave, last week, most successfully, its first tournament, in aid of the fund for the monument to the late General Porter.

To the league belong all but two of the military organizations in New York and Brooklyn, and similar organizations from other States; the regular army has approved it, and the great athletic organizations, the Amateur Athletic Union and the League of American Wheelmen, assist it. Its officials are known both as military men and as athletes, and its individual members have the backing of their own regiments and of the great athletic organizations named.

The week's programme opened on Monday night with a review by the president of the Military Athletic League, Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb, of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.N.Y., of detachments from each of the military organizations participating in the tournament, and then the games began. These were all "track events"—bicycling and running races—and were hotly contested. A well-banked track had been laid, 176 yards in length; but as it was to be used by the contestants in the military part of the tournament, it could not be made so hard as for an ordinary athletic tournament, and the records made on it were slow. The athletic tournament developed into a lively contest for first place between the Twenty-second New York and the Fourth New Jersey regiments, with the Twelfth New York pushing these closely.

After the track events each evening came the military part of the programme, the participants being detachments from the regular army and from the organizations belonging to the League. From Fort Myer, Virginia, came Troop E, of the Sixth Cavalry; from Fort Hamilton, Light-Battery D, of the Fifth Artillery; from West Point, the cavalry detachment; from Fort Columbus, a detail of the Thirteenth Infantry; and the United States Monitor *Terror* sent a detail. Of the New York organizations the Naval Reserve sent a detail from the First Battalion; Troop C, the Second Signal Corps, and the First and Second Batteries were represented strongly. An attractive programme had been prepared, varying each day, which was carried through promptly, to the intense delight of a crowd of spectators that grew larger every night. The cavalry exercises were remarkable, as showing the complete control of the horses by the men, and the mutual understanding between man and beast; the artillery manœuvres were striking; the infantry, musical, and calisthenic drill showed how men may be made athletes without even "home gymnasiums"; while the work of the Signal Corps was a revelation to the spectators. Although, of course, the regulars far excelled the militiamen in the accuracy and rapidity of their manœuvres, the latter held their end up creditably, and, even in comparison with the regulars, showed themselves well-trained and not "tin soldiers."

On Wednesday night the tournament was honored by the presence of Major-General Miles, commanding the army, who appeared in the new uniform which his inspection of the European armies indicated to his experienced mind was necessary to increase the efficiency of our small army. With him was General Merritt, in evening dress; and their aides and a number of officers and ladies accompanied them. The games began earlier than usual, and were interrupted to permit of a review by General Miles of the detachments from the organizations participating in the tournament. Lieutenant-Colonel Luscomb commanded, the band of the Thirteenth Infantry led, and behind followed detachments from the Monitor *Terror*, the New York Naval Militia, the Old Guard, the Thirteenth Infantry, and the Sixth Cavalry; and from these National Guard organizations, the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Forty-seventh, and Seventy-first New York regiments, the Fourth New Jersey, the First, Second, and Third Batteries, Troop C, and the Signal Corps. These detachments were in four battalions, and quite filled the arena.

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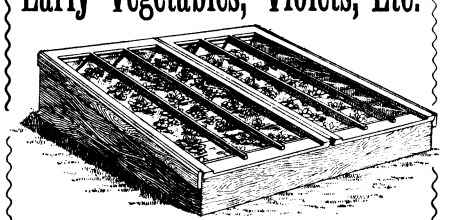
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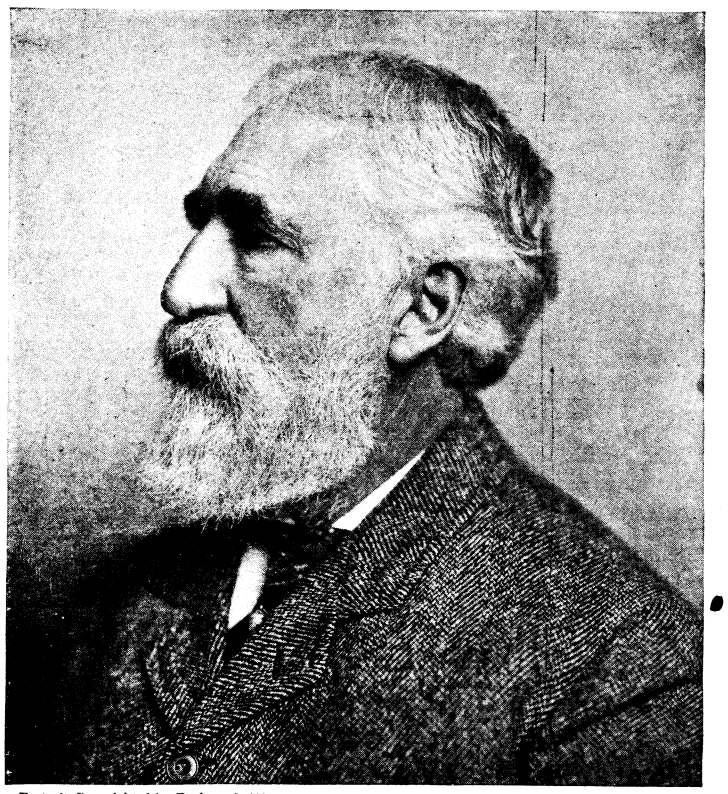
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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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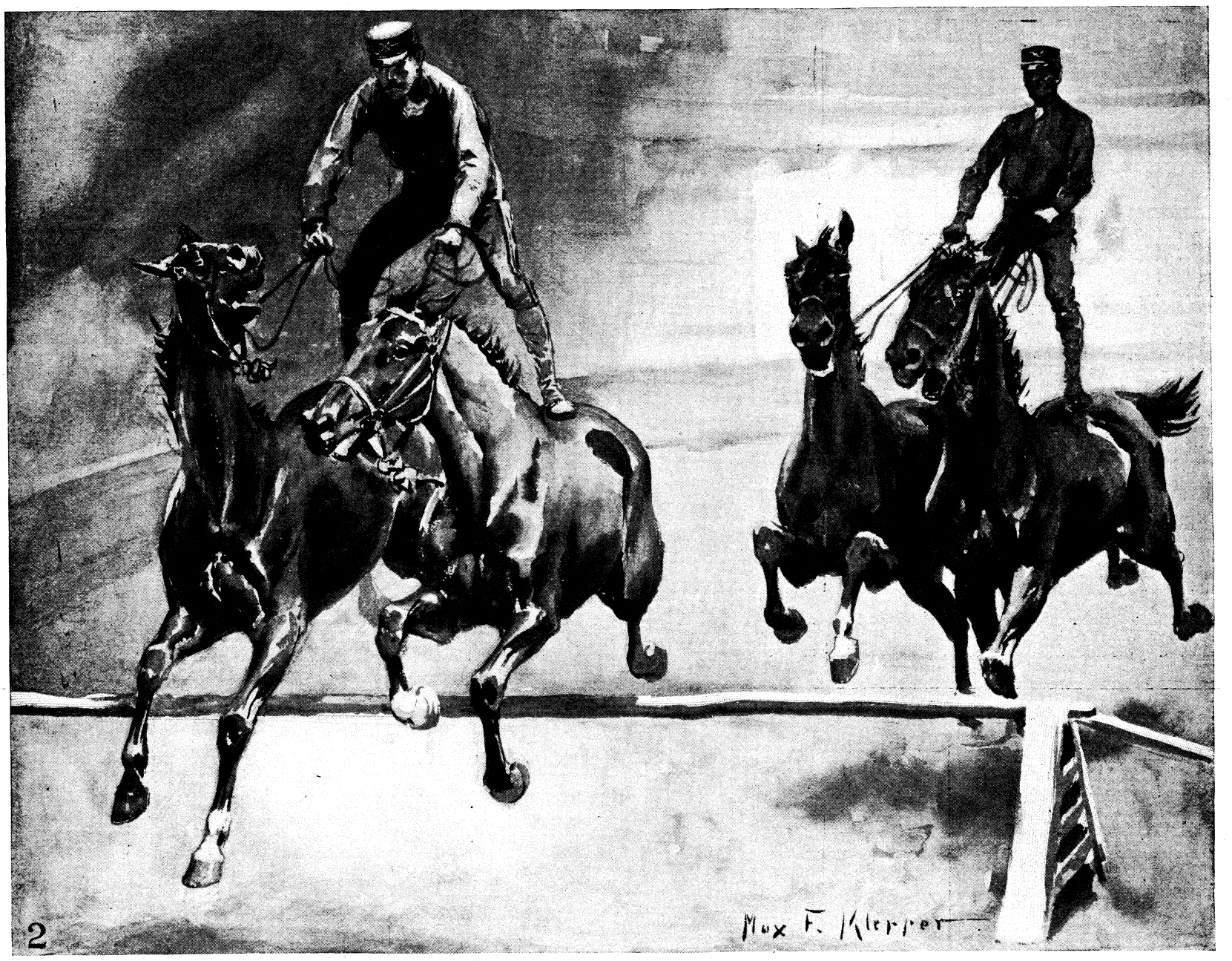
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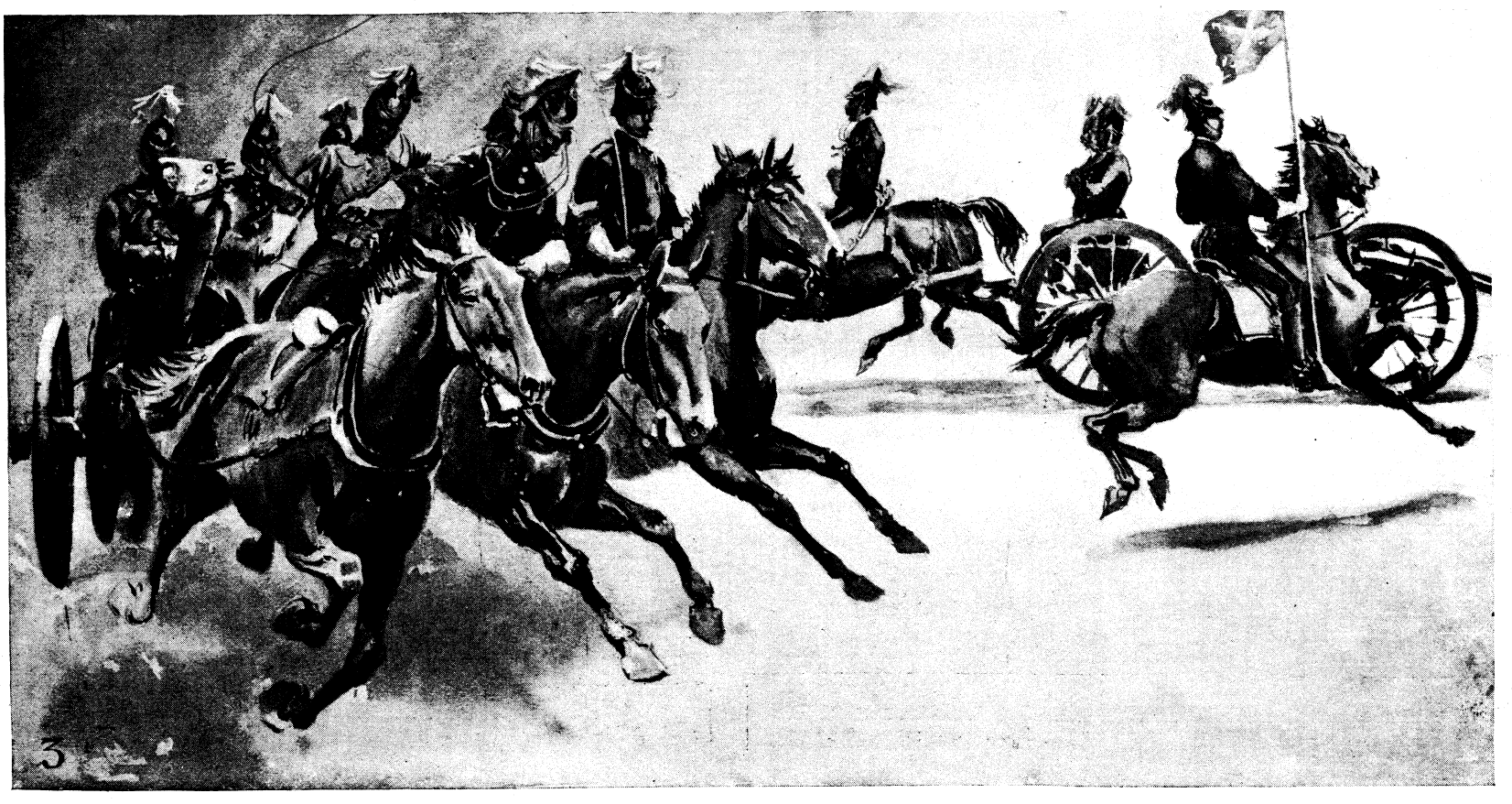
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NEW YORK AND LONDON

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THE MILITARY AND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 307.]

1. Extended Order Drill of the Thirteenth United States Infantry. 2. Rough Riding by Troopers of the Sixth United States Cavalry. 3. Manœuvres by Light Battery D, Fifth United States Artillery.

ART.

SOME NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

To the friends of the Society of American Artists—and they embrace nearly every one in this country who is interested in painting—the excellence of this year's exhibition is a subject for great rejoicing. It is impossible, on glancing round the galleries, not to feel that in variety, individuality, and general interest this show is the best of recent years. The galleries present a glow of color to which we have been strangers. This carries with it a sense of vitality, which is increased by further perusal of the pictures. The evidence not only of earnestness but of virile work is particularly refreshing. For, after all, we live in a world of work, and a gallery of pictures to appeal to what is best in us must show the signs of strenuous endeavors that capture our enthusiasm. More than that, we look for sturdy individuality; for proof of men having grappled with problems of their own, instead of echoing those of others. In these particulars the exhibition is quite notable, and one of the most hopeful that we have had.

First honor is due to Mr. John La Farge's superb panel of "Greece," painted for Bowdoin College, where it will fit into the semicircular space in the hall of the Walker Art Gallery, in company with the mural paintings, already in position, by Messrs. Vedder, Cox, and Thayer. Against a background of deep violet hills and sky are set three female figures. The centre one, semi-nude, with yellow drapery around her lower limbs, stands by the side of a pedestal holding a torch, which reaches from the ground to her head. On her left is a figure seated on a mossy rock, with a mural crown upon her head; and on the right the form of Pallas with helmet, and a tablet and stilus in her hands. One can only hint here at the mingling of majestic repose and exquisite sensitiveness with which the full and empty spaces of the panel are balanced, decorating the half-circle with a sumptuous embroidery of form. The color is even more delightful—full of depth and richness. Deep violets, brilliant greens, yellows, crimsons, and grays are blended into a harmony of amazing force; and every individual mass of color has its own separate quality. For a moment one is reminded of the richness of stained glass; but it is rather a distinction of the diverse qualities of velvets and precious stones, for the colors are so impenetrable and solid. Bowdoin College may congratulate itself on having had to wait for this magnificent picture. Work such as this cannot be produced "on time"; it must grow out of the artist's temperament, and the labor will be long. Boston learnt this lesson in the case of Mr. St. Gaudens's Shaw Memorial, and it would be well if all who give commissions for big work would realize it. Too often our men are hurried, and prevented from doing the best of which they are capable. Mr. La Farge's rank enabled him to take his own time, and the country is the richer by a great picture.

As one turns to the picture, by Mr. John S. Sargent, of the full-length portraits of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes, it is hard to avoid the regret that this great painter, who has proved himself in the library of Boston possessed of such grandeur of imagination and accomplishment, should be compelled by the exigencies of success to spend so much time upon what is, after all, a minor branch of art. It is true he dignifies a portrait by making it a picture, and introduces so much technical excellence that he compels admiration. The lady wears a white duck skirt and a navy-blue jacket, and stands erect and alert and sparkling with pleasant vitality in the front of the picture. Behind her, in half-shade, is the gentleman, clad in flannels; and most admirably represented is the loose and easy attitude of his figure. As usual, the textures of flesh and fabrics are painted with marvellous fidelity, all the more remarkable owing to the breadth of treatment. The eye, after taking in the ensemble, can travel with delight over every part of the canvas, and will assuredly linger especially upon the painting of the lady's hand, which rests upon her hip. Mr. Sargent is also represented by a small portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, lounging in a chair, with one leg thrown over the other. How marvellously characteristic it is! The face so full of intellect and kindliness, the hands vibrating with sensitiveness, even the knee, showing through the loose trousers, expressing the nervous energy of the man!

The picture selected by the jury for purchase under "The Shaw fund," presented by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, is the "Night and the Waning Day" of Mr. G. R. Barse, Jr. Those who have followed this painter's work must have been impressed with his evident earnestness, and his determination to reach an ideal that is still ahead of him. What the ideal exactly is one can only conjecture, but it seems to be to use the nude figure as a symbol of emotion. He is a facile draughtsman, but his skill in this direction does not flatter him into contentment with the mere charm of drawing. He strives to idealize the human figure and to make it express an abstract thought, and secures a result at once decorative and poetic. In this picture, also, without, strictly speaking, being a colorist, he has sought for and obtained a large measure of emotional quality through his color. The deep glassy green at the bottom of the panel, the purple-black of the drapery, and the pale green-blue sky are a lovely foil to the delicate flesh-tints, and at the same time express the beautiful solemnity and calm which are felt in a fuller degree in the figures that float as softly as swan's-down. The picture is full of tender feeling, and yet virile in conception and treatment.

It is a great pleasure to see Mr. George de Forest Brush represented in the exhibition. He contributes a portrait of Master Scribner—a boy in brown velvet suit, with a background of landscape in warm deep tones—a beautiful example of his strong, serious style and splendid sense of color.

Besides his "Pot of Basil," which was exhibited at Philadelphia, Mr. John W. Alexander sends two pictures of girls—one kneeling upon the floor, the other straining forward over the arm of a chair to play with a kitten at her feet. They are very clever, and the former has a pleasant scheme of color and is decorative in composition; but each is little more than a *tour de force*—"lots of fun" to do, but scarcely serious work. There are two charming little portraits, respectively, by Mr. Kenyon Cox and Mr. Mowbray, the former being especially good. Mrs. Cox exhibits a very graceful little composition, and Mrs. Prellwitz a larger canvas, which proves that she is advancing rapidly in her work.

The "Song of the Pines," by Mr. Douglas Volk, is a more than ordinarily interesting picture. It represents a woman, bearing a branch of pine, standing against a background of rich dark trees, beyond which is a patch of crimson sky. There is a tender sadness in the expression of the face, the eyes look far forward, and a strong note of passionate feeling runs through the rest of the picture. It is a fine example of exalted symbolism. Another subject that appeals especially by its decorative feeling is Mr. Herbert Denman's "Sirens"—a turquoise sea, with silvery haze, a ship in the distance, and three beautiful forms wrapped in cool purple shade.

The English painter Mr. Frank Brangwyn makes an imposing show with the Oriental subject that was exhibited at Philadelphia, and with a large design for tapestry. One of his objects is to make his surface of canvas a piece of magnificent decoration, and how well he succeeds may be noted in the first gallery, where his picture, occupying the centre, gives a richness and vivacity to the whole wall. To the left of it is a highly interesting portrait, by Mr. Carroll Beckwith, of a well-known model. He is a man with mustache and imperial, of very fierce aspect, and, in the old-fashioned uniform with which the painter has clothed him, makes a most unique appearance. The painting is vigorous, and the picture altogether a very striking one. At the opposite end of the room is a portrait by Mr. S. Sham, which has much charm of composition and color. Mr. W. B. Van Ingen sends a decorative panel, in which he exhibits a very serious intention. The picture is rich in color and very charming in sentiment.

There are four pictures by Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, three of which represent his earlier method. One is of Old Westminster Bridge, painted in 1862, and it is interesting to note the fidelity to detail which it exhibits. It was not until he had mastered the difficulty of painting things just as they are that he ventured to eliminate unessentials, and to represent things as they appear to his artist's vision. Mr. W. M. Chase sends several pictures—facile, attractive, but unsatisfying.

The Webb prize, given by Dr. W. Seward Webb for the best landscape in the exhibition by a painter under forty years of age, has been awarded by the jury to Mr. George H. Bogert. The river winding through pasture-lands suggests a reminiscence of Daubigny, but the picture is treated in an entirely individual way. It is solidly painted, sparkling in color, and full of light and atmosphere. Mr. Horatio Walker has a remarkably strong picture of a scene in a clearing of the woods, with a yoke of oxen and their driver in the foreground. It is exquisite in color, with a veil of quiet poetry over the landscape, and a note of rugged strength in the man and oxen. The picture represents in their true relation the poetry and prose of life, and is not only beautiful, but stimulating. A snow scene by Mr. T. Appleton Brown is particularly pleasing. It is novel in its choice of subject, and represents not the sparkle or shimmer of snow, but that muffled stillness of foliage and buildings when even the air seems choked.

In the centre gallery is a very interesting collection of miniatures, of which those by Miss Laura Hills may be singled out for special notice. The sculpture exhibit is small, the most notable pieces being two memorial panels by Mr. Herbert Adams, executed by himself in marble. Recent mention has been made in the WEEKLY of Mr. Adams's work, so that it is enough now to say that these panels are thoroughly characteristic of its charming qualities.

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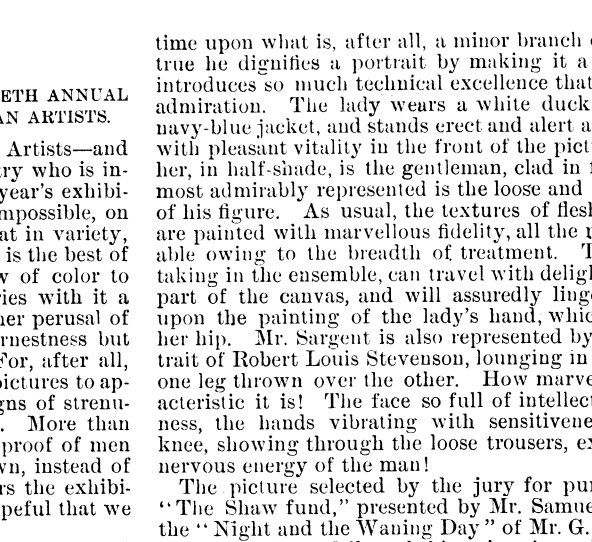
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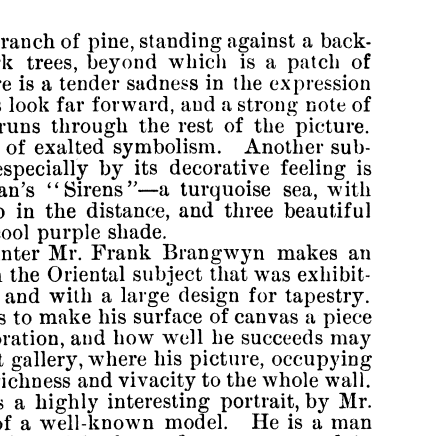
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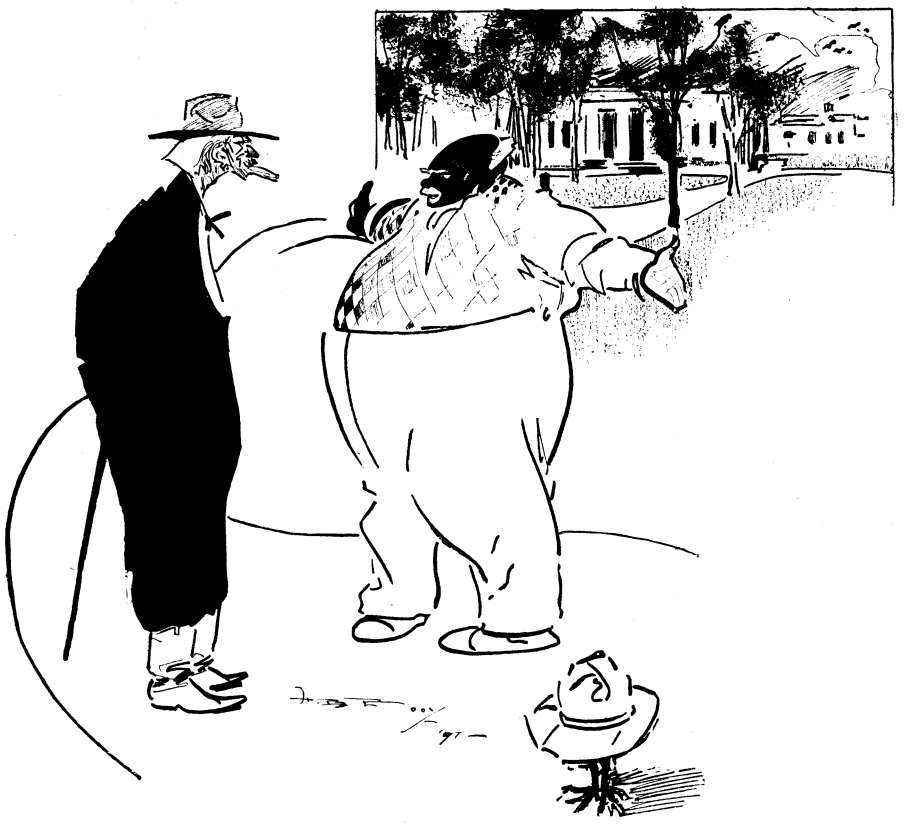
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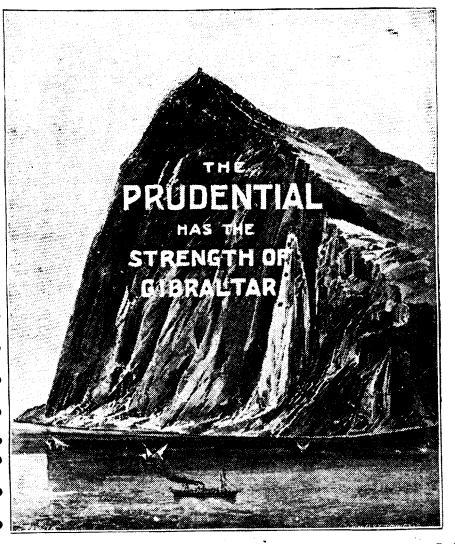
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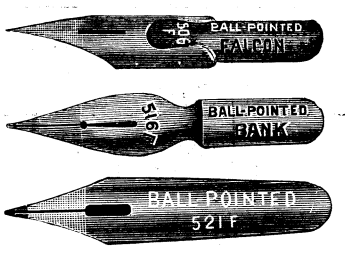
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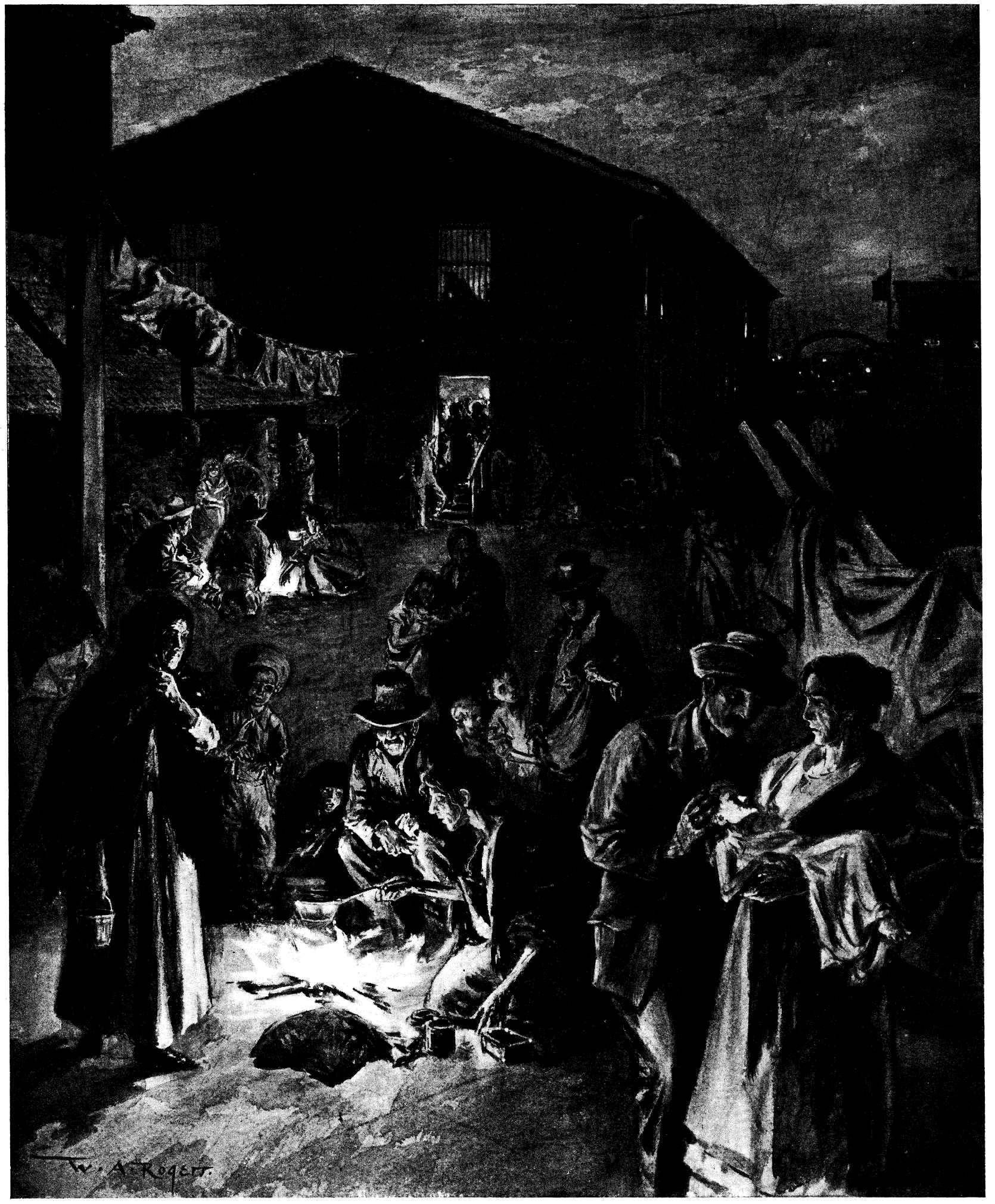
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THE departure of the Spanish torpedo fleet from the Canary Islands is on its face a menace of war, and every step taken looking towards the outbreak of hostilities is dangerous. Nevertheless, although it is a step which we may possibly be called upon to resist, it is not a step of which, in view of our own preparations, we have the right to complain. We have made ready for war, and in doing so we have taken a proper step, and one that would have made for peace if Spain were wise and willing to face the facts of the situation; but if Spain is foolish enough to desire war notwithstanding our preparations for it, the step that she has taken is natural and logical.

IF unhappily there is to be a war between the United States and Spain, this country is to be congratulated on the officers who are in command of the fleet at Key West. No more intelligent officers can be found in any navy in the world than Captains SAMPSON, EVANS, and CHADWICK. We are moved to say this especially on account of an impression which has gone abroad, to some extent, concerning Captain EVANS. Notwithstanding his well-earned title of "Fighting Bob," he is one of the most tactful and self-restrained of men. The fleet will undoubtedly give an excellent account of itself if it should be called upon to act, and the country may be sure that a war will not be precipitated by anything that any one of the commanding officers may do.

SENATORS GALLINGER and THURSTON have made their contributions to the discussion on Cuba which was begun by Senator PROCTOR. They add nothing to Senator PROCTOR'S statement, which was strong and convincing. They went to Cuba partly as the advertising agents of a disreputable newspaper which has been seeking to create war, while he went as a self-respecting gentleman. What he said is to be accepted implicitly, because of his character. What they said will be accepted so far as they have repeated him. THURSTON'S statement that no one in this country is opposed to warlike intervention except the money-changers is an untruth, and Mr. THURSTON knows that it is an untruth, and a wicked slander as well against the Christian and educated and civilized part of the community. It comes especially with ill grace from a Senator elected by the Republican party of Nebraska, which has been the facile tool of corrupt corporations, and the dishonesty of whose politicians has turned the State over to the control of BRYAN and Bryanism.

THIS year's session of the Legislature of the State of New York is worthy of careful study. With the exception of a few men, from whom much was expected and little obtained, the members of the Senate and Assembly were completely under the control of PLATT and CROKER — chiefly of PLATT — and there never was a session of the Legislature of the State of New York so entirely under the control of money and of corporations having schemes of gain to be promoted through legislation. The process is simple and obvious. The corporation, through the boss, obtains what laws it desires without regard to the rights of the community. Legislation this winter has been in the interest of those who have been able to buy it. On the other hand, every corporation whose privileges and powers are created by law has been at the mercy of a gang of bandits. No Legislature in the history of the country ever was more shamelessly corrupt than this one has been, except, of course, QUAY'S Legislatures in Pennsylvania.

THE Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives has at last agreed upon a measure of currency reform. The plan, as might have been expected, is not one that will wholly commend itself to any one, but it is probably the best compromise that could be made. It provides for transferring the obligation to redeem the greenbacks to the banks, and for an issue in their place of what are to be known as National Reserve notes. In return for the burden thus to be placed upon the banks, certain privileges of a valuable character are to be accorded to them. But what the country will be most interested in knowing is that the measure firmly maintains the present gold standard, and provides eventually for the replacement of the government paper by bank paper based upon bank assets—that is, in effect, upon the business demands of the country. Practically, also, the silver certificates are to supply the notes of denominations up to ten dollars. Another important feature of the plan is the permission granted to the banks to establish branches under regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. A full report has not reached us, and therefore we cannot now discuss the proposition, but from the abstract given in the Associated Press despatches we are convinced that the proposed measure is a great improvement upon the existing money system, or lack of system, and we trust that it may become a law.

THE proposition that Congress should appropriate $500,000 for the relief of the suffering Cubans seems to have been regarded by most of the daily press as a threat of war. As the Spanish have permitted the United States to expend $50,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, and have also permitted private citizens of the United States to send large quantities of supplies to the island, which have been distributed, partly at least, under the supervision of Spanish authority, we do not see how the proposed charity can be regarded as a hostile movement. However, almost everything probably seems warlike to the over-excited nerves of Jingoism. In view of this, Senator BACON'S resolution reciting the well-known and well-recognized principle that while the government and the people of the United States will always "maintain their national honor and protect their material interests," it is their "desire to live at peace with all the nations and peoples of the earth," was a proper and sanitary measure. The resolution further declares it to be the duty of the United States, in the present "threatening emergency, earnestly and patiently to use every practical and honorable means to preserve peace, so far as the same may be consistent with the honor of the nation and with their duty to themselves." This is not only sane and true, but, while it ought not to be necessary, it is well that it should have been injected into the proceedings of the Senate, where wisdom is a not too frequent visitor.

THE Honorable JOSEPH W. BAILEY is an interesting contemporaneous politician. He is leader of the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, and we think we can say truthfully that of all leaders that either side of the House has ever had, BAILEY possesses the meanest intellect and the lowest standard of public virtue. He professes to want war with Spain over Cuba, and the reason why he wants it is characteristic of him, and of a good many other politicians at Washington, who are, unlike him, however, in the possession of sufficient sense to preserve silence and to refrain from telling their wicked and unpatriotic thoughts. BAILEY is for war because he thinks that war is good politics. If he were not for war, in other words, he might not be sent to the Senate as the successor of Mr. MILLS, and he might even fail of election to the House. He believes that the Republicans will compel war, because if they do not they will be beaten at the next elections, and that if the Democrats oppose any Republican war measure, they, too, will have no future. BAILEY, in other words, would sacrifice his country, would slaughter its men, would make widows and orphans of its women and children, would prevent the return of prosperity, would afflict it with the barbarisms that always accompany and follow war, for the sake of carrying the elections, first in his district in Texas, and then the general elections through the country. BAILEY is the kind of patriot that any country is better without.

MR. ABRAM S. HEWITT has given utterance to his opinion of bosses in connection with the CROKER effort to seize the Rapid Transit Commission for the profit of himself and PLATT. When Mr. HEWITT is at his best he is always invigorating and inspiring. He was addressing the Chamber of Commerce, which passed resolutions protesting against the bill dismissing the present commissioners, and providing for a bi-boss commission in its place. CROKER had impudently announced in a public interview what he thought of the present Rapid Transit Commission, basing his thoughts, if he really had any, upon either ignorance or untruth, and Mr. HEWITT pointed out that here was a change—an ominous change. In other times the boss kept his wicked or crafty designs to himself, and accomplished them in secret, not daring to announce in advance his intentions against the welfare and the pockets of the people; but CROKER has gone a step beyond, and takes the public into his confidence. At least he dares tell the public what he proposes to do, whether they like it or not. Truly we hope it is true that, as Mr. HEWITT said, "there is a limit to the endurance of the self-respecting community." If it be true, the limit has certainly been reached. CROKER, of course, could not rest under Mr. HEWITT'S castigation, because he now takes himself seriously as a talking and letter-writing statesman. Therefore he returned to the subject on the following day in an interview notable chiefly for its unblushing mendacity. The boss contented himself with saying that the Rapid Transit Commission ought to be abolished because in the three years of its existence it has accomplished nothing. Mr. CROKER knows that this statement is untrue, because the present commission has accomplished everything that has been done for Rapid Transit. This untruth was told to deceive those who read it. The boss also said that a Tammany commission would do something. He also knows that this is untrue, for Mr. HEWITT reminded him that there had been a Tammany commission for six years—from January 1, 1889, to January 1, 1895—and that it did absolutely nothing.

INTERVENTION.

THERE is abundant reason for believing that Mr. MCKINLEY will attempt to secure peace for Cuba. There is no reason to suppose that he will undertake to accomplish his purpose in an unduly offensive manner, that is, in a manner which will inevitably bring on war between Spain and the United States. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he will set about his task in a way that will make war difficult, unless Spain is intent on fighting. It may be that political considerations will force the Spanish government into war, and that, to rally the factions threatening the rule of the Queen Regent and her son, and to unite them in its support, SAGASTA will find cause for quarrel where none is intended and where none is sought. It may be, too, that Spain will deem the opportunity afforded by a war with a strong power for repudiating the whole or part of her debt, one that ought not to be missed.

While war may therefore be demanded by Spain, so far as Mr. MCKINLEY has power over the issue it will not be incited by the United States. The situation is complicated by the obstinate vanity of Spain on the one side, and the demands of the insurgents on the other side for complete independence. Spain cannot conquer the insurgents. This has been evident for many months. It was evident to Mr. CLEVELAND more than two years ago, when intervention by this country was prevented by the death of MACEO. To put down the insurrection Spain has sent more than 200,000 men and boys to the island. Senator PROCTOR, in his interesting report of his recent visit to Cuba, says that about 60,000 of these soldiers remain fit for duty. The rest are dead or ill. Of the dead, many were the victims of disease. While the men have shown themselves, both physically and morally, unfit for the work before them, their officers have proved themselves incompetent. The Spaniards have made no progress since the insurrection began. To quote again from Senator PROCTOR, the Spaniards hold in the "four western provinces just what their army sits on." The consequence of constant discouragement and almost constant defeat, joined to the fact that their pay is about nine months in arrear, is the utter demoralization of the soldiers. They are sick, ill clad, frequently hungry, and apparently they are at the mercy of the Cubans whenever they move out of their ridiculous fortifications. So wholly lost is their military spirit, so utterly depraved have they become, that it is not a rare thing for them to sell even their cartridges to insurgents —furnishing their enemies for money with the implements of their country's defeat. We have it on the authority of a trustworthy and intelligent correspondent, whom we sent to Cuba for the purpose of making an investigation, that Cubans are in the habit of crossing the trochas, thus entering towns or villages supposed to be fortified, for the purpose of buying cartridges from the Spanish soldiers, who, he says, readily sell them at the rate of a cent apiece. The Spanish officers keep their men in the towns, or march them up and down the roads, and the insurgents go where they will outside of the towns, burning and destroying everything. The fields are desolate and blackened by burnings to within a few miles of Havana, and of every other town in the centre and west of the island, while

the insurgents are in full possession of the eastern end.

This, in brief, is the military situation. In order to make up for their weakness in the field, the Spaniards have resorted to the cruel device of concentrating the country people in the villages. Weyler's order was intended to deprive the insurgents of food-supplies, by rendering the country a desert. It has resulted, as Senator Proctor says, in "desolation and distress, misery and starvation." The reconcentrados have died literally by the hundreds of thousands. It has been estimated by a competent authority that at least 600,000 of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of the island have died within the last three years—the years during which the insurrection has been in progress—and that most of these deaths have been by starvation and resulting diseases. Within eighteen months 450,000 persons have been buried within the Spanish lines, in consecrated ground. This is the report of the Bishop of Havana. The death-rate now prevailing in the island is appalling, and the scenes that are daily witnessed in the country towns and the smaller cities are more shocking than any of which the modern civilized world has ever before been conscious. Chief among the horrid sights witnessed by Commander Converse and his men were four dead bodies lying in the streets of Matanzas. Captain-General Blanco, it was said at the time, revoked the Weyler order of concentration on his arrival, but this appears to be partly a mistake. He simply gave permission to weak and starving men, without seeds or tools or strength or means of any kind, to go abroad during the day—they must return at night—to cultivate land under the threatening rifles of the guerillas who haunt the country, and who hate the reconcentrados more bitterly than the Spanish do. This painful tragedy has been excused on the plea that it is a war measure. It might have been an excusable war measure in the fifteenth century, or it might be now among the tribes of central Africa, but it is not a war measure recognized by civilized and Christian countries, nor is it one that would be adopted by a strong and self-reliant power. It is the natural resort of a backward race facing a force that it cannot defeat in manly warfare.

If the Spaniards were wise they would have recognized the inevitable, and would have long since ended the war which they are waging, and which must end in their defeat. The incapacity of their military power has been established. They are on the verge of bankruptcy. For a long time they have been selling six-per-cent. bonds for 80, and they cannot possibly much longer continue a struggle that is costing them at the rate of nearly $8,000,000 a month. The insurrection at present is, indeed, nothing but wanton slaughter—slaughter by disease and starvation, not only of soldiers, but of innocent women and children. It is also the destruction of a once fertile island, which, however, will not again, for years to come at least, produce the revenues which Spain once collected from it.

The horrors of the situation ought to appeal to every civilized and Christian power—not to the United States alone. But the question is, what is our duty, since Spain persists in keeping up her war? We are already intervening, in fact, by sending food and clothing to the starving people of Cuba, and we shall continue to intervene in this way for months and perhaps for years to come, whether Spain is willing or not that we should repair her ravages. If Mr. McKinley can perhaps prevail upon the contending forces to cease their work of mutual destruction, he will put a stop to the causes which have produced and are producing these terrible results. There ought to be peace in Cuba. The people and the land want rest. The civilized world is deeply concerned in the matter. Cuba is a terrifying and unwholesome spectacle. But all this cruelty, misery, and wretchedness, all this inhumanity and killing, cannot be cured by more war, by more misery, and by more killing. Peace should be compelled by peaceful methods. The insurgents should listen as well as the Spaniards. They are no nearer independence than the Spaniards are to compassing their subjugation, and they are no more fit to rule themselves by popular government than the Spaniards are fit to rule them. If the United States are to intervene at all, why shall it not be by way of demanding of the insurgents that they make a trial of autonomy? Have the insurgents no duty to perform in this matter? There is no need of war, and there should be no war, unless Spain shall insist on fighting. If she does insist on that direful resort, the United States, which have everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain, will be ready. But if Spain recognizes the truth of the situation, she will welcome an intervention that will bring her peace, even at the cost of an eventual but postponed loss of Cuba; and, on the other hand, if the Cubans are wise, they will accept what they can get without further desolation and death. At least they ought to realize that no misery in Cuba will be cured so long as this country and Spain are at war with each other.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

In these days of war alarms we should not forget that there are also home interests which demand unremitting attention. Here is one of them.

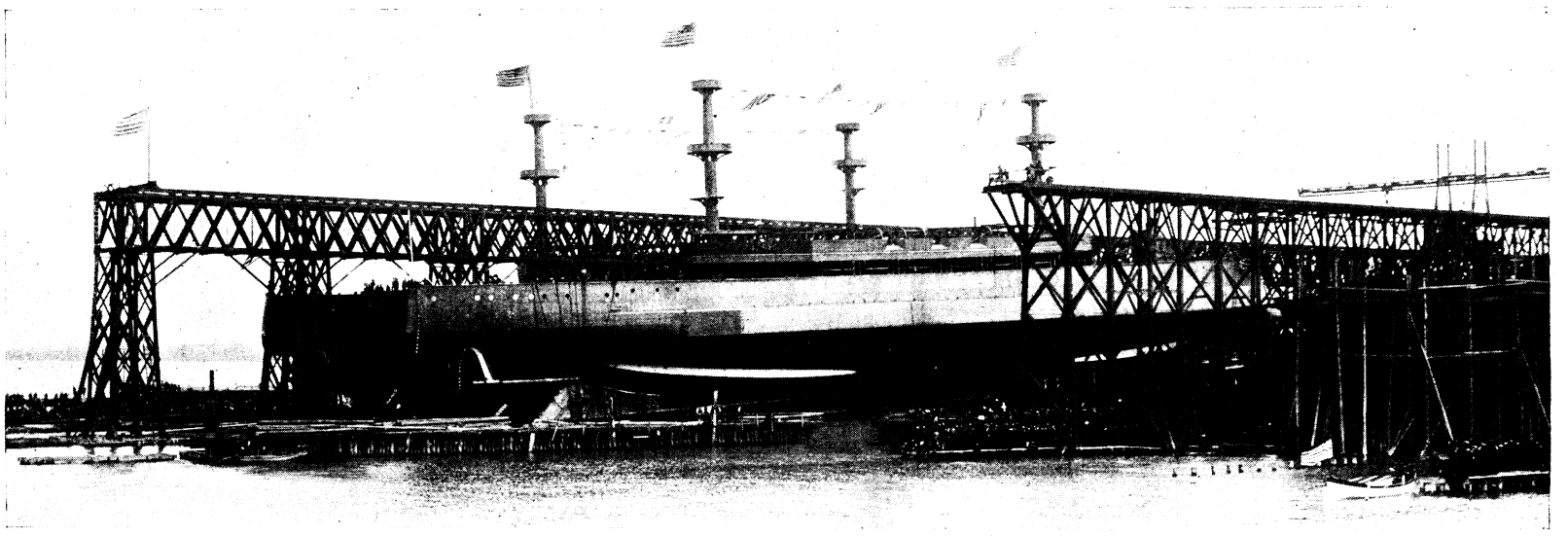
The efforts of Republican spoils politicians, after the triumph of their party in 1896, to destroy the merit system in the civil service of the nation and of the States in which it had been introduced, form the most discreditable chapter in our recent political history. Governor Black of New York was hailed by them as the hero who "fired the first gun" against the hated reform. It is remembered how jauntily he proclaimed in his first official utterance that he would "take the starch out of civil service"; how during the closing days of the Legislature he caused a bill to be passed which was designed to accomplish that end; and how, when at a public hearing the vicious qualities of that bill had been laid bare to him, he sought to revenge himself for the exposure by hot personal invective in an official document which many of his own party friends condemned as indecent. It is also remembered how in his latest annual message to the Legislature he complacently praised his bill as "the best civil service law this State ever had—a distinct gain over previous laws in the direction which the best friends of the civil service most desire." A report has now been published by the Civil Service Reform Association on the actual workings of the "Black law," which may give the Governor abundant food for sober reflection.

The objections urged against the Black bill at the public hearing had been that it was destructive of the competitive character of civil service examinations in giving the appointing officers a controlling influence upon the management of those examinations and in determining the decisive ratings of candidates; that, as appointing officers, according to wellnigh universal experience, were apt to be governed by political influence or personal favoritism, the very first requirement of impartial examinations and of fair competition is the entire independence of their management from control by the appointing power; that the "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service commissioners, although ever so fair and impartial, would practically go for nothing if, as the Black bill provided, the appointing officers had the power to examine candidates for "fitness" in any manner they pleased, and to overrule the results of the "merit" examinations by their own arbitrary ratings; that the system embodied in the Black bill would work well only in the case of appointing officers who absolutely subordinated selfish or partisan considerations to the public interest, and who also had the stuff in them of which political martyrs are made; that any appointing officer who cared more for party politics than for the best interests of the service, or who was under the influence of a party machine or boss, would find in the Black bill abundant facilities for "beating" the civil service law, and for making a farce of the competitive merit system; that, moreover, the trouble and expense imposed upon candidates by the absurd multiplication of examinations at different places would be apt to deter from competing all those who did not have a "pull" to encourage them; and that, for all these reasons, the Black bill would simply serve to restore the spoils system with its characteristic abuses and scandals.

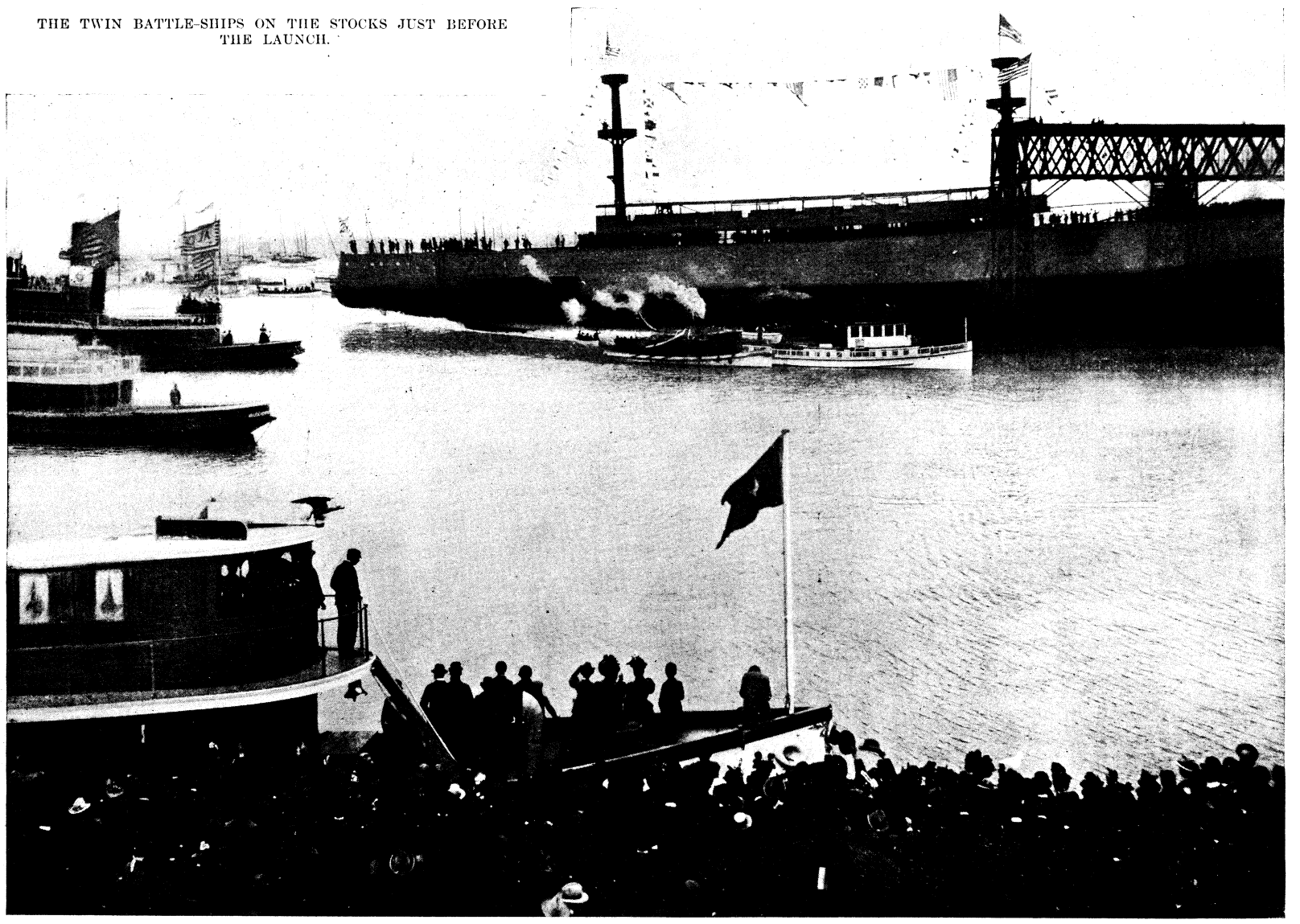
The report now before the public, with its indisputable statements of fact, conclusively justifies all those objections and prophecies. The criticism of the bill, which at the time seemed to exasperate the Governor beyond decorous self-control, is now shown to have been absolutely correct in every detail. With a clearness which must convince every candid mind it is proved that the Black law has enabled appointing officers utterly to defeat the competitive merit system, and thus to nullify the mandate of the State constitution, whenever they pleased to do so; that the "fitness" examinations managed by such appointing officers were turned into farce in exactly the manner described to the Governor at the public hearing; that the results of "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service boards went in such cases for nothing, and that influence and favoritism had it all their own way; and that thus the Black law has furnished to the spoils politicians the most effective means and the most tempting opportunities for demolishing all the beneficent reforms that had been accomplished through the original civil service law.

Governor Black is credited with saying that "as soon as it were shown to his satisfaction that the new law does not produce the best results, he would aid in any movement to re-establish the old one." Every friend of good government would rejoice to see him justify that declaration. For this he had a splendid opportunity, but he has thrown it away. A bill was introduced in the Legislature the enactment of which into law would substantially have accomplished that end. Nobody doubts that if Governor Black had desired the passage of that bill he could easily have compassed it. Nothing but his influence pushed through his own bill last year, to which many members of the Legislature who, yielding to his pressure, voted for it, were at heart opposed. The same influences would have been equally powerful now. There is good reason for believing that the same, and perhaps more, members would have gladly supported the repeal now in order to relieve the Republican party of the dangerous burden with which the Black law had saddled it, had not the Governor stood in the way. To pretend, after the report of the Civil Service Reform Association, that he sustained his law because it had "produced the best results" would be ridiculous. It would be equally vain to say that the repeal could not be passed, for want of time, for although the time before the adjournment of the Legislature was short, it was no shorter than the time for passing the Black law had been last year. Governor Black and, through him, the Republican party, must therefore bear the full responsibility for knowingly and wilfully sustaining a law which has been conclusively shown to work serious injury to the public interest in undoing a beneficent reform; and that responsibility will become all the more burdensome and hurtful when, as after the failure of the repeal bill it certainly will be, the constitutionality of the Black law is contested in the courts—eminent lawyers having, after mature consideration, pronounced the opinion that of its unconstitutionality there can be no doubt. After the experience the people of this State have had of the workings of the Black act, the restoration of the old law is only a question of time, and the Republican party may find that Governor Black did it a very bad service in firing that "first gun," for which the spoils politicians all over the country praised him so lustily, and then in preventing the party from relieving itself of the responsibility for a manifest wrong.

In Congress the assault upon civil service reform which had been heralded with such resounding vociferation, and begun in an apparent "do or die" spirit, has come to a dead halt. The inquiry into the working of the national civil service law, which had been instituted in the Senate, and from which the spoils politicians had promised themselves revelations sure to discredit the whole "civil service humbug," has resulted in a report favoring certain exceptions from the competitive rule, with the very proper recommendation, however, that the whole matter be left to the discretion of the Executive. This indicates that there will be no farther interference by the Senate. As to the House of Representatives, the sub-committee of the committee on the civil service which was appointed to consider the Evans bill, that famous civil service reform-killer, has made a unanimous report against the bill. That report will in due time go before the House. Then the moment will have arrived for General Grosvenor, the truculent leader of the anti-civil-service-reform forces, to make good his pompous proclamation that the bill will under no circumstances be permitted to be smothered without action by the House, and that he and his followers are sternly determined to have their innings. But he is now reported as wavering in his purpose. His ravings at the beginning of the session puzzled the listener as to whether to ascribe them to culpable ignorance, or to downright mendacity, or to partial unsoundness of mind. It would be characteristic of him if, after all, he shrank from a decisive battle and confined himself to a furtive attempt to browbeat the President by persistent pressure into large concessions to the spoils politicians, which might appear as a victory for them sufficient to render a further open fight in Congress needless. A man so reckless of the good faith of his party can hardly be more careful of the good name of the President. But it is only just to President McKinley to believe that his duty as President and his honor as a man are more sacred to himself than to General Grosvenor or to any one of those who clamor for public plunder at the expense of the public good.



THE TWIN BATTLE-SHIPS ON THE STOCKS JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "KENTUCKY."

THE DOUBLE LAUNCHING OF THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY" AT NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 24, 1898.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HASTINGS & MILLER.

TWO NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

THE ceremony of launching the sister war-ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky** was performed with complete success and amid a scene of splendid enthusiasm. The occasion was a triumph for the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Docks Company, for never before had a great battle-ship, much less two, been launched from a private yard in the South. It is estimated that fully 18,000 people were present when the launching party, escorted by the Governor of Virginia and his staff, with a guard of honor of the Fourth Virginia Regiment, reached the gayly decorated stand at the bow of the *Kearsarge*. The honor of being sponsor to this new and more magnificent edition of "the ship of the nation" devolved upon Mrs. Herbert Winslow, as the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, only surviving son of the Captain who commanded the older *Kearsarge* in her historic fight with the *Alabama*.

As the noble ship started to glide down her ways, Mrs. Winslow broke a bottle of champagne over the bow, and exclaimed, "I christen thee *Kearsarge*." An hour later the distinguished party had taken up their position on the *Kentucky*, and the ceremony was repeated, this time with Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor Bradley of Kentucky, in the post of honor. The latter occasion will be memorable as the first in which a goblet of water has been substituted for the traditional wine. The water was drawn from a spring on the old Lincoln farm.

Independent Kentuckians, however, did their best to counteract this official innovation by dashing flasks of Bourbon whiskey at the big ship's sides.

* A full-page illustration and complete description of these vessels were given in HARPER'S WEEKLY, January 22, 1898.

CUBA.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS AND HAVANA.

MATANZAS, sixty-six miles by rail from Havana, on the northern coast of the island, is one of the principal sugar-exporting ports of Cuba. Cardenas, another such port, is but a short distance beyond Matanzas, and together the exports of these two cities may be considered as indicative of the activity in the sugar industry on the northern side of the island. These ports are the outlets of a vast and richly productive country.

In normal times this city of Matanzas, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is gay with evidences of wealth, and active with much commercial movement. Before the insurrection it contained over fifty thousand inhabitants. Here were found the homes of many rich sugar-planters—homes that a rare combination of good taste, luxury, and tropical comfort rendered charming and seductive, despite iron-barred windows and forbidding walls.

In the good times steamers and sailing-vessels were always anchored in the bay of Matanzas; freight-lighters were swung to the long wharf, unloaded, and charged again many times in a day; the black bodies of the stevedores glistened with the hard work, and in the shade at the far end of the wharf customs officers lounged in white duck, and chatted with visiting sea-captains. Handsome yachts from the North, their polished launches and trim sailor-men the admiration of the water-front, were frequent visitors at Matanzas.

To-day the city is quiet and stilled. The big steel lighters are moored fast to the river-bank, and their tarpaulins have covered their empty holds for months. The wharf is rotting and falling into the bay. The warehouses are empty and closed by dusty doors; cabs, once plentiful and busy, are now hard to find. Starving people drag listlessly through the streets. Occasionally a steamer comes in; then for a day or two the freighters are busy, and customs officials examine crates and barrels, and check invoices and bills of lading. But as soon as the steamer clears, the city returns to its inactivity, the people to their questions of the future, and the starving to numb despair.

Since two thousand four hundred men, women, and children, but mostly women and children, died in this city in two months; since the dead lay and rotted in her streets; since sharks crowded the bay, seeking their share of corpses—Matanzas has changed indeed.

With her ten thousand starving people, with the gaunt beggars crowding the streets, with her suffering women in pitiful and threadbare mourning, and the silent records of the trenches for the dead, Matanzas was a sad city in the beginning of March, 1898.

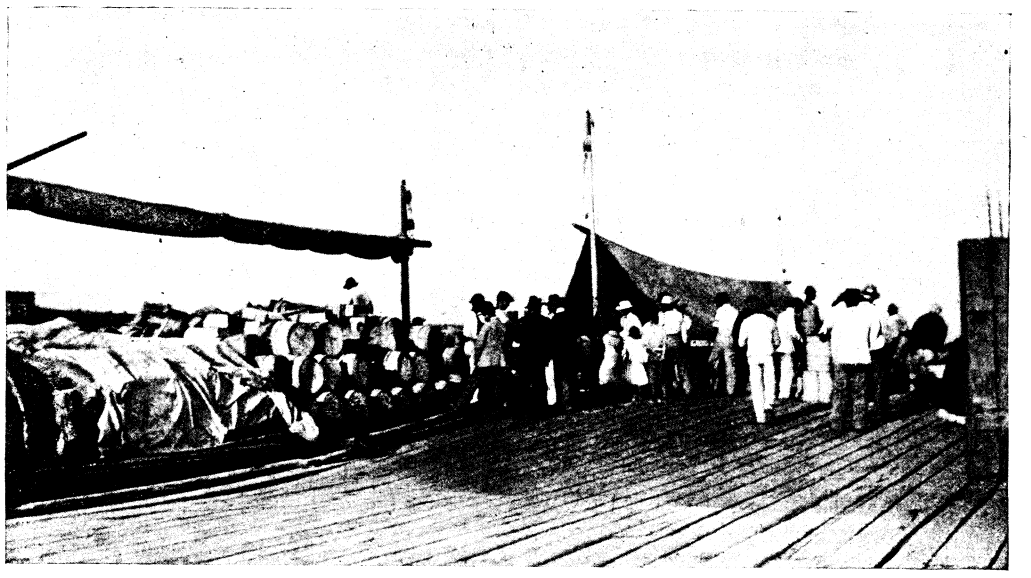
Then the smoke of burning cane-fields yellowed the afternoon sun, and fine ashes blew through the streets. The glow of destroying fires was seen nightly from house-tops. The streets were silent and almost deserted, save for the clattering passage of a Spanish officer and his orderly mounted on well-groomed and well-fed horses, the officer brave in English riding-boots, cool and fresh in the linen uniform of his country, and proudly wearing bright medals for bravery and heroic action.

This is one of the cities to which our country has sent food and medicines, to which the American relief will be regularly supplied.

On Saturday morning, March 12, the first American



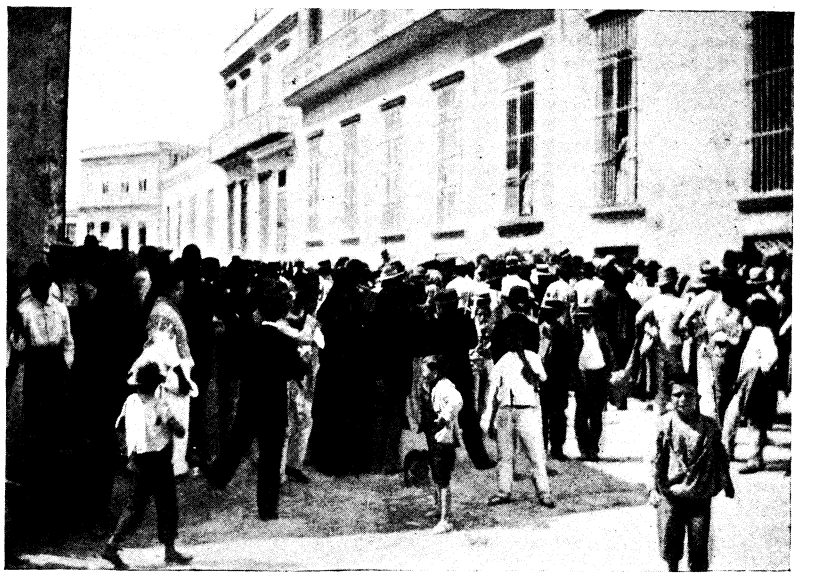
RECONCENTRADOS IN DOORWAY OF AMERICAN RELIEF BUREAU, HAVANA, AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



THE FIRST LOAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF RECEIVED IN MATANZAS, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. TRANSPORT STEAMER "FERN."



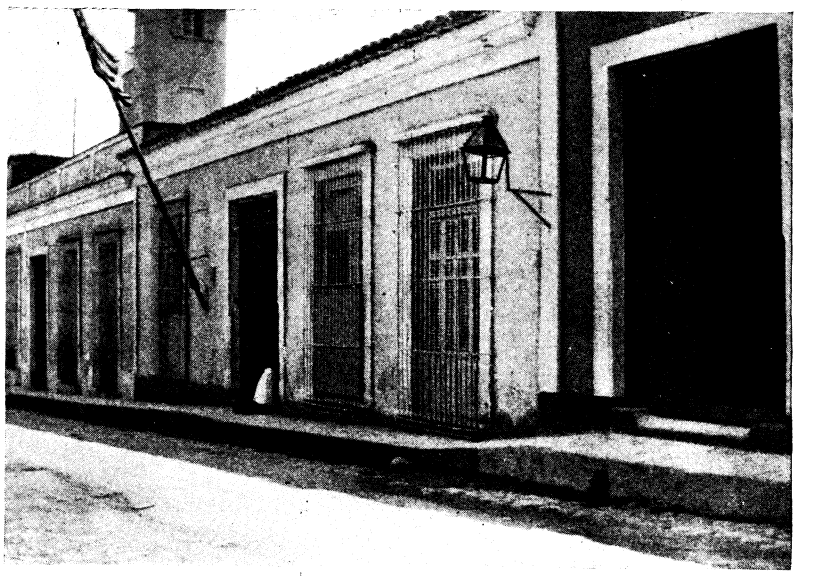
RECONCENTRADOS ON THE STREETS OF MATANZAS.



DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN SAN LAZARO STREET, HAVANA.



CUSTOMS EXAMINATION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS.



AMERICAN CONSULATE, MATANZAS.



THE DESERTED WHARVES AND WAREHOUSES OF MATANZAS.



APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF IN UNITED STATES CONSULATE, MATANZAS.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN CUBA

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

relief—long expected, long talked of, often asked for—arrived in the United States steamer *Fern* and the Norwegian tramp steamer *Bergen*. The *Fern* brought thirty-five tons from Key West, and the *Bergen* delivered fifty tons from New York and Philadelphia. There was probably no place in stricken Cuba where the help from our country was more sorely needed than in Matanzas. Eighty-five tons of food for the starving! The news of it went through the city, and women and children and old men crowded down to the consul's office, long before the goods were landed on the wharf, bearing each a can or a sack to carry away his or her portion.

On this day certain members of the Red Cross Society came over to Matanzas from Havana with the intention of arranging for the distribution of this relief. While the eighty-five tons of provisions already referred to was the first of the American relief to be received in Matanzas, a shipment of food to that city had been made by rail early in the week from Havana. This consignment of about two tons had been directed to the "Agent of the Red Cross, Matanzas." The railroad people knew of no one representing the Red Cross in their city, consequently the goods lay for five days in the station, and were only taken out and delivered to the starving people after the visiting delegation of the much-talked-of society were well on their way back to Havana on the afternoon of March 12. It subsequently transpired that the Red Cross people in Havana, who made this shipment of food to Matanzas, had intended that it should be received and distributed by Mr. Alexander C. Brice, American consul in that city. Mr. Brice had no intimation that the food was coming, he had no notification of its shipment, and the result of the unfortunate blunder in not properly marking the goods was that the suffering suffered for five days longer.

Sunday being a holiday, nothing could come through the custom-house; and although the eighty-five tons of food was delivered on the wharf by Saturday evening, it was not examined by the authorities until Monday morning.

It will be remembered that the Spanish government agreed to permit this relief to come into Cuba free of duty. This it has done; but the regrettable incident of the box of cheap jewelry found among the relief consigned to our consul-general in Havana resulted in the Matanzas custom-house being ordered by the Havana authorities to make an examination of the relief landed in its port, which would not otherwise have been done. It should be stated that the custom-house officials in Matanzas did all in their power to hasten this examination, and that the least possible delay resulted therefrom.

All day Sunday the American Consulate was visited by the reconcentrados asking news of the relief, bringing their tins and bags in the vain hope of at once receiving food. Letters also came to the consul, hundreds of them, in Spanish and in English, recommending to his generosity, and the charity of our country, people whom the writers feared would be overlooked. The letters all told the same story. The one that is given herewith is a fair sample of them all:

A. C. Brice, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—For God's sake, I recommend you the poor and sick widow, Mrs. ——, for when you will distribute the reliefs coming from States.

She has five children, two of them sicks, and nobody help her. She lives No. 21 ——.

Many thanks and excuses. Yours truly, —— ——

Mr. Brice carefully kept all names sent to him in this manner, and the cases were subsequently attended to.

Those seeking the Consulate for information could only be told that the food was still in the custom-house, and that they should leave their names and addresses with the civil governor, whose committee would attend to their case. Wearily the people turned away, and some went to the governor's palace to enter their names. I followed one woman, wishing to see how she was treated there. She came slowly out of the broad doorway of the palace.

"Did you think for a moment they would allow such as I to enter?" she said to me. "The soldiers turned me away." Her voice was dull and heavy, and she leaned against the walls for support. "Tell me," she went on, "is there really food for us?"

I assured her there was, and that more was coming.

"Many of us will die on the palace steps, waiting for them to decide how best to give it to us," she said.

The civil governor of Matanzas has appointed a committee of seven men to direct the distribution of this relief. Four of these men are doctors, most of them are Cubans, and they are all men of good reputation and standing in the community. This committee is helped in its work of distribution by the firemen of the city. The *bomberos*, as they are called in Spanish, are the best association of men in the capital. They are fair and reliable, men of respectability and standing, and that they are well inclined toward the poor is evidenced by the fact that for some time past they have maintained a free dispensary for the diseased and the suffering. The firemen are to make a canvass of the city, which is divided into districts, report the needs of the distressed in each district to the civil governor, who will issue orders on the warehouse for the food in quantity. The relief thus obtained will be distributed by the firemen, or under their direction, to the families on their original lists.

It is not a simple matter to distribute food to thousands of starving people, and especially in this Spanish city, where many resent this so-called intrusion of our country into their own affairs, and where it is the custom for all men to enrich themselves in some manner from any public work that it befalls them to perform. This system has the stamp of our consul's approval. Mr. Brice has been our consul in Matanzas for nearly four years. He saw the beginning of the war, he witnessed its horrors and its cruelties, and now he is active in relieving the misery and starvation that follow, and he has the respect and commendation of all men who know him. Mr. Brice controls the warehouse, and will deliver food on orders signed by the governor only. If he suspects misapplication of the relief, he is at liberty to refuse to deliver until he has seen the abuse remedied.

Mr. Brice is also free to send food where he may see fit, independent of the governor or of the governor's committee. In this way he will reach many of the "silent sufferers." This class is large, and perhaps the hardest to reach in all Cuba. They are the people who, by the war and its consequences, have been reduced from affluence and comfort to absolute, inevitable want. They are starving within the walls of their dismantled homes. Everything has been sold; the house itself is given by deed for the few dollars that will carry them along a month longer. The men of the family are dead or in the field, the women and children are fighting alone. Their property has been destroyed. In deep mourning, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, they are seen walking hurriedly hand in hand. Their faces are gaunt and pale, their eyes furtive and sad and despairing. Too proud to beg, too sensitive to come openly for relief, they despairingly drag through the bitter days, doing their feeble best to hold on to life—it is often hard for one to imagine for what reasons. Then, in an apathy that is born in the race and fed by years and months of physical suffering and mental anguish, they hopelessly and gently die. Of all the suffering and sorrow and misery that has come to the people of this fair island by reason of their present struggle for liberty, I believe the greatest burden has been borne by these sad and silent women I have mentioned. A lady in Matanzas told me this story. It is about one of these silent sufferers. The lady in question had in her house a tame dove, which is a common thing in the city. One day a friend, a young girl about twenty, daughter of a man formerly of considerable wealth and position, called upon her. The hostess was aware that her visitor's family was in straitened circumstances. The visitor noticed the dove and admired it.

"My little sister, who is ill, you know—and we fear she will die—has been wishing so much for a pet dove. How happy she would be if I could get her one! Do you know where I could do so?"

The dove in question was donated to the small sister, and the girl went home with it under her shawl.

Some days after this she was found, disguised, in the street at night, begging. A gentleman recognized her, led her to his house, and made her sit down at his table. Her mind was wandering; she had eaten nothing since the dove. She fiercely gathered into her shawl the food before her, and staggered toward her home.

Such cases as the above come by various ways to the notice of our consul, as well as to the governor's committee of seven. It is for the relief of these people that Mr. Brice will distribute independently, and he has secured the assistance, in this branch of his work, of several women in the city.

It is a great pleasure to record that on March 14 one thousand dollars in cash was sent to our consul in Matanzas for the express relief of these silent sufferers, and a like amount was sent to the American consul in Sagua la Grande. This money was given by the *Christian Herald* of New York.

All day Monday, March 14, the customs officials were busily engaged in examining the relief. The quality and condition of the food sent in were excellent. There were flour and corn meal, rice, bacon, lard, condensed milk, corn, codfish, beans, potatoes, clothing, quinine, etc. The people of Matanzas are unused to flour and its preparation, and to prevent its being wasted, arrangements have been made with a baker of the city by which this man is to return one hundred and seventy pounds of bread for each two hundred pounds of flour delivered to him. The bread will be given out to the reconcentrados.

On Monday the poor of the city visited the wharf and looked wistfully at the food that was being loaded on drays and ox-carts to be transferred to the warehouse which had been kindly loaned for purposes of storing and distributing the same.

It was difficult to obtain reliable information as to how the Spaniards of Matanzas considered the sending in of this American relief to the starving of their city. The civil governor, who is a man of humane feelings, was undoubtedly pleased, and so, of course, were all Cubans, of whom there are many in Matanzas. Some of the Spanish element thought that this application of indiscriminate relief was harmful to the people; that if the starving were succored now they would cease all effort to help themselves, and look to our country for future support. Certain others of the Spaniards were glad to see others assume a duty in which they had so shamefully failed; while still others resented, with expressions of anger, what they were pleased to call our intrusion into their own affairs, and declared that this was a leading step to gain possession of the island, that this was our ulterior motive, and we began our tactics by filling the bellies of the starving people. One custom-house man was surely hard pressed to account for the arrival of this relief that every one said came from the United States.

"Do you think the Americans are sending you this food?" he said to a group of lingering reconcentrados on the wharf. "Not at all; it comes from the rich Spaniards in New York and Philadelphia." But I think the reconcentrados knew better than to believe him.

It is probably a fact that some of the ill feeling in Matanzas awakened by our action in this matter can be traced to the pockets of venders of food in Matanzas, who will lose money thereby. Mr. Brice has spent in this city, since last May, twelve thousand dollars of the fifty-thousand-dollar Congressional appropriation for the relief of American citizens in Cuba; this expenditure will now cease. And while the reconcentrados surely had little enough to spend on food, still there was something; and now even this will probably be lessened.

On Tuesday, the 15th, the relief was all in the warehouse and ready to be distributed on the governor's orders. The firemen and the committee of seven were busy with lists, and this work was being attended to as well as could be expected. There will doubtless be some hitches in the beginning; but under the sharp eyes and decisive action of our consul they will soon be straightened out, and by the time the second consignment of relief reaches Matanzas the entire distributing machinery will be in working order. It is Mr. Brice's intention to establish kitchens where cooked food will be given out to the sick and to those who have no facilities at their command for the preparation of the raw article.

There has been established in the palace a bureau where those who have been omitted from the firemen's lists can repair and enter their names. This bureau is accessible to the people, and they are no longer turned away from the palace doors by the Spanish soldiers.

The same vessels that brought this relief to Matanzas have proceeded to Sagua la Grande, bearing as much food to that city as was left here. There the distribution of the food is in the hands of American Consul Barker.

The four hospitals in Matanzas are receiving good and ample rations. On an allowance of a pound a day to each person, eighty-five tons of provisions will feed ten thousand people for seventeen days. The excellent arrangements completed in Havana by Mr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, for the shipping to various points on the island of the American food received in that city, and the telling efforts of Mr. Klopsch to have this food sent down to Cuba from the United States, leave no doubt that Matanzas will receive a second supply before its present one is exhausted.

Even in Havana, where food has always been more plentiful, and where the American relief has been actively applied for some weeks past, the distress and suffering are still great. Mention of this has already been made in these letters.

On the front page of this number of the Weekly will be seen an excellent picture of Los Fosos, in Havana. This place is a long narrow yard not five minutes' walk from the Prado, the Fifth Avenue of Havana. Los Fosos was formerly, and to a certain extent still is, a storehouse for the city drays, a stable for the city mules, and the depository for old and useless municipal property. This is the only place that the city of Havana provides for the free shelter of the vast number of reconcentrados within her walls. In English the name Los Fosos means The Ditches, and the name is well applied.

Formerly the condition of Los Fosos and its wretched inmates was indescribable. Six hundred people were crowded into the two-story shambles on the left. They were naked and starving, diseased, filthy, dead, and dying. There were no beds, no food, no attendance, and no help—nothing but a herded mass of Cuba's unfortunates, reeking with dirt, eaten by disease, who had dragged themselves to Los Fosos to die. And die they did, at the rate of thirty a day.

During November and December of last year efforts were made to better the condition of Los Fosos. Subsequently the Red Cross Society became active in this field, and much good has been accomplished.

To one who now visits Los Fosos the improved condition of affairs is readily seen. There are beds and bedding; there is regular food; doctors are in attendance; medicine is supplied; and efforts are made toward cleanliness. The death-rate varies from three to six a day. But in Los Fosos to-day, bettered as it is, occur scenes of misery, disease, starvation, and death that can never be driven from the memory of those who witness them.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 28, 1898.

The President is still considering various plans for intervening between Spain and Cuba in behalf of the starving reconcentrados, with a view to adopting that which will give Spain the least legitimate cause for offence. It has been suggested by the representatives of European holders of Spanish-Cuban bonds that, if he should go so far as to demand a cessation of all warfare, he should do it in such a way as to leave room for diplomatic negotiation; they believe that they can then arrange a peaceful understanding which shall provide for the assumption by Cuba of all the Spanish debt incurred on Cuban account, with the United States government as guarantor. On the other hand, an intimation has been conveyed informally from Madrid that a party of advanced ideas there is trying to arrange for the feeding of the reconcentrados at Spanish expense, and for a decree of the most liberal autonomy for Cuba, reducing Spanish sovereignty to a mere name, and demanding only a reasonable fixed annual tribute to be paid into the treasury of the mother-country.

Meanwhile warlike preparations on the part of both Spain and this country continue. The Spanish torpedo flotilla, which was halted for a few days at the Canaries, has sailed for Porto Rico. The naval appropriation bill now before Congress authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to enlist men and boys enough to man all ships in commission, provided that the total number of men in the service shall not exceed 12,750, and of boys 1000. Recruiting-offices for seamen have been opened at all convenient points, with instructions for enlistment thus far unlimited. Orders have been issued to repaint all our war-ships a leaden-gray, that being, next to white, the coolest color under a tropical sun, and rendering ships least conspicuous as targets for an enemy's fire by daylight. Eight cutters of the Revenue Marine Service have been turned over to the Navy Department, to be armed and equipped for war, and the list of light-house tenders has been sifted for those vessels which can be made available for naval service. Eight of the old single-turret Monitors have been brought out of retirement, and will be assigned to harbor defence, in charge of the naval militia.

On Thursday Admiral Sicard was relieved of command at Key West on account of ill health, and succeeded by Captain William T. Sampson, with Captain Robley T. Evans second in command, and Commodore Winfield S. Schley was given command of the flying squadron now rendezvoused at Hampton Roads. According to a statement prepared by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence, the United States navy will stand only sixth among the navies of the world, even including the newly purchased vessels and those to be built with the appropriations in this year's budget, which authorizes three first-class battleships, six torpedo-boats, six torpedo-boat-destroyers, and one gunboat for the Great Lakes. Spain's navy ranks seventh.

Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine* has made a report which shows that 257 men and two officers perished in the disaster, and that seven men died afterward of their injuries. Of the 171 bodies recovered from the wreck, 160 have been buried at Havana and eleven at Key West. Congress has passed a bill to reimburse the survivors of the disaster for the losses they sustained, to an amount not exceeding one year's sea pay in each case, and directing the payment of a sum equal to one year's pay to the heirs of the officers and men who perished.

The naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster finished its report on Monday last, and on Tuesday Lieutenant-Commander Marix, the Judge-Advocate, started with it for Washington. On Friday morning it was presented to the President and considered by the cabinet, and to-day it was laid before both Houses of Congress.

(*See page 330 for "Maine" report.*) Francis E. Leupp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has begun to deny the reports that since his return home after his visit to this country he has made remarks unkind or uncomplimentary to the people of this great country. He writes to the *Critic* that it is really a matter of moment to him what is thought of him here, and that the reports of his utterances about America since his return are, so far as they have come to his notice, untrue.

This is the sequence of the experiences of the British lecturer who comes to these shores. He is interviewed when he lands, or before, does his best to say nothing, and begins the next day to deny that he was correctly reported. He carefully refrains from saying anything that is not absolutely harmless during his stay, but the utmost circumspection does not relieve him of the necessity of making occasional denials of remarks imputed to him. On the eve of his departure he is urged to give his impressions of America, but refrains from anything but commonplaces, and as his ship sails out of New York Harbor reports of his deliverances appear, which have a clear start of at least a fortnight before further denials can follow them. Then follow the reports of what he said after reaching home, and then more denials.

It is not pleasant. Mr. Hawkins ought to be assured that it is widely appreciated in this country that our apparatus for recording events that did not happen and remarks that were never made has reached an extraordinary pitch of proficiency, and that adequate allowance is always made by Americans of average intelligence for the inaccuracy of all remarks with which our visitors are credited.

Mr. Lang, grumbling to the *Critic* about this nuisance of irresponsible tattle, writes: "I wish British writers would 'swear oath, and keep it with an equal mind,' *never* to visit your hospitable country as readers or lecturers. But even so, do you think that they would escape the odium of being said to have said things?"

Come and see, Mr. Lang; come and see. There is a fair possibility that if you came here for fun you might *have* fun, just as there is a reasonable certainty that if you came here to earn money you would get the money. There is really a distinction between visitors who come here to make money by talking and visitors who come for pleasure, or to labor in other fields. There is a young Belgian prince somewhere in the country now, who seems as yet to have suffered no inconvenience from misreported talk or unpleasant surveillance. Signor Boldini the portrait-painter has been here for some months, and except that the Custom-House has tried to convict him of swindling, and that he has had pneumonia, there are grounds for hoping that he has had a pleasant visit. M. Carolus Duran has just arrived from Paris, and as he does not care to be advertised, and is wholly independent of the newspapers, the chances are that his experiences will be serene. Those who live by the sword must expect to perish by the sword, and those who expect to profit by newspaper notices must be prepared for the drawbacks that seem to be inseparable from publicity so promoted.

Colonel George E. Waring, Jr. (175 Second Avenue), can put $900 to advantageous use in publishing for distribution the full report of the operations of the Department of Street-Cleaning of New York during Mayor Strong's administration. This report was made last December, and 2500 copies of it were ordered to be printed; but Mayor Strong went out of office before the work was done, and the present administration does not care to undertake it. The report contrasts by photographs the condition of the streets when Colonel Waring began work with their condition when his labors ended. He will receive subscriptions, little and big, to pay the cost of publication, but prefers not to receive more than $10 from any one subscriber.

Some weeks ago, when there was a little snow, a little ice, and very muggy weather, the streets for a time were very nasty, and there was a good deal of complaint that the Street-Cleaning Bureau was demoralized. It does not seem so to Colonel Waring. He was quoted last week as saying:

> People who think they have recognized a difference in the streets since the first of the year are merely hypnotized. In my time they thought the streets were much better than they were. Now they think they are worse than they are.

So much the more credit to Colonel Waring, and so much the better for us, if, now that his head is off, his soul goes marching on. Though his head *is* off, he can still use his eyes, and that's unusual.

It is getting to be a habit in New York to have a great out-of-door show every year, and if possible to have it in the spring. If a special occasion offers, the most is made of it; if a special occasion is wanting, there is Memorial day to fall back upon, which falls on a more convenient date than the Fourth of July. The great parades of 1893 and 1897 were profitable spectacles in many ways. They attracted hosts of people to New York, put money in the pockets of hotel-keepers, merchants, and many other industrious and deserving persons, and made entertainment for a huge multitude of spectators. No doubt a large majority of the population of New York likes such shows, and is glad when a new one is planned. Doubtless the Charter-day celebration, which is planned for the first week in May, will be largely due to the appreciation of our present rulers of this detail of the popular disposition. The plans for it include activities which will be spread over May 3, 4, and 5. The expectation is that on Tuesday, May 3, there will be evening exercises at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York and at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and an illuminated naval parade on the bay and rivers of the city; on Wednesday the programme calls for a great military parade in New York, to be followed by a banquet in the evening, and illuminations and fireworks in all the boroughs. On Thursday there may be a civic and industrial parade and a ball. The event commemorated is the signing of the Greater New York charter by Governor Morton. It is by no means clear to all citizens of New York that that was an act the expediency of which has yet been demonstrated, or one entirely fit to be recalled with acclamations; still, if the money for the celebration is forth-coming, the show will doubtless take place, and there is no good reason to doubt that it will be an imposing show. How much heartiness can be developed for this project, and how much money can be raised to carry it out, have yet to appear, but meanwhile its plans are bravely made and invite execution.

In all the press of war rumors the New York papers have found room to mention the acquisition by this metropolis of a new resident, Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, who has bought himself a house on the corner of Sixty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and intends to spend as much of his time in it as he may find convenient. Mr. Ellsworth is a banker and an owner of coal-mines, but the special peculiarity which makes his translation to New York somewhat notable is that he is a collector of rare books. He brings his books here with him, and indeed it is mentioned as a moving reason for his migration that the atmosphere of Chicago is very bad for books, and that he wishes to keep his treasures where they will be subject to less risk of damage. No doubt this is a consideration—though the great Chicago libraries are able to wash the coal dust and gases out of the air they use before it gets to the books—but a rich collector who comes to New York has no need to make explanations or give excuses. His condition explains all. Collectors are naturally gregarious. They like to get together and envy one another, and compare and gloat over treasures, and especially to incite one another to breakages of the tenth commandment. To be a collector all by one's self is an inferior sport. To be sure, there must be many collectors in Chicago, whose local rivalries help to keep them alive, but to each of them, provided he is rich enough and free to follow his inclination, there is apt finally to come the impulse to pack up his things and move them to headquarters, and the headquarters of American collectors is undoubtedly New York.

Mr. Ellsworth has other things besides books—paintings, tapestries, and other costly junk. No doubt in the fulness of time they will make an interesting auction, and then we shall all have a chance to look them over. Welcome, Mr. Ellsworth!

In a recent note on this page of the Weekly about the controversy over the teaching of English at Yale it was remarked that "the branch of the study of English at Harvard which has had the greatest recent development and excited the most general interest has been the study of English composition." A reader of the Weekly who knows all about the English courses at Harvard thinks this opinion likely to mislead, and writes:

> If I had been asked to name the branch of the subject which had received the greatest attention lately I would say that more has been done in English literature than in English composition. If the prescribed courses are left out of consideration this is certainly true, and even in those literature plays an important part. In English A, for example, which is prescribed for all first-year students, a certain amount of reading is required, and a certain amount of talk on literary subjects is given by instructors. The theory is that the study of literature and practice in composition should go hand in hand. In the largest course in composition in the Sophomore year—English 22—the lectures are distinctly of a literary character. In the courses in the earlier literature linguistics play an important part, no doubt, but the literary aspect of the authors studied is by no means neglected, and never has been. It is to be noted, moreover, that the mass of the work in composition is done by the younger men, who are assistants holding annual appointments, and that most of the work in literature, both the earlier and the later, is done by the older men who are members of the faculty.
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> I may add that in my judgment it is quite as important that a graduate should know how to write as that he should know how and what to read.

It was noticed the other day that the prospectus of the Woman's Hotel Company did not state by what regulations the boarders in the prospective hotel for working-women were to be governed. It seems that the management appreciates the disadvantage of set rules, and intends to run its house "without any restrictions except those conventional ones that obtain in any well-regulated hotel for mixed guests." "It is assumed," writes the Acting Secretary of the Preliminary Committee of the proposed company, "that a houseful of women of the classes for whose accommodation this first hotel is intended—artists, teachers, journalists and writers, students, and the grades of clerks earning liberal wages—will behave themselves quite as well as an equal number of men, and will not need to be put under boarding-school or institutional rules. If any guest should discredit the house, it would be a simple matter to terminate her occupancy, as all rooms would be rented by the day or week."

It was not made clear the other day in the Weekly that while dividends on the stock of the proposed hotel are limited to five per cent., the surplus profits which are expected are to be invested in other similar hotels, which in turn would expect to pay five-per-cent. dividends, so that subscribers' expectations of income would not necessarily be limited to the first five per cent.

The point is emphasized that the projected hotel is intended to promote the comfort and general welfare of working-women in fairly good circumstances, who can afford to pay from $6 to $12 a week for living expenses. "When the housing of such persons as these has been shown to be a commercial success, it will be easier," writes Secretary Kellogg, "to secure the capital with which to care for other classes."

A deserving class that yearns ceaselessly for care in New York is composed of self-supporting working-men with families of a social turn and inured to luxury. It is to be hoped that when Mills Hotels and Women's Hotels abound in sufficient number this class will get attention. At present it has to shift for itself, and shifts often—on May 1, September 1, and at other times—without getting much satisfaction. It is the prey of capital instead of being its beneficiary, and its normal state is one of distress on the lookout for mitigations. Often an unequal struggle ends by individual members of it being driven into the country. Some day this class ought to have an innings, and be put in the way of bettering itself. That it should serve forever as a mere prop for land values on Manhattan Island does not seem to accord with the reasonable intention of nature.

The appearance in this department of the Weekly of a quotation of some length from the recent address of Professor William James, before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, in opposition to the Medical Registration bill, has seemed to a Boston reader to betoken "a slight leaning towards Christian Science." By way of stretching out a saving hand he sends the reply to Professor James, which appeared in the Boston *Transcript* of March 7. This reply tells, among other things, of two lamentable cases where Christian Science seemed to be responsible for deaths which medical skill could probably have averted. While such cases, which seem not to be very rare, may well make people wary of risking their lives on so vague and puzzling a system of cure as Christian Science, it is another question whether they warrant the attempt to crush out that school of experiment by legislation. The regular doctors make terrible mistakes, but still we cleave to them. If persons who believe that they have fair intelligence, and who are admitted to be of at least average capacity to take care of themselves, want to wager their lives on the effectiveness of Christian Science, though experience may prove a dear school, still, to the present paragrapher it seems to be expedient to let them go their own gait and take their chances. As for himself, if "Beacon" cares to know, he very much prefers to take his chances with the regular doctors, and to intrust to their charge any case for the care of which he is in any measure responsible.

The more the regulation of people's practices and preferences can be left to their own common-sense, the better. The Boston aldermen lately passed an ordinance against the wearing of hats in theatres, which has been strictly enforced, and seems to have been effectual in abating the theatre-hat nuisance. But some Boston women think it too sweeping, and a petition signed by 120 of them, many of them well-known women, beseeches the board to modify it so as "to permit the wearing of a covering for the head that, in the managers' opinion, is not large enough to obstruct the view." At present, these petitioners say, the enforcement of the ordinance "often subjects persons to embarrassing annoyance, and compels them, on the unreasonable complaint of some one, to run the risk of illness." The suggestion thus implied that some Boston ladies wear hats in the theatres to keep their heads warm is novel and interesting, and the Boston aldermen must be very polite or very inexperienced if they didn't receive it with smiles.

The *O'Higgins* is not for sale, and The O'Grady is dead. We have all learned what an *O'Higgins* is. It is a kind of war-ship, made to order in England for Chili. Our Uncle Samuel would be glad to have one, but there is but one, and that, as stated, is not in the market.

Popular knowledge about The O'Grady is less exact, and consists largely of information, issued from Dublin, that he died on the 22d of March, and that it was on his estate at Herbertstown, in Kilballyowen, County Limerick, that the "plan of campaign" was first put into execution. He was born in 1844, and his supplementary name was Thomas de Courcy, which indicates, subject to correction by authority, that he was of Norman descent, and was probably the representative of one of the Norman families that settled in Ireland after the Conquest. The "plan of campaign" was to pay no rent, and thus compel evictions. If it was executed on The O'Grady's estate it seems likely to have been done without his complicity, so it is doubtful whether he deserves credit for it in his obituaries. The Dublin despatches do not tell whether The O'Grady left a successor, but doubtless he did, following the precedent of the Phœnix, and other unique notabilities.

Governor Cooke of Connecticut, in his fast-day proclamation, issued March 22, urges prayers that war be averted, provided its avoidance is consistent with humanity and national honor. In view of information lately published about the defencelessness of New Haven and Bridgeport, the Governor's recommendation seems timely and judicious.

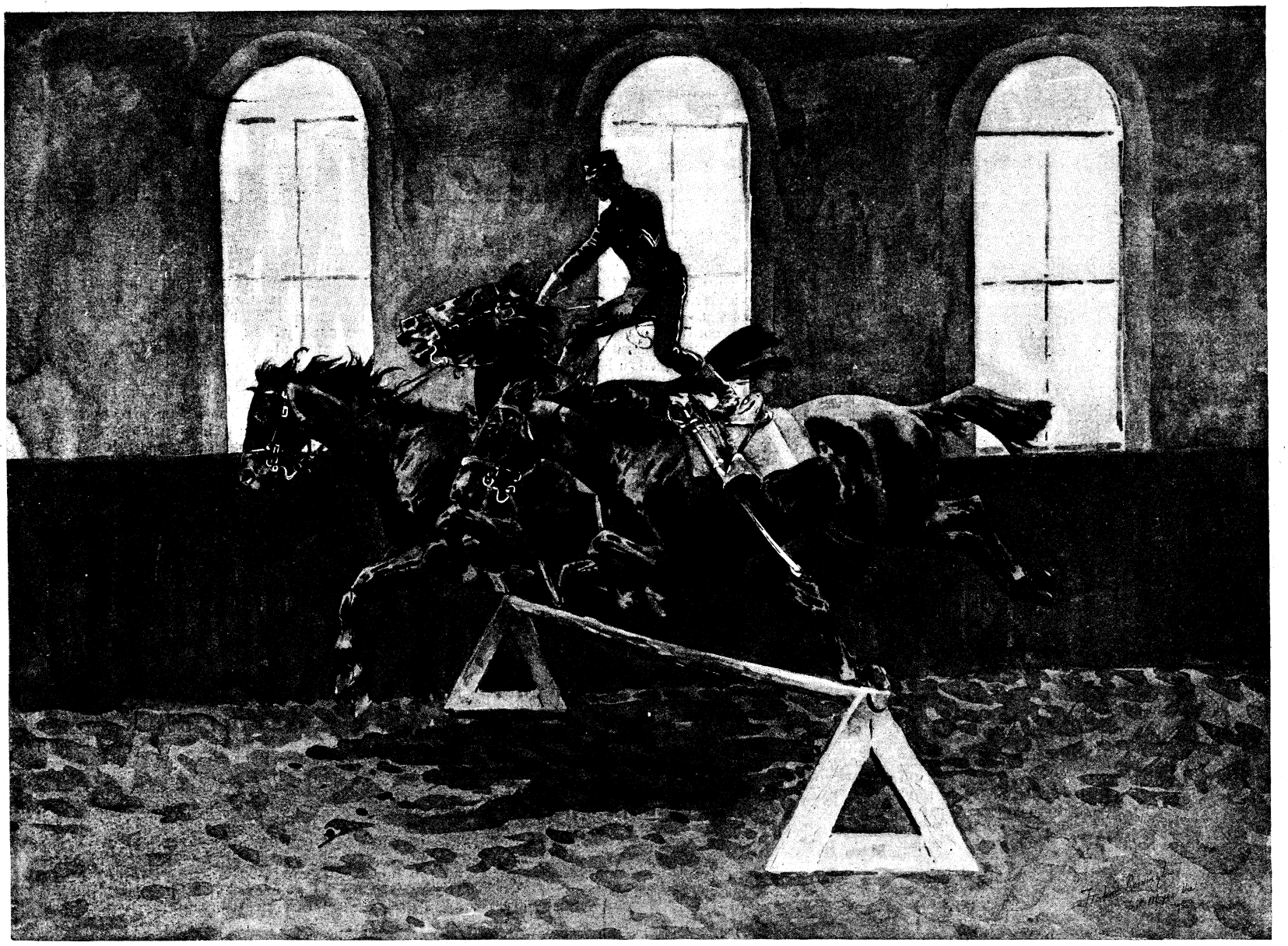
It is the fate of Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene's poem, "De Massa ob de Sheep-fol'," that it should be perennially attributed to authors who did not write it. There never has been any real doubt that Mrs. Greene wrote it. It first appeared in her book *Touchead*. She says, "Its popularity has always oppressed me with a sort of sadness, as indicating on the part of our humanity such an extreme preponderance of black sheep." There is nothing about the poem that need make Mrs. Greene sad. It happened to her, when she wrote it, as it happened to Dr. Holmes when he wrote the "Chambered Nautilus," that she did better than she could. Poems as good as those are not made, but born, and the responsibility (and credit) for them is not so much that of an author as of a parent. Mrs. Greene can well afford to treat that poem with affection. As for her idea that its popularity indicates a preponderance of black sheep, that seems hardly a justifiable conclusion; but if it is, the popularity of the parable of the Prodigal Son must betoken the same condition.

The annual report for 1897 of the Consumers' League of New York gives the league's "White List" of the retail houses which approach nearest to the league's standard in their dealings with their employees. The list includes thirty-six names of firms, among which are to be found about a dozen of the large dry-goods concerns, though several of the biggest are not in it. The league's purpose is to make consumers feel responsibility for producers, and by the influence of its members to better the condition of working-women and shop-girls in New York. Its members undertake to favor houses which use their working-women well, and shun those which don't. A fair house, according to the league's standard, is one in which equal work gets equal pay, irrespective of the sex of the worker; in which adults get at least six dollars a week, paid weekly; in which fines go into a fund for employees' benefit; and in which cash-girls get at least two dollars a week. The hours of a fair house are from eight to six, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and one half-holiday a week for two months in summer. Fair houses also comply with sanitary laws, provide seats for saleswomen (as required by law), use employees humanely, show consideration for fidelity and length of service, and employ no children under fourteen years old.

E. S. Martin.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A., INSPECTING THE DEFENCES OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederic Remington, after a Sketch made by him on the Spot.



HURDLING ON THREE HORSES.

"THE WAR OF THE WORLDS."*

One takes up a new book from Mr. Wells's pen with the certainty of being forced to admiration of its author's literary skill. In the eight or nine volumes which have pronounced him one of the most original and felicitous writers among the younger English novelists no one can dispute the presence of a veritable instinct for story-telling. The terse impressionism of his style would vitalize any plot, even the dullest. But Mr. Wells has other qualities besides the knack of writing well. He has a most powerful imagination, which he disciplines by a constant use of calculating precision in the choice of words; a delicate and insinuating wit; above all—brains. He can think as well as write; his ideas are founded on knowledge, and will bear the seal of scientific analysis. A certain prodigality of cleverness has so far stood between him and the wide popularity he deserves—a cleverness purchased at times by the sacrifice of that spirit of nature which Lowell used to commend as the essence of all good literature. A man of letters who is also a student of science turns instinctively to scientific possibilities for his themes, and in handling them is very apt to produce what is merely an intellectual *tour de force*. Mr. Wells did not avoid this pitfall in his *Island of Dr. Moreau*. *The Time Machine*, on the other hand, as well as many of the tales in *Thirty Strange Stories*, was not only completely successful in its attempt upon the reader's intellect, but absolutely satisfying as a story.

The War of the Worlds is a tale after this kind. The subject is the invasion of England by the inhabitants of Mars, the horrors of their initial successes, and their final defeat and death. Whether the book can boast of a scientific justification or not is not a matter of literary concern. It is written as a story, and as a story it must be judged. To urge as one of its merits that it is possible, or true, or likely to happen, is to confound a tale with a treatise. Luckily it stands in no need of any such impertinent defence. By virtue of its rare imagination and picturesque language it is raised above the suspicion of mere juggling. He has preserved the human, individual interest without losing the effectiveness of his supernatural adventures. He burns it into us that thus we too should have felt and acted in the presence of a Martian invasion. A writer who sets out to thrill you with a display of imaginative horrors must be very sure of his weapons. There exists for him no comfortable resting-place between failure and success. If he falls, he falls like Lucifer; if he succeeds, his success is absolute and patent. The reason must be won over to surrender its last outpost, or the book remains simply a piece of cleverness. In reading *The War of the Worlds* the issue is never in doubt. The book grips you from the start, and holds you captive, just as Jules Verne's romances used to entrance your boyish imagination. Much of its strength is due to the contrast between the tale itself and Mr. Wells's manner of telling it. He has a complete check over his imagination, and makes it effective by turning his most horrible fancies into language of the simplest, least startling denomination. The calm elaborateness of detail and the matter-of-fact fashion in which he sets about engraving the most thrilling incidents on our minds, have all the effect, only in another way, of Mr. Stockton's immovable gravity in the midst of his funniest yarns. *The War of the Worlds* is not only a tale of capital interest, it has the precision and reasonableness, the sense of distance and proportion, that are the foundation of imaginative literature. Sydney Brooks.

* *The War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers. $1 50.

THE TRAINING OF CAVALRY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Illustrated by the Author.

It was some two years since I had visited the cavalry post at Fort Myer, Virginia. At that time I had supposed that our new system of horse-training and Cossack riding had reached the limitations of man and beast. But on recently seeing the drill I was amazed to find that there are seemingly no bounds to this thing. The horses seem to use their brains almost as much as the riders use theirs, while in no circus which it has been my fortune to see has the riding equalled what all United States troopers can do at that post.

I fear almost to tell about it. I should not expect to be believed had not many thousands of delighted people witnessed the same feats by some of the same troopers at the admirable Military and Athletic Tournament held recently at the Madison Square Garden in New York.

In the first place, Colonel Sumner, commanding the Sixth Cavalry, said distinctly it was his policy not to permit anything like competition, as it would tend to the extra training of a few men at the expense of the others, and to its attendant jealousy or laxity. Consequently cooks, extra-duty men, and all other enlisted men at Fort Myer can do everything which one sees in the riding-hall. Every soldier is of necessity an athlete in training; he could not be otherwise. They are all Americans—a very high grade of young fellows—all good material for non-commissioned officers, and some for even higher honors if war should summon their energies. They are each and every one finished horsemen as well as daring riders, not only practically, but theoretically.

Lieutenant Short of Troop A was good enough to initiate me into the opening secrets by taking two freshly arrived "remounts," not previously ridden or handled, to the riding-hall. Here he put on his "hackamore" in lieu of a bridle, and by a simple system of ropes running from broad-straps around the pasterns to rings at the bottom of a broad leather surcingle he began. He slowly brought the horse to its knees, saying, "Lie—down—down—down." The horse fought, but not very hard, because Mr. Short was so patient and gentle with it. He sought not to excite or anger the animal. He would have taken all day if necessary, but after ten minutes the horse succumbed to the inevitable and lay down. It was petted and allowed to rise, when the other one was handled similarly. Thus the horses came to recognize that man was their master, and that they had nothing to fear from him.

These being particularly tractable beasts, Mr. Short said he would carry their training farther at that time, in my interest, although it was not the custom to do so, for fear of overdoing matters. He threw a horse, and upon its recovering its feet, mounted it bareback. The horse was dazed, and did not apparently mind this new indignity. It was then put through the "bending" movements by the easy leg pressure, to which it lent ready obedience. Then it was led up to a low brush hurdle at the end of a chute, and following a veteran troop-horse, was forced over the hurdle on a "lunge." After their first lesson these two horses were better broken than half the mounts one sees in the parks. All that remains is wrought out by patience, and never by any possibility is a horse hurt or maddened by too great a call on its energies. When the horse is issued to a soldier the man takes it to the riding-hall in his leisure moments and puts it carefully through its schooling. If a horse by overtraining becomes resentful it is let out of school for the day—for all the world like a sulky boy. They do not rub an education into it.

As to the trooper, he is gone at in much the same way. It is found at long intervals that some men are too clumsy or timid for horse-soldiers, and they go elsewhere. But by proceeding gently, by a vigorous training of the muscles, the soldier gains confidence in himself. At the end of a time, which varies greatly in men, he will attempt absolutely anything with a horse, and he has so much activity, so much knowledge of how to fall, so much "horse sabé," that he is seldom hurt as he sprawls in the soft tan-bark of the ring.

Four troops were successively drilled in the hall before an admiring audience—the first two in intricate music-rides, side passages in line, lying down, and manœuvres calculated to show their perfect training.

The third troop, drilled by Lieutenant Nissen, came in bareback—and here is where I am afraid of my statements. I should not have believed it if I had not seen it. One should be or have been a bit of a horseman himself fully to appreciate such a thing. I have attempted to show in my drawings some of the most astonishing feats; and, mind you, these were performed by every horse and man on the tan-bark. The hurdle-jumping was done by men of Lieutenant Short's troop while standing up in the saddle with their coarse shoes on. This, I am told, is more difficult than when they are bareback with rubber-soled tennis-shoes.

The Roman race was indulged in by three men at a time, each controlling three horses bareback. They were in a large riding-hall, and not in a circus ring, and the horses were run at top speed—so fast, indeed, that two of them were upset on the turns.

There was much besides this—notably a soldier running beside three linked horses, vaulting while at the hurdle jump clean over two mounts to land on the nigh horse. Also, when mounted double, and at full career, the men changed places in a most astonishing way, the front rider whirling with his back to the rear man while supported by his heel on the rear rider's toe.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that our cavalry soldiers play their game so well. For myself, I have never seen any class of riders in any part of the world who could do as well or anything like as well—a large part of the "flash" riding of Cossacks and Comanche Indians being done by artificial aids of either saddlery or loops of various sorts which support them.

I wish those blatant patriots who are so ready to rely on our 10,000,000 able-bodied but untrained "available" men in the event of war could go and look these cavalrymen over, and ask themselves how long it will take to qualify the proper proportion of this material for troopers for the Sixth Cavalry.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS



IX.—IRRIGATION IN WESTERN KANSAS AND WESTERN NEBRASKA.

ONE of the professors of the Kansas State Agricultural College said to me, while discussing the prospect of reclaiming the arid lands in western Kansas and western Nebraska:

"It is possible and entirely probable that in a few years we may see church congregations praying for wind instead of for rain in the arid regions of the Middle West. For with wind it will be possible to pump up the waters that have been stored in the earth beneath for centuries. A drought of wind may come to be regarded as bad as if not worse than a drought of water."

In this remark of the Kansas professor there was economic truth of vast importance to the arid parts of the Middle West. A few years ago the cry in those regions, according to Governor Leedy, was, "Irrigate or emigrate." Hundreds of farmers irrigated and thousands emigrated. Statistics show that the population in Kansas west of the 100th meridian in 1889 was 81,279; in 1895, in the same territory, it was only 49,850. More than 31,000 of the population emigrated in six years. A few hundred of them perhaps died. They had gone into the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska in the boom-times of the eighties, and even did fairly well in the years that followed immediately, when there was an excess of rainfall. Then normal conditions began to prevail, and the hard times, which were as hard to bear as blistering droughts, arrived, and the exodus from the region of despair began, and continued until nearly one-half of the people had moved out, and many of those who remained wished that they could go also. Villages and homes were deserted over a wide reach of territory, and the wreck and ruin of blasted hopes and the unequal contest with nature were evident on every hand. One of these hopeless struggles, recorded in an address of Edward McLernon at the fourth annual meeting of the Nebraska Irrigation Association, was so noteworthy that it is recounted here:

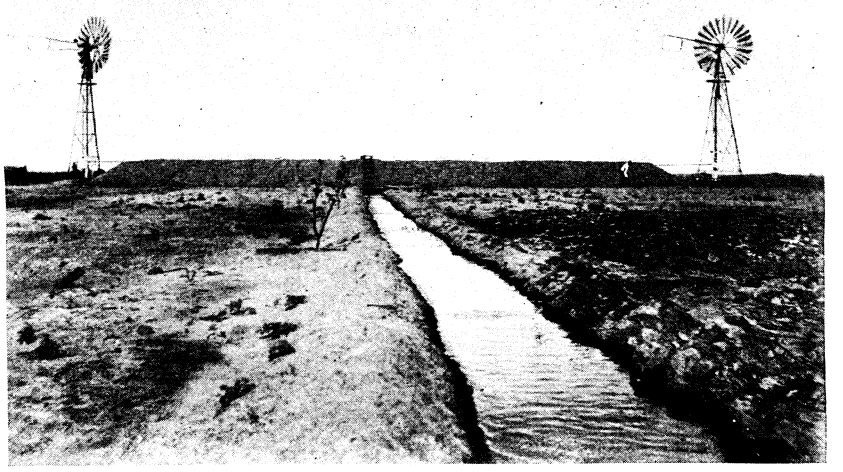
> In 1881 I located at Sidney, nearly two hundred miles west, then a country of cattle and sheep ranches. In 1885, the farmers, lured on by the rains and dews which fell on a soil as fertile as any on top of earth, took the entire country, and the cattle-man had to go. Some very strong colonies were planted in Cheyenne County—then large enough for an empire in itself—the area being 6,000,000 acres. Notable among these was a colony of Dunkards, about fifty families in all. They located on a divide immediately south of the town of Sidney. Several built residences costing from $1500 to $3000, with barns and outbuildings which would do credit to any country. All were comfortably fixed, and if any one lacked, he was promptly assisted by his friends and neighbors. They fenced their land, and nearly every one had a windmill. They were well supplied with good heavy Eastern horses, and the best and most improved machinery, all of which they shipped in car lots. Some brought their houses framed, all ready to set up. A large church building was erected in the centre of the colony, neatly painted outside, and well furnished and seated with plain substantial furniture.
>
> Hard-working, thrifty, economical, temperate, and intelligent, weighted down with none of the vices, and possessed of all the virtues which we regard as essential to success, located upon a soil as rich as any on the face of the earth, can we wonder that not one of these people ever doubted that he had indeed found a goodly land—that here he could live, and here would he slumber, awaiting the sound of the trumpet calling the children of men before the judgment-seat? It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that I record the fact that all these good people have abandoned their farms. Some have taken land in the valleys under irrigation, and have gone to work with renewed energy, but the larger number were too much discouraged to think of making another effort, and, very foolishly, I think, went East to commence the battle of life anew.

So the story of abandoned farms in the East was repeated in the West, but under entirely different conditions. The Western farms were fertile, rich in all the needed chemical properties that make agriculture profitable. Rain alone was needed to make millions of acres of land of milk and honey. But of rain there was little. "Dry farming" was a failure; wet farming was out of the question, and the parched condition of the land responded to the parched condition of the hopes and ambitions of many a weary man and woman. They fled from the land, with what belongings they could save, as if they had been driven from their homes by fire. Nature had repulsed that attack upon her frontier. In the words of the Hon. D. M. Frost, president of the State Board of Irrigation of Kansas, there were two alternatives only. One was "to turn back these broad plains to the undisputed sway of the cattle-men, to lead upon them a wild nomadic life shorn of the advantages of society, schools, churches, and all higher enjoyments. The other was to adopt a new method, a different system of agriculture, and renew the struggle to overcome the adverse conditions of nature."

The second alternative was chosen. The battle has been resumed, and it has been found that a very extraordinary condition of affairs prevails in that arid territory—a condition of affairs that in time may bring about the subjugation of the land to the complete uses of man. These conditions are wrapped up in these facts: There is a very small rainfall in all that territory, not sufficient in itself to supply the needs of agricultural vegetation; there is a known and almost steady velocity of the wind, blowing with the greatest strength and regularity in the spring and summer; there is a vast amount of water in great sheets, rivers, and lakes under all of the upland or arid parts of the region, the extent of which cannot even be guessed, and the accumulation, according to Professor Erasmus Haworth, of the University of Kansas, may be the result of the rains and snows "for thousands of centuries." By the utilization of the winds above the earth and the waters under the earth the lands may be brought into a condition that will support prosperous agriculture.

The rainfall, according to records of forty years, is 34 inches a year in eastern Nebraska, and only 13 inches in western Nebraska. In eastern Kansas the rainfall annually is 30 inches, and on the western edge of the State it is from 15 to 17 inches a year. The rain-clouds come up from the Gulf of Mexico, and drop the moisture freely on the eastern third of the States of the Middle West. The middle parts of these States get a rainfall of from 20 to 25 inches—sufficient to maintain vegetation under ordinary circumstances. These belts are called the semi-arid parts of the region. In time of drought they suffer grievously. In the western third, called the upland territory because of the gradual slope of the earth toward the Rocky Mountains, we have the arid territory. In the east, or well-watered part of this country, the elevation above the sea level is about 750 feet. It gradually rises, at the rate of about seven feet a mile, until, on the western border, it has an elevation of more than 3300 feet.

Now for the wind currents. Exhaustive study has been made of these at the State Agricultural College in Kansas. It has been found that for the five months from April to August, inclusive, the wind blows steadily, almost, at the rate of more than fifteen miles an hour for seventeen hours of the day. But it has been found that, beginning in June, the rate of wind diminishes rapidly in power-supply. In August the wind often blows only seven hours a day, instead of seventeen. In 1894 the velocity of the wind in August was only 4.4 miles an hour. Now it has been found that in using the wind for pumping water from wells a velocity under six or above thirty miles an hour is useless. Taking the entire year into consideration, it has been found that 69 per cent. of the wind blows by in the five months from April to August, inclusive. The sudden drop in July and August is most serious to those who depend upon wind to secure water from day to day. Tables for five years show that the greatest part of useless winds come in August. The average horse-power derived from a ten-foot windmill may be set in round numbers at 3000 for a month, or 100 a day. In August the horse-power in such a mill drops to about 1350, or less than one-half. The actual figures are: April, 5133 horse-power; May, 4242; June, 2912; July, 1951; August, 1353; September (too late to be of much benefit to crops), 2712. It is known therefore almost exactly how great and how constant are the lifting power of these smart breezes that sweep daily over the prairies—breezes such as are not known in the East.



TYPICAL IRRIGATION PLANT NEAR LARNED, KANSAS—THE DITCH.

More surprising even than the data about the wind are the data about the water in that region, especially in the uplands. In the first place, we should remember that water is essentially a geologic output. Its conservation, flow, rate of supply, are as much a matter of geologic determination as are similar characteristics of natural gas or oil. Now there are three distinct kinds of water-supply to be found in Kansas and Nebraska outside of flowing streams and conserved rainfall. The first is the underflow that is present in all the valleys of the region where a river runs. It is such a flow as may be found near all rivers in what are known as humid States. One may dig down anywhere from three to twelve feet in such valleys and find an ample supply of water. There is little trouble to secure a water-supply in any of these lowlands, even in the arid regions of the west. It is believed generally that the underflow from nearly all the rivers would water twice as much territory as the direct flow of the streams themselves if the water were turned out upon the land instead of being allowed to go to the ocean. So prevalent is water in all the lowlands, east or west, that one may dismiss it from further consideration in talking of the general situation. But these lands are only a small part compared with the millions upon millions of acres that lie beyond the reach of such water.

For the uplands it is especially important to note that there are two distinct supplies of water to be had. One is from what are known as Dakota sandstone deposits, and the other is from what are known as the tertiary deposits. In these two sources of supply the arid lands of the West have unlimited water underlying the entire territory, hundreds and perhaps thousands of feet deep. They are veritable oceans. The trouble is to get the water out. The tertiary supply lies nearest the surface in the uplands. It is to be found at depths of from 50 to 200 feet. The Dakota supply in that region lies as deep as 1000 feet. In the centre of Kansas the Dakota formation rises to the surface, and data regarding its extent have been secured.

The State authorities of Kansas seem to have been the only ones to make a scientific study of the water capabilities of this Dakota sandstone. It lies between two layers, a floor and a roof, of impervious shales. Surface water cannot get into it. It is from 300 to 1000 feet deep. It is filled with water, which is supposed to have run into it 'way back on what is known as the "Hogback" ridge of the Rockies, where the Dakota formation was pushed to the surface and is an outcropping ledge for a vast extent of territory. It is along this ridge that the water is supposed to have run into the ground for "thousands of centuries," and it is there now, simply waiting for man to use it.

This formation is 1500 miles long and 500 miles wide, and man cannot comprehend its possibilities. It is inexhaustible. Many artesian wells have been bored into it where there was a pressure due to certain well-known geologic reasons, but on the whole it lies too far below the surface to be of much use, according to the present methods of raising water from the earth. In those parts of the surface where the formation may be reached easily there is an abundant water-supply from other sources. Nevertheless, this vast deposit lies deep in the earth for future use, and it is directly under that part of the country where the soil is arid, and where the winds—nature's agent to lift the water from the ground—blow steadiest and most freely day after day.

The tertiary supply of water underlying the uplands and all other parts of the great slope east from the Rockies is not so well known as the Dakota supply. Its source and its amount or rate of supply are unknown. It seems to have a steady percolating movement through the sands, and in a thin sheet to extend all over the region from the Rockies to the Missouri River Valley, where it becomes like any other underflow water in humid countries. How fast this sheet water flows and exactly how deep it reaches geology has settled only in a general way. It is known that it lies from 50 to 200 feet below the surface in the upland territory, and that it has an impervious and uneven floor. It has no roof like the Dakota formation, and the moisture from the earth probably feeds the supply.

Some of the authorities assert that this tertiary water-supply, like that of the Dakota, is an accumulation of centuries, and that its extent is unlimited. Others contend that its supply is simply the accumulation of the water that soaks through the ground, and that after the lakes and shallow depths of its water shall have been exhausted only the normal conservation from year to year will be of use for irrigation purposes. Others still contend that the supply is both from the storage of centuries and from the collections year by year; and still others assert that the Dakota and the tertiary formations meet in certain regions underground, and simply exchange supplies with each other when there is a lack on either side. This tertiary supply, it is known, covers two-fifths of the entire State of Kansas, and probably of Nebraska, and is spread comparatively close to the surface in the arid regions. Already more than 2000 wells are drawing water from it. Occasionally the floor of the deposit, which is known to be very uneven, projects itself upward above the level of the water-supply, that is mingled with the sand and gravel. Borings to reach water sometimes strike this raised floor, and as a result no water is reached, while within half a mile it is abundant. These irregularities of the floor, however, are the exception to the general rule that the water is to be found to some extent in all parts of the arid country. To show the amount of supply of this water, the Hon. D. M. Frost, of the Kansas Irrigation Commission, has printed the following:

> The Hutchinson Packing Company is daily pumping 5,000,000 gallons from this so-called underflow reservoir at a depth of not exceeding forty feet, and from beneath a tract of land 150 by 150 feet, with no indication whatsoever of any diminution in the water-supply, which alone would cover 6000 acres of land with water one foot in depth each year—more than enough water to insure a most bountiful crop in that portion of the State where the average rainfall is 26 inches; an ocean of water beneath them, an inexhaustible fountain to draw from.

There have been much talk of storage of rainfall and elaborate calculations as to how many acres the use of such waters would reclaim, but there has been no practical method suggested of catching the water that runs off a farm and preserving it for use when a drought comes. The most practical method is to subsoil the land—that is, to plough to a great depth and allow the flood-waters to run over this land and soak in, the moisture to be retained for a long time, and to be available for plants with long roots.

Science having proclaimed the presence of two great strata of water beneath the arid regions, and experiment in well-digging having proved it, trustworthy data regarding the wind and its power having been secured from

one of the best agricultural colleges in the West, the question is how shall man combine these two elements and reclaim the land that now resembles a desert to some extent?

With present implements and tools scientific work along this line is not satisfactory. Professor Hood of the Kansas State Agricultural College says that he is sure an immense future awaits the use of the wind in irrigation. Little study and inventive talent have been applied to this problem as yet. What is needed most is machinery that will vary the lifting power according as the wind is light or strong, and that will not call for a definite load, no matter what the energy. Professor Hood also says such machinery must be nearly automatic, and must run almost without oil, for the simple reason that the average farmer will not climb a ladder to oil the machinery of a windmill. Any one who has seen costly farm machinery standing out-of-doors in all sorts of weather in Kansas will understand why the farmers will not climb ladders to keep windmill machinery in order.

All through the western part of Kansas and Nebraska the visitor will see strange contrivances that the farmers have fixed up, many of them in half violation of well-known laws of physics, to pump up the water for irrigation. Poverty practically drove the farmers to attempt irrigation, and hence the machinery used has been such as poverty-stricken men would devise. Many farmers who were not poor also contrived home-made pumping apparatus, owing to the uncertain condition of irrigation results.

Nebraska apparently has taken the lead in fashioning these affairs, and nothing is commoner than to see what are known as "jumbo" mills and "go-devil" mills pumping water for little patches of irrigated property in that State. Professor E. H. Barbour, of the Nebraska State University, has made a thorough study of these crude windmills and their possibilities, and has published his views extensively in agricultural and other newspapers. He has found that the average cost of these mills that are knocked together on the farm is only about $6. They are made from old broken machinery, and generally face toward the south. A long rectangular box is first constructed, and on the sides rests the axle of the revolving part of the machinery. From four to eight arms project from this axle. The wind catches one of these arms and thrusts it down into the box, where it is cut off from the breeze, and this pushes up another arm, which is caught by the breeze and whirled around down into the hold, and so arm after arm or sail after sail is raised, and the axle turns in the wind, the power being applied to a pump that raises the water from the ground.

One of the most remarkable of these mills is a little "jumbo" in Kearney, Nebraska, that cost only $1 50. It is 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, 9 feet long, and has eight fans. This mill saved a strawberry-patch, a garden, and some small fruit in the worst drought that Nebraska ever experienced. There is another of these mills at Lincoln, Nebraska, which is 9 feet wide, 13 feet high, 13 feet long, and which cost only $8. The box is made of discarded lumber about the place, and the sails are wooden frames on which old coffee-sacks are stretched. This odd contrivance irrigates five acres of garden-land, and supplies a reservoir 150 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. Another peculiar kind of windmill is what is known as a merry-go-round mill. It has sails that spread themselves out full automatically when the wind is at their back, and turn an edge and cut through the wind when it is against them as the affair whirls around. Professor Barbour, in pointing out the crudities of these mills, says: "They all point to a tendency to invent along the line of paramount importance to agriculture. And who dares say that these crude mills may not lead to a solution of the only agricultural problem of the West—that is, methods of supplying sufficient moisture at the critical moment for growing crops?"

In talking of the value of these mills, Professor Barbour tells this story in the *Farm Implement News:*

The largest and best known jumbo mill in the eastern third of the State is probably that of John Tannahill, market-gardener and nursery-man, of Columbus, Platte County, Nebraska. It rises like a great winged spectre above the lake of water which it supplies by its two heavy pumps. This mill irrigates ten acres successfully, and is now so surrounded by a growth of timber that it stands in the midst of a miniature forest which cannot be penetrated by the camera. Photographs taken six to eight years ago show a level prairie diversified chiefly by a huge jumbo and a pond. This sudden transformation can be better understood by the Westerner than by the Easterner. On the treeless prairie the cottonwood and other trees often attain, in eight years, a height of fifty to sixty feet, and a diameter of ten to twelve inches. The writer has seen many a house in eastern Nebraska surrounded by a forest so dense, though not ten years old, as to shut out the camera, or rather shut in all the farm buildings, the irrigating-pond, and the stately windmill and tower, so that photographs, no matter how desirable and instructive, were impossible.

So much for the work of getting the water above-ground in a crude way. The real effective windmill is yet to be invented for tapping the great tertiary underflow or the deep Dakota waters. At present Nebraska leads in the matter of irrigation by diverting the streams that flow through the State. It has an irrigation law patterned largely after the law of Wyoming, which aims to give the largest use of the public waters to the farmers. The State has a State Board of Irrigation, which grants permits to companies and individuals to use the waters of the rivers. The claims are known popularly as the old and the new claims, deriving that designation from the fact that in 1895 the irrigation law of the State was changed. The new claims have been filed under the revised law. The old applications for water numbered 2200, with a total estimated cost of the ditches amounting to about $2,750,000, covering about 1,061,000 acres of land. The cost averaged about $2 50 an acre, and, according to the figures of the State board in Lincoln, the value of the increase in the land is more than $9,000,000, or about $9 an acre. That shows the desirability of irrigation. The new claims before the board aggregate about 2200 miles, with an estimated cost under the new methods of $6,000,000, and an increased acreage amounting to 2,400,000 acres. The estimated increase in land values is about $19,000,000.

Kansas has no such board, but irrigation from canals into which river water has been led, it is said, amounts to the use of about 1500 miles of ditches of various sizes. In 1895 Kansas appointed a board to examine into the possibilities of irrigation. The appropriation was most meagre for the work assigned to it, and the board could not begin to do all that was required of it. It sunk nearly a score of wells in the upland districts and made an exhaustive study of the geologic conditions, much of which has been summarized in this article. It was a most thorough report of most thorough work. When Governor Leedy sent in his message to the Legislature in January of last year he was not impressed seriously with the prospects of irrigation. He said he had not seen a copy of the commissioners' report, and it was plain that he thought the scheme of irrigation on a large scale chimerical. The report has been made public since then, but it is not known whether the Governor has modified his views.

In Nebraska no such extended study of the geology of the water-supply has been made. Professor Stout of the agricultural department of the Nebraska State University has issued a bulletin on the water-supply of Nebraska, in which he says that the sheet-water supply is difficult to estimate or determine. He says, however, in speaking of irrigating from wells, "It is almost certain that within the next few years nearly every farmer in the western and middle parts of the State, where the conditions are at all favorable, will have from two to fifteen acres under irrigation by this method." This presupposes a wide extent of the sheet water on the uplands of Nebraska, such as is known to exist on the uplands of Kansas. The Dakota water is known to exist to a great depth in Nebraska, as in Kansas and in all that sloping territory that lies east of the Rockies.

Some notable cases of the benefits of irrigation have been published in the *Nebraska Irrigation Annual* for 1897. Instances are given where irrigated corn has yielded 65 bushels to the acre, while adjacent corn, not irrigated, yielded only 30 bushels an acre. H. J. Hendryx, of Platte County, had twenty-five acres of celery under irrigation. The proceeds were $200 an acre, and the profit $125 an acre. A Lodge-Pole Creek farmer raised 1365 bushels of onions on an irrigated acre of ground, the largest onion of the crop weighing 19 ounces, which, the *Annual* declares, made "a fair-sized meal for seven persons"—of course meaning the vegetable part of a meal. Neighbors without irrigation raised only about 100 bushels of onions to the acre. Mr. Sailing of Cozad, Dawson County, irrigated his wheat-field, applying water to it only twice. His wheat averaged 40 bushels to the acre, while adjacent wheat land, not irrigated, only produced from 20 to 23 bushels to the acre.

These instances are extreme cases, of course, but they show the trend of events in agriculture in the arid and semi-arid regions of the West. A notable incident in this matter of irrigation is the annual fair that is held in Nebraska, where exhibits of produce raised through this method of cultivation are made. These exhibits and the annual meeting in that State of the friends of irrigation are spreading the cause rapidly through the entire arid and semi-arid territory, and bringing about a change in farmers' methods. It is even declared that farmers in the East will learn in time that it will pay for them to have a storage reservoir—they are made easily by scooping out a pond and allowing cattle to trample its bottom solid and hard—as the best way of forestalling a drought. It is also asserted that Eastern farmers, like hundreds of farmers in Kansas and Nebraska, will see the utility of having a pond of water where a fish-supply may be cultivated for household uses, and where in winter ice in large quantities may be gathered.

It is most difficult to forecast the future of the arid lands. It is clear that only the supply of tertiary water may be drawn upon when improved cheap machinery comes. The Dakota supply must be ignored, at its great depth, for a long time. The chief thing in the way of machinery is to secure some kind of a pump, to be run by the winds, that can take advantage of low-velocity breezes, say those that blow at an average of from four to six miles an hour. A desirable thing would be to have a mill operate more than one pump as the force of the wind increases. Owing to the uncertain source of supply of the tertiary water, Professor Haworth has estimated that, using only that part of the water which is supposed to sink through the ground, it is probable that 56 per cent. of Kansas may be irrigated to advantage.

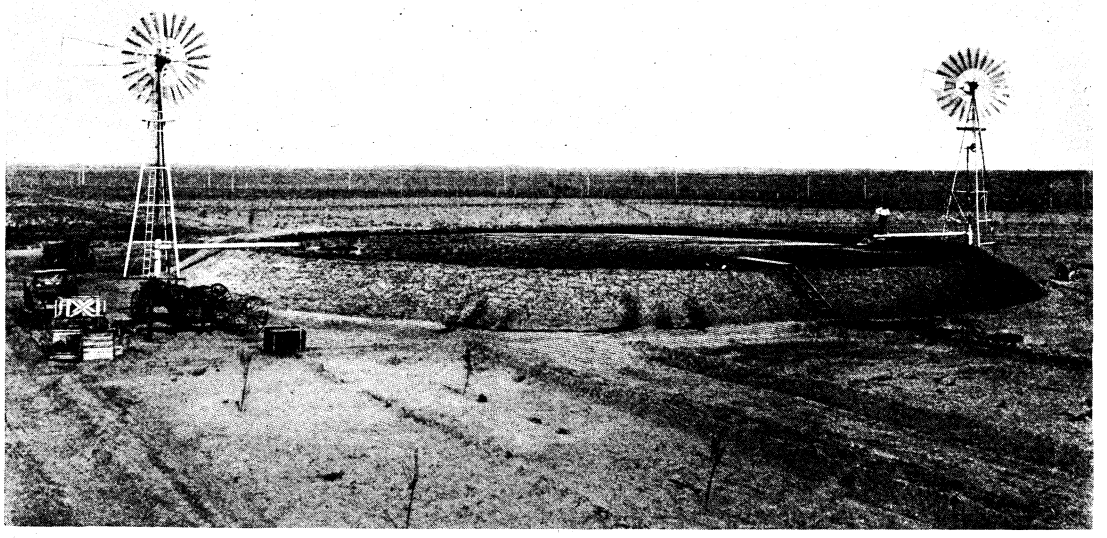
The State Board of Kansas sums up the matter in these words:

The present chief use of the uplands of the western third of the State is for the growing of stock, and in order that they may be utilized to their fullest extent in this business, it is necessary that families reside there, and that water be pumped from the earth and food grown for man and beast. There is not one domestic animal in the western third of Kansas where, under proper conditions, five might be maintained. Nor will there be until an irrigation plant is the basis of each home.

Our investigations satisfy us that there is available water to irrigate at least 10 per cent. of the upland, which, with a fair market for the product, would make a rich agricultural and stock-growing section, and this proportion of the land will come under intense cultivation as the knowledge of the conditions is brought home to the people.

To realize the change of conditions which may be brought about by the small irrigation plant in connection with stock-growing, let us suppose that 1 per cent. of the land is irrigated. This means 6.4 acres per section, and is easily within the powers of a single windmill. This amount thus cultivated is a sure support for a family of five persons. The remainder of the 640 acres is available for stock and forage crops, and will support thirty head of cattle, the profits of which may be laid aside, together with the proceeds of the poultry. Assuming the counties to average thirty miles square, there would be 900 sections to the county. Five inhabitants to the section means a rural population of 4500. This would be the effect of the irrigation of 1 per cent. of the lands.

It is easy to be seen that a one-per-cent. irrigation would not only bring back those 30,000 persons who have left western Kansas, but would add greatly to the population. There are nearly forty counties in the arid region of the State. A population of 4500 to the county would mean 180,000, or 100,000 more than the population at the height of the boom-times, as set forth in the beginning of this article. It would mean a new kind of farming—the farming of small tracts; the intense farming rather than farming on broad areas. It would probably lead to another change in the character of the live-stock industry, and in time to the abolition of the ranges for developing meat food.



TYPICAL IRRIGATION PLANT NEAR LARNED, KANSAS—THE RESERVOIR.

The subject of irrigation's future has been summed up in a picturesque way by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, whose poetic and practical words in his enthusiasm for his hobby I have used before in these articles. He says, regarding "the demonstrated extensive underground water-supply,"

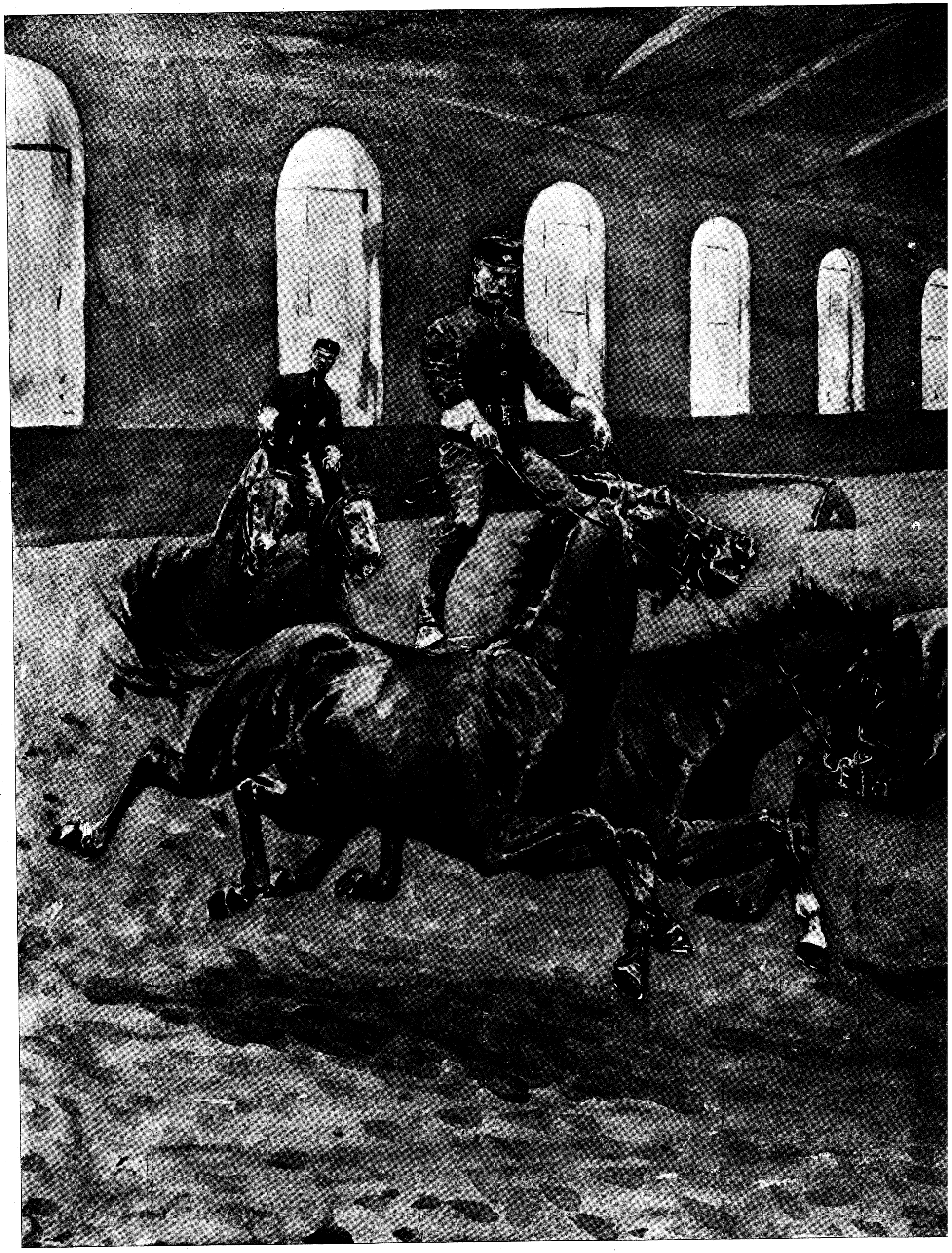
"The pumping of these waters will be inexpensively done by harnessing to the work the ever-present breezes which, shot through and through with sunshine, are wafted across our broad prairies, and give the ideal healthful climate for all breathing things, and for developing the choicest growths of grain, fruit, and flower."

It is safe to say that if such an ideal time does come it will be by a gradual encroachment upon the uplands from the river-fed valleys. The steps will be along the lines of least resistance, and will be slow. Kansas has grown tired of rushing into things without counting the cost. Mr. Ingalls has said that the State "developed at random." One may easily believe that, whether one considers some of the public men, big or little, that it has produced, or whether one considers some of the crops of great and small extent that it has brought forth. That time and condition have passed in the State. With unlimited waters below the fertile ground and unlimited breezes above it, perhaps these two agents may be made to mingle their powers on the surface of the soil, and it may become a garden. But it will require time—a long time.

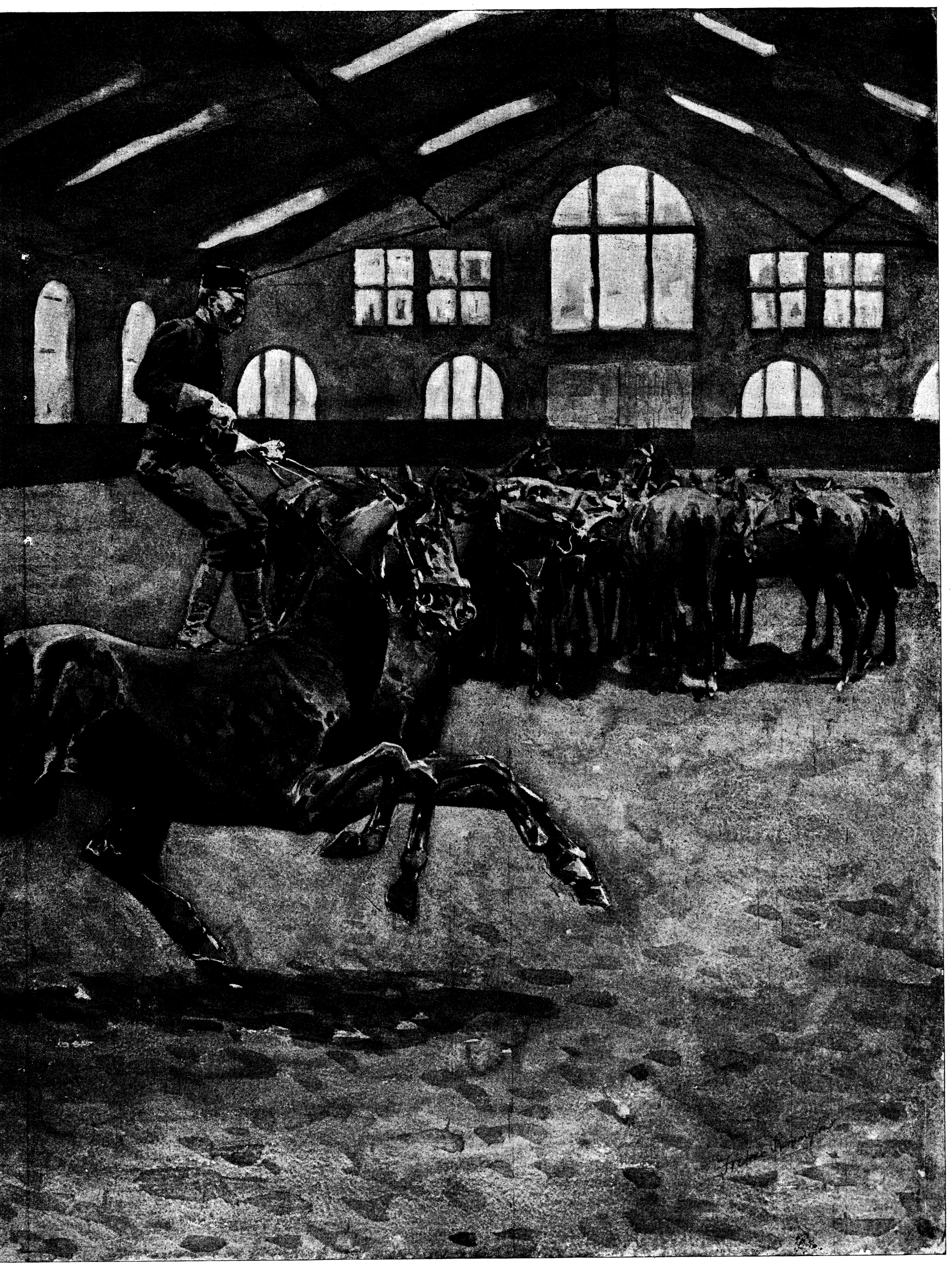
IN AFTER-DAYS.

What you desired was once endeavor's aim,
But, since you nothing crave, I nothing do;
Ambition has no purpose but for you,
You caring not, I reck of praise nor blame.
The while I hoped for love I fought for fame,
I strove for you, and, striving thus, I knew
How fair it is to win what we pursue—
Now, laurel or no laurel, 'tis the same!
For your sweet sake fate's blows could make me wince,
For mine I fear no failure I may meet,
Nor is there any guerdon I could prize;
Alike are honor and dishonor, since
Win all, I may not lay it at your feet,
Or, losing, see reproach within your eyes!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



THE TRAINING OF CAVALRY—A ROMAN RACE AT THE RIDING-HALL



G–HALL, FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 321.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER MAN'S COAT.

I FOLLOWED the Prince without another word, and when he received the Princess I had the happiness of taking the Little Playmate by the hand and conducting her as gallantly as I could into the palace. And I was glad, for it helped to allay a kind of reproaching feeling in my heart, which would keep tugging and gnawing there whenever I was not thinking of anything else. I feared lest, in the throng and press of new experiences, I might a little have neglected or been in danger of forgetting the love of the many years and all the sweetness of our solitary companionship.

Nevertheless, I knew well that I loved her sweetest eyes more than all the worlds of men and priests.

And even as I helped her to dismount, I went over and told her so.

It was just when I held her in my arms for a moment as she dismounted. She clung to me, and methought I heard a little sob.

"Do not ever be unkind, Hugo," she said. "I am very lonely. I wish I were back again in the old Red Tower."

"Unkind—never, while I live, little one," I whispered in her ear. "Cheer your heart, and to-morrow your sorrows will wear off, and you and I both shall find friendship in the strange land."

"I hate the Princess! And I shall never like her, as long as I live!" she said, with that certain concentrated hate which only good women feel towards those a degree less innocent, specially when the latter are well to look upon.

There was no time to reply immediately, as I conducted her up the steps. For I had to keep my eyes open to observe how the Prince conducted himself, and in the easy ceremonial of Plassenburg it chanced that I did nothing extravagant.

"But, Helene, you said awhile ago that you hated me," I said, after a little pause, smiling down at her.

"Did I?" she answered. "Surely nay."

"Ah, but 'tis true as your eyes," I persisted. "Do you not remember when I had cut the calf's head off with the axe? You did not love the thought of the Red Tower so much then!"

"Oh, *that!*" she said, as if the discrepancy had been fully explained by the inflection of her voice upon the word.

But she pressed my hand, so I cared not a jot for logic.

"You do not love her, you are sure?" she said, looking up at me when we came to the darker turn of the stairs; for the corkscrews were narrower in the ancient castle than in the new palace below.

"Not a bit!" said I, heartily, without any more pretence that I did not understand what she meant.

She pressed my hand again, momentarily slipping her own down off my arm to do it.

"It is not that I love you, Hugo, or that I want you to love me," she said, like one who explains that which is plain already, "except of course as your Little Playmate. But I could not bear that you should care about that—that woman."

It was evident that there were to be stirring times in the Castle of Plassenburg, and that I, Hugo Gottfried, was to have my share of them.

As soon as we had arrived at the banqueting-hall, the Prince beckoned me and presented me formally to the Lady Ysolinde.

"Your Highness, this is Captain Hugo Gottfried, my new officer-in-waiting."

The Princess bowed gravely and held out her hand. Her aquamarine eyes were bent upon me, suffused with a certain quick and evident pleasure which became them well.

"Your Highness has chosen excellently. I can bear witness that the Captain Gottfried is a brave—a very brave man," she said.

And at that moment I was most grateful to her for the testimony. For behind us stood the young von Reuss, pulling at his mustache and looking very superciliously at me.

Then the Lady Ysolinde withdrew to her own apartments, and that day I got no more words with her nor with Helene.

The Prince also went to his room, and I remained where I was, deeming that for the present my duty was done.

The servant of the man whose coat I wore stood with another servitor close at hand—indeed, many of all ranks stood about.

"That is the fellow," I heard one say, tauntingly, "peacocking it there in my master's coat!"

His companion laughed contumeliously, at which the passion within me suddenly stirred. I gave one of them the palm of my hand, and as the other fell hastily back my foot took him.

"What ho, there! No quarrelling among the lackeys!" cried von Reuss, insolently, from the other side of the room.

"Were you, by any chance, speaking to me?" said I, politely, looking over at him.

"Why, yes, fellow!" he said. "If you squabble with the waiting-men concerning cast off clothes, you had better do it in the stables, where, as you say, your own wardrobe is kept."

"Sir," said I, "the coat I wear, I wear by the command of your Prince. It shall be immediately returned to you when the Prince permits me to go off duty. In the mean time pray take notice that I am Captain Hugo Gottfried, officer-in-waiting to the Prince Karl of Plassenburg, and that my sword is wholly at your service."

"You are," retorted von Reuss, "the son of my uncle Casimir's Hereditary Executioner, and one day you may be mine. Let that be sufficient honor for you."

"That I may be yours is the only part of my father's hereditary office I covet!" said I, pointedly.

And certainly I had him there, for immediately he turned on his heel and would have walked away.

But this I could not permit. So I strode sharply after him, and seizing him by his embroidered shoulder-strap, I wheeled him about.

"But, sir," said I, "you have insulted an officer of the Prince. Will you answer for that with your sword, or must I strike you on the face each time I meet you to quicken your sense of honor?"

Before he had time to answer, the Prince came in.

"What! quarrelling already, young Spitfire?" he cried. "I made you my orderly—not my disorderly!"

Von Reuss and I stood blankly enough, looking away from one another.

"What was the quarrel?" asked the Prince, when he had seated himself at table.

I looked to von Reuss to explain. For indeed I was somewhat awed to think that thus early in my new career I had embroiled myself with the nephew of Duke Casimir, even though he was, like myself, in exile and dependent upon the liberality of Prince Karl.

But since he did not speak, I made bold to say: "Sire, the Count von Reuss taunted me with wearing a borrowed coat, and called me a servitor because by birth I am the son of the Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark. So I told him I was an officer of your household, and that my sword was much at his service."

"So you are," cried the Prince, "so you are—a servitor! So is he—young fools both! And as for being son of the Hereditary Executioner, it is throughout all our German land an honorable office. Once I was assistant executioner myself, and wished with all my heart that I had been principal, and so pocketed the gilders. No more of this folly, von Reuss. I am ashamed of you, and to a new-comer. Hear ye, sir, I will not have it! I will e'en resume my old trade and do a little justicing on my own account. Shake hands this instant, you young bantams!"

And the Prince sat back and looked grimly at us. I went a step forward. But von Reuss held back.

"Provost Marshal!" cried the Prince, in a voice which made every one in the room jump and all the glasses ring on the table—"bring a guard!"

The Provost Marshal advanced, bowed, and was departing, when von Reuss came forward and held his hand out, at first sulkily, but afterwards readily enough.

Then we shook hands solemnly and stiffly, loving one another not one whit better.

"Ah," said the Prince, "I thought you would. For if you had not, your uncle, Duke Casimir, would have been a Duke without either an heir to his Dukedom or a successor to his Hereditary Justicer!

"Now sit down, lads; sit down and agree!" he said, after a pause. "The ladies come not to table. So now begin and tell me all the affair of the Earth-houses. I must ride and see the place. I grow rotten and thewless in this dull Plassenburg, where they dare not stick so much as a knife in one another, all for fear of Karl Miller's-Son! Since I cannot adventure on my own account, I am become a man that wearies for news. Tell me every part of the affair, concealing nothing. But if you can, relate even your own share in it as faithfully as becomes a modest youth."

So I told him at length all that hath already been told, giving, as far as I could, the credit to Jorian and Boris, as indeed was their desert.

Whereupon, the tale being finished, the Prince said, "Have the two archers up!"

And while the pursuivant had gone for them, the old Councillor leaned across the table and whispered, "Enter Field-Marshal Jorian and General Boris!"

But when the archers came in and stood like a pair of kitchen pokers, the Prince ordered them to tell the story.

Jorian turned his head to Boris, and Boris turned his head to Jorian. They both made a little impatient gesture, which said, "Tell it you!"

But neither appeared to be able to speak first.

"Wind them up with a cup of wine apiece!" cried the hearty Prince; "surely that will set one of them off."

Two great flagons of wine were handed to Jorian and Boris, and they drank as if one machine had been propelling their internal workings, throwing off the liquor with beautiful unanimity, and then bringing their cups to the position of salute, as if they had been musketoons at the new French drill. After which each, having finished, gave the little cough of content and appreciation which among the archers means manners.

But the Prince's information with regard to the affair of Erdberg was not increased.

"Go on!" he cried, impatiently, looking at Jorian and Boris sternly.

They were still silent.

"This officer, Captain Hugo Gottfried," said the Prince, looking at me, "tells me that the credit of the preservation of the Princess among the cave folk is due to you two brave men."

"He lies!" said Wendish Jorian, with a face like a blank wall.

"Good!" muttered Boris, approvingly.

"He did it himself," said Boris, adding, after a pause, "with an axe."

"Good!" quoth Jorian.

"He cut a calf's head off," said Jorian, as a complete explanation of how the preserving of the Princess was effected.

Whereat all laughed, and the Prince more than any. For ever since he drank his first draught of wine he had begun to mellow.

"Well, hearty fellows, what reward would you have for your great bravery?"

They turned their heads simultaneously inwards, without moving any other part of their bodies. They nodded to one another.

"Well," cried the Prince, "what reward would you desire?"

"Now for the Field-Marshal's wand," said the Councillor near to me, under his breath.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Jorian.

The Prince looked at Boris.

"And you?" he said.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Boris, without moving a muscle.

"God Bacchus!" cried the Prince—"you will empty my cellars between you, and I shall not have a sober archer for a month. But you shall have it. Go!"

Jorian and Boris saluted, with a wink to each other as they wheeled, which said, as plain as monk's script, or plainer, "Good!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRINCE'S COMPACT.

IN spite of all drawbacks and difficulties (and I had my share of them) I loved Plassenburg. And especially I loved the Prince. The son, so they said, of a miller in the valley of the Almer, he had entered the guard of the last Prince of Plassenburg much as I had now entered his own service. Prince Dietrich had taken a fancy to him, and advanced him so rapidly that after the disastrous war with Duke Casimir of the Mark and the death of the last legitimate Prince, Karl the miller's son, having set himself to reorganize the army, succeeded so well that it was not long before he found himself the source of all authority in Plassenburg.

Thereafter he gave to the decimated and heartless land adequate defences and complete safety against foreign foes, together with security for life and property under equal laws within its own borders. So in time, no man saying him nay, Karl Miller's Son became the Prince of Plassenburg, and his seat was more secure upon his throne than that of any legitimate prince for a thousand miles.

After the quarrel with von Reuss, the Prince, for reasons of his own, favored me with a great deal of his society. He was often graciously pleased to talk concerning his early difficulties.

"When I was an understrapper," he was wont to say, "the land was overswarmed and overeaten by officialdom. I could not see the good meat wasted upon crawlers. 'Get to work,' said I, 'or ye shall neither eat nor crawl!'

"'We will eat—to beg we are not ashamed; to steal is the right of our noble Ritterdom,' the crawlers replied.

"'So,' said I, '*bitte*—as to that we shall see.'

"Then I made me a fine gallows, builded like that outside Paris, which I had seen once when on an embassy for Prince Dietrich. It was like a castle, with walls twelve feet thick, and on the beams of it room for a hundred or more to swing, each with his six feet of clearance, all comfortable, and no complaints.

"Then came the crawlers and asked me what this fine thing was for.

"'For the sacred Ritterdom of Plassenburg,' answered I, 'if it will not cease to burn houses, and to ravish and carry off honest men's wives and daughters.'

"'But you must catch us,' said they. 'Walls fourteen feet thick,' said they.

"'Content,' cried I; 'there is more fun in catching you. Only the end is the same—that is to say, my new well-ventilated castle out there on the heath, girdles and neck-pieces and anklets of iron, and six feet of clearance for each of you to swing in.'"

"So they went back to their castles, and robbed and ravished and rieved even as did their fathers for a thousand years. But I took my soldiers, whom in seven years' service I had taught to obey orders—two foot of clearance did well enough for the disobedient among them, being neither ritters nor men of mark. And I, Karl the Miller's brat, as at that time they called me in contempt, borrowed cannon—great lumbering things—from my friend the Margrav George, down there to the south. A great work we had dragging them up by rope and chain and laboring plough-oxen. We shot them off before the fourteen-feet walls. Then arose various clouds of dust, shriekings, surrenderings, crying of 'Forgive us, great Prince; we never meant to do it'—followed, as I had said, by the six-feet clearances. But these in time I had to reduce to four—so great became the competition for places in my new Schloss Müllerssohn.

"But 'Once done, well done—done forever,' is my motto. So since that time the winds have mostly blown through the Schloss untainted, and the sons of Ritterdom, magnanimous captains and honest bailies of quiet bailiwicks, are my very good friends and faithful officers."

Prince Karl the Miller's son was silent a moment.

"But I am still looking out for another man with a head-piece to come after me. I have no son; and if I had, the chances are ten to one that he would be either a milksop or a flittermouse painted blue. Milksops I hate and send to the monkeries. I can endure flittermice painted blue, but they must wear petticoats—and pretty petticoats, too. Have you observed those of the Princess?" said he, abruptly changing the subject.

"The Princess's flittermice?" I faltered, not well knowing what I said, for he had turned roughly and suddenly upon me.

"Aye, marry, you may say it! But I meant the Princess's wilicoats!"

"No," said I, as curtly as I could, for the subject had its obvious limitations.

"Ah, they are pretty ones," said Karl, "I assure you. She has at least an undeniable taste in lace and cambric. They say in other lands—not in this—though I would not hinder them if they did—that she wears the under-garments of men and rules the state. But I think not so. The Princess is a better Queen than wife, a better woman than either."

On this subject also I had nothing to say which I dared venture to the husband of the Lady Ysolinde.

"She read my horoscope," said I, weakly, searching for something to change the subject in the corners of my brain.

"How so?" said the Prince, quickly.

"First in a crystal and then in a pool of ink," I replied.

"It was a good horoscope and of a fortunate ending?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"'THE PRINCESS LOVES YOU,' HE SAID AT LAST, LOOKING SHREWDLY."

"On the whole—yes," said I, "though there was much in it that I could not understand."

"Like enow!" laughed the Prince. "I warrant she could not understand it herself! It is ever the way of the ink-pool folk."

Then ensued a silence between us.

Prince Karl remained long with his head resting on his hand. He looked critically at the twisted stem of his wineglass, twirling it between his thick fingers.

"The Princess loves you," he said at last, looking shrewdly at me from beneath his gray brows.

It was spoken half as a question and half as information.

"Loves me!" stammered I, the blood sucking back to my heart and leaving my head light and tingling.

The Prince nodded calmly.

"So they say," said he.

"My Lord, it is a thing impossible!" cried I. "I am but a poor lad—and she has been kind to me. But of love no word has been spoken. Besides—"

And I stopped.

"Out with it, man!" said the Prince, more like, as it seemed to me, a comrade inviting a confidence than a great Prince speaking to a newly made officer.

"Well, I—I love the Little Playmate."

It came out with a rush at last.

"Oh!" said he; "that is bad. I hope that is not a matter arranged, a thing serious. For if the Princess knows as much, the young woman will not have her troubles to seek in the Palace of Plassenburg."

I hung my head and said naught, save that Helene declared she loved me not, but that I thought she was mistaken.

"Ah, then," cried the Prince, like one exceedingly relieved, "it is some boy and girl affair. That is better. She may change her mind, as you will certainly change yours—and that several times, among the ladies of the court. I was in hopes—"

And the Prince stopped in his turn, not from bashfulness, but neither like a man who desires more carefully to choose his words.

"I was in hopes," he went on, speaking slowly, "that if the Princess loved your boy's face and liked my conversation (which I may say without pride that I think she does) you and I together might have kept her at home. So overmuch wandering is not good for the state. Also, it gets her a name beyond all manner of ill within-doors."

Once more I knew not well what to answer to this speech of the Prince's, so I remained discreetly silent.

"I have seen the flittermice about her before, often enough (I thank thee for the word, Sir Captain), but this is the first time she has performed the ink-pool and crystal foolery with a man. There is no great harm in the Princess. In the things of love she is as inflammable as the ink, and as soft as the crystal. Fear not, Joseph, Potiphera may be depended upon not to proceed to extremities. But I was in some hopes that you and I could have arranged matters between us—being both men, and honorable men."

I saw that Karl Miller's-Son looked sad and troubled.

"Prince, you love the Princess!" said I, thrusting out my hand to him before I thought. He did not take it, but instead he thrust a flagon of wine into it, as if I had asked for that—yet it was not done as a rebuff. I saw that plainly.

"Pshaw! What does a grizzle-pate with love?" said he, gruffly. "Nevertheless, I was in hopes."

"Prince Karl," said I, "I give you word of honor 'tis not as you say or they say. The Princess has indeed done me the honor to be friendly—"

"To hold your hand!" he murmured, softly, like a chorus.

"Well, to be friendly, and—"

"To caress your cheek?" put in the Prince, gently as before.

"Done me the honor to be friendly—"

"To play with your curls, lad?"

"The Princess—" I began, all in a tremor. For anything more awkward than this conversation I had never experienced. It bathed me in a drip of sweat.

"To kiss you, perhaps, at the way-going?" he insinuated.

"No!" thundered I, at last. "Prince, you do your Princess great wrong."

He lifted his hand in a gentle deprecating way, most unlike the rider who had ridden so fast and so well that night of our coming.

"You mistake me, sir," he said. "On the contrary, I have the greatest respect for the Princess Ysolinde. I would not wrong her for the world. But I know her track of old. You are a brave lad, and, after all, I fear there is something in that calf-love of yours—devil take it!"

I thought I could now dimly discern whither the Prince's plans were tending.

"Your Highness," said I, "I am a young man, and of little experience. I cannot tell why you have chosen to speak so freely to me. But I am your servant, and in all that hurts not the essence and matter of my love for the Little Playmate, I will do even as you say."

Prince Karl grasped my hand.

"Ah, well said!" he cried. "You are running your head into a peck of troubles, though. And you are likely to have some experience of womenkind shortly—a thing which does no brisk young fellow any harm, unless he lets them come between him and his career. Women are harmless enough, so that you keep them well to leeward. I am Baltic-bred, and have ever held to this—that you may sail unscathed through fleets of farthingales, so being that you keep the wind on your quarter and see the fair-way clear before you."

I did not at the time understand half he said, but I knew we had made some sort of a bargain. And I thought, with an aching, unsatisfied heart, that though it might be well enough for an iron-gray and cynical old Prince, the thing would hardly commend itself to Helene, my Little Playmate, to whom I had so recently spoken loving words, sweeter than ever before.

"Devil take all Princes and Princesses!" I said, as I thought, to myself. But I must have spoken aloud, for the Prince laughed.

"Do not waste good prayers needlessly," he said; "he will."

And so, with a careless and humorsome wave of his hand to one side, he went down the staircase, and so out into the quadrangle of the palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

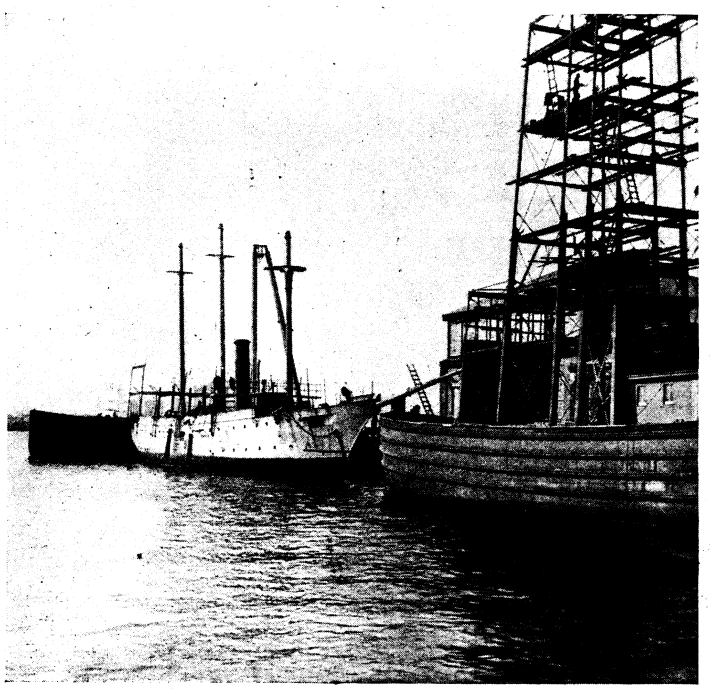
A WAR-CLOUD.

Gods, so long thought dead,
Flap their wings overhead,
  Hover—a war-cloud!
Moloch and Astaroth, Loki and Siva,
Eblis, Asmodeus; famine and fever—
  Grendel, the low-browed!
Singhalese demons, Hebrew and Arabic,
  Ogre and goblin and vampyre and ghoul,
  From forest and mountain and graveyard and pool,
Greedy or plethoric!

Swooping and darting,
Thronging or parting,
  These make the war-cloud:
Diti and Belial, Nyang and Miru,
African devils, South-Sea, and Hindu.
  These bring the war-shroud:
Persian and Saxon fiends, Norse, Madagascan,
  Reeri from Ceylon, Typhaon, Azazel,
  Beelzebub, Biam, (devils from every hell)—
The fire-fiend Ahriman!

Quicken once more, when we
Lapse into savagery,
Hunger-demons and spirits of darkness, demons of flame and of flood,
Storm-gods, demons of plague and of madness, barrenness, and blood;
Demons that devour men's food, with those that steal men's breath,
Bahman, Abaddon, Samaël, with Kali, goddess of death.

MARRION WILCOX.



GUNBOAT "PRINCETON," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT DIALOGUES' SHIP-YARD, CAMDEN.



DECK VIEW OF THE FAST TORPEDO-BOAT "MACKENZIE," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT HILLMAN'S SHIP-YARD.

WAR-SHIPS BUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

PHILADELPHIANS are apt to say with pride that the Delaware River is the Clyde of America, and there seems to be some justification for the boast.

To most persons outside of Philadelphia, and, indeed, to many within, ship-building on the Delaware means "the Cramps'," as the great yard of William H. Cramp & Sons is casually referred to. As a matter of fact, the Delaware in the vicinity of Philadelphia is lined with ship-building yards, and while beside Cramps' only a few of them—perhaps one—can undertake the construction of a battle-ship or a transatlantic liner, for anything smaller, which does not necessarily mean a small boat, they are well equipped.

The stir growing out of the complications with Spain has much significance to these ship-building firms, and to the thousands who earn their living in these yards—many of whom, in Richmond and Kensington, as ship-builders have followed in the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers.

At several of the Delaware yards are ships building or being finished for the government, and in these there is an increase in the hammering and delving, which to the ordinary person seems confusion worse confounded.

Of course interest centres in the work at Cramps', where, amidst the din occasioned by the rush orders in every department of this immense yard, mostly for ships to be used for ordinary commerce, there is to be heard a note particularly loud, struck by the hundreds who swarm like flies or ants over the two war-ships being rushed to completion with all possible speed. One of these is the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*, recently launched.

As many men as can work on her at one time are at work, yet two months or more will be required to finish her. She is built on beautiful lines, and the Japanese naval officers under whose inspection she is being finished are very proud of her.

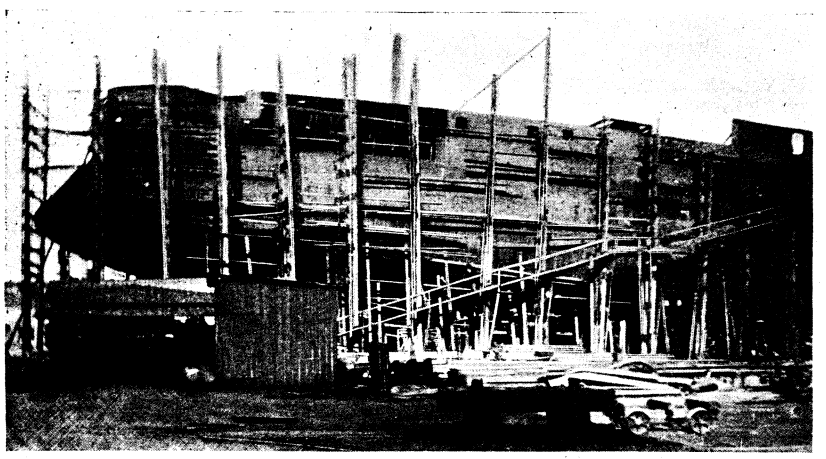
Close by, a veritable mammoth of iron and steel, in an almost impenetrable forest of timber, is the battle-ship *Alabama*, which will be the largest battle-ship on the ocean.

From the decks of the *Kasagi* a good view of her stern is to be had, and the holes for the shafts that will turn her three screws are conspicuous. An army of men are at work on her, but on the sides and in the depths of her immense hull they are lost, and only the great noise of hammering and drilling tells of the work that is going on. No need to tell one who sees her immense proportions that the *Alabama* will be a leviathan among war-ships.

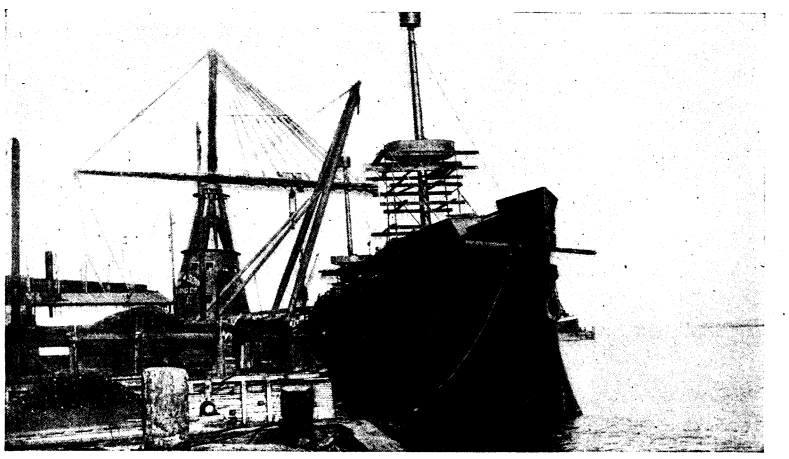
Below Cramps' yard there are several others, including Hillman's and Neafie & Levy's. The latter could turn out a liner if it had the order, but it has no government work on hand. At Hillman's, however, there is a scurry over the torpedo-boat *Mackenzie*, which looks more like a toy than anything else. She is 101½ feet long, 12 feet 9 inches beam, and 7 feet 9 inches deep. With her engines of 850 horse-power she is expected to make twenty-eight knots an hour or better. She has one torpedo-tube forward and one aft, and beside this will carry only one rapid-fire 1-pounder. About two months' more work will complete her.

The yard of John H. Dialogue & Son is at Kaighn's Point, Camden, opposite the lower part of Philadelphia. There they are bending every energy to finish the gunboat *Princeton*, a trim, smart-looking craft, that would be of great service if a war should tax our resources. She can be ready to go into commission in about six weeks.

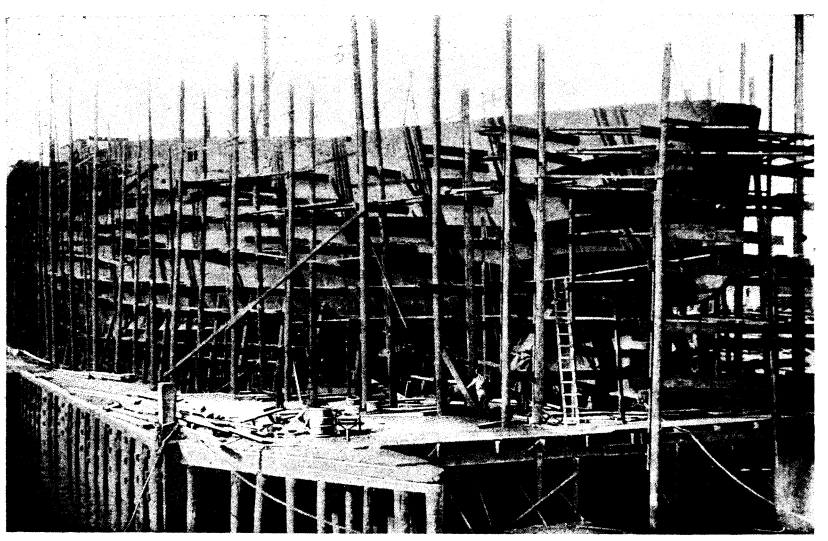
HENRY STARR RICHARDSON.



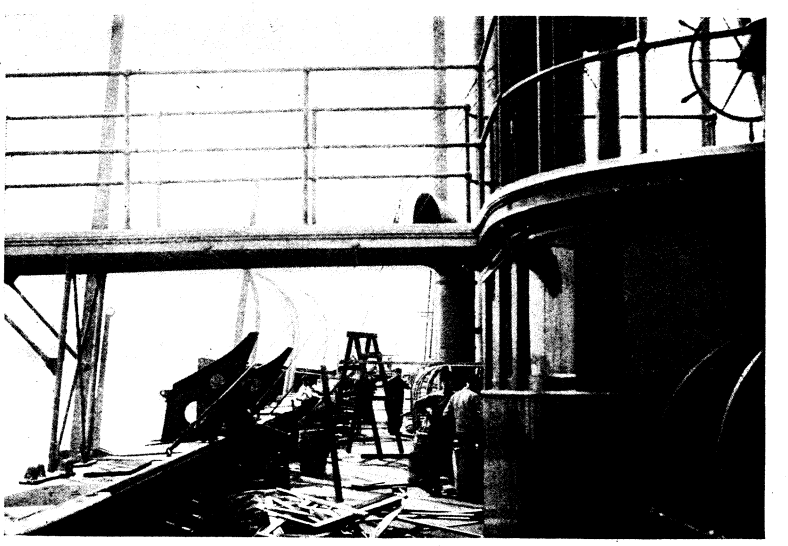
FROM THE BOW TO AMIDSHIPS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," NOW ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD.



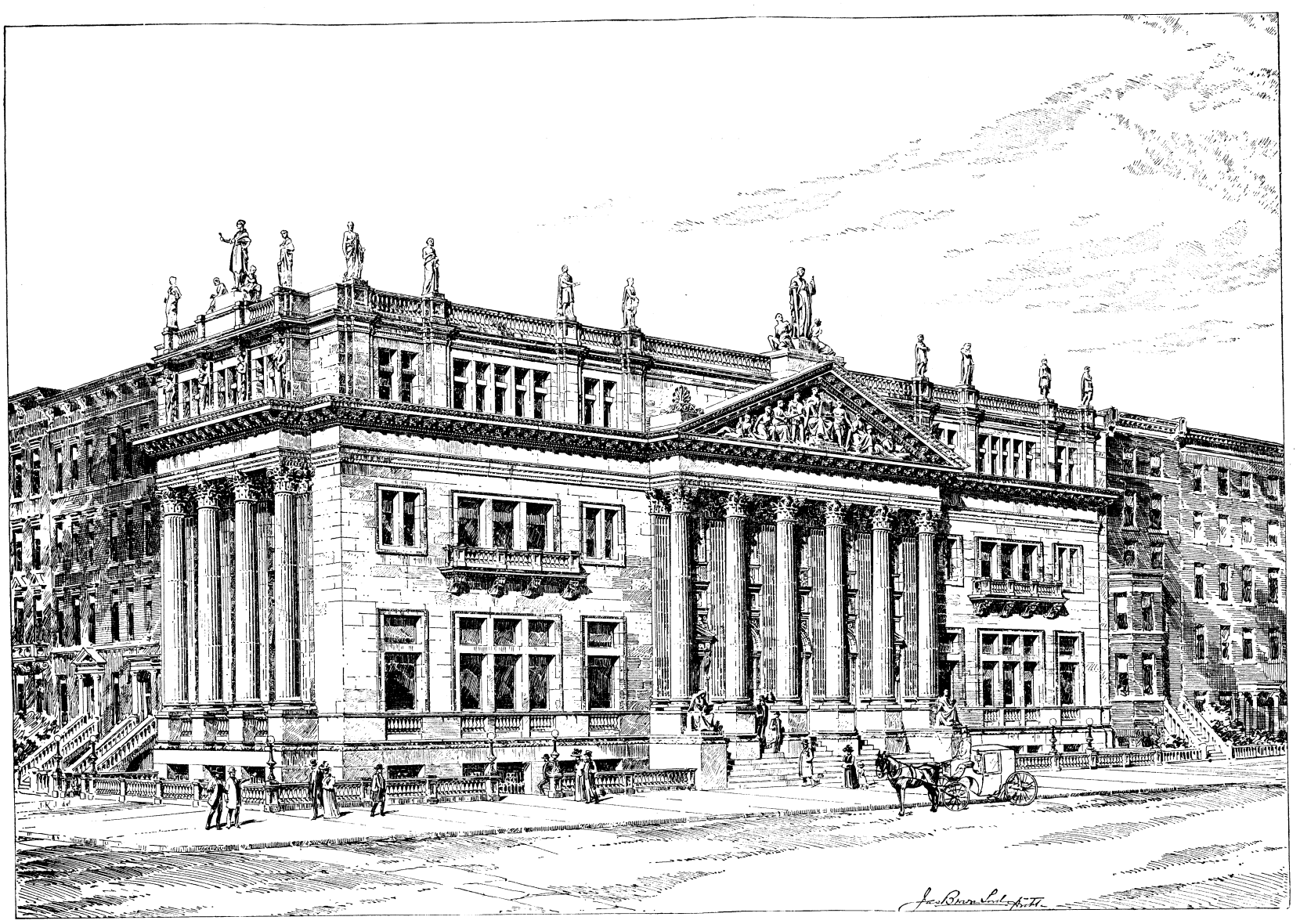
CRUISER "KASAGI," BEING RUSHED TO COMPLETION AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD FOR THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.



STERN OF THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS'.



LOOKING AFT FROM FORWARD OF THE BRIDGE ON THE "PRINCETON."



THE NEW HOME OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, MADISON SQUARE.—JAMES BROWN LORD, ARCHITECT.

ART.

THE APPELLATE-COURT BUILDING.

THE site of this new building is on the east side of Madison Square, at the north corner of Twenty-fifth Street, its long side and main entrance fronting upon the street, and its west end facing the square. It is thus in close contact with buildings of a domestic style of architecture—a point which has evidently been well considered by Mr. James Brown Lord, the architect. He has prepared a design which is characterized in its main mass by unostentatious dignity, and at the same time, by adding a classic portico with pediment above, and by placing on the short side an order of columns supporting the projecting cornice, he has given the building an impressiveness which befits its purpose. The material is to be white marble.

A very notable feature of the design is the provision which has been made for sculpture, treated not as a mere embellishment, but as an integral part of the architectural scheme—the only correct method of using sculpture upon a building. For example, increased dignity will be given to the entrance by filling the tympanum, or triangular space enclosed within the pediment, by a sculptural composition representing the triumph of law, and this enrichment will be echoed and resolved into a conclusion by the triangular group upon the balustrade above. The monotony of the latter will be relieved at intervals by figures, treated with severe simplicity, which will show against the sky-line not so much as independent pieces of sculpture, but as members of the whole mass, balancing the horizontal tendency. Again at the short end of the building figures are introduced; yet not merely ranged in a row like statuettes on a mantel-piece, but performing, as *caryatides*, an actual function in the general plan.

To that portion of the public, every day increasing in number, who are eagerly interested in the progress of national art, and who know from the universal testimony of past times that the greatest results will grow from the collaboration of architects, sculptors, and painters, this intelligent use of sculpture will be especially gratifying. And, as will be shown later on, Mr. Lord has re-enforced the interior by availing himself of the co-operation of the painters. The general arrangement of the interior may be briefly described. The main entrance opens into a hall, from which rise staircases and elevators. To the left are rooms for the clerks; above are private rooms, each with its anteroom, for the use of the judges, and on the third floor of this part of the building are the dining-room and kitchen. On the right-hand side of the hall is the lawyers' room, and, adjoining it, the court-room—the latter rectangular in shape, with windows at each end, and a circular domed skylight in the centre of the ceiling. To secure light for this a circular shaft of steel and glass will run through the two stories above, and terminate in a skylight on the roof. The second floor of this portion of the building will be devoted to the library, above which will be the janitor's quarters and store-rooms.

It is apparent, therefore, that the opportunity for dignified treatment occurs in the hall and court-room, and it is at these points that the work of the mural painters has been massed. Both will be panelled with marble—probably Sienna—up to within four feet three inches of the cornice. In the hall the painting of the frieze, which runs round three sides, has been assigned to Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, and W. L. Metcalf. In the court-room the judges' desk will occupy the centre of one of the long sides, with a circular enclosure under the dome for the bar. On the opposite wall will be three panels, about ten feet square, to be executed respectively by Messrs. Edwin H. Blashfield, Edward Simmons, and H.O. Walker. On each side of these will run a frieze, which has been intrusted to Mr. Alfred I. Collins, while Mr. Kenyon Cox is responsible for the frieze upon the opposite wall. At the short ends of the room the spaces between the windows will be filled by Mr. Joseph Lauber. There are thus engaged upon this important building no less than nine painters and as many sculptors, whose co-operation has been included in the scheme from its commencement.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE NATIONAL ART CLUB.

THE club of lovers of the fine arts and of artists which a number of gentlemen are about to found is sure to be a success if care is taken to make it in fact what it proposes to be in name—a national art club. That its headquarters are to be in New York is the natural result of geographical conditions. Toward New York tend the great railway systems; through New York pass those who voyage to and from Europe; to New York come every now and then most men of other cities who would be likely to support an organization of the kind. Its membership outside of the metropolis would be of more importance to its permanent usefulness than its membership in New York.

The restricted social clubs in the city which pay more or less attention to the fine arts, and the special organizations of the artists which touch one another through the Fine Arts Federation, seem to cover all the local wants of artists. And for art-lovers in special lines New York has special clubs, like the Grolier and the Numismatic. But there is no society general in its scope that reaches beyond the metropolis and extends a hand of greeting to the art clubs and amateurs of the country at large. Why is this? For the reason that heretofore the fine arts have not taken so strong a hold on the people as they do at the present moment, and the need of some bond of this sort did not force itself on amateurs and artists.

The World's Fair lies only five years back; we can now realize what an awakening that was in the matter of the arts. Since then a hundred clubs of artists or of laymen who wish to further art have sprung into being. There are cities in the Union which do more for the fine arts in proportion to their population than New York does with all her art societies and private clubs. These clubs and their members will have something to say in the future regarding the thousand and one problems of municipal and industrial advance into which the fine arts enter.

The field which a national art club has to plough is virgin soil and of vast extent. Unless the gentlemen interested in the scheme have very narrow horizons—and the names connected with it prove just the contrary—they will not fail to perceive that a national art club, properly officered, and having the confidence of distinguished men in all parts of the country, may do incalculable good in the way of counsel, explanation, suggestion. It might save cities untold millions that otherwise might be wasted in parks, public buildings, monuments, and paintings, which, ordered and begun without due counsel and deliberation, without full knowledge of the experience of some other city, would soon become intolerable to citizens with taste. It might add vastly to the wealth of the Union by pointing out ways to give artistic brilliancy and financial value to manufactures and industrial art works. It might lend that spirit of organization to the fine arts which would make our expositions the most beautiful the world has known, and point the way for painters, sculptors, architects, and artist-artisans to obtain commissions wherever the work of each particular artist would best apply.

All these and many other good deeds may some day stand to the credit of the national art club if the founding of it be approached in a spirit of liberality and large wisdom that has not always characterized foundations in the city of New York. Too often there has been a tendency here to look to Europe rather than the Union for approval. Too often there has been evidence of a silly forth-putting on the part of Gothamites, which the citizens of other cities very rightly resent. Nonsense of this kind is likely to have grown with the abnormal increase of population due to the inclusion of neighbor cities and towns in the name New York, although the evils and uncertainties of the change may have exerted for the nonce a chastening effect upon civic exuberance. There is no reason why a meeting-ground for those interested in industrial and municipal art, for collectors of art objects, and for artists, in every State of the Union, should not be provided on Manhattan Island. Certainly there would be advantages accruing to the metropolis, but no less to the country at large.

There are thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—who do not know what is meant when they see people excited about matters of the fine arts. They can understand a deep interest in religion, and perhaps share enthusiasm for music; but the fine arts swim somewhere just beyond their ken. Those who can appreciate works of the fine arts know well enough what relief they give to minds under tension through business or politics, through family discord, or feelings wounded for one reason or another. The collector appreciates well enough what solace his hobby gives him. A national art club appeals to the thousands who experience such relief from the sordid cares of the work-a-day world. It forms an entrance to a pleasure-ground where the bother of business and politics is forgot. Art exerts on those who enjoy it simply and frankly a soothing, health-giving influence which is scarcely inferior to that of religion. In its essence, indeed, it is by no means unlike religion, since it takes us up into another world of intellectual vibration and of beauty.

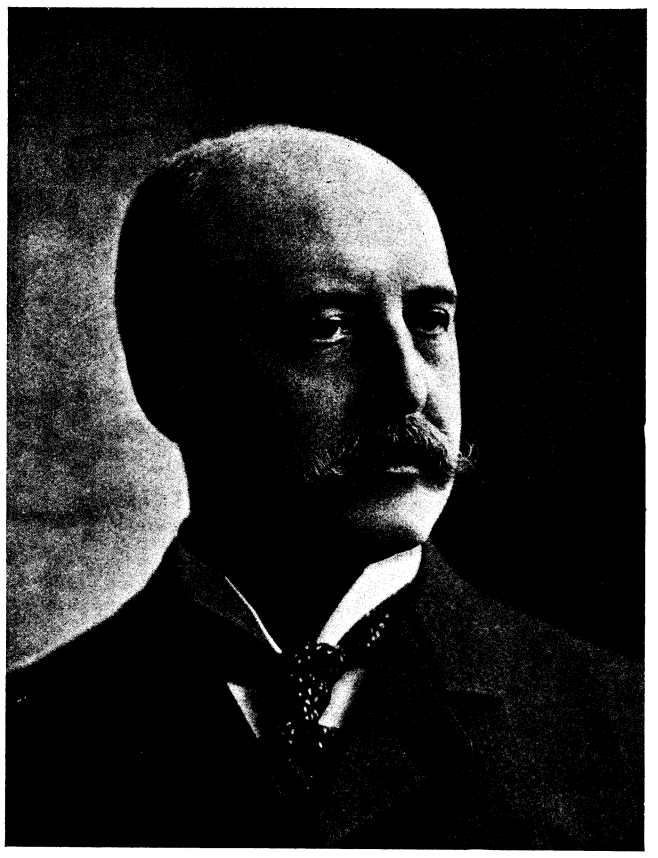
Certainly the National Art Club starts with excellent prospects. Among those consulted are President Gilman of Johns Hopkins and President Marquand of the Metropolitan, Director Ives of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts and Commissioner La Farge of New York, Professors Allan Marquand of Princeton and Laird of Philadelphia; art collectors, like Messrs. James W. Ellsworth and Hall McCormick of Chicago, Messrs. Charles Henry Hart and C. H. Hutchinson of Philadelphia, Messrs. Perry Belmont, William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, and John De Witt Warner, of New York; architects, such as Messrs. George

B. Post, Bruce Price, Stanford White, James Brown Lord, and Walter Cook; sculptors, such as Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, French, Adams, Bitter, Ruckstuhl; painters, like Messrs. Tiffany, Blashfield, Weir, and Shirlaw and Allen of Boston. Counselled by distinguished men of such varied talents and varied minds, it is not likely that the new club will fail to hit the mark.

NEW YORK'S CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Mr. William H. Maxwell has been chosen to be the first Superintendent of Education in the enlarged city. It is very certain that no fitter man could have been chosen.

Mr. Maxwell was born with the instincts of a scholar and bred in scholarly ways. His achievements in that direction have been remarkable.



WILLIAM H. MAXWELL.

But he is not merely a scholar. He is a man of broad intellectual grasp, of exceedingly liberal mind, and of unusual executive ability, as he has demonstrated in his long years of control of the Brooklyn public schools.

In that position he has won for himself a place second to that of no other educator in the country.

Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, has said, "I regard him as one of the best qualified superintendents that I have ever known."

President Draper of the University of Illinois, and formerly New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction, says that he doubts "if another man can be found who possesses so many of the qualities which would go to make a highly successful leadership of the public-school system of the greater city.

President Eliot of Harvard has said of him, "I have known Superintendent Maxwell for about ten years, and have thought him the most intelligent and best equipped superintendent of schools within my acquaintance."

Mr. Maxwell was born in the north of Ireland in 1852, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. While yet a youth he entered Queen's College, Galway, winning first place in the Latin, Greek, and English examinations, and taking then and afterwards scholarships and money prizes, from the proceeds of which his entire expenses in college were paid. After his graduation he was made a sub-master in the Royal Academical Institution, and during his service in that capacity took post-graduate courses in philosophy and political science, winning the degree of A.M.

He came to America in 1874. Failing to secure employment in his profession as teacher, he took up newspaper work, at which he was conspicuously successful during the next half-dozen years. At the same time he was engaged as a teacher and lecturer in the Brooklyn evening schools. In 1882 he was made Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, and in 1887 he succeeded to the Superintendency—a place which he has held with conspicuous honor and success ever since.

During all these years his influence has been used, strongly, persistently, and aggressively, in behalf of educational reform. It was he who led the movement of superintendents to secure from the Legislature an enactment forbidding the employment of any person as a teacher who had not received a college education, or, lacking that, had not passed at least one year in some recognized school for the training of teachers in pedagogy. Baffled in this effort by the stupidity of the Legislature, and by the activity of ignorant and selfish politicians constituting boards of education, Mr. Maxwell did what he could to improve the quality of teachers by raising the standards of examination for their places.

It is to him mainly that New York State owes the very great advance made in the standing of the English language and literature as subjects of required study in the schools. Not only was he the inspiration of that movement, but he has been its practically guiding agent. He has invented methods which have produced extraordinary results, and he has taught the teachers how to use them with the best effect. In brief, Mr. Maxwell is a scholar, an enlightened educator, an administrator of rare ability, and a man of large and fruitful experience in the practical conduct of schools.

It is the great good fortune of the consolidated city to have so fit a man to inaugurate its educational system.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Augustin Daly recently closed his regular season in New York with a brilliant revival of "The School for Scandal." It is a pity that this production could not have been given earlier in the winter, and permitted to run for several weeks, instead of one week only. Mr. Daly mounted the piece elaborately and with exquisite taste. There is not another manager in the country who would have cared enough for the delightful old comedy to revive it and to expend upon it so much money and care, and we have no other company that could have played it with so high an average of excellence. No detail was neglected that would help to make the production complete, and even the actors who played the small parts showed that they had been skilfully trained. Mr. Daly had made some changes in the arrangement of the scenes that could not reasonably be accounted for; they did not give the action added clearness or movement, and they served only to bewilder and annoy those lovers of Sheridan who know "The School for Scandal" almost by heart. Among the players, Miss Ada Rehan naturally dominated as *Lady Teazle*. Her comedy scenes she carried off with extraordinary abandon, but in the scenes in which Sheridan so ingeniously brings out the fine qualities of the woman she did not always strike the note of sincerity. Mr. Edwin Varrey, as *Sir Peter*, proved to be rather disappointing. His performance was easy and intelligent, but it lacked variety and force. As *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Mr. Herbert Gresham offered another evidence of his versatility and skill; he has the rare art of absolutely identifying himself with every character he plays. If this could be said of Mr. Charles Richman, the *Charles Surface* would have been an element of strength rather than of weakness in the production. Not for one moment did Mr. Richman suggest that he had succeeded in getting inside the part; instead of playing it, he merely played at it, with a certain hard technical correctness, but without creating the least illusion. Mr. Clarke played *Joseph Surface* with his usual care and discretion, but he made the character seem too old. Mrs. Gilbert was an exquisite *Mrs. Candour*, and an extremely nice bit of acting was done by Miss Wismer as *Maria*.

After a few supplementary appearances in New York next month, and after a brief tour, Miss Rehan will take a long and greatly needed rest. To those who have watched her acting during the past winters, it seems almost incredible that she should have been in delicate health—at times on the verge of prostration. Her performances in this city have never shown more spirit or more finish. Miss Rehan has also been developing out of those annoying mannerisms which used to obscure her rare talent. No finer acting has been seen in New York this season than her *Peggy Thrift*, and for this impersonation alone she would deserve to be remembered. Her ill health has prevented her appearance this year as *Portia* in Mr. Daly's long-promised production of "The Merchant of Venice," but this has only been deferred till the season to come. Some curiosity has been expressed with regard to the actor who will be assigned to play *Shylock*. Three actors have already been mentioned in connection with the rôle—Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Mr. Tyrone Power. Mr. Clarke would be sure to give a competent performance, but the part is much better suited to the style of either of the younger men. Mr. Herbert has done a great deal of excellent character work, but nothing as yet to show that he is heavy enough to play *Shylock*. Mr. Power, on the contrary, has all the qualities that the part requires—the gift of characterization, a heavy voice, and authority of bearing. During the past season Mr. Power has had almost nothing to do, and yet he is far and away one of the best of Mr. Daly's players. His enforced idleness illustrates one of the disadvantages of the stock company, where the actors are many and the productions are few. Last season Mr. Power gave a remarkably strong performance of *Caliban*, which was much criticised because of its absolute fidelity to the Shakespearian ideal, and showed that he had the courage of his artistic convictions. With a strong *Shylock*, Mr. Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" will be one of the great events of the coming season; but no matter how brilliant the production may be in other respects, a weak *Shylock* will ruin it.

At the Irving Place Theatre, Frau Agnes Sorma has returned to renew the success that she won on her first appearance in New York last year. For her *rentrée* she chose the part of *Nora*, in "The Doll's House," probably because of the opportunities it gave her to reveal the many sides of her talent. We have seen several remarkable *Noras*—Mrs. Fiske, Madame Réjane, and Miss Beatrice Cameron, who, by-the-way, revealed in this character qualities she had never been credited with possessing. Not one of them has succeeded in making *Nora* intelligible, and it is not surprising that Frau Sorma should also have failed in this regard. Up to that last scene, where *Nora* leaves her children to go out into the world in order to improve her mind, the character is perfectly consistent. But that long harangue of *Nora's* at the close, that sudden submission to her will of her prig and petty tyrant of a husband—who can explain these? Ibsen himself has convinced us that *Helmer* would not allow *Nora* to leave the house, and that if she did succeed in leaving she would inevitably come back the next day. Perhaps Ibsen showed his cleverness by closing the piece just where he did, and has been laughing in his sleeve at our attempts to discover what he meant. But this would not explain the husband's attitude, would it? Frau Sorma, like all other *Noras*, is really two persons in one, and very skilfully does she differentiate them. She has all of Duse's technical skill, a gift of facial expression greater than Duse's, but she is altogether inferior to Duse in her ability to interpret with equal skill all the emotions. There are times when her acting seems less a reproduction of Nature than either an "improvement" on Nature or a failure to carry out her intention. Her defects were conspicuously betrayed in "The Maiden's Dream," an old-fashioned drama in verse, in which she appeared for the first time here. As the royal heroine, a Germanized Hypatia, who determines to rule her little court on the strictest principles, to check all flirtations, and to keep love out of her own life, Frau Sorma was altogether overweighted. Neither in looks nor in style was she suited to the rôle, and her performance seldom rose above competent mediocrity. As the coquettish, light-hearted, and mischievous young wife in "Untrue," however, she showed that she was one of the best interpreters of light comedy on the stage. Not a fault could be found with the impersonation, which was marked by humor, spirit, and extraordinary artistic resource. The piece itself is one of the cleverest German comedies seen here in many a day—a wholly new treatment of the old device of the loving wife who tries to cure her husband of jealousy by indulging in a mock flirtation with another man. With judicious "washing" it ought to become popular in English.

On her return engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Madame Modjeska was seen as *Rosalind* for the first time in New York in several years. Her own performance, full of grace and charm and subtlety, as it has always been, suffered from the distressing inadequacy of the production as a whole. The scenery was shabby, the company seemed to be ill at ease, and the spectator was haunted by the fear of constantly impending disaster. As Mr. Haworth had been incapacitated by an accident, the rôle of *Orlando* was taken by Mr. Lester Lonergon, who gave an earnest, if not an altogether satisfactory, performance. Two members of the cast stood out for good work—that always admirable comedian Mr. William F. Owen, as *Touchstone*, and Miss Grace Fisher as *Celia*.

The success in Paris of "Cyrano de Bergerac" seems to be almost unprecedented. Not only do vast crowds attend the performances of M. Coquelin at the Porte St.-Martin, one of the largest of the Parisian theatres, but the demand for the book is so great that the publishers have had difficulty in keeping up with it. In New York all the copies were sold soon after their arrival, and a large number of people have been awaiting copies from Paris. The announcement that Sir Henry Irving has secured the piece for England, and that Mr. Richard Mansfield has purchased the American rights, promises well for the two productions in English and yet, in spite of the great interest taken in the work, their success is very problematical. The piece is so absolutely French that one wonders if, even under the best conditions, it will appeal to English-speaking audiences. The humor is Gallic, the pathos might easily lend itself to ridicule, and the poetry is of the kind that loses much of its charm when transferred to our ruder Anglo-Saxon. Much will depend, of course, upon the skill with which the English version is made; to do the piece perfect justice, the abilities of a poet will be required. Two years ago we saw how François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" suffered here from inadequate translation. As for the interpretation of *Cyrano*, which Coquelin is said to play in a masterly fashion, the peculiar abilities of both Irving and Mansfield will suit it admirably. From Paris comes the report that the young author, Mr. Edouard Rostand, is eager to play the rôle, and that he is waiting for a chance to take the place of Coquelin, who has been ill of late. Coquelin, however, drags himself through his work every evening, for he knows how the Parisian public would acclaim the already much-idolized author if Rostand should make a success in his own creation.

John D. Barry.

INDUSTRIOUS CUPID.

Within his shop, on toil intent,
Sly Cupid whiles the hours away
In making arrows, during Lent,
To use on Easter day.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE "MAINE" REPORT.

Washington, *March 28.*

Every one had been so well prepared by premature publication of hints as to its contents, that the report of the board of inquiry created no sensation in either House. In the Senate the reading of the message was sandwiched in between features of the routine business of the day, and the only tribute paid it was that of silence and attention. In the House of Representatives the close of the reading was followed by a round of applause, and the Houses soon thereafter adjourned.

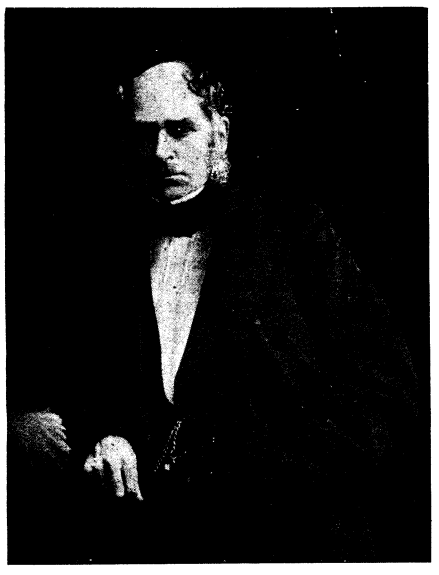
The findings of the board are that at the time of the explosion, 9.40 P.M. on February 15, the ship was lying in five and one-half fathoms of water, that discipline on board was excellent, and that as late as 8 P.M. the temperature of the magazines was normal, except that of the after ten-inch magazine, which did not explode; that there were two distinct and different explosions, with a very brief interval between, and that the first one, which was like the discharge of a gun, lifted the ship; that the condition of the wreckage, so far as it has been possible to ascertain, points to the explosion of a mine under the ship on her port side; that the outside explosion appears to have caused the explosion of two or more of the magazines forward, but that the board was unable to fix the responsibility for the explosion upon any person or persons. The report was signed by the entire board. It was accompanied by a message of transmittal, in which the President reviewed in detail the history of the sending of the *Maine* to Havana, and stated that the report had been referred to the Spanish government with full assurance that its sense of right would impel it to do what was just and proper under the circumstances. Any later proceedings, the President added, would be duly reported to Congress, and he begged of that body deliberate consideration of the whole subject.

Francis E. Leupp.



THE SPANISH MINISTER.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the successor of Minister Dupuy de Lome as the envoy of Spain to the United States, has by his agreeable personality gone far to efface the unpleasant impression left by the de Lome incident. Señor Bernabé will fill his most difficult and responsible post the better because a previous residence in the United States may be assumed to have put him *en rapport* with American life and characteristics. He spent two years here as attaché when his father, Admiral Bernabé, was Spanish minister during the Grant administration. Señor Bernabé, while he has held no very important political office, has been well trained for his new duties by his place as chief of the commercial department of the Colonial Bureau at Madrid, and may therefore be assumed to be intimately associated with Cuban affairs. Señor Bernabé married the daughter of Señor Mendez de Vigo, the present Spanish ambassador to Berlin, and is connected with the first families of Spain. The words of his address to the President, on his presentation, were marked by great tact and clean grasp of the situation, as well as by the most dignified Spanish courtesy.



SIR HENRY BESSEMER.

The name of the great inventor Sir Henry Bessemer, who died in London, England, on Monday, March 14, belongs to the greatest revolution of the industrial world in the latter half of the nineteenth century. This was the process of rapidly and cheaply converting pig-iron into steel by blowing a blast of air through the molten metal, preserving the continuity of the heat by the combustion of the impurities in the iron.

Born in Hertfordshire in 1813, he adopted engineering as a profession, and took out numerous patents at an early age; but his specialty as a discoverer, strangely, did not belong to his earlier investigations. The pivotal thought came to him by an inspiration. The final discovery was the result of numerous and costly experiments. The first patent was taken out in 1855, but before its final success in 1862 was a considerable period of struggle. The process rapidly extended to other countries, but it has only been in the United States that the inventor reaped any financial advantage from his foreign patents. The usefulness of the Bessemer process was greatly increased by the discoveries of Snelus, Gilchrist, and Thomas in furnishing a basic lining of the converter, which eliminated the phosphorus, and by the improvements of Alexander Holley, an American engineer, in the form of the converter. Though the Siemens-Martin open-hearth steel process became a rival of the Bessemer, the latter still retains its prominence, on the whole, as a cheap steel. The following illustration of the value of Bessemer's invention may be cited: Previous to 1855 the annual production of steel in Great Britain was 51,000 tons at £50 per ton. In 1890 in Sheffield alone the annual production was 830,000 tons, and throughout Europe 3,000,000 tons, at an average price of £8 per ton. The development in the United States in the same period has been still more startling. Bessemer's benefaction of cheap steel has resulted in the revolution of railway and ship building, and nearly every variety of structural methods, and there is scarcely a branch of contemporary industry which has not felt its stimulus. He was knighted in 1879, and received numerous marks of distinction from crowned heads and learned societies. In the United States the towns of Bessemer, Michigan, and Bessemer, Alabama, were named from him.

THE "JAUNDICE" ON TOP!

Washington, D. C.

The President and cabinet and the New York *Jaundice* correspondent spent three hours in conference in the *Jaundice's* Washington Bureau last night. The President at first favored waiting until the report of the board of inquiry is acted on before declaring war, but when your correspondent informed him that the *Jaundice's* Sunday edition describing and illustrating the "First Naval Duel" off Key West was already printed, he immediately receded from his position, and stated that he would issue the necessary declaration of war as soon as the *Jaundice's* tugs containing reporters, artists, and trance-mediums reached Key West. By special arrangement with the telegraph companies, connections have been made between the Gulf Squadron and the *Jaund ce* building, New York, so that the *first shot fired in the Jaundice's war between the United States and Spain will be fired by the Jaundice!!*

One hundred picked men arrived here from Yappeville, Wisconsin, to defend the national capital. They were "picked" at the depot and relieved of all their valuables.

The *Jaundice* has arranged the following programme for the navy: At the beginning of hostilities the United States Monitors *Melancholia*, *Fitzsimmons*, *Singed Cat*, and *Sitting Bull* will individually engage the Spanish destroyers *Tamale*, *DeMonk*, *Garrote*, and *Tarantula*. Our submarine torpedo-boat *McGinty* will station herself off Key West, and apply spontaneous combustion to all-comers under the Spanish flag.

The Fish Commission this morning issued a most significant order which leaves no doubt as to the aggressive course the administration means to pursue towards Spain. The order reads that "All Spanish mackerel are to leave United States waters by noon to-morrow." Prominent diplomats say that Spain will at once resent this harsh edict, and attack our helpless coasts.

Footpads broke into the naval gun foundry last night, and this morning it was found that several guns had been rifled.

At the Spanish legation last evening an important conference was held, the nature of which your correspondent could not learn, his ladder being too short to enable him to get his ear to the window. C. S. McN.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

The Original Angostura Bitters is manufactured by C.W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

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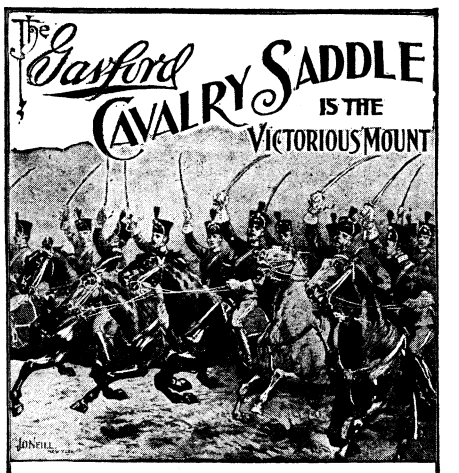
Joseph Ladue, the famous trapper and miner and the present owner of Dawson City, and for many years the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company gives a hint to persons going to Alaska, and pays great compliment to a well-known article. He writes:

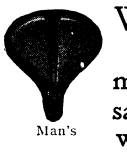
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—*New York Tribune.*

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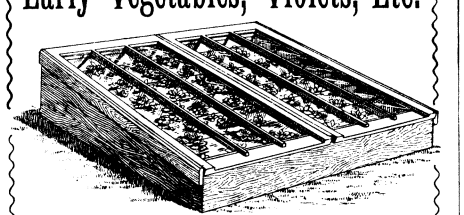
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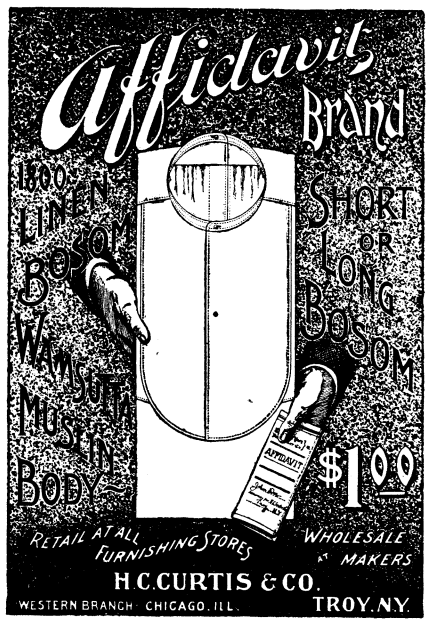
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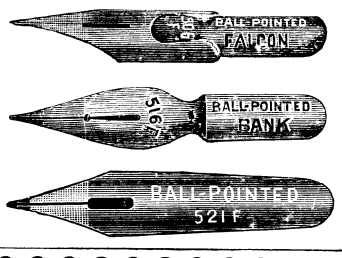
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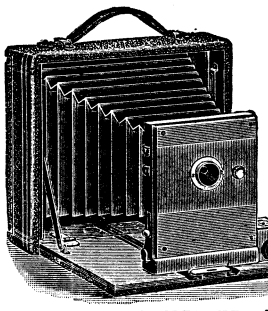
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BY JOHN CORBIN.

IV.—A LITTLE SCRUMMAGE WITH ENGLISH RUGBY.

I HAD scarcely set foot on an English Rugby field when I was confronted with the inevitable question. I replied that from a hasty judgment, which I should doubtless soon alter, the game, compared with ours, seemed haphazard and inconsequent. "We don't kill one another, if that's what you mean by 'inconsequent,'" my English host replied; and I soon found that the report that Hinkey and Butterworth had been killed in the Thanksgiving-day match of 1893 had never been denied in England. A few weeks later the exaggerated press accounts of the Springfield game of 1894 were repeated in England with further exaggerations; and at the time of the Thanksgiving-day game it was reported that the police inspector had come out on the field as the elevens were lining up, and warned them that if they committed criminal assault upon each other the law would take its due course. Soon after this I had my attention called to a paragraph in the London *Weekly Sun*—"Harvard is a place where the undergraduates manage their studies, while the professors manage the football." Finally I discovered the true source of the British acrimony against our game. "This is the sport," my friend remarked, "which Caspar Whitney says, in his *Sporting Pilgrimage*, has improved English Rugby off the face of the earth!" I was hard put to it to defend the well-beloved game.

I.

Meanwhile I had unusual facilities for observing English Rugby. During the Morrison wine which ended the season of tubbing on the river the captain of the Balliol fifteen threw his arms about me, and besought me to play on the team. He had not a single three-quarters, he said, who could get out of his own way running. I pleaded an attack of rheumatism and ignorance of the game. He said it did not matter. "And I'm half blind," I added. "So am I," he interrupted, "but we'll both be all right in the morning." I said I referred to the fact that I was very near-sighted; but he took all excuses as a sign of resentment because he had failed to invite me to breakfast in my Freshman term; he appeared to think it his duty to invite all possible candidates. I speak of these circumstances partly to explain how the captain came to recruit his team from the halt and blind, and partly to suggest the extreme informality of the training for the English game.

The next morning the captain wrote me that there was a match on against Merton, and asked me to come out a quarter of an hour before the rest for a little coaching. A quarter of an hour to learn to play football! In spite of the captain's predictions of the night before, I was not so sure that he was yet "all right"; so I went out to the porter's lodge and scanned the bulletin-board. My name stared me in the face. I had scarcely time to take luncheon and don a pair of football shorts.

The practice my coach gave me consisted in running the length of the field three or four times, passing the ball back and forth as we went. His instructions with regard to the game were equally simple. To keep in proper position I had only to watch my Merton *vis-à-vis* and take a place symmetrical with his. When the enemy heeled the ball out of the "scrum" to their three-quarter-back I was to watch my man, and, if the ball was passed to him, to tackle him. If he passed it before I could tackle him I was still to follow him, leaving the man who took the ball to be watched by my neighbor, in order that I might be on hand if my man received it again. Where our rule is for all to follow the ball, the English rule is for each player to follow his man. If our side heeled out the ball and one of our three-quarters began to run with it, the other three-quarters and I were to follow at his heels, so that when he was about to be tackled—"collared" the English say—he could pass it on to us. There was no such thing as combined "interference" among the backs. A player who gets between the man with the ball and the enemy's goal is rankly off side. It is not to be understood that the captain coached all this information into me. I had to button-hole him and pump it out word by word. Coaching of any sort is all but unknown on English football-fields. All there is of the game is learned at school—or in the nursery!

When the opposing teams faced each other I noticed with satisfaction that there was not a spectator on the grounds to embarrass me. It is so in almost all English college games—the fellows have so many sports of their own on that there is no object in hanging round the fields where their friends are having the fun.

On the kick-off, luckily, the ball did not come to my corner of the field, for I could scarcely have seen it, much less caught it. When our side had returned the kick, the "scrummage" formed. If there is one feature of the English game that awes an American, it is the "scrummage," or "scrum." What happens is this: the nine forwards gather in a semi-ellipse, bend their bodies together in a horizontal plane, with their heads carefully tucked beneath the mass, and then squirm against the opposing mass of forwards, who are similarly placed. The scrum as a whole looks like a huge tortoise with a score of legs at each end, which by some unaccountable freak of nature are struggling to walk in opposite directions. The sight arouses in the native American a superstitious awe. I found my mind reverting to an aboriginal state in which I was likely to worship this tortoise as a totem. It took weeks before I realized that it masked no abstrusely working tactics; there is little, if anything, in it beyond the push and shove that meets the eye.

When our scrum was thoroughly compacted the umpire tossed the ball on the ground between the opposing sets of legs, whereupon both sides began to struggle. The Balliol legs pushed harder and the Balliol bodies squirmed to more advantage, for our men had presently got the ball among their feet. They failed to hold it there, however, and it popped out into a half-back's hands. He passed it quickly to one of my companions at three-quarters, who dodged his man and ran toward the corner of the field. I followed, and just as the full-back collared him he passed the ball to me. Before I had taken three rheumatic strides I had two men hanging at my back; but when they brought me down the ball was just beyond the line. The audience arose as one man—to wit, the referee, who had been squatting on the side-lines—and shouted, "Played. Well played!" I had achieved universal fame.

During the rest of the game the Balliol scrum, which was a very respectable affair of its kind, kept the ball to itself, while we backs cooled our heels.

A few days later, in a game against Jesus, the scrums were more evenly matched, and the ball was heeled out oftener. I soon found that my eyes were not sharp enough to follow quick passing; and when, just before half-time, a punt came in my direction, I was horrified to see it multiply until it looked like a flock of balloons. As luck had it, I singled out the wrong balloon to catch. Jesus fell on the ball just as it bounced over the goal-line. In the second half the captain put one of the forwards in my place, and put me in the scrum.

The play here was more lively, though scarcely more complex or difficult. Each forward stuck his head beneath the shoulders of the two men in front of him, grasped their waists, and then heaved until, when the ball popped out of the scrum, the word came to dissolve. There were absolutely no regular positions; the man who was in the front centre of one scrummage might be in the outskirts of the next. On some teams, I found by inquiry, a definite order is agreed on, but this is regarded as of doubtful advantage. Tactics and strategy, as we understand the words, are scarcely thought of.

What we call "plays" are almost unknown. When the umpire or a half-back tosses the ball into the middle of the scrummage, there are, at an ultimate analysis, four things that can happen. The two sides may struggle back and forth, carrying the ball on the ground at their feet, which constitutes a "pack." Again, the stronger side may cleave the weaker, and run down the field, dribbling the ball yard by yard as they go, until either side picks it up for a run, or else drops on it and cries "down." Sometimes one side is able to "screw the scrum," a manœuvre which almost rises to the altitude of a "play." The captain shouts "Right!" or perhaps "Left!" and then his forwards push diagonally, instead of directly, against their opponents. The result is what we used to call in America a revolving wedge, except that, since the ball is carried on the ground, the play eventuates, when successful, in a scattering rush of forwards down the field, dribbling the ball at their feet, just as when the scrum has been cloven. The fourth possibility is that the side that gets the ball amongst its eighteen legs allows it to ooze out behind, or, if its backs are worthy of confidence, purposely heels it out. Thereupon a half-back pounces upon it and passes it deftly to the three-quarters, who run with it down the field, passing it back and forth. As a whole, the game of the forwards is much more fun than that of the backs, though decidedly less attractive in the eyes of the spectators—a consideration of slight importance on an English field!

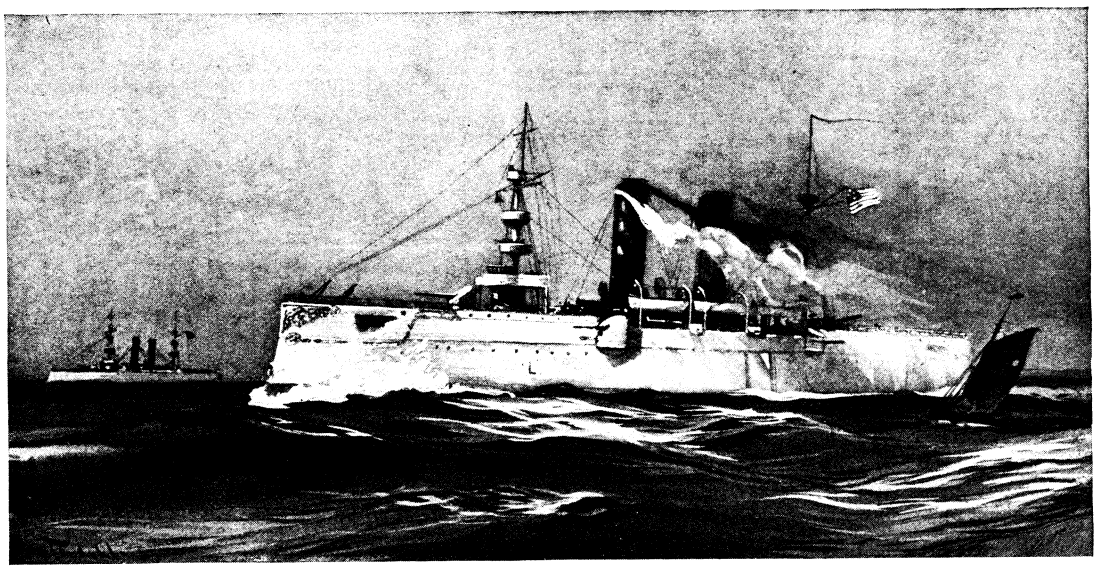
Just as I began to get warmed to my new work I smashed my nose against the head of a Balliol man who was dodging back into the push. The captain told me that I need not finish the game; but as it is against the English rules to substitute players, I kept up the grunting and shoving. At the end of the game the captain very politely gave me the hoof. This was just what I expected and deserved; but I was surprised to find that the fellows had objected to my playing the game through. They would have preferred not to be bled upon.

II.

To get a clearer idea of modern English Rugby, and of the relationship our game bears to it, we must look at its historical development. The Rugby Union was formed in 1871, and the first international game was played in the same year between England and Scotland. For the following six years the play was characterized by tight scrummages. Twenty was the orthodox number of players; and when, as often happened in club matches, only fifteen men played, the fact was the result of a lack of men, not of a preference for smaller sides. Of the twenty men, fifteen played "forward" in the scrum. They were regarded as the offensive element. Their duty was to keep a firmly packed mass, and to shove the opposing mass down the field, carrying the ball at their feet. To heel out the ball to the backs was considered a rank breach of sportsmanly etiquette. This was probably because the backs—two half-backs and three full-backs—were regarded merely as a reserve for defence, whose business it was to tackle the enemy if he broke through or round the pack of forwards. If, however, the ball chanced to ooze out of the scrum—as it was apt to do, say at intervals of five minutes—one of the half-backs pounced upon it, and, to prevent a loss of ground, made the best of his way into the enemy's territory. The opposing scrum, meanwhile, was so tightly woven that it could not possibly block or tackle him. It left the backs to stop him, and ravelling out at its



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE SCRUM.



U. S. CRUISERS "NEW ORLEANS" AND "ALBANY" (FORMERLY "AMAZONAS" AND "ABROUALL").
Purchased from the Brazilian Government.

leisure, trotted amiably up to the ball. There was thus an utter lack of co-operation between forwards and backs. This has, as I shall point out, been measurably lessened; but even to-day an American spectator at an English game cries out in his heart, "*Every* man get into the push!"—forgetting that "interference" and "possession of the ball" are requisite to our thorough-going team-play.

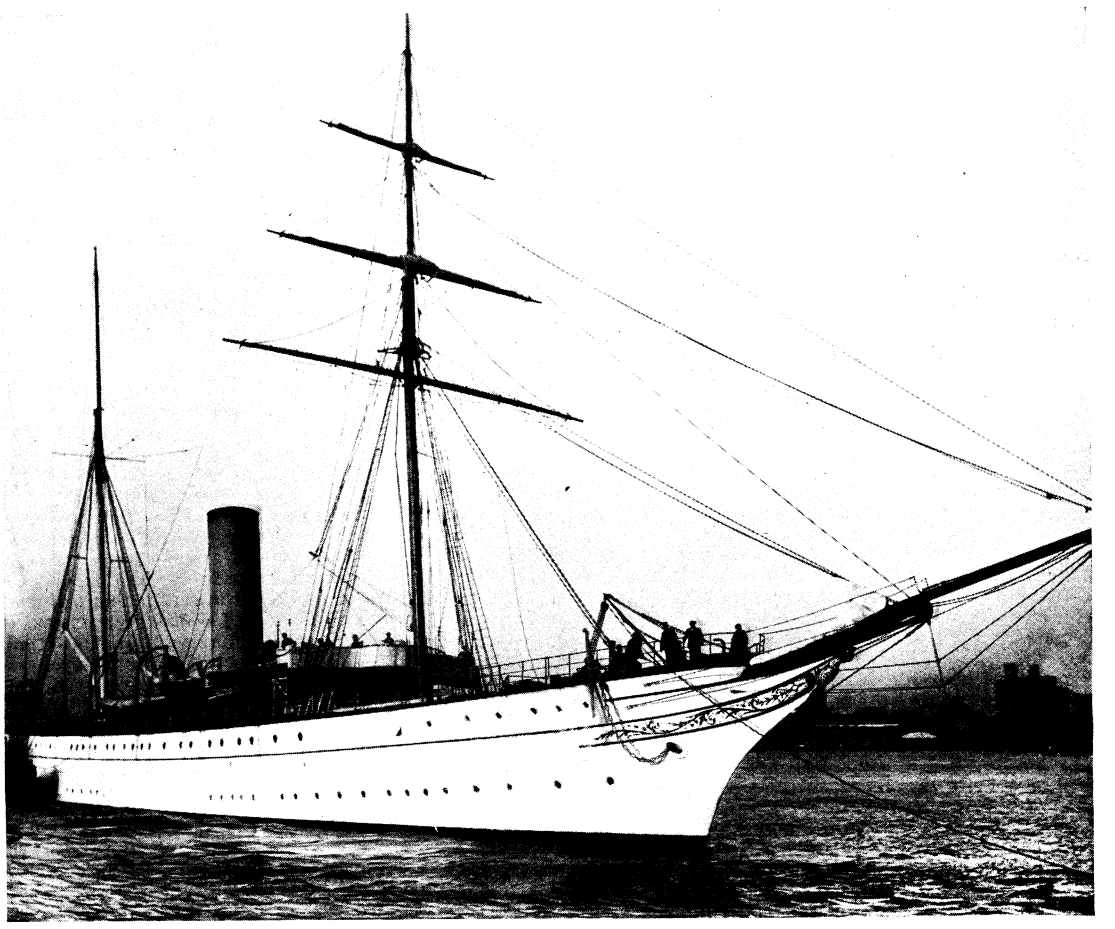
In the international match of 1877 fifteens were introduced instead of twenties. This played fast and loose with the traditional game; packed scrummages rapidly gave way to the mobile modern formation. The first duty of the forwards was still to make their way down the field by brute force; but to supplement the primitive grunting and shoving they had learned the tricks of cleaving their opponents and of screwing the scrum. When either of these feats had been accomplished, they broke away from each other and dribbled the ball down the field, until arrested by the opposing backs. Meanwhile the prejudice against heeling out gave way. A weak scrum which was flanked by a clever set of backs heeled out as often as it could manage to get control of the ball. And the opposing scrummagers, thus put on the defensive, soon learned to get into the running. This caused a revolution among the backs. The half, who could no longer count on evading the enemy's scrum, was forced to kick into touch—a play much more frequent in the English than in the American game, though its use here is of marked advantage, and is rapidly growing—or, like our quarter-back, to pass at once. This development of heeling out and passing in all probability caused the increase in the number of three-quarter-backs. There had been two of these and two full-backs, but by-and-by one of the full-backs was drawn up to three-quarters. The duty of the three-quarters was precisely that of our half-back, except that they eluded the tackling of the enemy not by interference or to any considerable degree by dodging, but by passing the ball back and forth. The forwards, meanwhile, were not infrequently able to struggle loose from the scrum in time to join their own backs in the passing.

The full realization of the value of scientific passing came about 1885. This marks the beginning of the strictly modern game. To-day so great is the horror of "selfish playing," that a three-quarters scarcely dares to run ten yards without tossing the ball to a neighbor, and the forwards are expected to be almost as clever at passing. One of the most remarkable results of the open passing game is that to be quite up to date a team has to sacrifice a man from the scrum, and play four men at three-quarters. I know no more beautiful sight on the football-field than three or four or five English players dashing among the enemy's defence, and meanwhile passing the ball so deftly from one to another that it is impossible to collar a single man in the combination.

To sum up the development of the English game: The original and perhaps the typical formation is the simple packed scrum, with a reserve of backs for defence. Out of the packed scrum have grown the screwed scrum and the cleft scrum, both to be followed by dribbling or by passing. The backs, at first a reserve for defence, took new duties when heeling out was recognized, and became an important engine for offensive play. Of late years running with the ball in the open has become the most prominent feature for both scrummagers and backs.

III.

This "scientific" co-operation between the backs and the scrum, curiously enough, is seldom to be found in the important games. When Oxford plays Richmond, or Cambridge plays Blackheath, Mercury himself could not be more fleet and sure than the rival backs; but when Oxford plays Cambridge, and Richmond plays Blackheath, a wonderful thing takes place. In the intense excitement the players forget modern refinements, and the game reverts towards its primitive barbarism of packed scrums. In international games the tendency is redoubled. The players, who are the stars of the crack local fifteens of a kingdom, seldom or never compete together as a team before the important match, and are sometimes virtual strangers to one another. In the most important games of the season the reversion to primitive pushing and shoving is most complete. At the match between England and Scotland for the championship of the United Kingdom my amusement would have been complete if I had only had a friend used to our admirably strategic game to laugh with me. Each side played its four three-quarter-backs, sacrificing a man from the scrum in the interest of scientific passing, as every self-respecting team must do; but each was so doggedly bent upon shoving the other down the field that the ball seldom left the scrum. The four unhappy three-quarters cooled their heels, viewing the conflict from afar, and might almost as well have been in ulsters on the side-lines. But this was not the worst of it. Even in the scrum the playing went to the dogs. England, it seemed, was past master at "screwing," and time and again the spectators rose with a shout of "Played, England!" in the expectation of seeing their champions charge into Scottish territory, dribbling or passing the ball. Not once did this happen. In their bull-like efforts they apparently forgot the ball at their feet; and when they had whirled their opponents well about, it transpired that the canny Scotchmen, though unable to stop the revolving rush, had cleverly tweaked the ball from among the English heels. At this stage of the play, it is obvious, the English forwards had wheeled quite out of the line of defence of their own goal, so that only their three-quarter-backs could prevent Scotland from making a "try." The chief use of the four crack three-quarters in that game was to prevent Scotland from scoring after England had successfully screwed the scrum. Their position was precisely that of the primitive backs of the seventies. The incident is characteristic. Eminently playable as the English game is, its spirit is at bottom one of brute force rather than of science, as we understand the term. To grasp this fact completely it is necessary to go somewhat at length into the history of the development of our game from the parent sport. Besides the interest from a sportsman's point of view, the inquiry will reveal curious evidences of a difference in national traits and characteristics.



U. S. DESPATCH-BOAT "MAYFLOWER"
Purchased from the Ogden Goelet Estate.

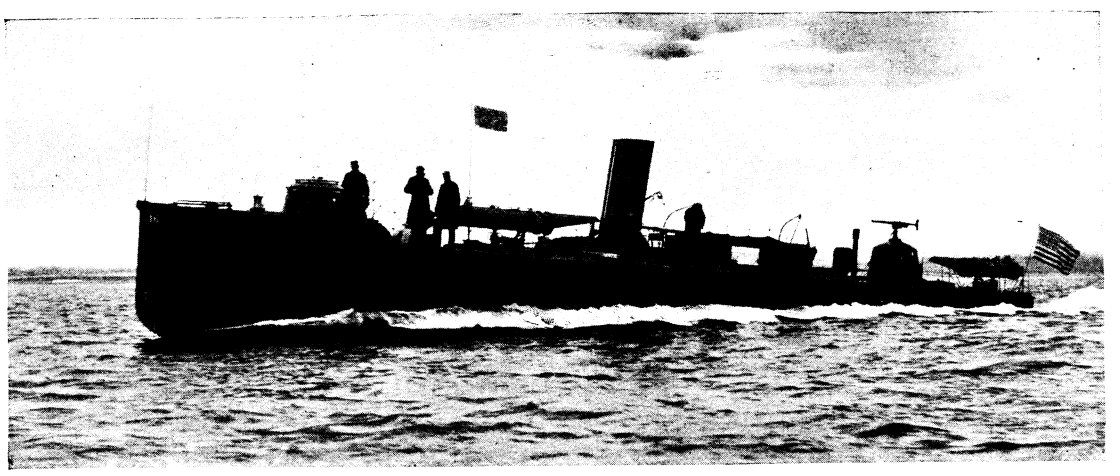
ADDITIONS TO THE NAVY.

Recent additions to the navy by purchase and by completion of contract represent varied types. Five vessels which have attracted attention are the *New Orleans* (formerly the *Amazonas* of the Brazilian navy), purchased in England just as she was about to sail for Brazil; her sister ship the *Albany* (formerly the *Abrouall*); the *Mayflower*, purchased in New York from the estate of the late Ogden Goelet; the torpedo-boat *Gwin*, finished, with her sister ship *Talbot*, at the Herreshoff works in Bristol, Rhode Island.

The *New Orleans* and *Albany* are unarmored twin-screw cruisers of the *Cincinnati* type. They are 330 feet long, 43 feet 9 inches wide, 16 feet 10 inches deep, have a tonnage of 3600, a speed of 20 knots, and carry about 300 officers and men. They are armed with six 6-inch 50-calibre Elswick quick-firing guns, four 4.7-inch 50-calibre quick-firing guns, ten 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Maxims, two field-guns, and have three torpedo-tubes. They have 7500 horse-power, and carry about 800 tons of coal. Their coal-bunkers serve as a protection to their machinery.

The *Mayflower* was known as one of the largest and fastest steam-yachts in existence. She was designed by G. W. Watson, the famous English yacht-designer, and was built at Clydebank, England. She is somewhat larger than the despatch-boat *Dolphin*. She is 321 feet long, 36 feet 6 inches wide, draws 16 feet 6 inches of water, has 2400 tonnage, twin screws, and a theoretical speed of nearly twenty knots. Four-inch rapid-fire guns with launching-tubes for torpedoes will probably compose her new armament.

The *Gwin* is one of the four single-screw 20-knot torpedo-boats contracted for on October 6, 1896. With the exception of the *Stiletto*, they are the smallest and slowest of their type in the navy. The *Gwin* is 98 feet long, 12 feet 6 inches wide, draws 3 feet 4 inches of water, has 20 knots' speed, is of 850 tonnage, and has two torpedo-tubes. She is waiting for her crew.

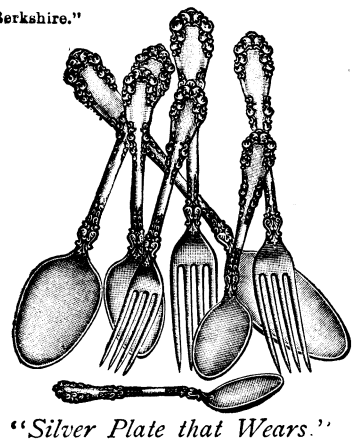


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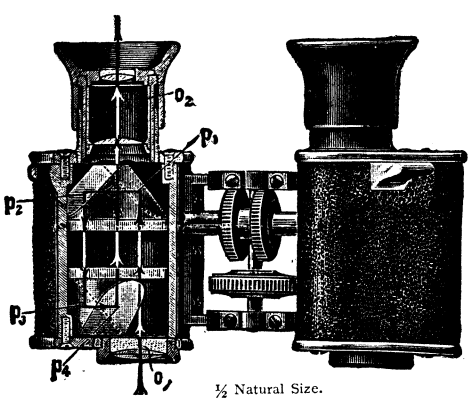
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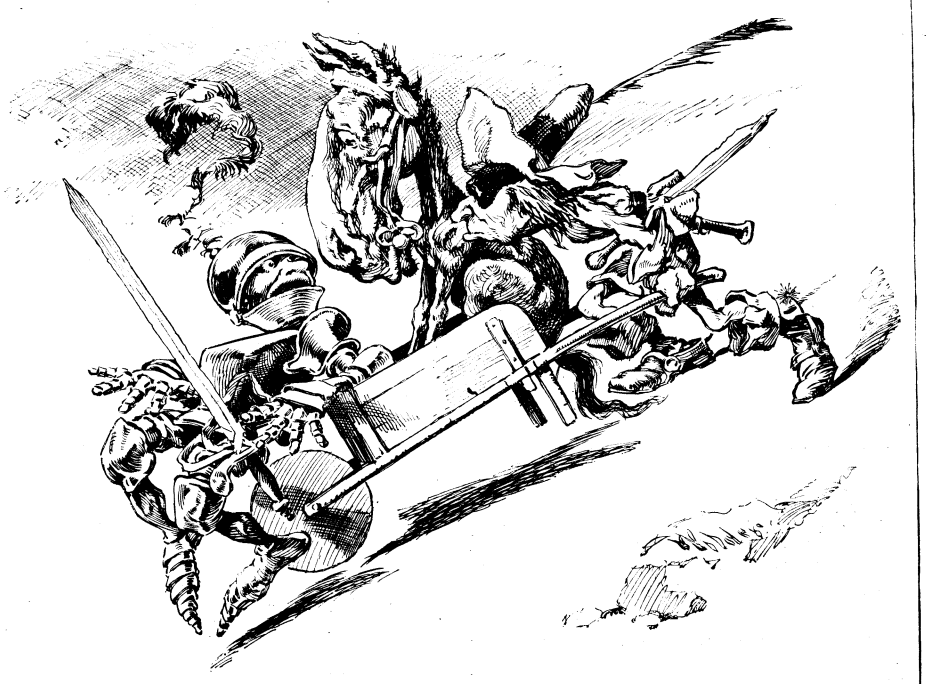
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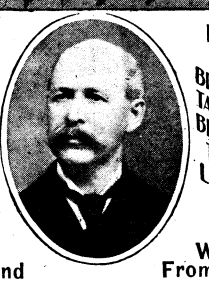
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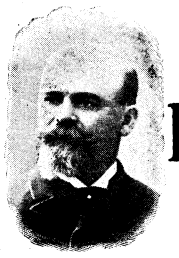
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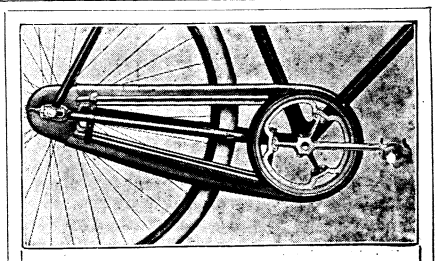
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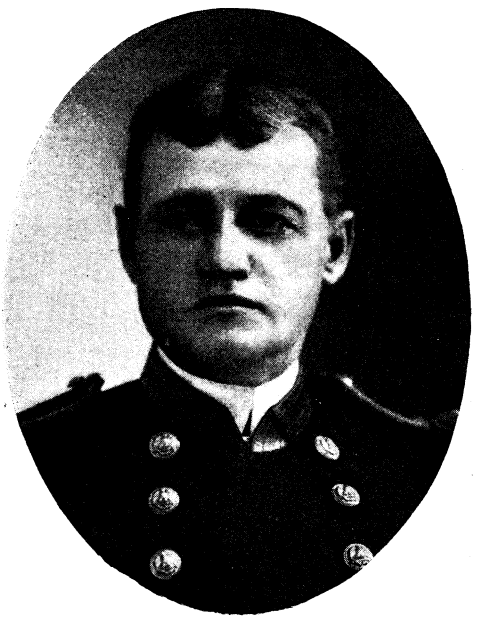
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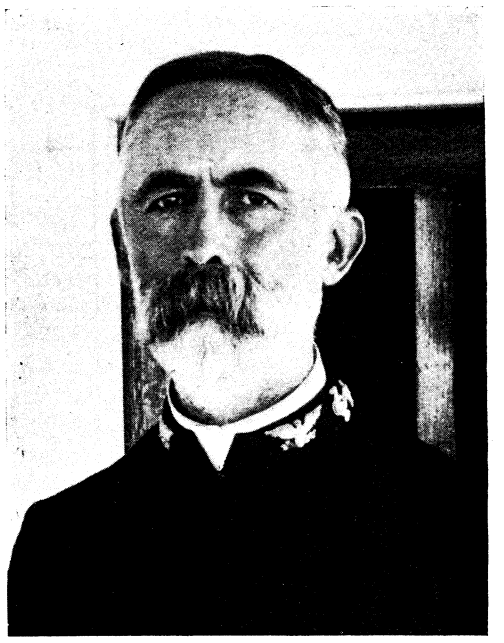
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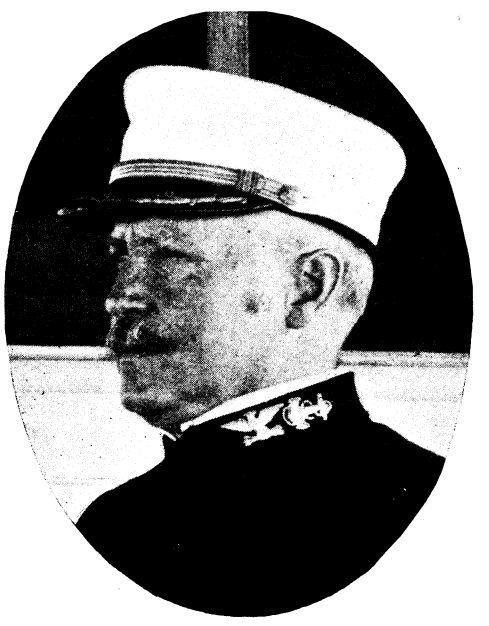
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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ANOTHER thing besides the freedom of Cuba will certainly accompany war, if war there must be. Notwithstanding the unwillingness of the real patriots of the country who do not wish war except as the last extremity, the people of the United States will present a united front to their enemies. There will be no differences of opinion among us while war lasts; there will be no hesitancy in providing the means and money to carry on the war; there will be manifested everywhere, and by all classes, devoted loyalty to the country, and those with whom we shall be called upon to contend will have to withstand the full force of a powerful and willing nation. The first step taken for the national defence, aside from the preparations of the general government, was taken by the State of New York in appropriating a million dollars to be used by the government in case of the expected emergency.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the award of the tribunal, fixing the amount of damages owing by the United States to subjects of Great Britain on account of unlawful seizure of vessels in Bering Sea, has not yet been paid. This is a case where all dispute as to the fairness of the claim and the justice of the amount is ended. A judgment has been rendered against us, and we are glad to learn, as we do from Washington, that the award will probably be paid at the present session. But there has already been too much delay about it.

IN another part of the paper will be found an article on Cuban commerce, written by the author of the article on "The Public Finance of Spain," which appeared in a recent number of the WEEKLY. This article will be found even more interesting to people of the United States than the previous article, for it is this country which furnishes to Cuba its best market, and the commerce of the island is almost wholly dependent for its prosperity upon its relations with the United States. One of the interesting suggestions of the article is that Spain has largely contributed to the ruin of Cuba by adopting the same policy towards the island colony that the general government of our own country has adopted towards the agricultural States in behalf of the manufacturing States.

JUDGE BRADLEY of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, if he is reported correctly, ought to be called to account. The other day, in denying a motion made on behalf of a negro who had been convicted of murder, he said, "Lynching probably would be better than putting the government to the expense of keeping and hanging that brute." We have had lawless opinions from Governors of States, and we have had a ruling by a Kentucky judge on what he called the "unwritten law," but Judge BRADLEY'S utterance goes beyond anything of the kind in our history. Lynching is one of the disgraces of the country. Communities and people who are guilty of it are not civilized, and a judge who would uphold it is himself a criminal. Congress has taken the matter up, and is contemplating impeachment. If the judge is guilty, there ought to be no doubt about his removal.

AT least one notable good has resulted from the feverish excitement of preliminary war from which the world has been suffering for many days past. It was made clear to Spain that the policy of concentrating the people of Cuba in villages and towns there to starve and die must be abandoned, and an end has been made to that horror, General BLANCO having issued an order doing practically what he pretended to be about to do when he assumed the Captain-Generalship of the island. Under his order the reconcentrados are to be permitted to return to their farms and to remain there. Moreover, they are to be helped in the work of restoring the desolate island by the Spanish government. The horror aroused by Senator PROCTOR was certainly the direct cause of General BLANCO'S order, but notwithstanding that order Spain will remain pilloried as the one modern and Christian nation ready to resort to mediæval barbarities for the maintenance of her hold over an unwilling people.

WE are inclined to think that the bosses of New York are not quite so strong as they were before the last election. PLATT and CROKER have failed in some of their schemes. They failed, for example, most signally, to secure control of the rapid-transit project in the interest of Tammany bandits. They failed also to pass their bill for the suppression of criticism by the public press; and CROKER will be obliged, therefore, to submit to the continuance of the habit which the press of New York has acquired of treating him with much less respect than the English press manifests for Mr. GLADSTONE and for Lord SALISBURY. As the New York *Times* recently said, the boss ceases to be strong with the politicians whenever the politicians are made to understand that the people are aggressively hostile to the boss. CROKER is riding to his doom by exhibiting himself too plainly to the people of New York city, and PLATT is probably to meet his fate from a Governor who has not always shown himself over-scrupulous, but who evidently has too much ambition to remain always a humble servitor.

WHEN the report of the *Maine* board of inquiry came before Congress, the Jingoes made a remarkable exhibition of their true character. Every decent citizen in the country accepted the report as a final judgment on the disaster. The officers who composed the board were known to be able and honorable men, who had reached their conclusions, and their failure to conclude definitely, after a patient, thorough, and intelligent examination of all the evidence. But the Jingoes were not satisfied. Representative HULL of Iowa, for example, decided that "the *Maine* was blown up by a Spanish mine." Representative DOLLIVER said that the explosion was the result of a "well-planned conspiracy." Senator HAWLEY has proved to his own satisfaction, by a set of photographs of which he is the happy possessor, that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to "Spanish treachery." Of course Senators MORGAN, MASON, FRYE, and DAVIS all know better than the members of the board of inquiry. The conclusion to be drawn from this feature of the episode is an old one. It is that the Jingo always believes what he wants to believe, and is always ready to denounce every one who disagrees with him.

THE lease by China to Russia of Port Arthur and Ta Lien-wan is finally consummated, and there is general anticipation in Europe of trouble in the Far East. The trouble, however, is not likely to arise between England and Russia, which seem to be on good terms so far, notwithstanding the Chinese concessions to the latter. Russia promises that her ports in China will be as open to foreign commerce as are other Russian ports. The trouble that is likely to break out will be between France and Great Britain. There is really very serious danger of a war between these two countries. The latest letters of our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, give us a clear exposition of the cause of the difficulty, and every American who is not blinded by the lunacy of Anglophobia will wish well to our English cousins. Where they go, go also freedom and self-government, and, besides, the nation of our kindred is now our strongest friend.

THERE is no doubt that France is in danger. We do not believe that the Russian alliance will be of any help to her in any difficulty which she may have with England. Morally, it has been a distinct disadvantage to her. While M. HANOTAUX is professing friendship for both Spain and the United States, and promising neutrality in case war breaks out, the sympathy of the official press is largely with Spain, just as it was the enthusiastic advocate of the Russian alliance. But the Russian alliance is an unnatural one for the French Republic. It is mainly an alliance compelled by money considerations — in other words, by the needs and hopes of profit of the Paris bankers who hold Turkish bonds. This alliance between the bankers of Paris and the Russian Tsar made the republic the enemy of the Cretans in their struggle for liberty, and the supporter of the Sultan in his war with Greece. At the present time it has made the republic the treacherous enemy of England in Africa, and an intriguer against her interests in China. It has also made the French press pretty generally the unfriendly critic of our own republic in its trouble with Spain. The French press is full of sneers not only at the folly of our Jingoes, but at the wise and conservative course of our government, and of our naval officers who have been investigating the cause of the loss of the *Maine*. So blind are these Paris papers to the facts of the situation that their editorial columns are simply filled with untruths uttered in the contemptuous manner which is natural to French wits. We do not believe that the people of France like this attitude towards us any more than they really like the attitude of the republic in its adherence to the interests of the Sultan, and in its hostility to the Cretan struggle for self-government. If the spirit which is dominating France, which includes at present the military spirit seeking to increase the prestige of the army in view of the recent assault upon its honor by ZOLA, succeeds in bringing about war between England and France, France will probably suffer a serious defeat, and an important loss of territory in the East, and after that the bankers and *bourgeoisie* will, we fear, have to reckon with socialism.

THE COURSE OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE United States can wage war on Spain and retain the respect of herself and of the civilized world if Spain refuses to permit us to help the starving reconcentrados, or, in order to prevent the recurrence of starvation and misery, to arrange to bring the wasting war in Cuba to an end. We may rightfully wage war, too, if Spain does not make a proper response, touching the sinking of the *Maine*, to Mr. MCKINLEY'S appeal to her sense of justice. We could not make war righteously unless we waited for the refusal of our aid, or of the demanded promise of eventual peace, or of sufficient indemnification for the loss of our American ship and sailors. The President's course has been to make Spain commit the first act of war, and in this the President has been right, while, in trying to hurry him, Congress has been wrong.

Intelligent men will agree that this country ought not to deliver the first blow unless for better reasons for its hostile attitude than were contained in the resolutions offered in the Senate last week. Not one of these stated a single authentic fact which would sustain us before the court of nations in making war on Spain. They were the frenzied imaginings of distempered minds bent on war, and disappointed because war had not already come. Not a word in them would excuse an immediate declaration of war, or anything but diplomatic negotiation for the peace of Cuba and the indemnification of the United States, such negotiations as the President insisted on carrying on to the end.

This is undoubtedly the time when the President needs and deserves the support of the rational men of the country. Since the report of the board of inquiry on the *Maine* was sent to Congress there has been a great losing of heads that had up to that moment been cool and intelligent. Since Monday of last week a very large number of the people of this country, perhaps a majority, have believed that the *Maine* was blown up by design, and some have gone so far as to accuse the Spaniards of the monumental wickedness and folly of such a crime. The people who are newly recruited for war say, indeed, that they want to fight for humanity's sake, but when they come to the last and bottom declaration of the cause of their hostility it is found that they are filled with rage because the *Maine* was blown up, and, in their opinion, blown up by a treacherous and inconceivably wicked foe, who all the time was pretending friendship for the United States, and, besides, was all the time making court to Europe by a show of dignity and reserve, intended to emphasize, by way of contrast, the enormity of the alleged offence and the gravity of the alleged impertinence committed by the United States in threatening to interfere between a friendly power and her rebellious subjects.

We have hoped that there was to be no war, but we have realized that the shouters who want war for war's sake, or for the chance that war gives to rob the government and the people through contracting and other forms of sutlering, have succeeded in superheating a good many intellects to a point where thinking is difficult to them. If this were not so, the very character of the men who have been clamorous for war would have incited to caution and suspicion. Is it not a fact that the men in public life whom the country most trusts have been for an honorable peace, if an honorable peace could be maintained? Is it not also true that the loudest for war have been the discredited? However, as we have said, the cry for war has been so strong and lusty that it has drowned men's reasons, and politicians who have earned and received the contempt of good citizens have lately been accepted as trustworthy guides because they have wanted to light the torch of war. We must reckon, too, with the spirit of unrest, with the feeling that even war would be better than a condition of uncertainty.

But a large part of this spirit is also commercial, and has its sources in disappointment at the breaking up of the spring trade, and in consequent loss of advertisements, rather than in the everlasting and blessed fountains of patriotism. We must bear in mind, too, the influence of the Cuban insurgents and the Junta, who insist on determining the attitude of the United States, and compelling this country to win the independence of Cuba at any cost to itself. We must reckon also with the baser politicians who are governed entirely by their party and personal interests, and who are quite willing that Americans shall be killed in war, whether the war be just or unjust, so long as their temporary political ends are gained thereby. And, above all, we must reckon with the awakened sympathies of the people, who have been stirred in the depths of their hearts by Senator Proctor's revelations, and whose cause is always worthy of the profoundest respect.

What is the real state of the case? We could not go to war over the destruction of the *Maine*. Even those who believed that Spain is guilty could not rationally advocate such a course. The report of the board of inquiry stood in the way. The board believed that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside, but it had not a particle of evidence as to who was responsible for the accident. For our part, we accept the conclusion of the board. We believe in the men who composed it, and in the character and thoroughness of their investigation. We believe that in such a case as this, involving as it does the gravest international relations, and holding within itself the most serious of possibilities, that the board would understate rather than exaggerate the significance of purely circumstantial testimony. Therefore we believe that there is the strongest of reasons, short of absolute certainty, for the finding that the explosion was from the outside. But there is no evidence whatever fixing the guilt on any one; so that Spain is only responsible, in international law, for constructive negligence, and the only compensation that could properly be demanded for such responsibility is a money compensation. We do not, of course, accept the Spanish report in the disaster as of the slightest value. That follows from the acceptance of the report of our own officers; but even if our own report had not been made, the assertion of the Spanish board, taking into consideration the character of the investigation on which it was based, is of no greater value, say, than is any important assertion made by any sensational newspaper. In taking the report of the Sampson board as conclusive, we differ, of course, from the Jingoes; but no honest and competent man can agree with them unless the facts happen to jump with Jingo desires.

But if there is no cause for war, how could a cause be found in the condition of the reconcentrados, unless Spain refused to permit us to feed them? We admit that, if Spain should object, the country ought to fight for the privilege. There is something more attractive in this proposition than in the suggestion that the report of the Sampson board is not true, and that we should fight before Spain has had an opportunity to say no to a demand for recompense, on a state of facts which the board explicitly declared that it could not find. "No matter about the *Maine!* No matter about any other cause!" shouted the Jingoes the week before last. "Let us fight for the sake of humanity!" And the country was very strongly inclined to go with them. But if Spain would not object to our feeding the poor wretches, the reason for fighting for the privilege would be gone. There is no one but Thurston who has deliberately declared that his charity cannot be seasoned to his taste except with powder and shot. If Spain would permit us to feed the reconcentrados, and would give us satisfactory assurance of the ending of the war, certainly we could not then declare war. This was the position of the President, while the position of the Jingoes was that war should be declared without waiting for Spain's refusal of our charity.

The President has not wanted to fight merely for the sake of war or for Cuban independence unconnected with humanitarian reasons. Until the present time very few citizens of this country have wanted the United States to go to war for Cuban independence alone, and not many would now favor such a war were it not for the temporary blinding influence of unreasoning passion. Sensible persons have a just appreciation of the hollowness of the pretence of love and admiration for the Cuban patriots. There may come cause for war between Spain and the United States, but it will never be merely the struggle for Cuban independence. The horrors of Spanish rule in Cuba justify the United States in demanding that Spain give up its effort to put down the insurrection, but while Spain is consenting to our charitable intervention we should not press her with undue haste. And since she thus permits us to feed the victims of her barbarities, we cannot consistently shoot the consenting Spaniard with one hand while we are feeding the starving Cuban with the other, unless the Spaniard insists that there shall be no consideration of peace by him until the insurrectionists surrender. It is here that the President has found himself. He has sought to relieve the distress, the revelation of which has horrified and amazed the world, and at the same time to guard his country from the terrible evils of war. He has performed the task of a just, merciful, and wise man. He has been surrounded by a snarling pack of warlike politicians and newspapers who have wanted war for reasons which they cannot sustain —in short, for any reason that will draw blood.

THE PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

A few days ago the excitement about Cuba seemed to turn on the miseries of the reconcentrados. The recent speech of Senator Proctor describing their pitiful condition called forth outbursts of genuine sympathy all over the country, which did honor to the popular heart. Their sincerity was proved by the renewed efforts made on all sides to succor the unfortunates, and it was responsive to the popular feeling that President McKinley, whose general conduct under trying circumstances is entitled to the highest praise, made this work of humanity the most prominent point of his policy with regard to the Cuban question. Spain did not repel this peaceful intervention. On the contrary, General Blanco has approved of it, and issued an order returning the reconcentrados to their homes, and promising them material assistance on the part of his government. It is said by advocates of armed intervention in Cuba that Spain cannot be trusted as to the good faith of her promises. Granted for argument's sake. But is it not probable that under the fierce pressure of the public opinion of the world now bearing upon her she will really make an earnest effort to keep that promise? If this is her intention, will not armed interference by the United States in Cuba, which would mean war, be apt to change the purpose of the Spanish government to relieve the reconcentrados, thus return those unfortunates to their misery, and at the same time deprive them of the philanthropic assistance intended for them by our people? For it must be considered that in case of war the Spaniards would necessarily make a desperate effort to shut us off from all communication with the sufferers, and if we made any attempt to reach them with our food-supplies and hospital stores, to capture those things for themselves. In the mean time the miserable reconcentrados would be in a more wretched and forlorn plight than they are at present, for they would be robbed of the help they are now receiving. It may be said that our warships and our brave troops would soon open a way to them. But that would depend upon the fortunes of war, and the fortunes of war are notoriously very uncertain; they are especially so when the war is to be mainly fought out on the sea with those modern battle-ships of which nobody can predict how they will behave or calculate to what accidents they will be exposed in actual conflict. We may be superior to the Spaniard in the number and quality of our ships, the power of our batteries, and the efficiency of our men. But a chance shot fired from a Spanish vessel may at the decisive moment of an important naval engagement disable our best ship, and turn the action in favor of the enemy. This would, of course, not determine the final result of the war, which, we can safely assume, will, owing to the immense superiority of our resources, leave us master of the field. But it may enable the Spaniards to hold the sea, and to shut us off from the island of Cuba awhile longer, and thus give the poor reconcentrados plenty of time to starve to death or to perish from disease.

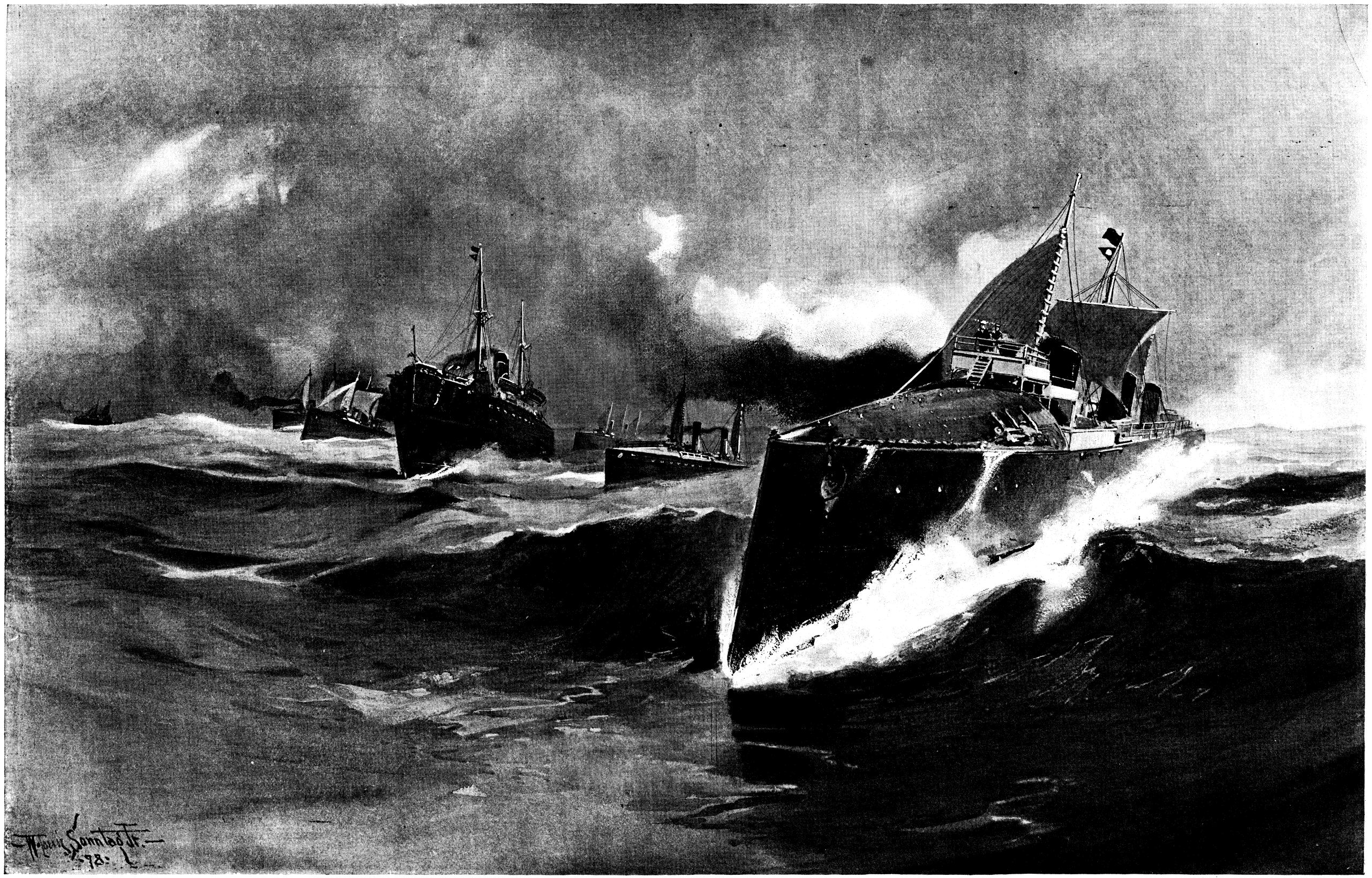
Thus it appears that, if it is really our aim promptly to relieve the reconcentrados of their present misery, we should jump at the chance of doing this peaceably, for the very simple reason that armed interference—that is, the actual outbreak of hostilities between ourselves and the power ruling the country in which our charity is to be exercised—would forcibly separate us from the objects of our benevolence, and doom them to further sufferings for a time to be determined by that uncertain factor the fortune of war. He whose philanthropic feeling for the reconcentrados is sincere will therefore, on their behalf, be for peace, at least so long as he is peaceably permitted to pursue his philanthropic work. He may be for war—that is, for armed intervention—only when the path of the philanthropic work is obstructed by force, and he has to cut his way through to those he seeks to benefit. He who is for war while that way is open will have no right to complain if other motives and aims than those of philanthropy are imputed to him. To say that armed intervention will have the purpose of securing the future welfare of those we wish to succor is useless, for two reasons. In the first place, a great many of them would be sure to perish while we were seeking to secure their future welfare in a manner rendering us, for some time at least, unable to provide for their present existence; and secondly, the war with Spain, precipitated by that armed intervention, would deprive us of every possibility of obtaining by further peaceable negotiation the philanthropic end we have in view—which peaceable negotiation would probably become much easier and more promising after we had once won from Spain the admission of our friendly interest in the internal affairs of Cuba.

Thus it is evident that if philanthropy really constitutes the ruling motive of our action, our object will be best served by a peaceable policy, and that if we precipitate a war with Spain by armed intervention without absolute and obvious necessity, the singleness of our philanthropic motive, no matter what our protestations may be, will hardly be trusted by anybody. And it is certainly of high importance to us, as to our honorable standing in the family of nations, that our integrity of purpose and profession, our character for truth and veracity, should stand above question in the opinion of civilized mankind. In this respect it should not be forgotten that if our philanthropic policy is to have full credit, it should not only be, but also *appear* to be, free from all promptings of selfishness. We should, therefore, neglect no means or opportunity for convincing the world that the acquisition of Cuba for the United States, as an intended or a merely incidental result of our action, is absolutely foreign to our thoughts.

Neither should we forget that the philanthropic policy, if it is to be genuine, must be philanthropic "all round." It must not, in order to alleviate the sufferings of some, impose avoidable suffering on others. That Cuba has been sorely oppressed and maltreated by Spanish misgovernment; that the struggle between the Cuban insurgents and the Spanish forces bore traits of outrageous cruelty; that the forcible "concentration" of the country people in the towns without means of subsistence was a barbarous measure, subjecting its victims to horrible misery; that the Spanish government has been unwilling or unable to put an end to such revolting atrocities; and that the condition of the afflicted portion of the Cuban people powerfully appeals to the sympathy and the helpful impulses of every generous person — all this is certainly true. It is no less true that if, in obedience to such helpful impulses, we resort to war, we shall sacrifice the lives of an incalculable number of our own people in battle or, in case of an invasion of Cuba, by disease; we shall spend in the work of slaughter and devastation perhaps a hundred times as much money as it would cost to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked in Cuba—or, for that matter, to relieve the miseries of the indigent in our own country—for many months; we shall cause that trouble and distress among the poorer classes of our own people by which every war is accompanied and followed; and we shall call into unbridled activity those elements of corruption and demoralization in our social and political life which war never fails to stimulate, and of which we already witness the premonitory symptoms. All this, too, is certainly true. If the one side is entitled to generous consideration, is not the other? If philanthropy demands that we avert harm from the Cuban people, does not the same philanthropy demand that we avert harm from our own people likewise? Is only the one thing to be called "magnanimity" and "honor," and the other "cowardice"?

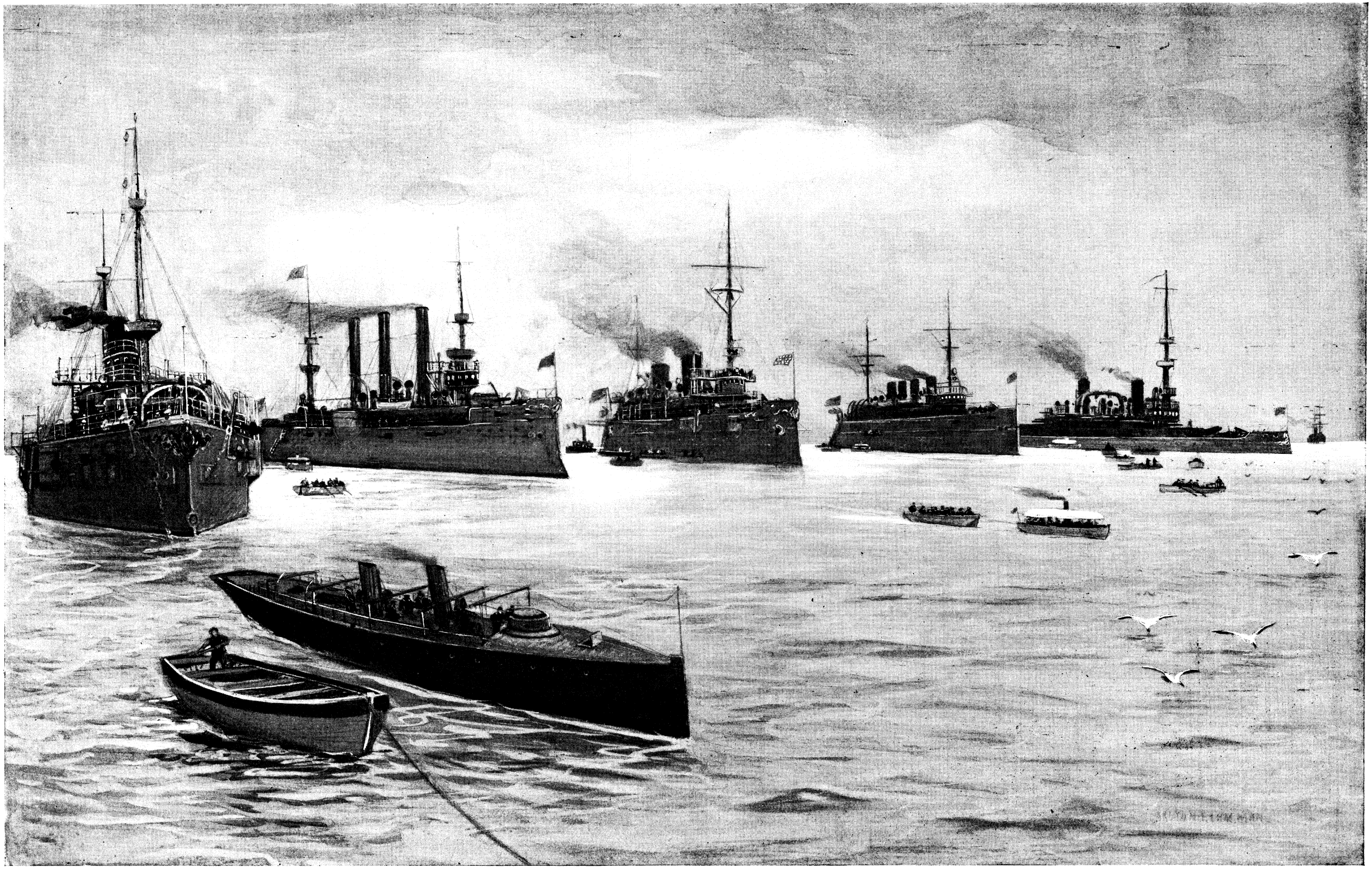
But we are asked, "Shall we stand by in cold-blooded selfishness, unwilling to take any risk to save our unfortunate neighbors?" No. But if we are a wise, a truly generous, a truly philanthropic people, willing even, if necessary, to take any risk, we shall exhaust the last chance for the peaceable attainment of succor to the suffering and the stoppage of bloodshed and Spanish misrule in Cuba; we shall firmly sustain the noble, patriotic, and statesmanlike efforts of President McKinley to accomplish that object; we shall honor him for his steadfast fidelity in seeking to save both sides from harm; and with him we shall firmly uphold the first principle of true philanthropy — honorable peace so long as it is possible; war only when it becomes an imperative necessity.

When this was written, negotiations with Spain were still pending. By the time it will appear the situation may be essentially changed. But the principles and views herein set forth may even then be thought deserving of consideration.



Torpedo-Boat "Ariete." Torpedo-Gunboat "Pluton." Torpedo-Gunboat "Terror." Converted Merchant-man "Ciudad de Cadiz," as Convoy. Torpedo-Boat "Rayo." Torpedo-Boat "Azor." Torpedo-Gunboat "Furor."

SPAIN'S TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA *EN ROUTE* FROM THE CANARIES TO PUERTO RICO.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 355.]



2nd Class Battle-Ship "Texas." Armored Cruiser "Brooklyn." Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis." Protected Cruiser "Columbia." 1st Class Battle-Ship "Massachusetts."

THE FLYING SQUADRON—EARLY MORNING AT HAMPTON ROADS.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

LONDON.

March 19, 1898.

In Lord Salisbury's break-down the inevitable has happened. The task of governing the British Empire in quiet times requires the vigor of a healthy Titan. During the last fortnight England has been on the verge of war with France. Nobody knows better than Lord Salisbury the meaning of war, and if those behind him have cried "Forward!" with ever-increasing urgency, the task of holding the country in check has imposed upon the Prime Minister a burden under which he has, at all events, temporarily, succumbed. Notwithstanding the optimistic forecast of his friends, there is reason to believe that the reconstruction of the ministry, at which I have more than once hinted, will not long be delayed. With foreign affairs in their present tangled condition, the conduct of the Foreign Office cannot long remain in commission. For the present Mr. Balfour visits the Foreign Office for a short time every day, when the more important despatches and decisions are submitted to him. Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Goschen, who form the inner circle of the cabinet, will, it is understood, be consulted on all matters of special moment. This stop-gap plan may last for a few weeks, but it is fatal to rapidity of action, to continuity of design, or to the strength of policy that is attainable only from the exercise of a single mind invested with plenary powers.

As Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury has been saved from the necessity of much correspondence and consultation; still, the union of the two offices is unlikely to recur in our time. The mere physical labor of perusing despatches has prevented the rapid transaction of business. Many despatches are necessarily put aside. The Foreign Office is clogged with arrears. Misunderstandings accumulate. And the result of the Prime Minister adding to his duties the control of the foreign relations of Britain is exactly what it would be if the senior partner of a great firm were to undertake personal responsibility for the control of the largest department of the business in addition to the general supervision of all the others.

With regard to the difficulties with France, it is now understood that, so far as British and French statesmanship is concerned, matters will not be forced to a head before the new French Chamber is elected. Colonel Lugard, on landing at Lagos, will find himself in command of a force of 8000 men, with ample stores and munitions of war. Transport by the Niger route will again be available early in April. I am informed from trustworthy sources that the French have also sent strong re-enforcements to Dahomey. Whatever may be the desire of the governments on both sides of the Channel, it is possible that events on the West Coast may force their hands. Notwithstanding the denial of Monsieur Hanotaux, there is reason to know that a French force—whether disavowed or not is immaterial—is actually on the left bank of the Niger, in the region expressly reserved by the Anglo-French treaty of 1890 as constituting the British Protectorate. An adequate British force of the Royal Niger Company is now understood to be in pursuit of the French expedition repudiated by Monsieur Hanotaux. Either by force or persuasion the latter will be compelled to retire. It is expected that decisive news will be received on this subject within the next few days.

It remains to be seen, in the event of French defeat or retirement, how Paris and the Chauviniste element in France will accept the situation. Behind the question of French encroachments in Sokoto there is the more important question of Boussa, English by direct treaty, dated July 20, 1890. By the third article of this instrument, after granting to the Royal Niger Company full and absolute jurisdiction over all foreigners in the territories of Boussa and Borgu, the Emir and chiefs undertake never at any time to "cede any of our territories to any other person or state, or enter into any agreement, treaty, or arrangement with any foreign government, except through and with the consent of the Company [the Royal Niger], or, if the Company should at any time so desire, with the consent of the government of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India."

If these details are not very interesting, it is perhaps well to record them in order to prove to the American public that Great Britain is not grasping territory that is not admittedly British. The state of relations with France is shown by the fact that the letters of one great Jewish house, of both London and Paris, are sent by special messenger, as it is afraid, in the present state of feeling, to trust its despatches to the French post-office.

The self-restraint of the United States on the questions at issue with Spain continue to be watched with the closest attention, and the hope is growing that a conflict may be avoided. The general—I might almost say the universal—opinion of serious men is that there is no necessity for war, even if the *Maine* disaster should prove to be the result of design, so long as the Spanish government is not implicated in the crime. The only justification for war by a great civilized state is either defence of national existence or the vindication of national honor. Neither of these considerations enters into the question of the *Maine*. Her loss does not imperil your national safety, and the act of an individual foreign miscreant does not touch your national honor. The case of Cuba is different. If Armenia were an island in the British Channel, governed by the Turk and subject to inveterate misgovernment, the sentiments of Englishmen would be identical with the feelings of Americans towards Cuba. The view in England is that the United States is justified, on the ground of national honor, in seeking to put things right in Cuba with or without war. If accomplished peaceably, the achievement will be one of the most signal triumphs of the higher statesmanship recorded in the present century.

It is stated that Mr. Michael Davitt tells the American people that the sympathies of the English ruling classes are really with Spain, and that they are as hostile to America as they were in the days of Washington and Lincoln. The statement is untrue, and is obviously dictated by the desire to create bad blood between England and the United States. On good authority, I am able to say that a recrudescence of the physical-force party in Ireland has begun. Secret meetings are being held, and active endeavors are being made to revive the Agrarian trouble. The anniversary of the rebellion of 1798 is being employed to sow ill feeling and to neutralize the patient and not ungenerous attempts made by England during the last thirty years to repair the injustice of former generations. If Fenianism should revive, it will be put down. The English people now understand too much of the Irish question to dance to the piping of a gang of political mercenaries. Mr. Davitt opposed the ratification of the Arbitration Act with America because his desire to injure England is greater than his power to benefit his compatriots in the United States.

The question of Anglo-American relations is the subject of constant discussion. Thoughtful Englishmen appreciate the fact that international affairs throughout the world are driving the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race into a closer union, both of interest and of policy. England and the United States are now virtually the only efficient representatives of liberty and law against militarism and despotic government. If England and America are to come together, their mutual approach will have been accomplished by the peoples long before their rulers have formulated the conditions under which their mutual interests will be defined. Questions have been asked in the House of Commons this week, by Mr. Davitt and other Irishmen, as to whether Great Britain will loan war-ships to the United States. The negative answers of Mr. Curzon do not exhaust the possibilities. If a conflict ensues between the United States and Spain, it will be unnecessary for England to offer, or for the United States to accept, the active intervention of Great Britain, an act which might, not unjustly, be regarded as beneath the dignity of the American people.

Still, there are other methods by which the warm and active sympathy of Britain with the States might be exhibited. The use of British ports, coaling-stations, and dock-yards, given to the United States and withheld from Spain, would provide the former with naval bases in European waters, the value of which could not be overrated. There is every disposition, and, I believe, a popular determination, to do anything that is necessary to support the principles of freedom and justice with which the United States' action in reference to Cuba is bound up.

As an instance of the friendly feelings towards the United States now exhibited in purely English gatherings, I may mention that at a dinner given by the Navy League to Lord Charles Beresford the speeches began with a pointed reference to the loss of the *Maine* that showed, after all, blood is thicker than water. The Navy League dinner was naturally restricted to British subjects, but I noticed that the only man in the room not of English birth was a distinguished American gentleman, whose presence indicated the character of the relations subsisting between the two countries. On the occasion of Captain Mahan's visit to England, in July next, he also will be the guest of the Navy League. These are straws which show which way the wind blows.

Before leaving the subject of Anglo-American relations I venture to state with perfect frankness the admirable effect that would be produced upon English public opinion by the payment of the indemnity awarded to Great Britain under the sealing arbitration. Although the amount involved is but small and the people interested obscure and unknown here, the prompt payment by the United States of what is looked on as the just dues of British subjects would be both timely and in the highest political sense a generous recognition of the principles of international arbitration.

Officers wounded in the Afridi campaign are beginning to appear in London society, and one hears from them many things of deep interest which have not appeared in the newspapers. Here is one. Much has been said lately against the type and character of the private soldiers sent from England to India. It is true that before and even during the campaign some slight weeding was necessary. An officer who himself was severely wounded by a Dum-dum bullet tells the following story of thirteen private soldiers, which deserves to go down into history. During one of the rear-guard actions a small detachment of twelve men and a non-commissioned officer was cut off. The officer referred to was in command of the party despatched next morning to find them. On reaching the place where the men had made their last stand he found thirteen dead bodies. All their rifles were of course stolen by the Afridis. Here comes the point of the story. After firing his last cartridge, each man of the thirteen removed the breech-bolt of his rifle and threw it as far as he could, so that the rifle, which he knew would be used against his countrymen, might be rendered useless. Every one of those thirteen bolts was recovered by the young officer in command of the search party. The last thought of these men before they laid down their lives was not for themselves, but for their countrymen and comrades. It is good to belong to the race capable of such things.

I am afraid that there is some truth in the following extract from a private letter received from an officer on the Indian frontier who has had his share of hard knocks:

"I don't know if the useless war is to be carried to still greater lengths or not. I don't see, at the present rate, how it will ever end! I hope you will persuade your journalistic friends that the forward policy is absolutely fatal, and that India will soon be ruined by such incompetent men as we have now at the head of affairs. Sir —— —— is at the bottom of all this Afridi trouble, and yet the Viceroy still upholds him in power. Lord —— —— seems to be very incompetent too, and judging from his speeches, he knows nothing about India. They should give up Chitral and recall the Viceroy, and then India might have a chance. Thank goodness, Sir —— —— is going; we shall have one fool the less amongst the authorities now. Sir —— —— is a dead failure, and he has had much to say to all the disasters at the front. The British public have been blinded, but, thank God, there are men like yourself at home who could enlighten them about the real state of Indian affairs. I am no pessimist, but I really believe India is on the verge of ruin. The military party has too much power out here, and the Viceroy is a weak man and of no ability. There will be a new campaign now, and all the bloodshed repeated all over again, and we shall gain nothing for it all. The sole cause of all these frontier troubles is *Chitral* and the making of military roads through the Swat country. How Russia and the Ameer must be laughing at us for pulling their chestnuts out of the fire for them!"

For seven or eight years the public have heard nothing of Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. Ten years ago he was well known, first, as an able official of the Local Government Board, and, secondly, as the secretary and colleague of Sir Charles Dilke in his monumental work on Great Britain. This work was a study of comparative politics and a survey of the entire empire. It is understood that Mr. Bodley investigated the South African problem for Sir Charles, and that the section of the work devoted to the country south of the Zambesi was the work of Mr. Bodley. From that time to this Mr. Bodley seemed to have disappeared from literature and public affairs. He has not been idle. The result of his leisure has just been given to the world in the form of a scholarly, comprehensive, impartial, and pregnant analysis of the political situation in France. He tells us that during a residence of some seven years in France he has investigated every source of information likely to throw light upon his task. He frequented all classes of French society. He became acquainted with the peasantry, with the army, with men of letters, with the aristocracy, and with the middle classes. Like Arthur Young, he sojourned in rural France, and one result of his work is to dispel the notion, too prevalent both in the United States and in this country, that Paris is France.

The pessimism of France seems to be concentrated in the capital and in the great cities. The French people outside the centres of population are industrious and happy. Although the republic has excluded from its service the worthiest sons of France, and has discouraged politicians of decorous example, the cynicism and dejection which form the distinctive note of modern civilization have not yet invaded rural France. That portion of the people which goes resolutely about its daily work and is careless of the form of government under which it lives is not yet stricken with the pessimistic disease that ravages whole communities, irrespective of their racial origin or system of government. Civilized progress in France in some important features has had less depressing results in France than elsewhere. There is no counterpart on the other side of the Channel of the "submerged tenth" of our English cities, whose condition still disgraces our statesmanship.

The social question is serious in France, but it does not present any such sombre pictures of suffering as would warrant extreme dejection. The dolorous contagion of pessimism in France is largely due to the disastrous issue of the war with Prussia. Through all history France has been blithe, expansive, and debonair. She is now peevish, suspicious, damaged in fortune, restless, and bereaved in her affections. The "fatal drollery of representative government," as Mr. Disraeli once called it, seems to be unsuited to the buoyant and somewhat irresponsible temperament of the French people. This is the true origin of our present disputes with France. Constitutional government, to be a success, requires two homogeneous and well-defined parties. France is split up by the group system, and this is but a synonym for irreconcilable conflict, and is the raw material of inveterate corruption in public life.

In France, since the Revolution, the rise and fall of dynasties, not of ministries, have reflected the varying moods of the nation. France has failed to realize any one of the three items in the formula of the Revolution—liberty, equality, and fraternity. The solid result of the Revolution was to bring Napoleon into the field, and to give his master mind the opportunity of establishing that system of internal organization which has outlasted the hundred changes of men and principles that have occurred since the Revolution. The fabric of law and of administration which is the strength and glory of modern France is due to Napoleon. Constitutionalism is unsuited to the French blood. No system of Parliamentary government satisfies the French people. It is not the republic *per se* that is responsible for the low ebb to which French politics has sunk. The fault has been in the attempt to copy the Parliamentary system of England, which is the result of slow growth, and is incapable of being transplanted to foreign soil inhabited by men of the Latin race. Amid the chaos of the Terror and the bloodshed of the Revolution Napoleon devised a system of local administration which has outlived his conquests, and may yet prove to be the foundation on which the verdict of history on the achievements of his life will finally rest.

Such are the main ideas of Mr. Bodley's work. He is of opinion that the coming revolution in France will transform the republic in the direction of the Napoleonic system. The absence of a Cæsar alone has prevented the resumption of power by the inevitable strong man. The hour has come, but not the savior of society. One-man power is the only solution of the problem suited to the genius of the French people. It only remains to be said that Mr. Bodley's work, though not, perhaps, very well arranged, is the best exposition of the temper, politics, feeling, and genius of the French people that has yet been given by an Englishman to English-speaking people. Mr. P. G. Hamerton's delightful works are planned on a smaller scale and occupy a lower plane. Those who are interested in the future of France, or take interest in the process of fermentation which now occupies the attention of Europe, will do well to study Mr. Bodley's book. In this day of slipshod impressionism and superficial analysis the results of seven years' hard work of a trained political thinker are too valuable to pass over with casual and heedless praise.

The principal theatrical event of the week is Nelly Farren's benefit, from which she derives an income of $2000 for life. Londoners are more grateful to those who make them laugh than to those who make them think.

Arnold White.

THIS BUSY WORLD

These are good times for professional prophets. Every one wants to know what is going to happen, and no one except an experienced prophet can tell. Volunteer prophets do not count for much just now. They are apt to be emotional, and their forecasts are open to the suspicion of being prompted by their wishes or their fears. Besides, they are so numerous and their anticipations are so conflicting that no reliable data can be extracted from them. Only regular prophets who know their business need expect attention. Of these the most noted is Lieutenant Totten. He has been heard from; his voice is clear, and his attitude that of Anthony Trollope's hero who Knew He was Right. He declares that it is all turning out as he expected; that Daniel seems to have had the *Maine* disaster and the Cuban war in mind in his forecasts, and that next year, the last year of the century, will see the second coming of Christ and the dawn of the millennium. Mr. Totten reconciles himself cheerfully to the possible obliteration of Spain by the United States, though he does not absolutely certify that that is going to happen. He reads our prospects not in the yellow journals, but in the stars, which cannot lie and have no "extras" to dispose of. The heavenly bodies, he says, are in a state of violent excitement, which points to momentous occurrences between the 15th and 18th of the present month. From March 29 to April 1 was another period for which he predicted violent inflammation.

If matters turn out as Lieutenant Totten expects, it will be interesting to notice whether he is called, as a man of military education, to active service in the army, or left to marshal the stars and translate the celestial signals.

James Payn, who died in London on March 25, had been an industrious man of letters for more than forty years, and turned out in his time a prodigious amount of readable "copy." He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, published a volume of verse before he left college, and as soon as he was graduated—in 1854—became a frequent contributor to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words*. In 1858 he became editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in which came out his first novel, "A Family Scapegrace," and some years later "Lost Sir Massingberd," a very successful story, which is said to have had an exceedingly favorable effect on the circulation of the magazine that published it.

Ten years ago Mr. Payn had no less than thirty-six novels to his credit. The British Museum catalogue makes him the author of more than 100 volumes. His stories were popular and successful, though none of them won permanent distinction. He also wrote many essays, and a volume of recollections. In 1892 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and for some years, until very lately, he has furnished a weekly page of paragraphs to the London *Illustrated News*. Of late he had been very much out of health, though that seemed not to have much effect upon his literary activity.

A Washington correspondent reports the findings of the government Bureau of Entomology in the matter of the house-fly. The fly is an enormously reproductive creature, and, if a fair chance is given to it, can supply any demand in a very short time. Practically all flies are bred in stables. The eggs do best in horse-droppings. They are easily killed by chloride of lime or kerosene; and as the new flies make for water as soon as hatched, a dish of poisoned water in a stable is effective in reducing their numbers. The way to keep a stable clear of flies is to spray all fresh manure with kerosene. The most hopeful token of the abatement of flies in cities, however, is to be found in the substitution of electricity for horses, but that is still so far off that there is every prospect that the fly question will still be actively discussed long after the Cuban question is settled.

Modern spiritualism dates from the "Rochester knockings," which began on the night of March 31, 1848, in Hydesville, New York. The Fox sisters, who invented the knockings, soon carried their phenomena to Rochester, where they began careers of adventure which were far from edifying in their results. To the average lay observer spiritualism seems a barren, disappointing, misleading, and demoralizing affair. It has done notorious damage to many persons, and it is not generally known that any good has come from it, or that it has brought to light any important new truth. It has been so honeycombed with fraud that it has always been very difficult to be sure that there was anything else than fraud to it; yet perhaps it has been of some use in promoting inquiry into psychical phenomena.

There were some celebrations of the jubilee of American spiritualism last week, but the chief celebration will be held next June, when the International Congress of Spiritualists meets at Rochester. However unremunerative spiritualism may seem to most persons, the believers in it in this country and Canada are numerous enough to form an important and active religious sect, with an organization and an estimated membership of 150,000, distributed among six or seven hundred local associations. They own a million dollars' worth of property, including about eighty churches, and employ about 1500 mediums. No doubt their experiments and researches afford them much entertainment, and of course they enjoy that fellowship of kindred minds in which all sorts of sectaries find their profit. An Alabama man explained his willingness to fight Spain by the confession that it was powerful dull in Alabama a good deal of the time. The dulness of normal existence for very many people, which drives some of them to drink, explains very many curious things, and no doubt, among others, the growth of spiritualism. What an enormous accumulation of fads there will be for the prohibitionists to turn attention to, and maybe fight, after they have abolished rum!

Long ago life must have ceased to be worth living for Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, and her death, which came on March 27, must have been in the nature of a welcome release. Misfortunes, bereavements, and reverses clouded her mind as her years advanced, and made her old age a tragedy. She was the daughter of Commodore Stewart of the American navy, was born in 1815, and in 1842 married John Henry Parnell, at that time an attaché of the British legation in Washington. She and her husband lived, for six years after their marriage, on the Parnell estate in County Wicklow, Ireland, and there was born her famous son, Charles Stewart Parnell, the great home-rule leader. In 1869, being then a widow, she inherited from her father his home at Bordentown, New Jersey, and lived there with her daughter. Her fortune, which at one time was ample, was lost through bad investments; her son Charles died after a disastrous loss of prestige; her daughter died; and it became known five or six years ago that she had come to want. Her necessities being for the time relieved, in April, 1895, she was knocked down by a footpad in Bordentown and nearly killed. After that she went back to Ireland to live with her surviving son, and has finally died, the newspapers tell us, from the effects of burns, a consequence of her clothing taking fire.

In her later years she was apparently a difficult person to live with, but no one who remembers her can doubt that very strong materials contributed to her make-up, and that from her and her father was inherited much of the tenacity and persistence, as well as of the strength and lucidity of mind, that made Charles Stewart Parnell the most effective of modern Irish leaders.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt find themselves unable conscientiously to abet the development of journalism according to the ideas of William Hearst. Mr. Cleveland briefly declined to be a member of Mr. Hearst's *Maine* monument committee, on the ground of unwillingness to allow his sorrow to be perverted to the furtherance of an advertising scheme for Mr. Hearst's paper. Mr. Roosevelt, in exposing the untruth of a *Journal* "interview," has disclosed the opinion that the methods of that paper are infamous. Neither of these incidents is at all surprising. What is extraordinary is that the Hearst paper should be able to secure the passive co-operation of so many respectable men in its vainglorious purposes. As curiosities, Mr. Hearst and his property are somewhat successful, and, so far as known, they bear up well under the strain of constant exhibition. Both are believed to be in fair health, though temporarily somewhat hoarse from overmuch screeching in four-inch type.

The remark that "'Christian' is almost as loose and indefinite a word as 'gentleman'" strikes a courteous Boston reader as "demoralizing, both from a social and religious stand-point." The remark was made on this page of the Weekly anent a recent discussion in Boston as to whether Unitarians are Christians. The remonstrant aforesaid holds that "a Christian is one who believes in the divinity of Christ," whether he lives up to his belief or not, and that folks, however upright and good, who do not so believe are not Christians.

Many words have a technical meaning which is precise, and a larger significance which is based on usage. It may be that "Christian" ought to mean what our Boston correspondent says it does mean, but it seems hardly necessary to affirm that general usage (as well as the dictionaries) gives it a more comprehensive significance than that, and applies it to believers in Christ's doctrines as well as in His divinity, and, in general, to followers of Christ. What "Christian" means to the theologian is one thing; what it means to the philologist is another. That theologians should agree about it is not to be hoped for; but philologists, who are concerned only with the idea that the word conveys in talk or general literature, may reach satisfactory conclusions by the mere use of their ears and eyes and general faculties of observation.

It seems that the Massachusetts Legislature has determined to refer the question of who shall vote for Harvard overseers to the graduates who vote at present. On March 28 the legislators decided that if a majority of the academic alumni, the president and fellows, and the overseers should favor the extension of the suffrage to graduates of the professional schools, it should be so extended. This decision seems reasonable and fortunate, and if, as is likely, it results in giving the graduates of the schools a vote, none will have reasonable ground for complaint.

Thrifty persons who use postal cards should take care not to waste their pennies and incur the inconveniences of a lost message by lack of attention to the government order, "Write only the address on this side." To be sure, it has been ruled in Washington that the business of the person addressed may be indicated without causing the card to be thrown out, but there are other chances of exclusion to guard against. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* tells of an unfortunate patron of the post-office who wrote on a postal card bearing an important message, "Please deliver as addressed." The postal card was promptly rejected by the first official that saw it, and the message, of course, was not delivered. Yet the request was a necessary direction, indicating that the card that bore it was not to be forwarded. It appears, therefore, that postal cards, though useful for some purposes, are not as trustworthy as communications which bear the two-cent stamp. They have this drawback, also, that when they are thrown out the sender gets no notice of it.

Another postal device which sometimes defeats the end for which it is used is the special-delivery stamp. If a letter with one of these stamps on it gets to a post-office late in the evening, but before the office is closed, one attempt is made to deliver it; but if it fails, the letter goes into the mail, and its final delivery is apt to be later than if no ten-cent stamp was put on it. This is especially liable to happen in New York, where a letter mailed uptown for quick delivery downtown often reaches its destination after the downtown places of business are closed. Such a letter recently mailed to a downtown address, though marked, "Deliver in the morning," came to the place addressed about midnight, and, delivery failing at that time, finally reached the person addressed the following afternoon. A letter without the blue stamp would have beaten this record by at least five hours.

It is reported that M. Zola has agreed to come to the United States and deliver about fifteen lectures, relating probably to anti-semitism in France, and to the trials of Dreyfus and himself. The arrangement is asserted to have been made with Mr. Edmund Gerson, of New York, and to have followed immediately upon the decision of the French government to grant M. Zola an appeal from the sentence of imprisonment lately pronounced upon him. An interesting detail of this report is that a sum approaching $60,000 is promised to M. Zola for his visit. One could wish perhaps that that detail had been omitted. M. Zola would undoubtedly excite great interest here and would draw full houses, but he most interests Americans at present in his character, lately assumed, of patriot and protestant against prejudice and injustice, and interest based on grounds of that sort is hardly suitable for conversion into cash. It is possible, however, that his recent experiences have been costly, and that he has more than ordinary need of money.

Literature (London and New York) announces a series of articles by Mr. Henry James on "American Literature." Mr. James occupies a position that is in some respects exceptionally favorable for such discourses, since he is a looker-on at the game of American letters without having ceased to be a sharer in its hazards. He is an American writer, yet his later books are hardly American. An American writer of English books, we must call him, noticing as we do it that he is almost the only living writer whom such a description fits. Mr. Bret Harte is as much expatriated as Mr. James, but he has never ceased to write American books, and Mr. Harold Frederic follows the same practice. Analogously Mrs. Burnett, who lived long in America, writes English books. *Cœlum non animum* seems to be the rule with writers, with Mr. James for the exception, and with Mr. Marion Crawford for the outlying unclassified instance which doesn't count.

It was recorded the other day in the public prints that Mr. James had leased Lamb House, the seat of the Lamb family at Rye, in Sussex. It is described as a house abounding in history, with two panelled rooms and a walled garden. Georges I. and II. were entertained in it, and Rye is the cinque-port that figures in *Denis Duval*.

There are only two places in the world, and one of them is home. The other undeniably offers a great deal of variety; some parts of it are better than others, and the particular part that Mr. James has pitched upon must be one of the best. The man who has a little money and a self-supporting mind may live in delightful places, but the mind is quite as indispensable as the money.

Just as one gets himself nicely broken of the penny-paper habit, along comes some violent public agitation and drives him back into all his old excesses. For two months past it has been necessary to buy the day's history in instalments about as follows: In the morning, a three-cent and a two-cent paper for news, and a one-cent paper to see what sort of information the readers of the one-cent morning papers are getting. At noon, a one-cent paper to see if anything happened overnight. At three o'clock, two or three one-cent papers to compare reports and see if anything is really going on. At five or six o'clock, the latest one-cent papers to see if war has been declared. In the evening, a three-cent evening paper as a sedative. Nine or ten papers a day have answered for most readers, though many of us have had more. That is an excessive indulgence. It is worse than cigarettes, and nearly as bad as absinthe. If we should have the war which at this writing the very latest extra predicts, we shall have to adopt stringent measures of self-restraint, and take the news three or four times a day and no more, as we take food. Else, if hostilities should be at all prolonged, there won't be Lakewoods and Bloomingdales enough to hold us all.

What we all expected to read about this spring was the rush to the Klondike, and the adventures and experiences of the adventurers. There every one was going who wanted excitement, or could give a graphic description of what he saw. We expected to be interested in descriptions of aerial railroads, of road-building, of freight transportation, of the wild life of great camps, of lucky finds, the development of claims, and the exertions of capital, intelligence, and labor to make a rough arctic region habitable for man.

The rush has begun. All through March the Klondikers were trooping Westward in increasing numbers, but we hear little of them. Considerations of buried treasure are of surpassing interest in time of peace, but they cannot hold an audience when there is a prospect of a fight.

It is not too late to record the remarkable impression made upon his contemporaries by the late Morris Black, whose death about a month ago in Cleveland was publicly lamented by preachers in their pulpits, in resolutions adopted at a special meeting by the Bar Association of the city, and by a multitude of citizens who came to his funeral. He was a young man, twenty-nine years old, and a graduate of Harvard of the class of '91. He studied law, travelled abroad for a year, and starting to practise law in Cleveland, undertook seriously and steadfastly to do his duty as a citizen. In 1896 he was elected a member of the City Council, in which immediately he took a conspicuous and highly important place as a champion of good government. His efforts were so vigorous and effectual that after two years of public service his untimely death is recognized as a calamity. His record recalls the rapid development in public usefulness which marked the astonishing career of William E. Russell.

The inter collegiate debate in New York, on the evening of March 25, between Columbia University and the University of Chicago, was of special note as being the first contest of the sort between representatives of an Eastern and a Western college. Heretofore, since the revival of interest in inter-collegiate debating, about six years ago, the contests have all been between neighbors. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have disputed together; Cornell and Pennsylvania; Williams and Dartmouth; Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, and Northwestern universities; Stanford and the University of California—but not before last month have the West and the East met on the platform. Columbia won the other night, but the Chicago men gave a very good account of themselves, and pleased and edified their hearers.

On the same night Yale met Princeton, at Princeton. It was the fifth contest between them. Ex-President Cleveland presided, but did not prove an effectual mascot for the college of his choice, for the judges awarded the victory to Yale.

E. S. Martin.



IN THE SENATE, MARCH 25, 1898.
Reading the President's Message on the Destruction of the "Maine."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT.

NOW how this plan of my Lord Prince's worked in the Palace of Plassenburg I find it difficult to tell without writing myself down a "painted flittermouse," as the Prince expressed it. I was in high favor with my master; well liked also by most of the hard-driving, rough-riding young soldiers whom the miller's son had made out of the sons of dead and damned Ritterdom. I got my share of honor and good service, too, in going to different courts and bringing back all that Prince Karl needed. To exercise myself in the art of war I hunted the border thieves and gave them short enough shrift. In a year I had made such an assault as that of the inn at Erdberg an impossibility all along the marches of our provinces.

The crusty old councillor, Leopold Dessauer, who had held office under the last Prince of the legitimate line, was ever ready to assist me with the kindest of deeds and the bitterest of words.

"What did I tell you about being Field-Marshal?" said he one day—"in Karl's kingdom the shorter the service, the higher the distinction. If you and the Prince live long enough, I shall see you carry a musketoon yet, and not one of the latest pattern, either. You will be promoted down, like a booby who has been raised by chance to the top of the class!"

"Well," said I, humbly, for I always reverenced age, "then I hope, High-Councillor Dessauer, that I shall carry my musketoon well!"

"I do not doubt it!" said he. "And that is the most hopeful thing I have seen about you yet. It is just possible, on the other hand, that you may yet rule and the Prince carry the piece."

"God forbid!" said I, heartily. For, next to my own father, of all men I loved the Prince.

"The Princess hath a pretty hand," remarked Dessauer, casually.

"I' faith, yes!" said I. "What have you been at to find out that?"

"Weak—weak!" he said, shaking his head. "I fear you will wreck on that rock. It is your blind peril."

"My blind peril!" cried I. "What may that be, High Councillor?"

"Ah, lad," he said, smiling with that wise, all-patient smile which the aged affect when they intend to be impressive, yet know how useless is their wisdom, "it was never intended by the Almighty that any man should have eyes all round his head. That was why He fixed two in front, and made them look straight forward. That is also why He made him a little lower (generally a good deal lower) than the angels!"

I heard him as if I heard him not.

"You do me the honor to follow me?" he said, looking at me. He was, I think, conscious that my eyes wandered to the door, for indeed I was expecting the Little Playmate down every minute.

"Ah! yes, you follow indeed," he said, bitterly; "but it is the flirt of farthingales down the turret steps. No matter! As I was saying, every man has his blind peril. He can see the thousand. He provides laboriously against them. He blocks every avenue of risk, he locks every dangerous door, and, lo! there is the thousand-and-first right before him, yawning wide open, which he does not see—his Blind Peril!"

"And which, High-Councillor Dessauer, is my blind peril?"

"I will tell you, Hugo," he said; "not that you will believe or alter a hair. A man may do many things in this world, but one thing he cannot do. He cannot kiss the fingers of a Princess—dainty fingers, too, separating finger from finger—and kiss also the Princess's maid of honor on the mouth. The combination is certainly entertaining, but it is somewhat explosive."

"And how," asked I, "may you know all that?"

The old man nodded his head sagely.

"Neither by ink-pool nor yet by scrying. All the same, I know. Moreover, your peril is not a blind peril only, but a blind man's peril. Ye must choose, and that quickly, little son—fingers or lips."

I heard the rustle of a skirt down the stair. It was the light springing tread of the one I loved first and best, last and only. "By the twelve gods, lips!" cried I, and made for the door.

And I heard the chuckling laughter of High-Councillor Dessauer behind me as I followed Helene down the stairs. It sounded like the decanting of mellow wine, long hidden in darksome cellars, and now bringing to the light the smiling of ancient vineyards and the shining of forgotten suns.

I found Helene arrived before me in the rose-garden. She did not turn round as I came, though she heard me well enough. Instead she walked on, plucking at a marguerite.

"Loves me—loves me *not!*" she said, bearing upon the last word with triumphant accent, as she continued to dismantle the poor flower.

And flashing round upon me with the solitary petal in her hand, she presented it with a low bow, in elvish mockery of the manner of the court exquisite.

"Ah, true flower!" she said, apostrophizing the bare stalk; "a flower cannot lie. It has not a glosing tongue. It cannot change back and forth. The sun shines. It turns towards the sun. The sun leaves the skies. It shuts itself up and waits his return. Ah, true flower, dear flower, how unlike a man you are!"

"Helene," said I, "you have learned conceits from the catch-books. You quarrel by rote. Were I as eager to answer me, I might say: 'Ah, false flower, you grow out of the foulness underneath. You give your fragrance to all without discretion—a common lover, prodigal of favors, fit only to be torn to pieces of pretty spiteful fingers, and to die at last with a lie in your mouth. Again I say false flower!'"

"You can turn the corners, Sir Juggler, with words," answered Helene. "So much they have already taught you in a court. But there is one thing that your fine-feathered tutors have not taught you—to make love to two women in one house and hide it from both of them. Hot and cold come too near each other. They will mix and make lukewarm of both."

A wise observation, and one that I had made myself.

"May the devil take all princes and princesses!" I began, as I had done to the Prince himself.

Helene shook her head.

"Hugo," she said, "I was but a simpleton when I came hither, and knew nothing. Now I am wise, and I know!"

She touched her forehead with her finger, just where the curls were softest and prettiest.

"Oh, you have learned to be thrice more beautiful than ever you were!" I said, impetuously.

"So I am often told," answered she, calmly.

"Who dared tell you?" cried I, quick as fire, laying my hand on my sword.

"The false common flowers by the way-side tell me!" said Helene, pertly.

"Let them beware, or I will take their heads off for rank weeds!" I answered.

For at that time, in the Court of Plassenburg, we talked in figures and romance words. We had indeed become so familiar with the mode that we could use no other,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

even in times of earnestness. So that a man would go to be hanged or married with a conceit on his lips.

"I think, Sir Janus," she said, "that you would not be the worse of a little medicine of your own concocting."

And with that she swept her skirts daintily about and tripped down into the pleasaunce of flowers, to make which the Prince Karl had brought a skilled gardener all the way from France.

I prowled moodily about the higher terrace, moodily watching the sky and thinking on the morrow's weather. And by-and-by I saw one come forth from among the cropped Dutch hedges and stride across to where Helene walked with a flower in her hand. I could see her again picking a flower to pieces, and methought I could hear the words. My jealous fancy conjured up the ending: "Loves me not—loves me! Loves me not!"

She turned even as she had done to me. It was that sneering court fop, the Count von Reuss, Duke Casimir's nephew—still in hiding from the wrath of his uncle. For at that time hardly any court in Germany was without one or two of these hangers-on, and a bad, reckless, ill-contriving breed they were at Plassenburg, as elsewhere.

Then grew my heart hard and bitter, and yet in a moment afterwards was only wistful and sad.

"She had been safer," thought I, "in the old Red Tower than playing flower fancies with such a man."

I had seen the very devil look out of his eye—which, indeed, it did as often as he cast it on a fair woman. In especial I longed to throttle him each time he turned to watch Helene as she went by. And here she was walking with him, and talking pleasantly too, in the rose-garden of the palace.

"Ah, devil take all princes and princesses!" said I. This one, it is true, was only a count and disinherited. But I felt that this was the Prince's doing, and that it was for the sake of the covenant he had made with me that I had to put up with such a toad as von Reuss crawling and besliming the fair garden of my love.

It was an evening without clouds—everything shining clear after rain, the scent of the flowers rising like incense so full and sweet that you could almost see it. The unnumbered birds were every one awake, responsive and emulous. The silence of midsummer was broken up. It was like another spring.

The Princess Ysolinde came out to take the air. She was wrapped in her gown of sea-green silk, with the sparkles of dull copper upon it. The dress fitted her like a snake's skin, and glittered like it too, as she swayed her lithe body in walking.

"Ha, Hugo!" she said, "I thought I should find you here!"

I did not say that if another had been kinder she might have found me elsewhere and otherwise employed. I had the discretion to leave things as they were. For the time to speak plainly was not yet.

She took my arm, and we paced up and down.

"Princess—" I began.

"Ysolinde," corrected she, softly.

It was an old and unsettled contention between us.

"Well, then, Ysolinde, to-morrow must I ride to fight the men of mine own country of the Wolfmark. I like not the duty. But since it must be, for the sake of the brave Prince, it shall be well done."

"You do not say, 'For your sake, Ysolinde'?" she answered, pensively.

"No;" I said, "For the Prince's sake."

"You would do all things for the Prince's sake—nothing for mine!" said the Princess, withdrawing her hand.

"On the contrary, Lady Ysolinde," I made answer, "I do all things for your sake. Save for the sake of your good-will I should now be elsewhere."

Which was true enough. I should have been in the garden pleasaunce beneath, and probably with my sword out, arguing the case with von Reuss.

But she pressed my arm, for she understood that I had delayed a day from my duty for her sake. So touched at heart was Ysolinde that she slipped her hand down from my arm and took my hand instead, flirting a corner of her shawl cleverly over both, to hide the fact from the men-at-arms, as Helene could not have done to save her life. But every maid of honor who passed noted and knew, lifting eyebrows at one another, I doubt not, as soon as we passed, which thing made me feel like a fool and blush hotly. For I knew that ere they were couched that night every maid of them would tell Helene, and with pleasure in the tale too.

"Devil take—" I began, and stopped.

"What did you say?" asked Ysolinde, almost tenderly.

"That if I come not back again from the Wolfmark it will be the better for all of us!" I made answer, which was indeed the sense, if not the exact text of my remark.

"Nay," she said, shuddering; "not better for me that am companionless."

"Why so?" said I, boldly. "You do not love me. Deep at the bottom of your heart you love your husband, Karl the Prince. You know there is no man like him. Me you do not love at all."

"You will not let me," she said, softly, almost like a shy country maiden.

"Ah, if I had, you would have slain me long ere this," said I, "for I read you like a child's hornbook that he plays battledore with. 'Have not—love! Have—hate!' There you are, all in brief, my Lady Ysolinde."

"It is false," laughed she; "but I love greatly to hear you call me Ysolinde."

She netted her fingers in mine beneath the shawl. Well might the High Councillor say that she had a beautiful hand. Though, God wot, much he knew about it. For Ysolinde of Plassenburg could speak with her hand, love with it, be angry with it, hate with it—and kill with it.

"I am an experiment," said I; "one that has lasted you a little longer than the others, my Lady Ysolinde, only because you have not come to the end of me so soon."

"Pshaw!" she said, pushing me from her—for we were at the turning of a path; "you love another. That is the amulet against infection that you carry. Yet sometimes I think that that other is only your hateful, plain-favored, vainly conceited self!"

I saw the Prince sit alone, according to his custom, in an arbor behind us at that very moment, and judge ye if I blushed or no. But the Princess saw him not, being eager upon her flouting of me.

"I tell you," she cried, scornfully and disdainfully, "there is nothing interesting about you but the blueness of your eyes, and that any monk can make, and deeper and bluer, with his lapis lazuli. An experiment? Why should I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, experiment with you, the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfsberg?"

"Nay, that I know not," I answered; "but yet I am indeed your arrow butts, your target of practice, your whipping-boy, to be slung at and arrow-drilled and bullet-pitted!"

"I dare say," she said, bitterly; "and all the time you go scatheless—no more heart-stricken than if summer flies lighted on thee. Away with such a man; he is the ghost of a man—a simulacrum—no true lover!"

"At your will, Princess. I go indeed away. I will to-morrow seek the spears. But, after all, you will not send me forth in anger?" I said, with a strong conviction that I knew the answer.

"And why not?" said she.

"Because," I replied, looking at her, "I am, after all, the one man who believes thoroughly in your heart's deep inward goodness. I believe in you even when you do not believe in yourself. I can affirm, for I know better than you know yourself. You cover the beauty of your heart from others. You flout and jeer. Above all, you experiment dangerously with words and actions. But, after all, I am necessary to you. You will not send me away in anger. For you need some one to believe in the soundness of your heart. And I, Hugo Gottfried, am that man!"

"Hence, flatterer!" cried the lady, smiling, but well pleased. "It is known to all that I am the old serpent—the deceiver—the ill fruit of the Knowledge of Evil. And now you say of Good also! And what is more and worse, you expect me to believe you. Wherein you also experiment! I pray you, do not so. That is to you the forbidden fruit. Good-night, and go pray for a more truthful tongue!"

And with that she went in, the copper spangles glancing at her wrist, red as the light on ripe wheat, and all her tall figure lissome as the bending corn.

CHAPTER XXX.

INSULT AND CHALLENGE.

Now, because there is still so much to tell, and so little time and space to tell it, I must go forward rapidly. In these dull times of grouting peace, when men are like penned pigs, waking up only at feeding-time, they have no knowledge of how swiftly life went in times when every day brought a new living friend or a new dead enemy, when love and hate awakened fresh and fresh with each morrow's sun—and when I was young.

Perhaps that last is the reason. But when the Baltic Norther snorts without and mine ancient thigh wound twinges down where my hand rests naturally, I have no better resource but to fall to the goose-quill. And, lo! long ere I am done with the first page, and have the ink no more than half-way to the roots of my hair, I am again in the midst of the ringing hoofs of the foray. I hear the merry dinting of steel on steel; the sullen *chug-chug* of the wheels of Foul Peg, the Margrave's great cannon, which he lent our Prince; the oaths of the men-at-arms shouldering her up, apostrophizing most indecently her fat haunches, and the next moment getting tossed aside like ninepins by her unexpected lurches. Ah, the times that were when I was young!

I see these gallants about our later courts—Lord help them, sons of mine own, too, some of them, year in and year out, crossing their legs and staring at the gilded points of their shoon. All has grown so tame—none now to ride a-questing in the Baltic forest for border brigands—indeed, no brigands to quest for.

But I forget. Time was when I looked love, and I too had shoes—aye, with golden tips to match the armor of honor which the Prince gave me after I had led my first regiment to victory, even as the Lady Ysolinde had said. And noble shoes of price they were, too.

And I could make love, too, when I had the chance. But, nevertheless, not more than one day in six—spending the rest in the new training of my men, the perfection of their equipment, the choosing of their horses, and the providing for their stores.

God wot—it was a good time. I mind me the year when the Prince fell out with Duke Casimir, and we played the old tricks with him.

Never was I gladder of any quest than that to ride within sight of the Red Tower and wave the blue and yellow of my master under the very ramparts of the Wolfsberg, and almost within hearing of the inhuman howling of the blood-hounds.

"Singe his beard!" said my master. And with a hundred riders I did it, too, for though the burghers clattered to their gates, I rode to the very walls of the Wolfsberg, which for bravado I summoned to surrender. And the best of it was that no man knew me. For I had grown bearded and strong, and was most unlike the lad who had ridden away so meekly and almost in tears out of the gate of the Wolfsberg.

Of my father, thank God, I saw nothing—though I doubt not he saw my troop. For doubtless he would be with his master—aged now, soured, and prone to cower about, fearing the dagger or the poisoned bowl, seeing an enemy in every shadowy corner, and hearing the whistle of the assassin's bullet in every wind.

And save when an honest burgher was slain by the Black Riders, the beasts of the kennels were fed on diet more ordinary than of old.

So we rode back with our prisoners, and as much plunder as we could screw out of old Burgomeister Texel and his burghers by threats of sacking the city—a deed which I was main sorry for afterwards, in the light of that which happened at a later day. But I knew not the future then, and it was as well. For the gilders paid nobles for the new-fashioned ordnance which stood us in such stead that autumn, when we had sterner work in hand than singeing the gray beard of Duke Casimir.

Within Schloss Plassenburg things went on much as usual. Perhaps I was lax in my wooing—I cannot tell—I loved sincerely enough, of a certainty. Nor was I backward in telling Helene of it, and sometimes she would love me well enough, and then again she would not. So that I could not tell what she would be at.

Looking back upon everything now, I see well enough how the rankling secret thorn was the accursed understanding with the Prince, that for his peace's sake I was to be friendly with the Princess and let her try her fool experiments on me. Which she did, God wot, innocently enough—that is, for all the harm they did me. But, nevertheless, without knowing it, I kept the Little Playmate with a sore and aching heart for many a day.

But I made nothing of it—thinking, like a careless, ill-deserving soldier-lover, eager for success and dazed with ambition, chiefly of my profession, of how to win battles and take fortresses, till one day I came on Helene with her cheeks wet and her pretty lips bitten till the blood came.

"What is't, little one? Tell me!" said I, going to her, and putting my arm about her, as indeed I had some right to do, if no more than the right of having carried her up into the Red Tower in her white gown so long ago.

But she wrested herself out of my hold, saying: "Do not touch me, sir. 'Tis all your fault!"

"What is my fault, dear lass?" said I. "Tell me, and I will instantly amend it."

"Oh!" she cried, casting her hands out from her in bitter complaint, "there is nothing so meanly selfish as a man! He will say tender things—aye, and do them too, when it liketh him. He can be, oh, so devoted and so full of his eternal affections. He is dying all for love. And then, soon as he passes out of the door, he ties his sword-knot and points his mustache to his liking, and, lo! there is no more of him. He goes, and straightway forgets, till it shall please his High Mightiness to call again. Oh! and we—we women, poor things, must stand with our mouths open like mossy carp in a pond, and struggle and push for such crumbs of comfort as he will deign to throw us from the full larder of his self-satisfaction!"

This was a most mighty speech for the Little Playmate, and took me entirely by surprise. For mostly she was still enough and quiet enough in her ways.

"'Tis true, sweetheart, that some men are like this, but not Hugo Gottfried, surely. When did you ever find me unkind, unthankful, unfaithful? When went I ever away and left you alone?"

"Oh, you did—you did," she cried, the tears starting from her lovely eyes, "or I should never have been insulted—treated lightly, spoken to as a staled thing of courts and camps!"

And Helene sank down by the garden wall in an abandonment of sorrow—so that my heart grew hot and angry at the cause of her grief, to me then unknown.

I knelt down beside her.

"Dearest," said I, "I knew nothing of this. Tell me who has insulted you? As God is in His heaven, I will have my sword in his heart, were it the Prince himself. Tell me, and by the Lord of the Innocents, I will make him eat cold steel and drink his own blood therewith."

"Oh, it was my own fault—I know I should not have met him—let him speak to me in the garden. But you were so cold to me, Hugo. And then I thought—I thought that the Woman was taking you away from me. Also she sent me out to be in his path!"

"In whose way, I bid you tell me, and what woman?" Though the latter I knew well enough.

"The Princess," she answered, "and the Count von Reuss. To-day he spoke to me of love, and spoke it hatefully, shamefully; when the Princess had bidden me go and carry her message to him. But it was with me that he desired to meet. And I—at first many days ago—I walked by his side and listened. For you were on the high terrace, and I wished you to see. I thought—I hoped—"

And the little one broke off with tears.

"I know, I know," cried I, contritely; "I am a blind, doting fool. I thought no more of such dangers than when I had you safe and innocent, my Playmate of the Red Tower. But what did or said von Reuss?"

"Truly he did naught, but only spoke—things for which I would have smitten him to death had I possessed a dagger. I bade him begone. And he swore he would have me yet in spite of every town's Executioner in the Empire."

"Ah, will he?" said I, a calm chill of hatred settling about my heart. "I, Hugo Gottfried, will execute him if I have to send for my father's Red Axe to do it with—singed and scented monkey that he is."

"Nay," said Helene, "then I wish I had not told you. Perhaps he will not meddle with me more, and if you cross him he may slay thee. Remember I have no friend here but you, Hugo!"

"Caspar von Reuss slay me! I could eat him up without salt or savory—a weak reed, a kerl without backbone, save of buckram. Why, I will shake him this day like a rat between my hands."

So I spoke in my anger, hot with myself that I had let the Little Playmate suffer these things, and resolved that neither Prince nor Princess would stand between me and my love a moment longer.

But it takes more than Say-so to budge the stubborn wheels of circumstance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CUBA.

CONCENTRATION, STARVATION, AND AMERICAN RELIEF.

THE order of concentration issued by General Weyler to the island of Cuba in October, 1896, and the far-reaching misery and death resulting therefrom, should be considered, first, as a military move with a view to bringing about the discomfiture and defeat of the rebels; secondly, as an inhuman and bloodthirsty effort to blot out a people by starvation. The order could have been made effective for the first purpose without bringing hundreds of thousands of people to death by starvation and disease. But the fact that it was not thus interpreted leaves little doubt as to the real purpose of the order.

Before the issuing of this order of concentration the Spaniards in Cuba were confronted with conditions which rendered their operations against the insurgents always difficult and often ineffective. The insurgents went then, as now, in small bands; they were thoroughly familiar with the land, and they could always count upon the help, guidance, and sympathy of the greater number of the country people. If a Spanish column started to run down a rebel band, word of this movement was passed through the country, from farm-house to farm-house, by hurrying and eager messengers, until the rebels were informed of the Spanish approach, and thus given time to escape. And the same people who notified the rebels misled the Spaniards with false information as to roads and directions.

The insurgents could count on food, clothing, and horses from their sympathizers; they were hidden by them when close pressed by the Spaniards; they were aided in many ways, at all hours. The rebel abettors worked against the Spanish and for the Cubans whenever opportunity offered. These country people declared themselves neutral—pacificos—and considered themselves exempt from persecution by the Spanish because they took no active part in the fighting.

It must not be thought that all the country-side was in sympathy with the rebels, or that there were no country people who were neutral and peaceful; of these latter there were, of course, many; but the rebel helpers were sufficiently numerous and active to render Spain's warfare both trying and ineffectual.

Under these circumstances, an order that would serve to make the people of the island declare their position, that would separate the rebels from those loyal to Spain, was a proper military measure. It was fair to say to these people, "Go out and fight if you are rebels; if you are not, let us know it." So the order for the concentration of the country people into the towns and villages was issued.

The thorough application of this measure required about three months. In January, 1897, the country was pretty well cleared. The insurgents no longer had the help of friends in the field. The country was free of houses and buildings that would hide the enemies of Spain, for the thatch huts of the farmers had been stripped of roofs and walls, and fires blazed by night and by day, completing the destruction. The enforcing of this order gave opportunity, to those who carried it out, for cruelty, vandalism, and abuse that it is not my purpose to describe. Much has been already written thereon, but it is doubtful if the full story of the barbarity and fiendish inhuman cruelty practised upon the defenceless people, mostly old men, women, and children, who were driven from their homes by men bearing the arms of Spain, will ever be written. Much crime was committed that remains unknown except to the perpetrators. One can hear numberless tales of abuse and cruelty; careful examination into their truth so often brings conviction that the task becomes odious.

If, from the time these country people were concentrated in towns and villages, Spain had provided for them, or had made it possible for them to earn a scant living from the fields, the concentration order would be without its worst stigma. But this was not done. Many of the reconcentrados came to the towns with absolutely nothing—no food, no clothing, no farming implements or household utensils. Others brought what they could hurriedly lay their hands on. Some came well provided. For a time they existed on their own resources, and then on the resources of the towns into which they had been driven. But it can readily be seen that these ways of support would soon become exhausted. Whereupon Spain, to remedy the difficulty, inaugurated the zones of cultivation. Theoretically this idea was good, but it failed in its application.

Around each village, outside the wire fence and the guarded ditch that marked the limits to which the inhabitants were allowed to walk, were allotted fields to be cultivated by the reconcentrados for their own support. If these fields had been large enough to support the people within the towns they surrounded, if the people had been given the facilities with which to work them, such as implements and seeds, if they had been aided and not abused by the men locally in authority, many lives would have been saved. But the ground allotted was never sufficient; no tools or seeds were supplied. It is true that they were offered for sale at exorbitant prices by the Spanish storekeeper of the village, who in many cases was also mayor. But can the six-month reconcentrado be expected to have money? So it was that in many instances the mayor and the military commander, or men having equal advantages of position and power, acquired much of this land intended for the relief of the half-starved reconcentrados, and put it down in tobacco and cane for their own profit, giving some few of the reconcentrados a small daily wage to work in their fields.

Consider the case of the military comandante of a certain small town, who is a humane and kind man. He tried in vain to have the cultivated zones extended. His efforts to procure seed and implements for his people were futile; he worked unceasingly for the good of those in his town, but with no result. Finally he was severely reprimanded from headquarters, being asked if he had not perception enough to see the object of his superiors in this order of concentration, and being given to understand that his efforts to frustrate this object were unwelcome.

So the famine in the towns increased and the country remained depopulated. Until during the months of October, November, and December of 1897, nine months after the fulfilment of the concentration order, the most appalling reports of death by starvation, and from diseases that meant starvation, became current. During these months the death-lists were largest. A few examples will suffice to give an idea of the situation. The figures I use were obtained in February and March, 1898. I was informed again and again, as I made my inquiries, that the condition of these people was infinitely better at the time of my investigation than it had been some three or four months before. Upon my asking why this was so, I was invariably told that so many of the starving had already died that there was consequently more food for the remainder.

Güines—

Population of village, January, 1897	6,000
Number of reconcentrados sent to village	9,000
	15,000
Deaths in Güines, from January 1 to December 1, 1897	6087
Deaths in Güines in 1894	448
" " " " 1895	537
" " " " 1896	824

San Nicolas—

Population of village before order of concentration	1500
Reconcentrados in village on January 5, 1897	4000
	5500
Deaths in San Nicolas from January 5 to November 26, 1897	1142

Madruga—

Population before order of concentration	2289
Number of reconcentrados sent to village	5833
	8122
Deaths in Madruga from January to November 1, 1897	2751

Jaruco, province of Matanzas—

Number of reconcentrados sent to this town	6070
Deaths among reconcentrados, until December 31, 1897	3475

The above figures are taken from official Spanish sources.

The little hamlet of Chascajaba, in July, 1897, had a population of 250 people. In October of the same year five out of this number were living—three of whom were children—four of whom died shortly after removal. Chascajaba will need new farmers to work her fields.

In the province and city of Matanzas the mortality has been great, and the suffering and misery beyond words. This province is almost entirely given over to the cultivation of sugar.

A Spanish paper of Matanzas printed, under censorship, on November 23, 1897, the following statement: "From the 1st of January of this year until yesterday, Nov. 22, there died in this city, that has not 50,000 inhabitants, including the reconcentrados, 5166 people; let our readers make their own comments upon this fact."

I am assured by men in Matanzas who know the facts that from January 1, 1897, until March, 1898, the total number of deaths in Matanzas city was between ten and eleven thousand.

The *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana, printed on December 27, 1897, the following censored statement: "Of the 99,312 persons concentrated in the province of Matanzas there have died from epidemics, inanition, and hunger 20,044, and the mortality in this province of Matanzas is not so great as in certain others."

There were at one time in 1897 some 12,000 reconcentrados in Matanzas city. In the month of November, 1897, there died in two certain districts of this city, namely, district of the Palace and district of the Market—1200 people, while the births in these same districts during that month amounted to 38. In December of 1897 there were 1200 deaths in this suffering city, and one day during this month our consul counted eight dead bodies in the streets.

I have before me a list of towns in different parts of the island, giving number of reconcentrados admitted therein since the issuing of the order, and the number of deaths in each village up to December, 1897. The proportion of deaths to number of reconcentrados varies from one-fifth to over one-half. The statistics in this list are from official Spanish sources.

I visited Matanzas on March 2, 1898. That day there were twelve thousand people in the city suffering from want of food, and by far the greater part of these were women and children. The men to be seen were old, or else wretchedly ill. The only recourse of these starving thousands was begging, and Matanzas had so long been subject to these demands of the poor that the good people of the city were rapidly nearing the end of their own means. There existed in Matanzas on this day four hospitals, entirely supported by voluntary offerings of private individuals still able to give. These hospitals contained less than three hundred people who were fed with more or less regularity; and this hospital work was absolutely all that was being done in Matanzas on that day in the way of organized aid to the starving. I visited Caridad Hospital on March 2 at 2 P.M. On the morning of March 1 this hospital had one hundred and four inmates; sixteen died during that day, and four up to the time of my visit on the 2d. Details similar to the foregoing can be procured without end. The few already set down will show some results of General Weyler's concentration order.

The population of the island of Cuba in normal times is estimated at 1,160,000. Various estimates of total number of deaths by starvation have been made; they vary from 400,000 to 500,000. It should be remembered that in Cuba it is always possible to procure exact data concerning deaths when interment has been in consecrated ground; but during these last years thousands have been buried in ditches and trenches, and no record of their numbers has been kept.

In November, 1897, General Blanco, who followed Weyler as Captain-General of Cuba, issued his modification of the concentration order, with the alleged intention of mitigating the evils. He proposed to allow the imprisoned people access to the idle lands surrounding them, to extend the zones of cultivation, to straighten out existing wrongs. His intentions were perhaps excellent, but their application was weak. It was not sufficient to order the various military chiefs to allow the reconcentrados to go to the fields. Let us look at the situation from the stand-point of the reconcentrado. He was weakened by months of malnutrition and half-starvation; he was worn out with disease; he was penniless; he was without tools and seeds, and his women folk and children were ill and starving also. With permission to return to the country and take up his old life, this is what would confront him upon arrival there: a ruined and burned home, sixty days to wait before the ground would give him a mouthful to eat, and the ever-present danger to himself and family of death, violence, and abuse at the hands of the uncontrolled bands of guerillas that roam the country. Most of these starving families, moreover, consisted solely of women and children. Few of the reconcentrados ventured back into the country. If a naked child were placed within a fenced field and told to subsist on what the ground produced and could be made to produce by his efforts, the situation of this child would be similar to that of the reconcentrado in Cuba if he were actually allowed to go to the country. When it is learned that many of the Spanish military commanders of villages and towns favored Weyler and his plans and method of extermination, that to their belief his was the only way to end the war, and that in many cases Blanco's modification order was disregarded, it will then be understood why practically none of the reconcentrados returned to their old life. It is almost impossible to learn of an authentic case of this having been done.

Cases innumerable can be quoted where men have asked in vain to be allowed to return to the country. In a certain town sixteen men were seeking permission to go out and begin work on their farms. After three weeks' delay this permission was granted to one of the sixteen applicants, an American citizen. This man borrowed fifty dollars to buy tools and provisions, took eight men with him, and repaired to his old farm, some ten miles away, and began to make charcoal. He personally brought down his first load for sale. Upon finishing this business he started to return, but was stopped. No explanation was given; he was simply told he could not go back. His workmen waited for him until their food was exhausted, and then made their way back into town as best they could. This was the end of his effort to provide for his family.

It is stated, and it appears to be a fact in the towns that came under my notice, that the reconcentrados are allowed to leave the confines for the day, but they must always return at night. If this liberty were accorded in all villages, and the people were given the use of tools and supplied with seeds, much good would surely result. But tools and seeds they have not, and their efforts to obtain food from the country are necessarily limited; they dig for edible roots, they snare birds, and they gather firewood. At all times those who thus venture forth are in danger of death or abuse from the guerillas and insurgents.

As a result of the Blanco modification, the cultivated zones have, to a certain limited degree, been augmented, and the benefit derived from this cultivated land to the remaining reconcentrados is increased by the fact that to-day there are far fewer mouths to feed than formerly. But even now the zones are miserably insufficient. Spaniards have told me they could not be extended, because, were this done, they could not then be protected from the depredations of the rebels. This may be generally true—in some cases I know it to be a fact—but it only goes to show how little of the country is actually under Spanish control.

The above was the condition of the Cuban reconcentrados when the American relief began to arrive in the island. This American relief, sent by our people for the Cubans, must not be confused with the $50,000 appropriation of Congress for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, the good effects of which have been active since May, 1897. It is said that seventeen hundred Americans have been very materially aided by this fund. Many of these Americans are naturalized citizens, and cannot speak our language. It has been sufficient for them to prove citizenship to receive aid, and it is doubtful if any one who has had this distribution in hand has desired to discriminate against these sufferers because they were not natural-born citizens of our country. Our consul in Matanzas has fed three hundred and five American citizens out of this fund since May 24, 1897. Out of this number six only have died. The rations served out were ample, and while three hundred and five people were actually on the lists, Consul Brice tells me that some weeks twice that number have been fed by the relief, those fortunate enough to be eligible dividing with relatives and friends.

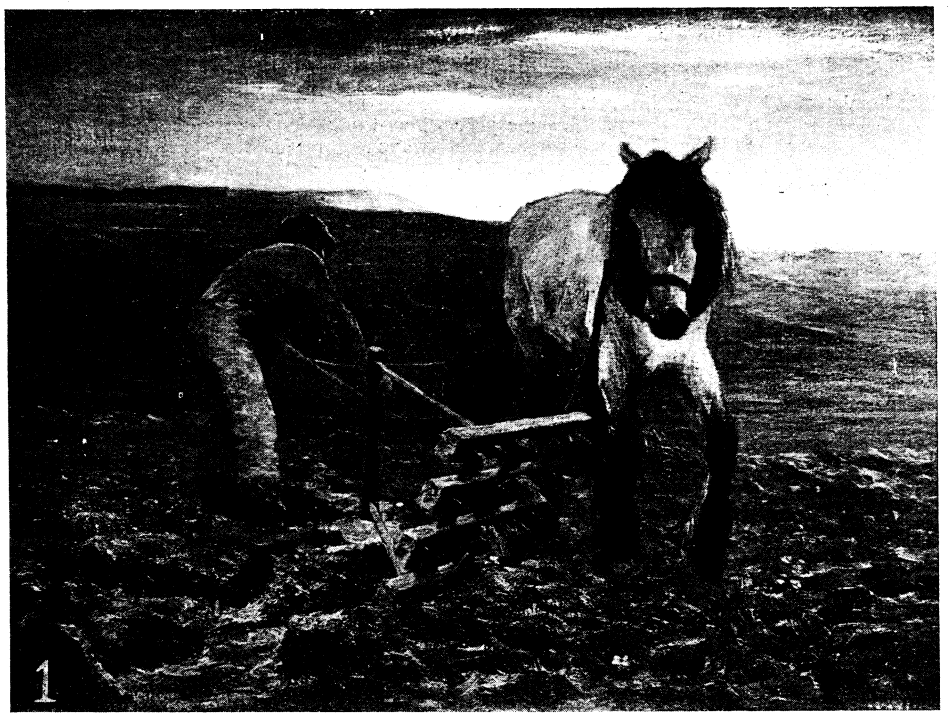
There is on record but one case of violence among the starving of Matanzas city. In October, 1897, some five hundred of the reconcentrado women were put to work by the mayor at filling in with sand a morass on the outskirts of the city. Their wage was ten cents a day to each woman. When the work was finished the women went in a body to the mayor, asking him what was to become of them now that the morass was filled in and they had no more money. "I'm sure I don't know," answered the mayor. The women were persistent in their demands for work or food, and the mayor was alarmed at this new feature of the question. Finally he suggested, in a moment of weakness, that the city market was full—let them help themselves there. He was taken at his word; in a body the women moved on the surprised market-men. Their strength was in their numbers, and they thoroughly cleared out the stalls before the surprised venders could put up the shutters or drive them away.

The American relief to the reconcentrados that, through the agency of charitable organizations and newspapers, is now being sent to the island will do much to relieve the suffering. Excellent methods for the distribution of this relief have been perfected by Mr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, and they are now in full operation. Mr. Klopsch has obtained reliable reports from over four hundred towns and villages in the island, setting forth the number of inhabitants of each place and the number of the starving; also notes as to how the smaller places can be reached, railroad and distribution facilities, etc. Upon the receipt of the relief in Havana, it has been despatched without the loss of an unnecessary hour. The allowance of food was one pound a day, for ten days, to each sufferer. On March 25 twenty-three car-loads of food left Havana. Each town and village on the lists will be visited, soon after the delivery of the food, by representatives of those having the distribution of the relief in hand. These representatives will perfect arrangements for distribution, correct errors in the original lists, and be generally active in the field. During the week of March 27 the efforts of Mr. Klopsch in this direction resulted, judging from the reliable reports at present obtainable, in the feeding of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand people for ten days. Relief from this country promises to be ample. It is estimated that there are two hundred and twenty-five thousand people in Cuba to-day who are suffering for want of food.

But with all that is being done, with the active work of many good people in the field, and the almost unlimited means our country promises to place in their hands, many thousands will die in Cuba during the next few months from the effects of starvation. For there are thousands who are so far gone that the best of food and attendance could not save them. The position of these unfortunate people is not as if their food-supply had been abruptly and entirely cut off a few weeks ago; those who still live have been starving for many months. Their bodies are weakened, and disease has had full sway. The appalling number of deaths from starvation in Cuba, the bright sunny island that under proper conditions could support in comfort and plenty eight millions of people, will surely be swelled by many more thousands before the chapter is closed.

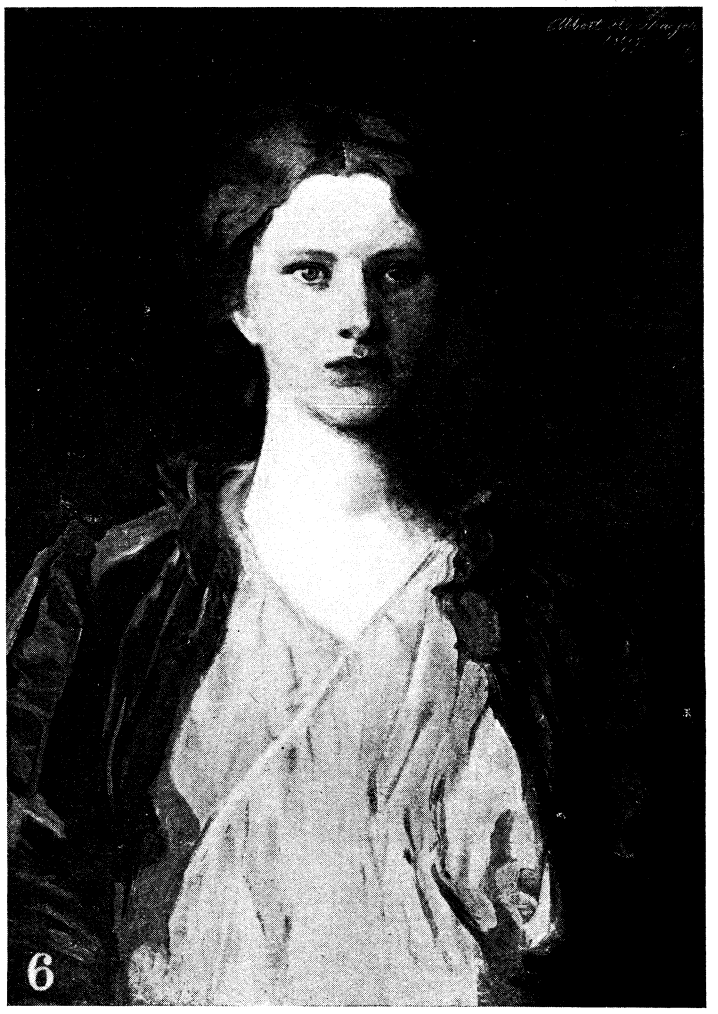
Havana itself has had its fair share of reconcentrados. But, for several reasons, these people have probably suffered less there than elsewhere. Havana has felt less the ill effects of war than many interior towns. In Havana there has been the most of business activity, and, following this, opportunity for work. The citizens of the capital have been better able to help the suffering by personal contribution. The succor of the Spanish government has been in slight evidence in Havana. The distribution of the first of the American relief was confined solely to Havana and its immediate vicinity, unfortunately at the cost of increased suffering at other points, whose resources were as nothing, and whose want was indescribable.

HAROLD MARTIN.


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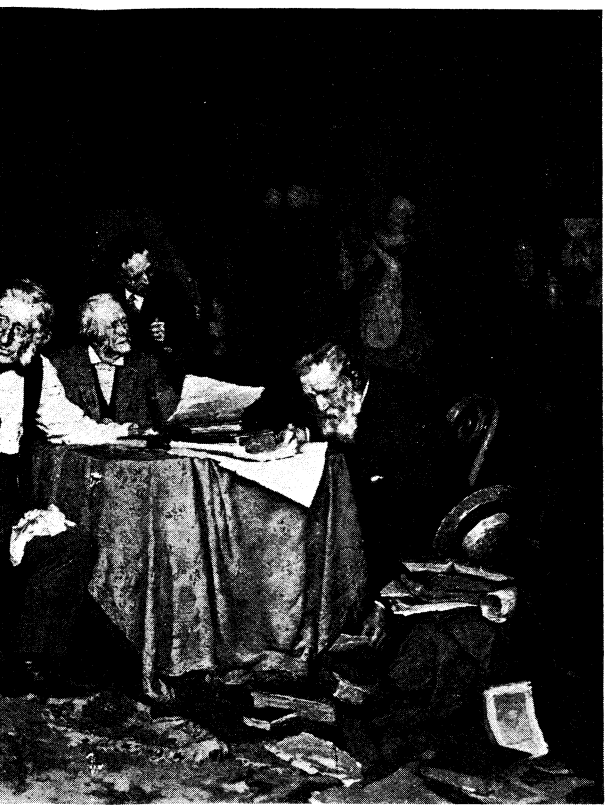

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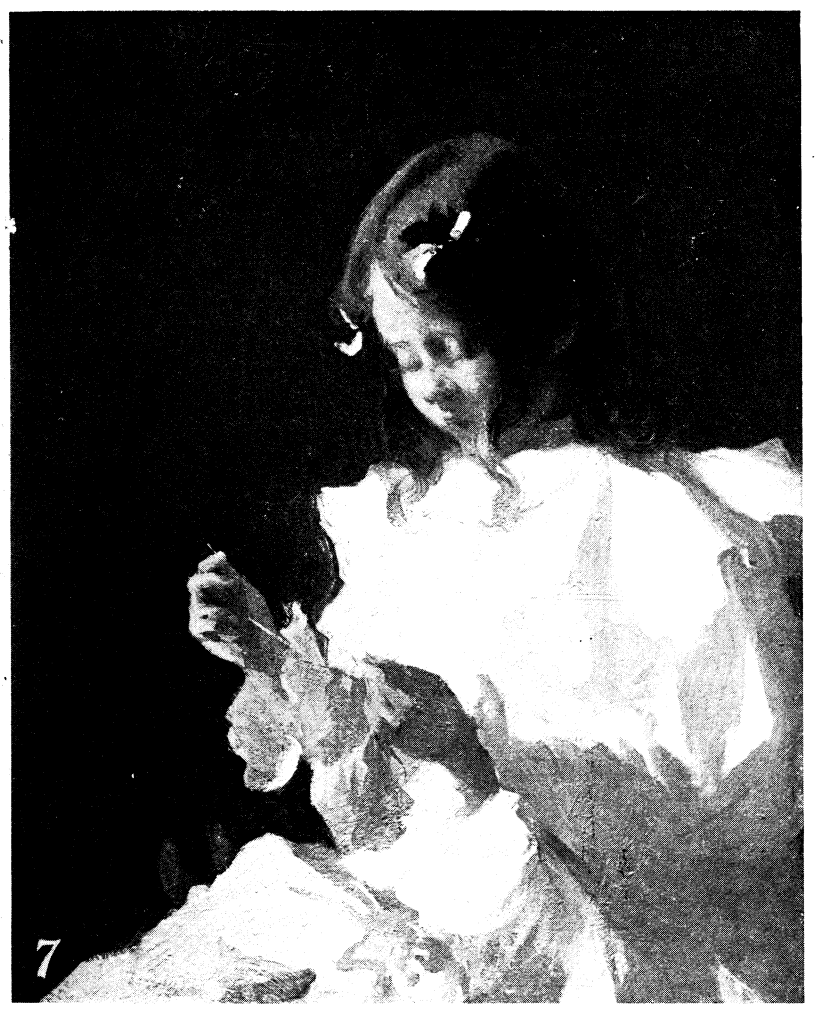
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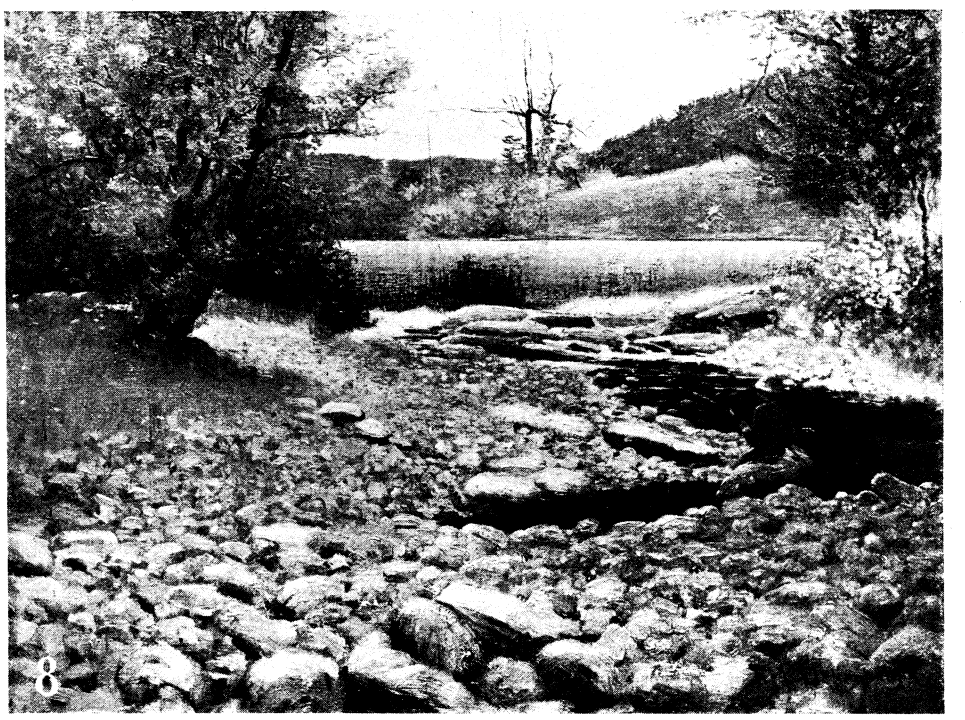
1. "The Harrower—Morning," by Horatio Walker. 2. "The Search," by Louis Moeller. 3. "United States Cavalryman," by Gilbert Gau
7. "Child Sewing," by Frank W. Benson. 8. "The Mill-Stream," by F. S. Dellenbaugh. 9. "In the Studio," by William M. Chase. 10.

















F THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 351.]

ilbert Gaul. 4. "Orange Blossoms," by W. T. Smedley. 5. "The Passing Shower," by Arthur Wesley Dow. 6. Portrait, by Abbott H. Thayer.
ase. 10. "Pastime," by C. D. Weldon. 11. "A Breezy Day among the Sky-Scrapers," by Homer Lee. 12. Portrait of Mrs. M., by Irving R. Wiles.

THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF CUBA.

NOT since our civil war has the spectacle been presented to the world of a great producing country reduced to impotence through war or insurrection. The wars in Europe, Asia, and Africa waged since 1860 have concerned large numbers of men, wide territories, and threatened diversified industries, but the effects soon wore away, and the immediate disturbance was not great. In Cuba alone has war proved destructive to immense interests, and has wrought with such virulence and concentrated intensity as in two years to have beggared a people living in one of nature's garden-spots, and having at their very door a market second to none in the world. With an area equal to that of Ohio, containing a population about one-half that of Massachusetts, under an antiquated and oppressive political and economic rule Cuba has attained a high commercial importance. The present political situation of the island requires no description; the commercial past and possibilities are of the greatest moment in any attempt to weigh its relations to be maintained with the United States. Few official reports of the trade of Cuba have been published, and it is only from fragmentary returns and from the statistics of other countries that an approximately correct account can be obtained.

In only one year, 1892, have the returns of Cuban trade been distributed by countries participating in that trade, and the figures must be accepted with that doubt which pertains to all Cuban statistics, even though given out as official. These returns were as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Spain	$4,000,200	$1,983,600
Puerto Rico	779,600	371,600
United States	3,590,800	15,586,200
England	2,734,400	90,800
Germany	398,600	713,200
France	192,000	401,200
Canada	709,200	817,800

It does not require much study of the returns of the commerce of Spain with Cuba to recognize the inherent weakness of the system on which it rests. Insisting that the Cuban market shall be reserved for Spanish products of agriculture and manufacture, no market is conceded in Spain for Cuban products. Further, the entire carriage of the commerce between mother-country and dependency is confined to vessels flying the Spanish flag, and generally owned in Spain. The result is inevitable. Cuba, growing little that Spain needs or will take, must look elsewhere for a market, and so comes into competition with the world. The prices obtained for her sugar, tobacco, and fruits are not determined by monopoly conditions, but by a strenuous struggle with countries producing similar or competing articles. The beet-sugar industry of Continental Europe has nearly ruined the cane interests of the British West Indies, and Cuba has been fully exposed to the same destructive influences. It has only been the natural aptitude of the island for the cane-culture and the existence of a market like the United States that have enabled her to maintain, and even to increase, her production in the face of obstacles insuperable to neighboring islands and countries not possessed of as great advantages.

How limited and inelastic is the market given in Spain to Cuban products a few statistics will show. In 1881 Spain imported from Cuba products to the value of $4,492,178, of which only $2895 was carried in vessels other than Spanish. Of the total sum $1,956,129 was in sugar, representing 14,479,124 kilograms, and $1,814,661 was in tobacco. No other single item gave an import of $193,000, the nearest to that sum being cocoa, $163,700; woods, $137,753; and spirits, $109,057. Ten years later, in 1891, the total import was $7,193,173, of which $4,243,140 was in sugar (the quantity being 36,641,975 kilograms); tobacco, $1,502,312; cocoa, $430,679; and spirits, $520,250. This would have represented a fair rate of increase had there been any assurance of a continuance of development. In 1894, the last full year before the outbreak of the insurrection in the island, the returns showed no notable change in the total, but some disquieting alterations in the details. The total import was $7,265,120, an increase of only 1 per cent. over the return for 1891. The sugar takings were $2,918,700 (or 25,674,000 kilograms), a decrease of more than 31 per cent. in value, and 29 per cent. in quantity; those of tobacco were $2,285,833, an increase of 52 per cent., due in great part to the needs of the tobacco monopoly in Spain; and cocoa gave a small increase, while spirits a large decrease. It was evident that Cuba could no longer look to Spain to take even the small share of her sugar product that had been taken in the past, and only in tobacco could a market be looked for—a market ruled by a company that sought its own profit and not the profit of the Cuban planter.

As if these indications of serious weakness were not sufficient to awaken inquiry, there was a marked increase in the movement from Cuba to Spain of the precious metals. In 1881 the colony sent only $51,376 in gold and $9100 in silver. In 1883 and 1885 about $1,096,000 in silver was thus exported, but the gold movement ceased. From 1886 to 1892 neither metal was sent from the island, but $1,124,400 in gold was sent from Spain, and beginning with 1891 the exports from Spain to Cuba of silver assumed large proportions, incident to the effort of the administration to place the currency and the finances of the island upon a firm basis. From 1891 to 1895 no less than $13,000,000 in silver has thus been shipped, and in 1896 the enormous sum of $24,228,640 in silver was sent to Cuba, and nearly $12,400,000 in silver and gold sent from Cuba to Spain, a movement incident to the military expeditions sent to the island. This movement since 1884 is given in detail, and in pesetas (a peseta=19.3 cents United States money).

In illustration of the close monopoly maintained by Spain in her colonies, and the importance of these colonies to export interests, some comparisons may be made of a few leading items. In 1895 there were exported from Spain 4,942,565 kilograms of white cotton goods. Cuba received 3,520,416 kilograms, Puerto Rico 345,660 kilograms, and the Philippine Islands 1,004,297 kilograms—the three dependencies receiving more than 98 per cent. of the entire export. It is much the same with other textiles, and only to these colonies can Spain export them, protected as they are by tariff and navigation laws intended for Spanish benefit. Of the exports of boots and shoes in 1895, amounting to $5,138,944, the three colonies took $5,014,930. No rice or wheat flour, preserves or sweets, or such manufactures as soap, paper, paints, and colors, or glass, china, or earthen-ware of Spanish export, find any market outside of these monopolized colonies. In 1885 Cuba received about one-tenth of the total exports from Spain; in 1895 the proportion rose to 17 per cent., or about one-sixth of the whole. In the earlier year the three colonies took one-eighth of the exports of Spain, and in 1895 no less than 27 per cent.

TOTAL TRADE OF SPAIN AND SHARE OF CUBA.

Year.	Imports.		Exports.		Excess of exports.
	Total.	From Cuba.	Total.	To Cuba.	
1884	779,643,866	19,721,813	619,192,339	52,778,264	33,056,451
1885	764,757,664	39,673,705	698,003,042	64,963,029	25,289,324
1886	855,206,950	39,280,467	727,349,885	69,044,242	29,763,775
1887	811,211,708	37,336,303	722,181,712	61,003,980	23,667,677
1888	716,085,479	35,980,680	763,104,389	65,096,728	29,116,048
1889	866,311,424	34,767,153	896,855,826	82,718,564	47,951,411
1890	941,137,925	44,561,814	937,759,883	86,426,832	41,865,018
1891	1,018,770,524	37,270,329	932,245,001	114,860,362	77,590,033
1892	850,530,978	49,587,558	759,503,976	145,319,355	95,731,797
1893	770,745,408	29,519,643	709,706,877	127,924,211	98,404,568
1894	804,790,869	37,643,110	672,887,317	117,061,881	79,418,771
1895	838,494,904	37,181,893	804,952,118	136,261,640	99,079,747
1896	909,589,269	83,758,201	1,023,252,447	255,904,875	172,146,674

The ever-increasing excess of imports into Cuba from Spain over the exports from Cuba to Spain pointed to a coming catastrophe in the exchanges. The creation of treasury notes (*bons du trésor*) could postpone the settlement, but was able to do so only at the expense of greater exchange difficulties in the future. It was a condition of war that put an end to the process, and the unnatural conditions then introduced favored Spain. For every consideration of commerce was now set aside in her efforts to suppress the rebellion against her authority.

The customs laws of Cuba must be studied to understand the commercial dependence of the colony on the mother-country. Prior to 1882 imports into Cuba paid duties which varied not only with the country of origin, but also with the flag of the carrying vessel. By the system introduced in 1870 imports were divided into three groups or classes, and the duties, increased in later years, were in 1881 for each group as follows:

	First Group.	Second Group.	Third Group.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Spanish products:			
In Spanish vessels	5	14.25	12.50
In other vessels	7.50	22.50	28.75
Foreign products:			
In Spanish vessels	10	30	36.25
In other vessels	12.50	40	46.25

The third group, where the difference was largest, comprised the textiles. No competition could be had under such duties.

In 1882 a new arrangement was made by the *leyes de relaciones*. The discriminating duty by flags was to be abolished gradually; but commercial arrangements made with the United States in 1884, with England in 1886, and enjoyed by France and Germany under the most-favored-nation clause, practically wiped out these duties, leaving Spanish products on an equal footing with foreign, and thus enjoying no protection. A new tariff, framed in 1892, freed Spanish products from all duties, and levied what proved to be nearly prohibitive rates on foreign products that could come into competition with similar products of Spain. The concession made to the United States in 1891 on flour put an end to imports of this article from the mother-country, but the abrogation of the reciprocity agreement in 1894 restored the trade to Spain. The fluctuations in the exports of the four leading items in this trade of Spain with Cuba are displayed in the following table:

EXPORTS FROM SPAIN TO CUBA.

(In pesetas; a peseta equals 19.3 cents U. S. money.)

Year.	Wheat flour.	Wine.	Boots and shoes.	Cotton cloth.
1886	6,307,080	17,104,681	9,977,888	6,057,621
1887	4,807,255	12,857,059	10,210,976	7,057,621
1888	5,317,785	10,824,677	10,520,960	9,014,484
1889	6,873,995	12,969,012	13,774,352	12,298,133
1890	9,428,538	13,066,596	13,247,040	12,044,279
1891	11,970,158	11,960,699	16,968,224	17,247,163
1892	372,950	9,599,616	21,906,624	25,387,486
1893	....	8,761,977	21,450,368	27,219,728
1894	3,518,316	8,211,591	20,694,048	22,396,115
1896	20,326,882	7,440,803	17,249,760	18,384,033

The duties on imports constitute the most important part of the Cuban revenue. Without them the island would be a full charge on the mother-country, and even with them an annual deficit occurred. In the fiscal year 1894-5 the receipts from all sources for the full year were $21,656,000, a not unfavorable return compared with previous years. Of this sum $12,173,320 was obtained from customs, and $6,086,248 from other taxes and imposts. The lotteries yielded $1,563,870, and the *régie*, or farmed revenues, $1,669,592. From these four sources more than 99 per cent. of the entire revenue was derived.

A mere glance at these sources indicates their weakness. It was a mistake to frame the revenue system for the colony on the model of that of the mother-country. The conditions at home made such fiscal instruments as lotteries and monopolies possible, and profitable even at this late day. But the plantations of the colony did not lend themselves readily to such methods. A monopoly in sale could not be other than oppressive, and a monopoly in production or manufacture was out of the question. The lottery appealed to the lowest instincts of the lowest grades of the population, and produced more demoralization than revenue. If the financial system was weak in a time of peace, it was certain to fail in a time of trouble. Commerce has been sadly disorganized by the insurrection, and with production kept down by force and the population beggared by martial law or a law of terror, no internal taxes could continue to be productive of revenue. Lotteries are of secondary importance, but have ever appealed to the Spanish gambler, for they offer the excitement of a game of chance, and at very small cost. Yet they must feel the altered condition of the island even more than the *régie* or state monopolies. How imperfect is the revenue system of this great colony becomes evident when the receipts for the first nine months of the two years 1894–5 and 1895–6—the latest available returns—are compared:

	1894–1895.	1895–1896.
	Piastres.	Piastres.
Contributions and Imposts	3,849,112	2,767,119
Customs	9,326,593	8,414,872
Monopolies	1,312,481	1,062,359
Lotteries	1,568,769	854,980
Other	59,765	58,480
Total	16,116,720	13,157,810

Here is a decrease of more than one-sixth established in a single year, and there is every evidence of as heavy a diminution in receipts for the year 1896–7. The framing of a budget for Cuba has become a mere form, and always makes a show of returns as high as had been received in the years of peace and fair prosperity. But the results have proved most disappointing, and must continue to do so while a state of war and disorganized production and commerce last. In any event, a tariff must be the foundation-stone of the revenue system, and hence the intimate connection between revenue and commerce.

The limitations imposed on Cuban foreign commerce may be shown in the trade statistics of other countries. England, the most important commercial power in the world, finds little in Cuba to buy for her own consumption or for use in her industries. She is a much better customer for the Philippine Islands, whence she obtains nearly one-half of her imports of hemp, her largest single import of unrefined sugar, and some tobacco and oil nuts, amounting in all to more than $7,500,000 a year. From Cuba and Puerto Rico (the islands are not separated in the trade returns) the total import in 1896 was only $179,205, and the largest movement in any single year since 1889 was in 1894, when the value of imports rose to $1,119,830. Prior to 1883 the import was much larger, but the growth of the beet-root industry in Continental Europe crowded the cane product from the English market, and only a small quantity is now obtained from Cuba. In times of peace this item of raw sugar was the most important article in this trade, but 230,000 hundred-weight would be considered a heavy movement, representing a value of about $828,000. Apart from sugar, the only product largely dealt in is mahogany. A year in which the United Kingdom would take Cuban products to the value of $1,000,000 would be looked upon as a very favorable one for Cuba.

As an exporter England has a larger interest in the Spanish West Indies. In a fair year $13,000,000 would represent her exports to them, and these exports would be almost equally divided between her own produce and manufactures and foreign or colonial merchandise passing through English hands. Foods, especially rice, cured or salted fish and meats, and cheese, are all of foreign or colonial origin. The textiles of cotton, wool, and flax, iron and steel in various forms and machinery, are entirely of British make. Naturally the insurrection has greatly affected the demand for these products, and the British exports to both islands have been reduced to less than one-half the amount exported in 1892. It is evident that little encouragement to Cuban production on the old lines can be found in English commerce.

France, on the other hand, is a better consumer of Cuban and Puerto Rican products than purveyor for Cuban markets. Naturally, having sugar colonies of her own and a great overgrown beet industry at home, she takes no Cuban sugar. Of the three leading items of import—coffee, tobacco, and sponges—which made up 84 per cent. of the general imports and 92 per cent. of the special imports from the Spanish West Indies, only two—tobacco and sponges—are so distinctly Cuban products that they could be assigned to that island. The imports of these two articles amounted to less than $950,000 in 1896, and in only one year since 1886 have they amounted to $1,000,000. The value of all imports into France from Cuba and Puerto Rico was $3,458,203 in 1896, of which $2,224,776 was for consumption in France. This was the largest import since 1890, and was due to an unusually heavy taking of coffee, more probably from Puerto Rico than from the sister colony.

The total export from France to the Spanish West Indies was $447,440 in 1896, or less than one-half the import value. Of this sum $342,776, or about 77 per cent., was in French produce or manufactures. The movement was remarkably small, only one-fifth what would be regarded as the transactions of an average year. These exports are almost entirely of manufactures, and of those finer or more peculiar grades known generally as "Paris articles." Neither as an importer nor as an exporter does France enter into competition with the United States in Cuban markets, and may be set aside as a negligible quantity.

Germany, the third of the great commercial powers of Europe, is also a larger taker of West Indian products than supplier of those markets. As in the case of England and France, the trade with the two islands belonging to Spain is entered under one head, but the commodities most largely concerned indicate with sufficient clearness the source. Since 1890 the special imports into Germany from the Spanish West Indies have averaged $2,960,000, and have been heavier in the more recent years. Tobacco is the one very large article ($2,124,000 in 1896), and, with skins, woods, and coffee, makes more than 96 per cent. of the total import. Certainly all the tobacco and a very large part of the skins are of Cuban origin, but the other articles are in large part from Puerto Rico.

In no year has Germany exported to Cuba and Puerto Rico manufactures to the extent of one-half the value of the imports from them. Aggressive and successful as the exporters of Germany have been in other markets, they have met with little encouragement from the colonies of Spain. Beginning with a special export of $1,190,000 in 1889, the first year in which the islands were separately given in the trade returns, it increased to $1,428,000 in 1892, only to fall to $1,071,000 in 1896. Outside of rice (of foreign production), copper, iron and steel ware, and paper, there is no important article of export to be mentioned. Germany is not a factor in Cuban commerce, and

cannot be looked upon as having immediate interests or offering encouragement to it.

In 1896 the three great commercial powers of Europe purchased for their own consumption products of the Spanish West Indies to the value of $5,525,941, and these products (outside of tobacco) were largely obtained from Puerto Rico. In the same year they exported to these islands commodities to the value of $7,255,621, making a total transaction of $12,781,562—a sum not equal to the annual commerce of the United States with Switzerland. As the year 1896 was an unfavorable year, it will be interesting to take the years of largest transactions with each country since 1886. The total imports from the Spanish West Indies on this calculation were $7,506,703, and the exports were $17,848,968, or a total movement of merchandise of $25,355,671. Such a comparison is of interest as showing it is the export trade from Europe to these islands that has suffered by the insurrection, while the import interests, though seriously affected, have better withstood the stress of war. It is also of interest as proving that Spain, in 1896, when food and munitions of war had increased her exports of merchandise beyond the average, did not enjoy a larger market in Cuba than the three powers of Europe had held in the best years in the two islands. For in 1896 Spain sent to Cuba in merchandise $26,892,000, and received from Cuba only $4,379,643. To such a pass has the commercial policy of the mother-country brought her trade with the dependency.

In Europe Cuba finds a very limited market for her chief product, sugar, and this market is yearly becoming smaller through the strenuous and successful, though costly, effort of four countries to produce sufficient beet sugar to meet the possible requirements of all Europe. It is to the United States alone that Cuba can sell her cane product, and this one circumstance brings the island into closer commercial relations with us than with the mother-country and all Europe combined. The limit of the possibilities of growing sugar in the island has never been fully tested. The abolition of slavery in the French and British sugar colonies introduced such a disturbing influence in their labor arrangements as to give Cuba, where slavery and the equally vicious coolie system continued until absolutely abolished in 1886, a great opening in developing the sugar interest. In 1886 the crop was placed at 700,000 tons; in 1893 it had increased to 840,000 tons—a not striking increase, considering the stimulus offered by free sugar in the United States. The next year the crop rose to 1,087,000 tons—high-water mark—nearly equalled in 1895 with 1,040,000 tons. The insurrection ruined the sugar interest, bringing the production down to 240,000 tons in 1896, and almost crushing it out in 1897.

Nearly all the tobacco is taken by the United States. The export of leaf in 1893 was placed at 227,865 bales, of cigars 147,365,000, and a very large quantity—45,000,000 packages—of cigarettes. Woods (chiefly mahogany), honey, wax, and fruits make up the balance of Cuban exports. The total trade of Cuba for three years, as given in official documents, was—

Year.	Imports.	Exports.
1892.....	$52,101,682	$83,018,228
1894.....	87,970,000	104,638,000
1895.....	69,574,080	103,249,000

The returns of the largest trade year with England, France, and Germany show that these three countries took about 7 per cent. of the total exports from Cuba, and supplied 20 per cent. of the imports. Including Spain's share in the trade of the island, we find that the four nations took about one-tenth of Cuba's exports, and supplied nearly one-half of her imports.

To this point the commercial interests of Europe in Cuba have alone been considered. It now remains to show the position occupied by the United States.*

The trade of Cuba with the United States increased most rapidly between 1871 and 1880. While the average annual import into the United States from 1861–70 was $38,219,500, the average from 1871–80 was $65,970,300, an increase of 72.6 per cent. The high-water mark was reached in 1874 with $85,428,097, a figure never approached before or since that year. Just twenty years later, in 1893, the value of the imports rose to $78,706,506, a second record in this commerce; but in the interval the ten-year average had fallen from the $65,970,300 of 1871–80 to $55,436,360 of 1881–90, and $69,380,400 for the five years 1891–5. These figures alone show that it is the United States, and not Europe, that has given Cuba its commercial standing and opportunity.

This trade is, however, curiously restricted on the part of Cuba, for it rests upon three articles—sugar, tobacco, and fruits. In only one of these articles may Cuba be said to possess a monopoly — tobacco. All attempts to produce "Havana" tobacco elsewhere have failed, as the plant undergoes some change when transferred to other soils. While it is well known that much of the leaf coming as "Havana" is really a product of Puerto Rico, made up into cigars in Cuba, yet the tobacco of the Cuban valley holds a natural and deserved eminence over other qualities. The quantity imported in 1896 — 26,748,911 pounds—was the largest transaction in a single year, representing a value of $10,549,030, and constituting 97 per cent. of the total import of leaf, other than wrappers. Nearly $3,000,000 more as manufactured tobacco, chiefly cigars, is brought in from Cuba under ordinary conditions. A rough estimate would give the number of cigars thus imported from Cuba at 52,000,000, constituting a small number when compared with the domestic product, 4,000,000,000 in 1897, yet exercising a very important influence in the market.

In supplying the United States with fruits Cuba occupied a secondary position. In bananas the British West Indies and Central America surpassed her, and the oranges and cocoanuts of the island could not compete in quality with like products of the neighboring countries, like Mexico and Colombia, or of the British islands. In other lines, such as asphaltum, hides and skins, vegetables, and cabinet woods, Cuba held an important but by no means dominant position in our imports, and would hardly be appreciably missed were the trade in these articles to cease, as indeed it has done to a great extent since 1896. The iron ore from Cuba is the only quality of ore brought into the United States in large quantities, having a composition peculiarly fitting it for use in the furnaces of the coast.

So that, when sifted down, the commerce of the United States with Cuba rests upon two items, tobacco and sugar, and of these the more important is sugar. In 1894, when the proposal to restore a duty upon imported sugar was pending, and the world was searched for raw sugars to be landed in the United States before the duty became effective, Cuba supplied 2,274,135,000 pounds. When it is stated that the importations ranking next in importance were 305,855,000 pounds from the Hawaiian Islands and 258,958,000 pounds from Germany, it is easily seen what the sugar of Cuba meant to the United States. In the twelve months of 1894 the imports of raw sugars from all sources were 3,482,093,321 pounds, of which 313,116,052 pounds were the product of the beet root. Thus Cuba supplied 71 per cent. of the total cane imports, and 65 per cent. of the total sugars.

Nothing can bring into clearer light the terrible results of the insurrection to the commercial interests of the island than a comparison of the movement of sugar in 1897 with that of 1894. It is well known how both Spanish and Cubans sought to produce a moral as well as physical effect by preventing the planting and gathering of the cane. Only the trade returns can give some appreciation of the destructive effect of this policy. In 1897 Cuba sent to the United States 420,490,000 pounds of raw sugar, or less than one-fifth the quantity sent in 1894. Among cane-producing countries this import was exceeded by the Hawaiian Islands and the British East Indies. Cuba supplied only 14 per cent. of the total imports of cane sugar, and less than 10 per cent. of the imports of all raw sugars. In place of receiving $63,000,000 for the sugar exported to the United States, as it did in 1894, Cuba received only $10,000,000 for its sending in 1897. The ability of the island to pay its charges of debt and administration, and to feed the "carpet-baggers" and absentee planters, to support a host of useless but hungry and rapacious officials sent out from Spain, depended upon this remittance for sugar and tobacco from the United States. At least $55,000,000 a year has been lost to Cuba in these two articles alone, and an island rich in tested possibilities is doomed to an economic destruction while Spain holds dominion.

For it is the market of the United States alone that can make Cuba bloom into profit. All Europe combined cannot do it, as the one great interest of the island competes with a special industry of Continental Europe—the beet-root industry—an economic nightmare that has more than once threatened the state treasuries with ruin, and produced more diplomatic negotiation than could a question of territory. The huge overfattened monstrosity which each nation hoped to use offensively against its neighbors has turned upon its creators, and would veto any proposition to give Cuba even a small part of the home markets. All Europe, too, is combined against the free sale of the second large item in Cuban economy, for the state monopoly (*régie*) in the leading nations of the Continent control with an iron hand the import, manufacture, and sale of the weed. No statesmanship based upon sentiment or upon economic considerations on the part of Europe can give Cuba what she needs, and what she must have if she is to remain a factor in the world's commerce. No decree of Spain, no system of tariff duties or navigation regulations or commercial prohibition, can have effect in affecting this overshadowing influence of the United States over the commercial destinies of Cuba.

In the supply of Cuba with her chief needs in food and machinery the United States should also stand first. A natural protection of distance, as well as a natural advantage in production, should establish this commerce on grounds which no other country could well contest unless favored by tariff laws that would work more injury to the producers than benefit to the monopolists. In 1894, a year of fair trade, the exports from the United States to Cuba were $19,855,237. Of this total more than one-half was composed of machinery and iron and steel in various forms, breadstuffs and provisions, wood and coal. Of articles of minor importance the movement was large, but need not be specified; for the opportunities for increasing the export must first lie with food (especially flour) and machinery. With the pacification of the island the demand will develop in many directions; and with the burdensome and discriminating customs duties repealed, the United States should be in a position to avail itself of its natural ability to enjoy the offerings of the Cuban market.

Nor is the question of annexation closely connected with this commercial supremacy. As a dependency of another power, and under a system of maladministration, Cuba developed into its commercial eminence; and even those adverse influences could not seriously interfere with this development. As an independent power, working out its own political salvation, the economic ability would still remain, and probably be even more active when the trammels of the Spanish commercial policy have been laid aside. The immense sales of sugar and tobacco and the ever-increasing demand in the United States for tropical fruits would give Cuba a commercial standing and financial credit that would be a guarantee of power and safety. As a Territory or a State of the Union, Cuba could only bring with it a train of political and financial problems of serious import and high difficulty.

* The trade returns of European countries are for calendar years; those of the United States are for fiscal years, from July 1 to June 30.

ROSE DATES.

Few persons who are more than a little fond of particular varieties of roses are aware of how recent is a really strong individuality in foreign varieties of their favorite flower.

The "Gloire de Dijon" dates from 1853. The "General Jacqueminot" was offered to the public in 1859. The "Maréchal Niel" (which beautiful rose seems lately unjustly out of vogue) was perfected in 1864. "La France" came in 1868. The "Madame Isaac-Pereire" is of 1880. "La Reine" is almost the oldest of the hybrids still beloved, having made its success in 1843.

The new and assumed varieties now put forth annually still reach the number of seventy or eighty. But the majority of them have no decisive characteristics to enable them to hold their own against others. The "American Beauty" and "Catherine Mermet" are the most significant additions within a few seasons to the general catalogue, and not yet in universal favor.

ART.

NOTES AT THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

It is impossible not to feel that this exhibition compares unfavorably with those of other societies that have been recently held. Whereas they have possessed the qualities of progressiveness, not in the direction of following new fads, but in the sounder one of higher aims and maturer fulfilment, the Academy, as represented by the present exhibition, is open to the charge of perfunctoriness, mediocrity, and, in certain cases, of trashiness. The younger and stronger elements, which are its chief hopes, have not on this occasion come forward in sufficient numbers or with sufficient force to vitalize the dead wood. There is a dreary dead level of apathy, from which one is too often startled into a feeling of painful surprise that the committee should have presumed so far upon the credulity or indifference of the public as to permit the hanging of certain pictures. On the other hand, there are a few exhibits which speak with such authority that the impression left by the whole exhibition is mainly a remembrance of them.

One of these is Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith's "Portrait of Mrs. Beckwith." The lady stands in front of a gilded chair upholstered in crimson damask. She is dressed in black skirt with a bodice of deep blue velvet, and a boa and muff of brown fur. The pose is very dignified, and the general air gracious and womanly. The textures throughout are painted with magnificent assurance, and the picture, as a whole, is full of force and persuasive charm. The same qualities are apparent in Mr. Walter Shirlaw's "In Church"—the figure of a lady in black sitting on a bench of time-stained oak, with a quaintly fashioned hat tied with ribbons under the chin of a sweet and serious face. The hands are crossed, one holding a handkerchief, and the other lying upon an open book. The picture is a beautiful example of Mr. Shirlaw's matured and earnest method. There is a sober luxury in the blending of the rich dark tones, relieved by a delicate animation of reflected lights, and little accidents or studied surprises of effect. Out of the strenuous earnestness of this well-pondered harmony of deep tones the face and hands steal with a tenderness, almost playfulness, that is quite bewitching. The Hallgarten Prize of $300, for the best picture in oil-colors painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age, is awarded this year to Mr. Robert Reid for his "Dawn." This is a ceiling panel, about eight by six feet, representing the rosy-fingered goddess stepping into her chariot, and lighting her torch from the flame-bowl held by another girlish figure. The latter symbolizes the source of light; at the same time, of life, for a little child is nestling at her feet; and of beauty also, as suggested by a peacock. The picture is finely composed, with large masses and fluent lines of movement, and the coloring is dainty, animated, and yet very dignified. The girlish figures are exquisitely pure and beautiful in type, and accord well with the symbolical subject and the sensitive grace with which it is treated.

"In the Studio," by Mr. William M. Chase, has all the spontaneity and freshness which characterize his pictures, and is carried further than many, with a brilliant arrangement of color that is thoroughly decorative. The Thomas B. Clarke Prize of $300, for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, without limit of age, has been given to Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. It is rather a stretching of terms to call his portrait of a lady, shown as far as the waist, a "figure composition"; and the work, though very serious in intention, has been scarcely carried to the point of completion. There is much force shown in the conception and treatment, and a charming sentiment runs through the picture; but the face, notwithstanding its great beauty, is much marred by the almost brutal indication of shadows. One of the most agreeable canvases is a "Child Sewing," by Mr. Frank W. Benson. It is tender and sparkling in color, the face and pose are lovably childlike, and although little more than a sketch, it is painted with wonderful decision, and from the requisite distance counts as a very beautiful picture. Mr. Edgar M. Ward contributes one of his brilliant records of skilfully arranged facts, under the title of the "Coppersmith"; and Mr. J. G. Brown a strongly executed record of facts, as his fancy sees them—two gamins playing with a dog.

The most important landscape is the late Mr. William L. Picknell's "Banks of the Loing," a stretch of river, with towing-path on one side and hills on the other, bathed in warm sunshine, and full of the health and peacefulness of country. Mr. Howard Russell Butler, whose election as an Associate of the National Academy is announced, is represented by "The Sea at Evening," a very important and beautiful picture of rosy sky and curling waves, limpid as well as opalescent. "A Spring Idyl," by Mr. George H. Smillie, is a grateful piece of fresh and vigorous painting, and "A Moonlight Night" a good example of luminous gloom, such as Mr. Louis Paul Dessau depicts with so much feeling and truthfulness. The "Sunshine," by Mr. B. West Clinedinst, is almost more of a decorative panel than a landscape, for it is painted very nearly on one plane; but it is very charming, composed with a certain demure playfulness, and warm and vivacious in color. Mr. C. Harry Eaton's "By the old Bridge" is a pleasing landscape, full of cool lush vegetation; and Mr. S. M. Laurence's "Setting Sun, Coast of Cornwall," a glow of misty colors, very lovely, but covering possibly too much canvas for the subject. "Moonrise in August" is an example of Mr. W. A. Coffin's earnest study of nature, caught as it were in her secret moments when none but the poet or the artist is abroad to pry upon her. Mr. J. H. Twachtman shows a remarkable picture of "Niagara Falls," in which the plunge of the torrent, contrasting cloud of spray, and the slip and fall of the smaller streams of water are finely expressed. Color, movement, weight, are all depicted, though, as seen at night, the picture seems to be deficient in moisture. In "Spirit of the Night," a naked child standing with uplifted hands in front of a stretch of silvery sea, Mr. Alexander Harrison has conceived a beautiful thought, but scarcely expressed it fully. The reason may be the want of beauty in the child's figure, which disagreeably attracts the eye. Still, it is a picture for which one is grateful. One more landscape must be mentioned in this brief summary—"The Mill-Pond," by Mr. J. Appleton Brown, graciously tranquil and tender.

Charles H. Caffin.

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA.

UNUSUAL attention has lately been directed to affairs in the Far East. The greatest diplomats of Europe, Asia, and America have suddenly been brought face to face with a strange medley of unexpected complications, concentrated in the ancient empire of China. The people of that country, hitherto intensely conservative, have been compelled by the force of circumstances to move with the great movements of the world and the time. Conditions have changed, and with the change have arisen new opportunities along lines of progress, enlightenment, and reform. Whoever would seek to use time, money, and energy with the least possible waste must note the new conditions and meet the new opportunities. What may have been best a few years ago may not be best to-day.

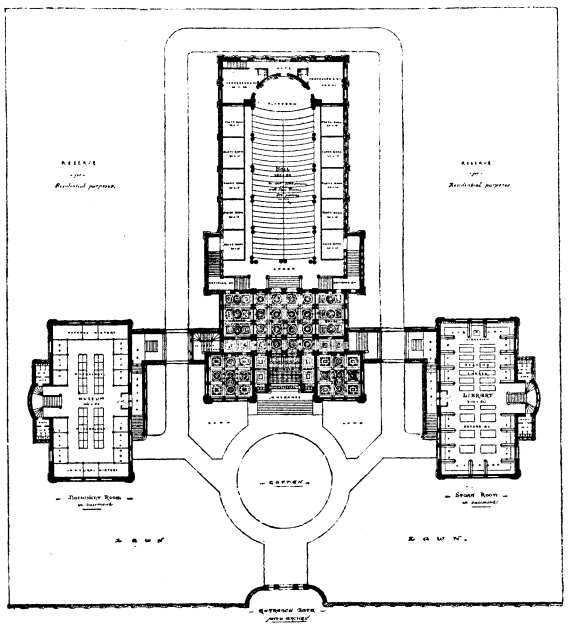


REV. GILBERT REID,
Peking.

Recognizing the significance of the present time in the affairs of the Far East, a company of men, resident in China, have combined in the effort to establish in the city of Peking the International Institute of China. Already men connected with the nationalities of Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and the United States are on the committees to further the interests of the proposed institute. Men of other nationalities have shown their endorsement of the work by contributing to it. Men who are sincere in their wish to promote the welfare of the Chinese people and to strengthen the Chinese government have come forward to show their good-will toward this new enterprise.

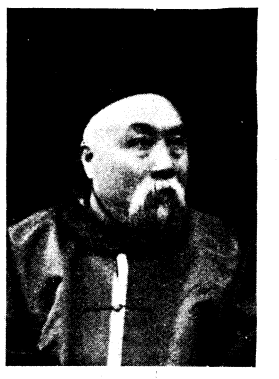
This International Institute, to be started in the capital of China, is a combination of various features distinct in other lands. First, there will be a library and reading-room, to bring together books and periodicals in the Chinese language, to which will be added such from other countries as will be deemed advisable in the future. This will be the first library of the kind to be erected in China, and it is purposed to make it a model for public-spirited Chinese tance, and to be used as a meeting-ground for both foreigners and Chinese who congregate in the large city of Peking. Fifth, there will be class-rooms for giving information and instruction to the grown-up men in official life, or who have literary degrees—a plan modelled somewhat after the University Extension course in this country.

The peculiarity of this work is the definite purpose to reach those who possess the largest influence in China, and through them to affect for good the whole population of that country. As one largely responsible for carrying out this proposed plan, I may say that I deem the undertaking to be feasible because of what has already been accomplished without the aid of any such institutional work. Personally, during the few years that I have lived in China I have found it possible, in a social way, without any introduction from other foreigners and without any political pressure brought to bear upon them, to make the



PLAN OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

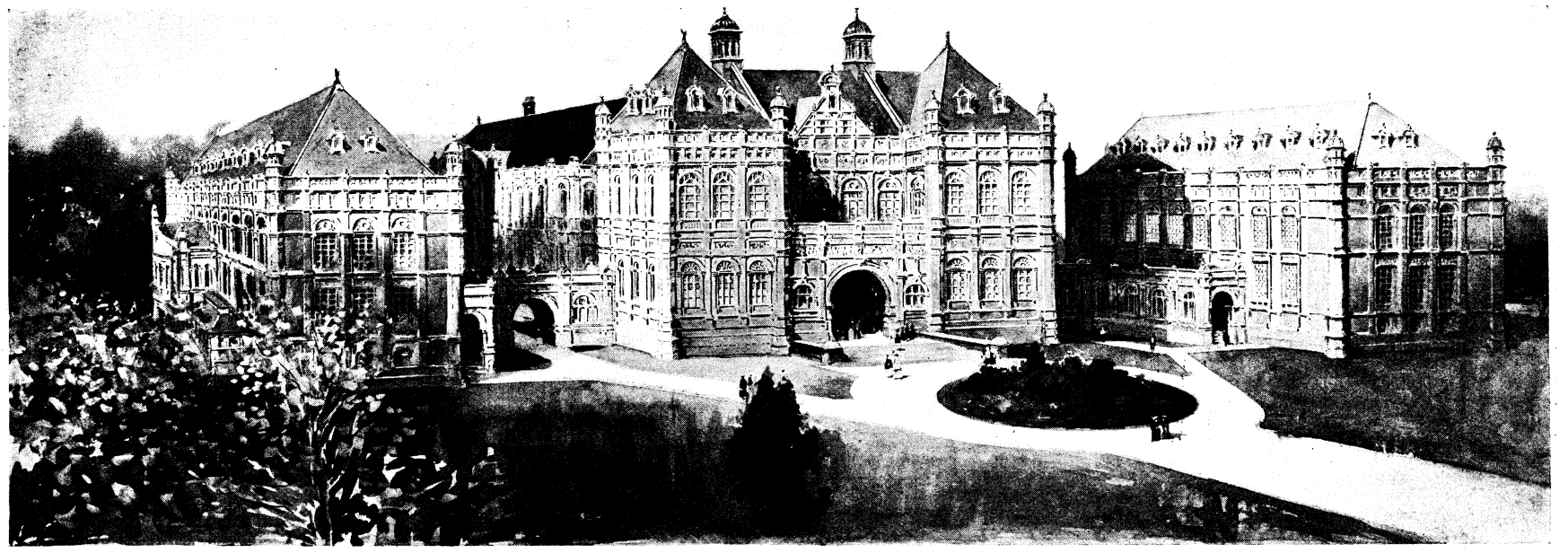
The Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, as representing the government, has, for the first time in its history, been willing to formally sanction under its seal such a plan for an international institute. Promises have been made by men of that body to bestow still greater honor by memorializing the Emperor for Imperial recognition so soon as the plan may be carried out. There is already abundant proof that the execution of this plan will not long be delayed. Already in China I have been able to secure contributions to the amount of $15,000. Most of this came from individual Chinese. Governor Hu, Director-General of Railroads in North China, the Metropolitan Viceroy Wang Wen-Shao, of Tien-tsin, and Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung, in Central China, were among the number to indicate their good-will by rendering financial aid. The work at present is carried on in a humble Chinese house rented for not more than $7 per month, and though new and grander buildings are planned for the future, it is still intended to bring Western ideas to the Chinese by methods of conciliation and adaptation.



GOVERNOR HU,
Director-General of Railroads.

This plan, so largely endorsed in China, is now brought to the attention of people in this country and Europe. Already commercial bodies and educational institutions have indicated their willingness to co-operate. As soon as the money can be secured for the erection of the buildings, a larger appreciation on the part of the Chinese themselves will at once be manifested. The door for progress will be open as never before. Two buildings will cost each $13,000.

The main central building will consist of two parts —the front part will cost $14,000, and the auditorium, or larger part, will cost $35,000. Altogether, the estimated cost is only $75,000. Three competent English architects stipulate to erect these buildings, according to drawings already made, within this amount. This plan, presented to public-spirited men in the United States, offers an unusual opportunity to help in a large and generous way



PROPOSED BUILDINGS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA, AT PEKING.

to follow in other sections of the country. Second, there will be a museum, or permanent exposition building, to display the arts and inventions of different nations and to impress the Chinese with the best features of our Christian civilization. Third, there will also be reception-rooms, to bring together the leading men of China and those from other countries who may desire to meet them in a social and friendly way. Fourth, there will be an auditorium for public lectures on all questions of impor-



METROPOLITAN VICEROY WANG WEN-SHAO,
OF TIEN-TSIN.

acquaintance of as many as four hundred of the Chinese mandarins. This, of course, has been secured only through concentration of effort, and by a willingness to conform to many of the Chinese usages and to recognize the good points which many of them possess. Within this circle of friends are included all but one of the Emperor's cabinet, every one of the eleven members of the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, many censors of rank, men of highest literary distinction, and upwards of one hundred officials now holding office in the different provinces. An associate in the work is the Rev. Dr. Martin, author of *A Cycle of Cathay*, who has also had large acquaintance with distinguished men in the government, owing to his position, held for over thirty years, as president of the Imperial College and adviser to the Foreign Office. If such a number of influential men, many of whom are intensely conservative, can thus be reached with no attractions, how reasonable is it for us to expect that, with such attractions as this institute will afford, still greater influence can be exerted on these same men, and also an influence over others not yet reached, so that together they will be inclined to adopt measures, approve plans, and assist all efforts for the uplifting of their own people, and for the strengthening of their own government.

The Grand Secretary, Li Hung-Chang, in a letter which he presented to me April 12, 1897, to be used for publication in this country, made the following statement:

"You have set about solving this problem in a way that should commend itself to every friend of humanity. Unquestionably, if you can give to the blind leaders of our people light and learning enjoyed in the West, they in turn will lead our people out of their darkness."

Then, referring especially to his friends in the United States, he closed with these words:

"If it would interest them to know that I regard you highly, and will give you a helping hand in your future efforts to bring more light into the world and encourage higher aims for aspirations, you may use for that purpose this letter," etc.

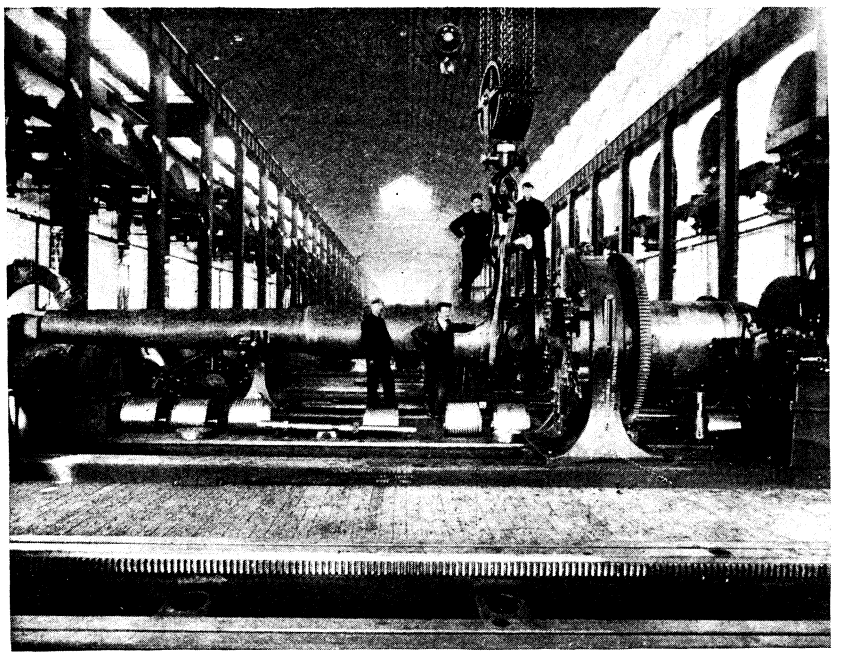
this new endeavor to open up China more widely and peaceably to the whole world—to commerce, to education, to civilization, and to all the varied forms of Christian missions.

Should pamphlets or other information be desired, inquiries may be made of the Fleming H. Revell Company, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York city, or of the bankers Brown Brothers, 59 Wall Street.

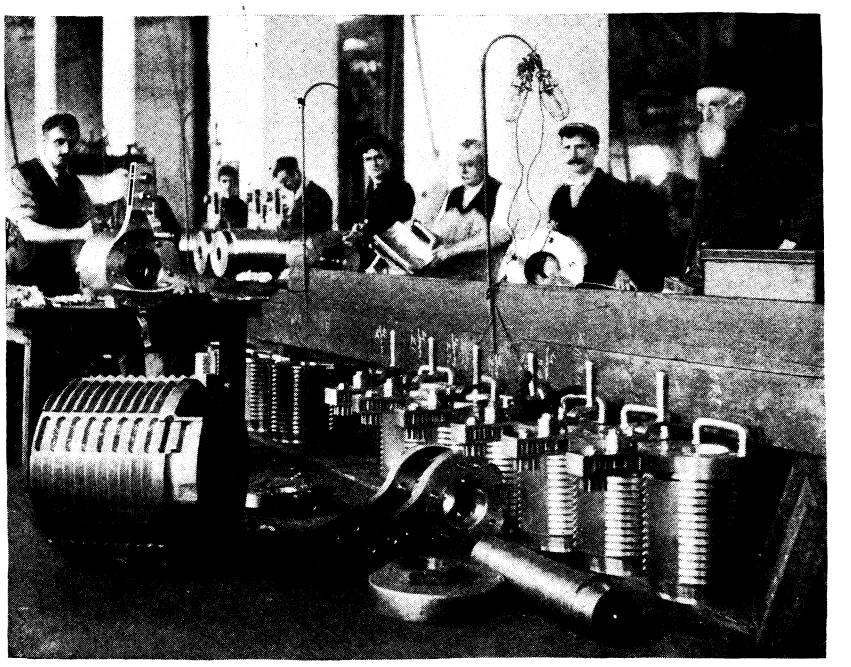
GILBERT REID.



VICEROY CHANG CHIH-TUNG.



PUTTING A 12-INCH GUN IN A LATHE AT WATERVLIET ARSENAL.



ASSEMBLING FOR MECHANISM OF 10-INCH AND 12-INCH GUNS.
In Foreground, Breech-Pin for first 16-inch Gun built at Watervliet.

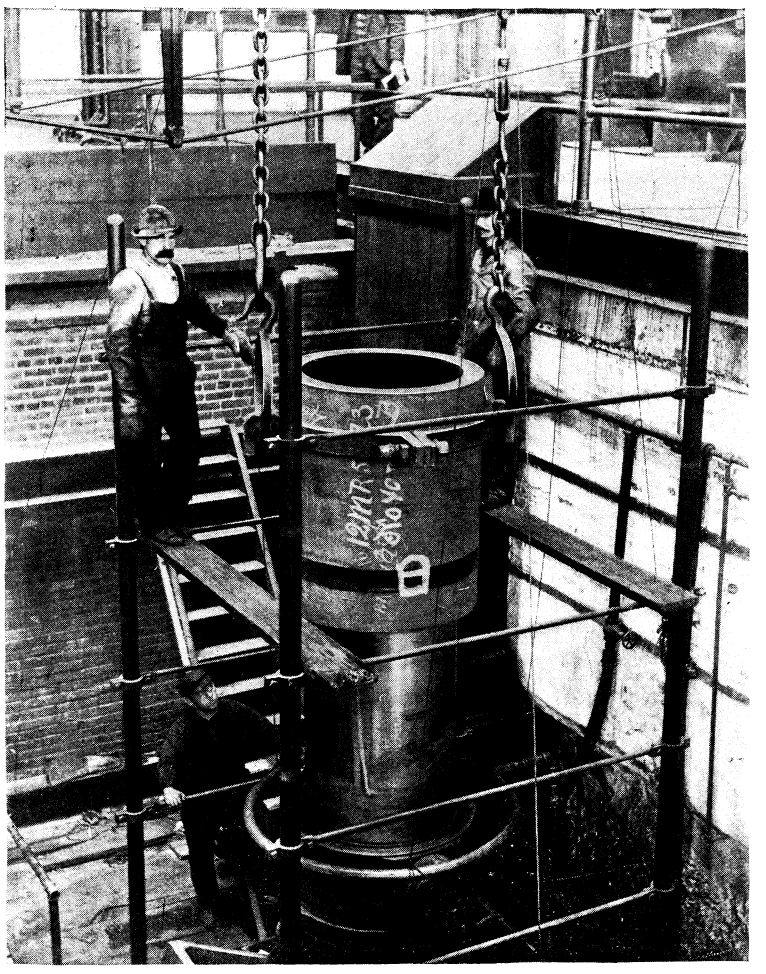
BUSY TIMES AT ARSENALS.

Illustrated with photographs of the United States Arsenal at Watervliet, New York, taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by Albion W. Floyd, through courtesy of the Secretary of War.

THE great rush of preparing materials for war in case the Cuban question should bring on hostilities—an activity that has been widespread in the iron and steel world, and in those branches of trade that deal with explosives—centres largely around the arsenals where the guns, big and little, are made, or around the fortifications where the guns are being placed in position. One gets a better idea of what a modern cannon means by visiting the place where these guns are assembled and shipped by the dozen and score than by visiting the emplacement of a fortification or the turret of a battle-ship. It is for this reason that the great government factories for ordnance at Washington and near Troy, New York, are objects of especial interest at the present time. The arsenal near Troy is known as the Watervliet arsenal. It is where the government makes and finishes guns for the army. The guns made by the government for the navy are finished at the Washington arsenal.

It is at the Watervliet arsenal that the most interesting gun ever under construction in this country, and said to be the largest in the world, is being put together. It is the 16-inch gun for coast defence. The cost of this single weapon with its carriage will be nearly $400,000. It will be 49.1 feet long, and it will weigh 126 tons, six tons more than the monster gun which Krupp exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. The powder charge for this monster will probably weigh 1000 pounds. Its projectile will weigh over a ton. The extreme range of the gun will be about fifteen miles. Special machinery had to be made to produce this gun.

But not only is Watervliet interesting on account of the manufacture of such a piece of ordnance, but because of the extent of its works and capabilities of producing other kinds of ordnance. It is there that our large 10 and 12 inch rifled cannon, and our 12-inch mortar-guns for coast defence have been turned out by the score, in addition to smaller guns, for army use, by the hundreds. The main shop in the plant is 1000 feet long and 180 feet wide. It is filled with costly machinery, and guns, chiefly large ones, in various stages of completion. There are numerous other buildings at the arsenal, and the plant occupies a tract of 138 acres of land.



SHRINKING-PIT OF WATERVLIET ARSENAL—SHRINKING JACKET ON 12-INCH MORTAR.

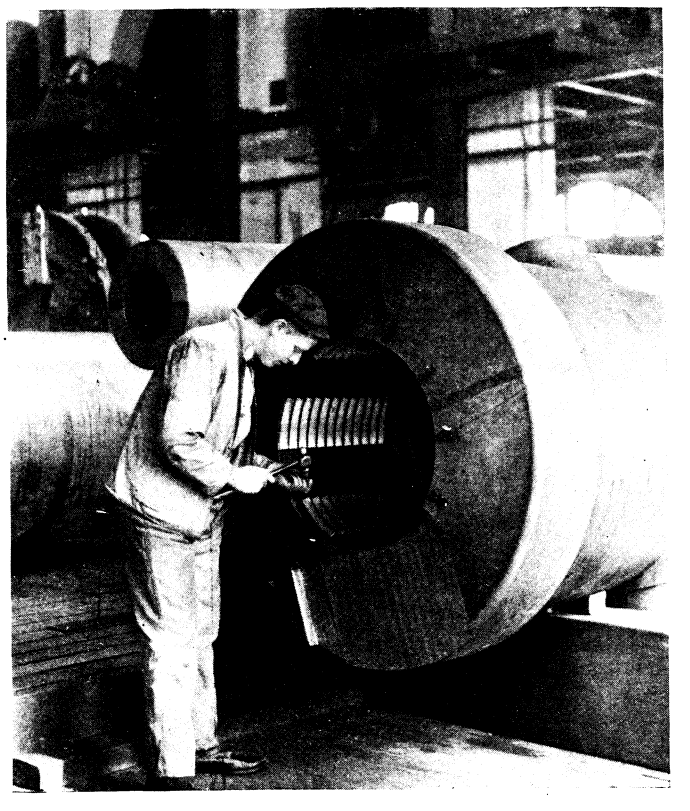
The need of haste in the present crisis has led to the working of employees in double shifts. Eight hours constitute a day's work in Federal government factories. The first shift of men goes to work at seven o'clock in the morning, and continues until four o'clock in the afternoon. The night shift goes on duty at 4 P.M., and works until midnight. About 600 men are at work, all told. It requires about one year to build a 12-inch gun in ordinary times, and even when night and day work goes on it requires nearly nine months.

The Watervliet arsenal has been in existence since 1813. It first consisted of about thirteen acres of land in what was then known as the village of West Troy. The land cost about $2500. It was primarily an arsenal—a place for the storage of war-supplies. In 1815 there was a further purchase of land, and in 1828 thirty more acres were added. From time to time more land was added, until its present extent of territory was reached. It was not until the latter part of 1887 that the manufacture of modern ordnance was begun there. Although the government has contracted with private firms and companies for making great numbers of guns, it was thought to be wise for the War Department to have its own plant as well.

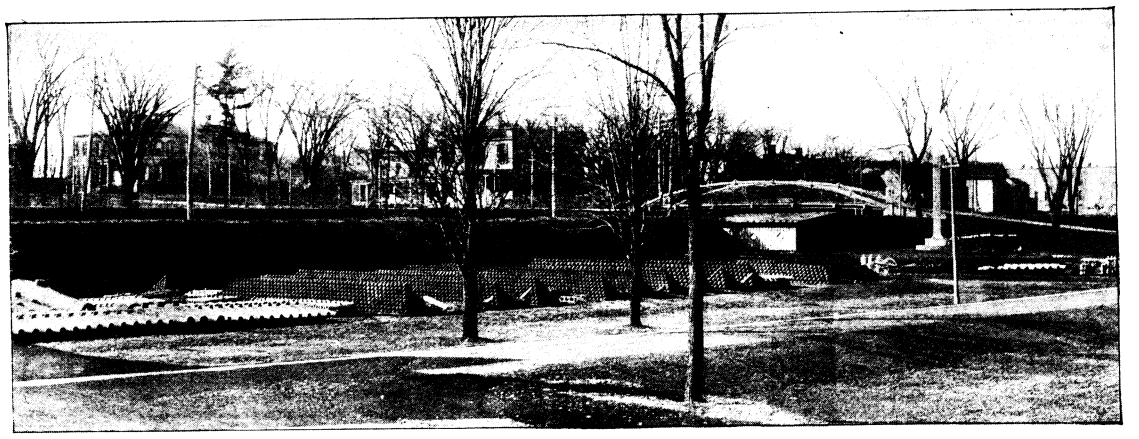
The immense main building was started in 1890, and not finished until 1894. Since then it has been kept busy all the time. This main building is the chief object of interest in the place. It has in its equipment three electric cranes that are used in handling the guns in the various stages of the work upon them. One of these cranes has a lifting capacity of



INTERIOR OF GUN-FACTORY, WATERVLIET ARSENAL.
Four 12-inch Coast-defence Guns in Foreground, ready for Shipment.



WORKING ON BREECH OF FIRST 16-INCH GUN MADE AT WATERVLIET.



FIRST VIEW OF ARSENAL GROUNDS, WATERVLIET, NEW YORK, AFTER PASSING THE GUARD AT THE OUTER GATE.

30 tons; another lifts objects weighing as much as 75 tons, and the third can lift 130 tons. These cranes pick up pieces of ordnance and move them from place to place with the ease and rapidity that a porter would move a barrel in a factory. They are the greatest time-savers in the way of machinery probably that are in operation anywhere in the country.

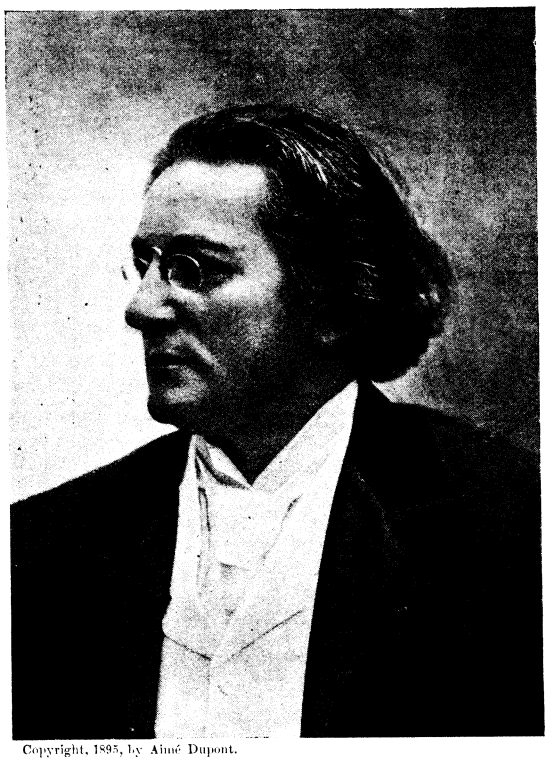
Although a modern cannon is a ponderous affair, there are few things manufactured which require tools of so great delicacy as those used in such a plant. To look at a finished gun, one would scarcely imagine that it required a tool in perfecting it that would measure the one-thousandth part of an inch. This machine is called a compositor. Then there are monster lathes for turning the guns, machines for boring, machines for rifling, and other work in the making and building of these weapons, not including the ponderous machinery required in casting and forming the ingot. The necessity of having new machinery for some of the processes in making the big 16-inch gun added enormously to its cost.

The shrinking-pit in a gun-factory is where probably the most delicate work in the plant is done. It is where the jackets are placed on the long tubes of the cannon proper. The jacket on a gun is fitted to the breach. It is heated in a furnace for about thirty hours, to a temperature of 700 degrees. Then it is quickly taken to the shrinking-pit, where the cannon proper is suspended, muzzle down. The glowing jacket is lowered gradually and most carefully over the tube, and when in position—a matter involving an adjustment of the finest character—is allowed to cool and grip the tube so that it cannot be released. The hoops and bands that are added after that in the building-up process of manufacture are shrunk on the gun while it is in a horizontal position. The ingot from which the main tube of the 16-inch gun at Watervliet was made weighed, when cast at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 82,800 pounds. The jacket forging weighed 90,000 pounds. A hole had to be bored and rifled with absolute accuracy in the main ingot; the tube had to be turned perfectly round; a circular hole, exact to the thousandth of an inch, had to be made in the jacket ingot, so that when expanded by heat, in order to slip it over the gun-tube, and contracted by gradual cooling after it was in position, it should fit the tube perfectly, and strengthen it to resist a pressure of no less than 38,000 pounds to the square inch when the gun should fire its ton projectile.

The views accompanying this article illustrate some of the stages of the manufacturing and finishing processes at Watervliet, and were taken by permission of the War Department, and through the especial courtesy of Mr. Alfred Christiansen, the mechanical engineer and master-mechanic of the gun-factory at the arsenal.

ANTON SEIDL—1850–1898.

A PROFOUNDLY sad and sudden occurrence in course of a musical season does not always mean an actual calamity. But the death of Anton Seidl, a week ago last Monday, coming with startling unexpectedness, falls as a positive disaster to certain of the highest orchestral interests in New York just at this immediate juncture of events; as well as represents a melancholy disturbance to incidents and plans independent of New York's own vivid musical life. It could hardly have been more sudden and more quickly a tragedy. Mr. Seidl was apparently in good health; somewhat tired out with the arduous work of the season now waning, but occupied in his arrangements for the numerous engagements yet to be met in town, and with a long concert tour in this country at the head of his own orchestra before him, as well as the direction of opera and the Wagner Festival in London. He died while making a late afternoon call on a friend and business manager, and when on his way homewards to receive some special guests at dinner. The cause was acute gastritis, as defined by the physicians called in; but so sudden an end was almost mysterious, swift as is the violent malady named. The funeral occurred on Thursday, in the Metropolitan Opera-House, before a large assemblage. Since the death of Dr. Damrosch in 1885, no such incident has so powerfully thrilled and shocked the musical circles of our country, and no such public tributes have been paid to any resident musician's invaluable labors and esteemed personality. The close of a great season is darkened with sorrow and burdened with a sense of personal and professional affliction.



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ANTON SEIDL.

Mr. Seidl was Hungarian by actual birth, but he has been identified with Germany and the United States during a brief and splendid career. Born at Buda-Pesth in 1850, after early studies at Leipzig he soon became a most confidential member of that intimate circle around Wagner and Wagner's family—with it, indeed, often associated by a floating legend more closely than as merely by his long musical secretaryship to Wagner and by Liszt's affectionate interest. After rapidly rising in fame as Wagner's assistant conductor and as a general conductor at Leipzig (1878), as the leader of the Angelo Neumann tour with the Nibelungen dramas (1878), and at Bremen's notable city opera (1883–5), Mr. Seidl was engaged for the (old) Metropolitan Opera-House by Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, to succeed Dr. Damrosch. In September, 1885, Mr. Seidl came to us. From that time the bright history of the Metropolitan's years of—exclusively—opera in German, the tale of its magnificent and now historic productions of Wagner's works (including the complete Tetralogy, and "The Mastersingers," and "Tristan"), of successes that have made its history one brilliant forever in musical annals—it has almost all been closely the story of Mr. Seidl's efficiency and recognition. He can hardly be separated from its chapters. The changes and shiftings of musical policy at the Opera-House gradually, but firmly, worked only for Mr. Seidl's more permanent authority and honor there. Under Mr. Grau, too, his career and fame had lately widened, and his name was impressing itself on a public foreign to us as it had not done in the past.

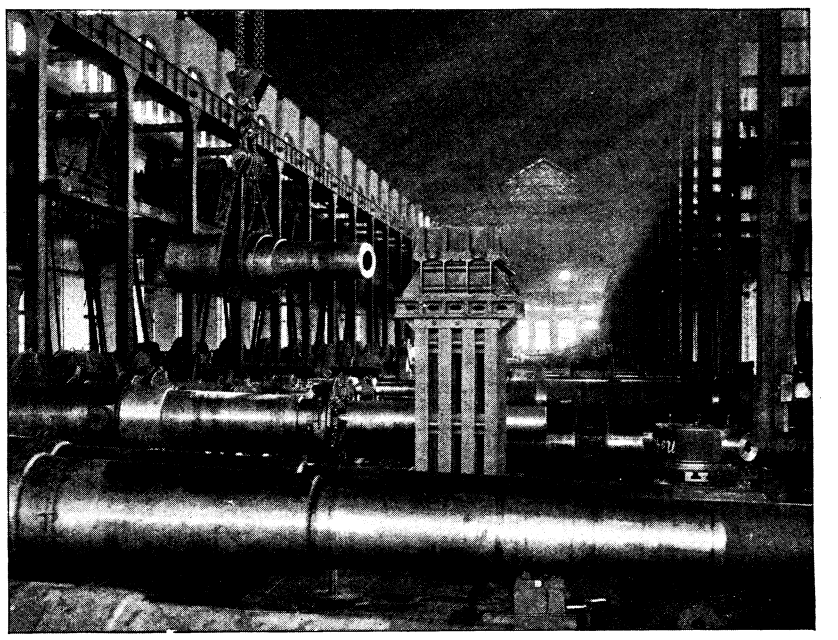
Last season's London and Baireuth performances were doubtless but the beginning of a larger international reputation than ever before. The fair splendors of a quite new career were apparently before Mr. Seidl. And since, with all his specialistic charges, as an operatic director, he had identified himself as the conductor of such orchestral societies and concert series as the Philharmonic, the Brighton Beach seasons, the Seidl Society, the Astoria, the Chickering Hall, the various concerts and tours of his own band, his life was of exceptional concert industry. It need not be said that so abrupt a conclusion of all its varied concerns means grave and tangled complications in our city's immediate future, as well as a dolorous hour to all who esteemed and admired the musician and the unassuming, amiable, sincere man.

Mr. Seidl was, in fact, an unusual musician—a conductor in his field with no superior whosoever—and in many traits he was an unusual man. He was educated in much besides his profession. His general culture was wide. As a conductor he was among the first in the world, particularly and peculiarly as concerned the interpretation of Wagner's scores. By inheritance, by tradition, by genius, by training, Seidl was a lord and a master in the delivery of Wagner, as have been only half a dozen Wagner leaders, since Wagnerism first uttered its messages to the operatic stage. Those who have heard him lead Wagner's greatest pages will never forget how Mr. Seidl disclosed their contents. His individuality in Wagnerism is not likely to be attained by new men—at least not with us who know what he was wont to do. In a wide range of classic and modern dramatic opera—"Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Euryanthe," "The Queen of Sheba"—he was admirable. As a director of orchestral concerts in general Mr. Seidl, naturally enough, was unequal, and often not felicitous.

But it is to be said to his honor in this quality that he conducted Bach, Mozart, and several of Beethoven's symphonies with masterly insight. (He was to lead the "Ninth Symphony" at the last Philharmonic concerts, during the same week that brought death to him.) As a composer Mr. Seidl made no pretensions, and was too busy to disclose his originality, except in his orchestral transcriptions, including the superb "Bach Divertimento" one, produced at the Philharmonic a few seasons ago. He has been spoken of lately as engaged on an opera.

But the story of the personality, the industry, the individualism, of Mr. Seidl cannot be told in a brief newspaper notice. He was too great a leader for that. Few directors so plainly fall into perspective at once. His keen, fine face, his serious, dignified manner, his deep musicianship, will long be our memory. The future held so much for him, beyond doubt. But Death is the intent, sombre leader of all this orchestra of life; and at his signal Anton Seidl too must needs cease to play his part, and must leave us. So comes a silence to sadden and to perturb a whole community, and to grieve all those musical circles of Europe yet in touch with his merits and his mastery.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



TRANSFERRING A 12-INCH MORTAR FROM ONE MACHINE TO ANOTHER BY ELECTRIC CRANE.

WASHINGTON.

April 4, 1898.

WITHIN the last week the Cuban complication has taken an unexpected turn in Congress. The *Maine* episode has come to the front, and the idea of intervening merely for the purpose of relieving the reconcentrados has been shifted to a secondary place. The President still prefers to treat the *Maine* affair as a thing apart; but it is that, more than the stories of suffering, which has moved the Committee on Foreign Relations in both Senate and House to prepare resolutions looking to the recognition of Cuban independence, and armed intervention, if necessary, to maintain our position.

The elections held in Spain and Cuba a week ago resulted, as was expected, in a victory for the government. Inspired by a hope that this assurance of popular support would make Sagasta and his colleagues more open to diplomatic approach, the President entered upon a new and final negotiation, having for its immediate object the cessation of the war in Cuba. The leaders of both Houses of Congress warned him that, in view of the feeling of exasperation there, it was uncertain how long the members could be held in check. They were assured that if they would abstain from any aggressive action till the close of the week, they should then have a full statement of the diplomatic situation, and could proceed intelligently to their next step. An informal compact was made on this basis, and the only attempt to overset the programme—a resolution recognizing Cuban independence, sprung upon the House by Representative Bailey of Texas—was promptly snuffed out by the Speaker on a point of order, the Chair being sustained, on appeal, by a close party vote of 180 to 139.

On Friday the President gave a brief statement to the press that his negotiations with the Spanish government had come to no satisfactory conclusion, and that he would refer the whole matter to Congress in a special message as soon as he could prepare one. This message will go in to-morrow or Wednesday. Meanwhile the most that is known as to the attitude of Spain is that she has already provided for the release of the reconcentrados, and appropriated $600,000 to relieve their necessities and restore them to normal conditions of life, and that she will agree to an armistice till the new Cuban Autonomist Legislature can consider the situation. In no wise, however, has she consented to make Cuban independence a subject of discussion.

The Cuban insurgents still insist that they do not desire to see the United States involved in war with Spain, but that our simple recognition of independence of their republic will accomplish all they wish. Meanwhile the Senate has discussed Mr. Lodge's project for the purchase of the island of St. Thomas from Denmark, with a view of giving us a coaling station; but the Danish government appears

to be reluctant to do anything which might be interpreted by Spain as an unfriendly act in the present crisis.

The scene in the Senate Chamber when the report of the naval board of inquiry was received last Monday was highly impressive. The chaplain's opening prayer had made pointed references to the international crisis, and appealed for Divine guidance through a period so stirring to the passions of men. The galleries were crowded to overflowing, and long queues ran out into the corridors, almost blockading passage there. Some routine business had been transacted in the first few minutes of the session; but as the door at the rear of the Chamber opened, and the Vice-President ordered proceedings suspended to receive a message from the President, an expectant hush fell upon Senators and spectators. As the last Senator who had any business to offer took his seat, his associates laid aside their writing and reading and settled themselves in attentive attitudes, the occupants of the galleries bent eagerly forward, and the Vice-President drew the manuscript from its wrapping and handed it to the clerk.

Even the dreary singsong of the reading did not abate the earnestness of the attention paid to every line and word, till, as the end was reached, Senator Davis of Minnesota moved the reference of message, report, and accompanying papers to the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he is chairman, and the assembled multitude drew a long breath of relief.

Preparations for national defence still go on actively in the War and Navy departments. News has reached this country of the purchase of another cruiser abroad. A novelty has been added to the naval establishment, called the mosquito fleet. Petty squadrons formed of tugs and yachts, partly protected, and armed with rapid-fire guns, will be stationed at various exposed ports, and manned by naval militia. It is suggested that when an attack is expected at any particular port, several of these squadrons may be assembled at that point, and make a pretty formidable defensive force.

In a consultation between the Secretary of the Navy and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy the other day, it was decided to waive the final examinations for graduation at Annapolis this year, and to give the members of the graduating class their diplomas two months in advance, so that they may be at once assigned to sea duty.

Enlistments for the navy have not kept up their first active pace. For this reason the department is disposed to exercise a good deal of lenity in the cases of men under charges of desertion. Those who have made good previous records, and whose fault was merely technical, will probably be received back, and the charge entered against their names will be changed from desertion to "straggling."

Notice has been received at the War Department of the organization of a National Volunteer Reserve, under the sponsorship of a number of veteran officers, Northern and Southern. Its purpose is to enroll some two million citizens of proper age and physically able to bear arms, who are to sign a pledge to respond to the call of the President or of the Governors of their respective States and Territories for volunteers in case of war. It is hoped by this means to prepare the way for a great and impressive popular uprising for the defence of the government, and avoid many of the delays incident to the raising of a volunteer army which caused such embarrassment in the early days of the civil war. Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), and Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, of the late Confederate army, are leading spirits in the movement.

Some alarm was aroused in Washington on Friday night by a cable despatch stating that the Spanish torpedo flotilla had reached Porto Rico. The discredit thrown upon the report by the navigation experts at the Navy Department was justified by the authentic news received later that the advance members of the flotilla had reached Cape Verde Islands, where they had temporarily put in. This flotilla, the arrival of which in our waters had been dreaded by those who realize its strength and suspect a hostile purpose in its coming, consists of six vessels: three torpedo-boats—the *Ariete*, the *Azor*, and the *Rayo*—and three torpedo-boat-destroyers, the *Furor*, the *Terror*, and the *Pluton*. The *Ariete* and the *Rayo* are 97-ton boats, each 147.5 feet long, and armed with four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, and three and two torpedo-tubes, respectively. The *Azor* is a 108-ton boat, 134.5 feet long, and with the same armament as *Ariete*. The destroyers are steel vessels, the *Furor* and *Terror* being twins, of 380 tons, 220 feet in length, and armed with two 14-pounder and two 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 37-millimetre automatic guns—all of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt design—and two torpedo-tubes. The *Pluton* is a 400-ton vessel, 225 feet long, carrying two 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders, and two torpedo-tubes. The flotilla is in convoy of a cruiser taken from the transatlantic merchant fleet, of 3084 tons displacement, 363.6 feet long, and armed with 5½-inch Hontoria guns.

On Wednesday another fleet of Spanish war-vessels set sail from Cartagena, bound westward. It consisted of the armored cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, a sister ship to the *Vizcaya;* the armored cruiser *Cristobal Colon*, and a formidable torpedo-boat-destroyer, the *Destructor*. The war-ships *Pelayo* and *Carlos V.*, which have been in French ports, have sailed for Cartagena, evidently to be prepared there for foreign service. The *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* have meanwhile left Havana harbor, apparently to meet the torpedo flotilla at Martinique, and escort it into West Indian waters.

The funeral of Lieutenant Friend W. Jenkins, one of the two young officers lost in the *Maine* disaster, occurred at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, Pittsburg joining in the obsequies. The body lay in state for two hours at the Allegheny Post-office, and later at the Pittsburg Court-house, the bells of the churches tolling as the citizens filed by the bier. Business was practically suspended, and the whole population thronged the streets. The funeral procession was made up of militia regiments, a detachment of naval reserves, the local Grand Army posts, and other patriotic organizations, and headed by General Wiley and staff of the Pennsylvania National Guard. The Protestant Episcopal service for the dead was read at Christ Church, Allegheny, and a sermon preached by the rector, the Rev. Robert Meech. The burial was in Uniondale Cemetery, where a volley of musketry was fired over the grave and an American flag planted at its head.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

HEAVY stomach in the morning? A dash in water of ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Sun shines all day. ABBOTT'S, the genuine original.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

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Member of the North Carolina Medical Society, Member American Medical Association, and formerly Resident Physician at the Springs:

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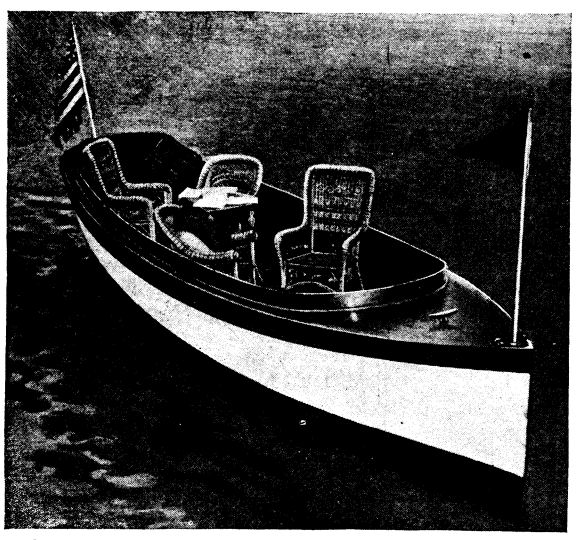
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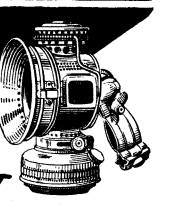
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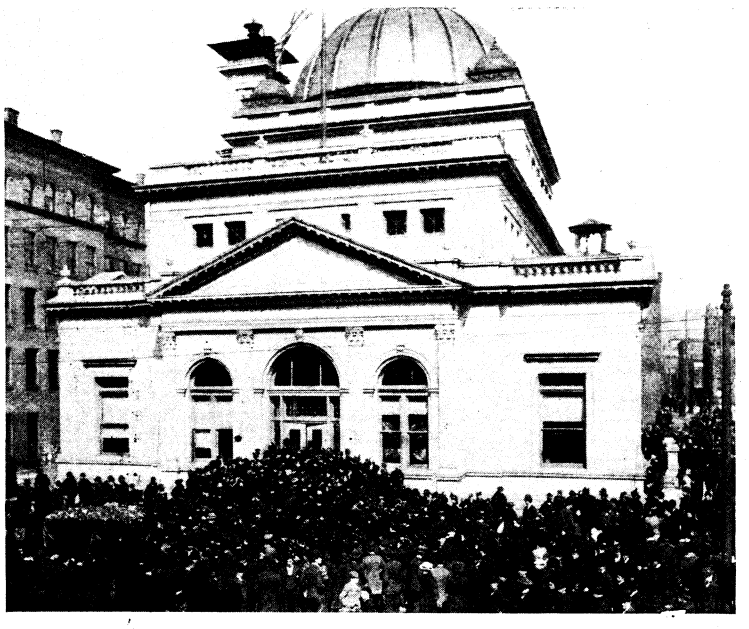
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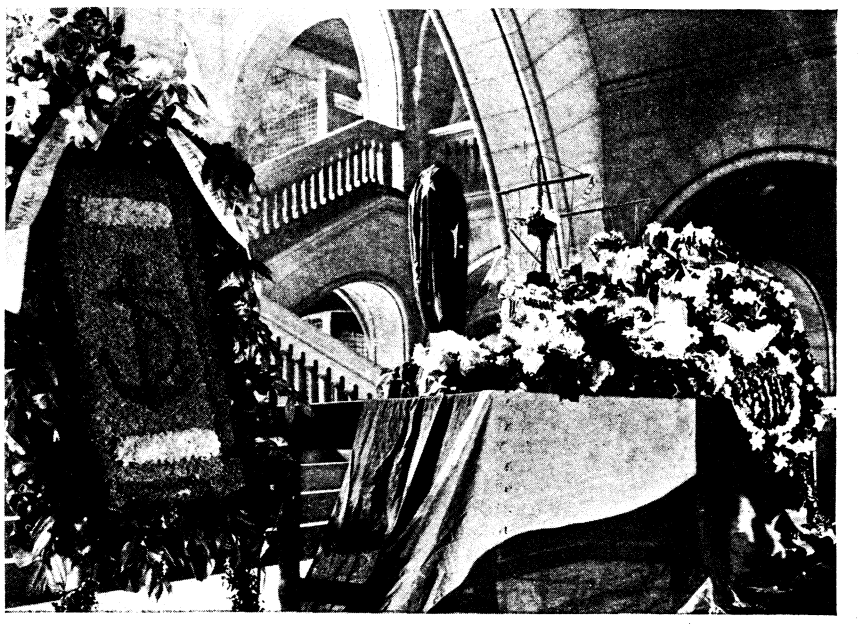
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A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

V.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RUGBY.

I.

FOR the origin of American Rugby we have to look to the English game of the early seventies. As I have said, this was a game of closely packed scrummages for offence and defence, flanked by a reserve of five men for purposes of defence merely. This game our men tried to learn from a study of the printed rules of the Rugby Union. About the only teams to have any actual experience of the game as properly played were the Harvard teams, which had occasional matches with Canadian universities. In the course of time, partly because of the confusion and obscurity in the wording of the Rugby rules, partly in consequence of a disregard of the spirit of the rules, which, it is to be feared, has since proved only too characteristic, and partly also in consequence of a no less characteristic ingenuity—our players little by little altered the game. There is no clearer indication, in fact, of the mental and temperamental difference between the American and the Englishman than is found in the history of Rugby football.

Instead of waiting for the ball to pop out of the scrum, as any self-respecting Englishman of that period would have done, we took matters in our own hands—or, to be more literal, we took the ball to our feet—and regularly heeled it out whenever we thought we could gain by the play. This, as I have said, is exactly what the English players learned to do in time; but the respect for English tradition is so much stronger in the loyal Canadian than in home-born Briton that when we anticipated the development it led to a discontinuance of matches between Harvard and the Canadians. Thus the only live source of English football tradition in America went by the board.

As our game increased in popularity a series of wholly new features was introduced. So great did the advantage of heeling out appear that forward play developed into a scrabble to get possession of the ball. This must have caused much blind hacking and other brutality. The initial struggle was soon obviated by permitting the centre forward to snap back the ball—at first with his foot, and then with his hand. This of course involved the "possession of the ball," granted which, passing, as the English understand it (which involves great risk of "losing the ball"), is impossible. The introduction of the possession of the ball marks the birth of the American game.

This innovation revolutionized the game of the forwards. "Packs," and even the more modern features of English scrumming—all of which depend upon perfect neutrality of possession—were no longer feasible. The opposing rushers lined up face to face, and sought only to protect or to aid in the running of their backs, or to tackle the backs of their opponents. In other words, the possession of the ball implied that a side should either attack with all its forces, or stand wholly upon the defensive.

At this stage of the development of our game it is obvious that the weaker side, so long as it did not "lose the ball" by fumbling or otherwise, was able to keep the stronger side from scoring, and often did this throughout a game. To prevent blocked games, it was ruled that if a side failed to gain five yards in three successive attempts, it should lose the ball. This is the origin of counting downs—the second great feature of our game.

The number of players meanwhile had been reduced to eleven. This clearly indicates that the game was becoming, as a whole, more fast and open.

Each of these innovations, it is evident, tended away from the blind struggle which is still so prominent a feature of the parent game, and in the direction of clever, well-organized play.

The fact that our game consists of a succession of "runs" led to the invention of various "plays." At first these consisted in a combination between two or three of the "rushers" and the back who was running with the ball. Guard and tackle would "make a hole" in the opposing line, or tackle and end would block off their men so that he might "circle the end." These plays, which are a logical result of the possession of the ball, involve a clear breach of the off-side rule, and pointed the way toward the flagrant off-side of "interference." The idle half-back would run ahead of the man with the ball, while the full-back would perhaps ram him through the "hole" from behind. When these tricks were brought out they were formally protested as involving off-side play; but Rugby traditions were so weak, and so obviously grew out of an entirely different game, while the strategic advantage of interference was so vast, that we altered our definition of off-side. The development of interference was logical and inevitable.

Yale was the first to take advantage—under the able guidance of Mr. Walter Camp—of the enormous possibilities of interference. The teams of 1891–2 brought out plays in which every man in the eleven had a definite part to perform, and the success of which depended—as in real warfare—upon every man's performing his part. Then Mr. Lorin F. Deland taught the Harvard eleven his wonderful strategic plays, in which, by a clever evasion of the spirit of the rules, momentum was added to interference. Thus the spirit of manipulation, which at first led to an abolition of promiscuous roughness in the scrummage, led us back to a roughness which was no less real because founded upon stratagem.

That this roughness is a permanent feature of the game no one will believe for a moment, for the dominant spirit of our sport has always been one of stratagem rather than of brute force. Already our football experts, taking advantage of hospitable advances from the University Athletic Club, have framed rules for the purpose of moderating the game. The good effect of these is lessened by the fact that the partisan desire to win a game at any cost often makes our coaches cleverer at evading laws than at making them, so that the left hand has been known to undo the work of the right; but the spirit of moderation is abroad in the land, and in the end it must conquer.

II.

The particulars in which our game is most susceptible of moderation are mainly the results of the two vital principles of American Rugby—the possession of the ball and interference. When a man is tackled in our game he does not dare to pass the ball, for fear his side will lose possession of it. Our rule is therefore to tackle low and fell the runner in his tracks, so as to stop the progress of the ball, and, if possible, make the runner drop it in order that the tackler's side may snatch it up. On the other hand, a runner is in duty bound to struggle on the ground until he has gained the last inch, so that as many men as the law allows pile on top of him to arrest his gains and make him cry "down." The most brilliant tackler is the one who can slam his man hardest upon the ground, and the best runner the one who can struggle farthest at the bottom of the heap. In England it is still fair play to grab a man by the ankle, but in order to prevent a pass the tackler in nine cases out of ten aims at the ball. The result is that a man is seldom slammed to the earth as he should be in our game. And once a man is down, there is none of the sowbug business at the bottom of the heap. The rule plainly states that "in the event of any player holding or running with the ball being tackled, *and the ball fairly held*, he must *at once cry 'down,'* and *immediately put it down.*" The comparative harmlessness of English tackling is aptly indicated by the fact that the men wear flannel shorts instead of quilted breeches, and have bare knees instead of stuffed knee-pads. Yet this is largely due to the fact that an English field is kept green and springy by the autumn and winter rains. It would be wrong to conclude that English tackling is child's play. And piling up is at least not unknown, for one may always dispute as to when the ball is fairly held.

Of the dangers of our mass plays and interference, so much has been said of late and so many stringent rules framed that it is unnecessary to dwell long upon the subject. As for mass plays, the charges of brutality have, I should say, been rather overdone. When men are wedged together they protect one another, and, even with considerable momentum, the crushing can scarcely be greater than in an excited election crowd. The legislation against mass plays is probably due to an intelligent desire on the part of the experts to make the game more interesting by making it more open. The dangers of interference in the open seem to me distinctly greater. The colliding players not only run directly at each other, but their speed is quadrupled. When a man is blocked off he is liable to be thrown violently upon the far from tender bosom of our November Mother-earth. Any one familiar with the practice of an American eleven will remember the constant cry of the coaches: "Put your man out of the play; knock him on the ground!" My own observation has been that a large majority of the serious and lasting injuries are got in the open. It has been truly said that the American game has exaggerated the most dangerous features of the two English games—the tackling of English Rugby and the "charging" or body-checking of the Association

game. It is only fair to add that our game is not inevitably brutal. Whenever two elevens go into a contest with a willingness to abide by the spirit of our rules, as happened in the chief games last fall, and in certain previous years remembered by the enthusiast, it has been impossible to object to the play on the score of roughness. The facts I have stated are important chiefly as emphasizing the necessity for a sportsmanlike spirit.

Perhaps the chief reason for the comparative innocence of the English game lies in the fact that an injured player cannot be substituted. When a player is disqualified for rough play or retired on account of injuries, his side has to finish the game a man short. There are several reasons why this rule could not be adopted in America. The loss of a man from eleven is much more severely felt than from fifteen; it would be more fatal to our team-play than to the English "combination"; and the temptation to "lay up" a clever opponent, which, in spite of the abundance of fresh substitutes, has frequently proved too strong for the sportsmanship of American players, would be doubled. Yet the idea has marked advantages. A man will think twice about slugging if, when disqualified, his loss cannot be supplied; and when an accident is as severely felt by the team as by an individual, the general style of play must moderate. A careful adaptation of the rule would do more to prevent brutality than pages of rules and folios of preachments. For instance, it might be ordered that the maximum of substitutions on either side in consequence of injuries should be three, or even two, and that a side indulging in slugging might lose the slugger without the privilege of substituting.

The greatest point of difference between the English and the American games lies in the severity of our preliminary practice. Our season is so short and our game so complicated, that in the effort to reach the highest pitch of science and condition, coaches and men alike are constantly tempted to overwork. Numbers of our athletes enter every great contest bearing injuries that the slightest accident will develop into sprains or dislocations. Four-fifths of the hard knocks of which reporters made so much in the great games are only slight aggravations of injuries received on the practice-field.

In consequence of this there is already a distinct movement in favor of lessening the severity of practice. The Harvard authorities, under the able guidance of Mr. James G. Lathrop, have limited each day's battle to periods ranging between five to twenty-five minutes, as the day varied or the season advanced. There can be no doubt that under this régime the men played with unprecedented "ginger." In fact, as the final team had to be selected on the basis of the work done in these brief line-ups, the men simply tore up the earth. In the first season of the new régime the fittest who survived this struggle were more battered and bruised than any previous Harvard eleven. The incident shows the difficulty of teaching American athletes moderation—even the mild-mannered sort of athletes produced at Cambridge. Yet experience and common-sense are correcting this fault, and the tendency is widespread to modify the severity and tedium of football practice.

The actual difference between the "practice" of an English and an American team is almost incredible to one who has not seen it. To sift the candidates for an English team there is a Freshman match and a Senior match, with perhaps one or two "squashes" besides. Even these tests are largely a matter of form. Men are selected chiefly on their public-school reputations, and in consequence of good work in a college fifteen. The process of manufacturing players, so familiar to us, is unknown. There are no Camps and Delands in England—in fact, no coaching of any kind, as we understand the word. When a man has learned the game at his public school or in his college, he has learned it for all time, though he will of course improve by playing for the university. The team plays a game or two a week against the great club teams of England—Blackheath, Richmond, London Scottish, Cardiff, Newport, and Huddersfield—with perhaps a bit of informal kicking and punting betweentimes. When the weather is bad they lay off entirely. Thus all the deadly worry and exhaustion of practice are avoided. This is especially true in the college teams, which seldom or never play together except in a match game. They may have a "kickabout" on the field betweentimes, but this is only for the exercise and the fun of it.

III.

The virtue of such temperance is that it makes the English game much more moderate and sensible, and, however unscientific, much more fun to play. The football limp and the football patch are far from being thought the final grace of manhood. Of course good men "crock," as they call it, every season; and not a few of the injuries are as serious as those on our own fields. Yet they are accidents, not incidents. The natural physical effect of the game is to make men erect, lithe, and sound. And the effect on the nervous system is similar. The worried, drawn features of the American player on the eve of a great game are unknown. If you told an Englishman that American players have been given sulphonal to put them to sleep, he would certainly stare. He could not understand how football should be anything else than a sport, an exercise that brings manly powers into play.

Delightful as the English spirit is, however, to one accustomed to the exaggerations of our American games, it must be admitted that it has the defects of its quality. If the fifteen show what we should call a disgraceful lack of form, the fringe of fellows along the side-lines smile, and say that the 'varsity billiard tournament has interfered with their football. In an inter-'varsity match I saw the Oxford team, which was fifty per cent. the better, allow itself to be shoved all over the field. It succeeded in keeping the score a tie only by the merest good fortune. It transpired later that the gayeties of Brighton, whither they had gone to put the finishing-touches on their training, had beguiled them. Nobody really resented it. You can't expect a man to be everywhere in the push.

This spirit of *laissez-faire* is carried into the great international matches, and exaggerates the tendency I noted last week to revert to the primitive game of brute force. Everybody knows that the most effective game is that in which there is the most skilful combination, and that this cannot be attained without practice. Yet for an international fifteen to play together before the match would be in particularly bad form. The result is the most amusing anomalies. Wade, the great Oxford three-quarter-back of a dozen years ago, who is perhaps the greatest of all three-quarters, first "got his international" on account of his excellence in combination; but as he had never laid eyes on the other two men in the position until the day of the game, his playing proved nothing above the ordinary, and it took another season to convince the nation that his reputation was just. The fifteen international stars may thus be no better as a team than any one of the half a dozen teams from which they were selected. This was curiously demonstrated half a dozen years ago. Owing to club jealousies, Cardiff had to supply almost all the Welsh internationals. The result was a better showing than Wales had ever made. In the following year nine of the fifteen internationals were taken from the Newport team, and Wales for the first time won the championship.

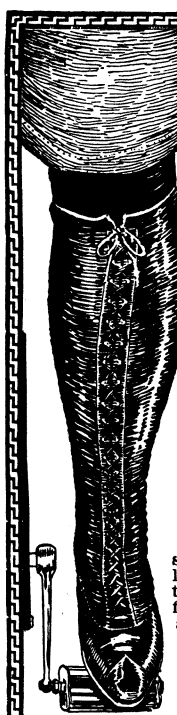
IV.

I venture to say, however, that there is something in football beyond an afternoon's sport. Centuries before the formation of the Rugby Union the game was regarded as a mimic warfare. Mr. Montague Shearman, in his excellent article on football in the *Badminton Library*, quotes as follows from Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602. "The play is verilie both rude and rough, yet such as is not destitute of politics, resembling in some sorts the feats of war.... It puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face." And Mr. Shearman himself, in protesting that the game should consist of something besides scientific dodging and passing, says: "To our mind, the delight of the Rugby Union game.... came from its resemblance to mimic warfare.... There was something of the stern joy of warfare in the rushing attack, the stubborn defence, the grapple breast to breast, the overthrow, and the rise again to face the foe." This praise, which is to be spoken of the English game only in a moment of enthusiasm, leaves half the virtue of the American game untold. If the English player must be "not destitute" of the "politics" of war, the American must act in a hand-to-hand contest with the coolness and precision of troops on parade; and furthermore, at least the captain and the quarter-back must exercise the highest generalship in the midst of the feats of war. The superiority of our game as a test of courage and discipline, presence of mind and intellectual grasp, is simply incalculable.

Even on the score of general playability it is by no means certain that our game is permanently in arrears. A period of rapid growth, such as it is at present passing through, is always marked by flagrant excesses. Yet it is mathematically demonstrable that the invention of new features in the game must have a limit, and consequently that this period of growth must cease. The type must, as in all evolutions, become at last fixed. That is to say, in future the game will not be, as now, radically different each year from the game of all preceding years. It will be the same old game, year in and year out; and everybody, from the youngest prep. to the oldest grad., will know it and love it. The science and art of its practice will be as generally understood as that of the English game is to-day. Then the Freshman player will be as thorough a tactician as the Senior, and the régime of endless practice, worry, and diplomacy will be over.

Of course there will always be parents, faculties, and legislators that think that they can make a man gentle or generous by law. And, so long at least as our sons resemble their fathers, we shall place success above character, victory above sport. Yet, if the legislators let the game crystallize in anything like its present form, and if at the same time we regain our Anglo-Saxon birthright of sportsmanship, we shall have a game the equal of which, for sport, science, and prowess, has never yet been known.

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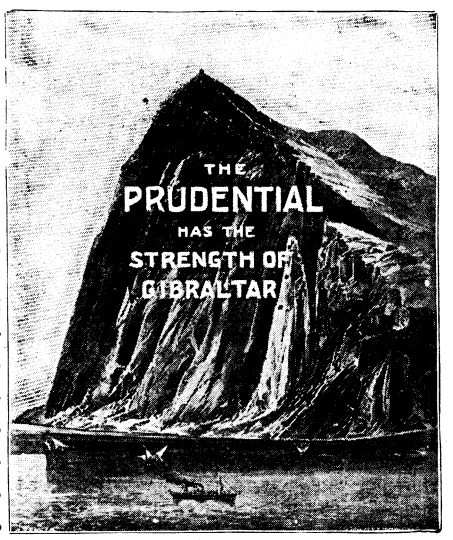


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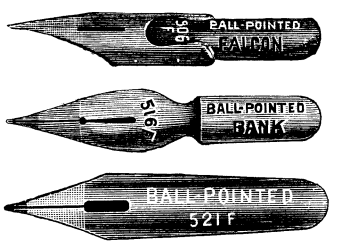
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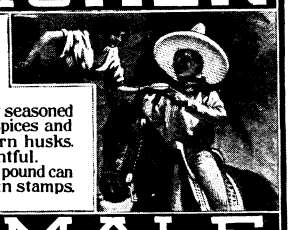
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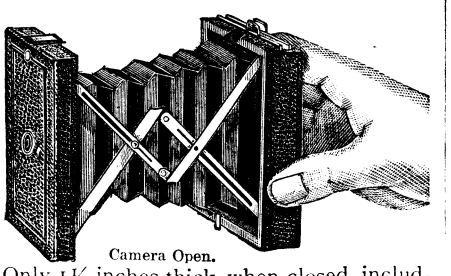
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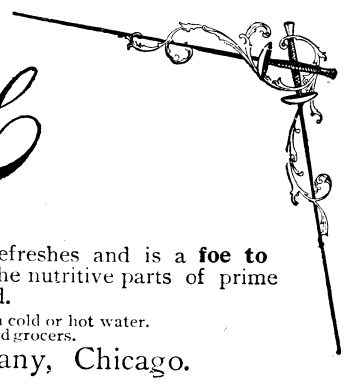
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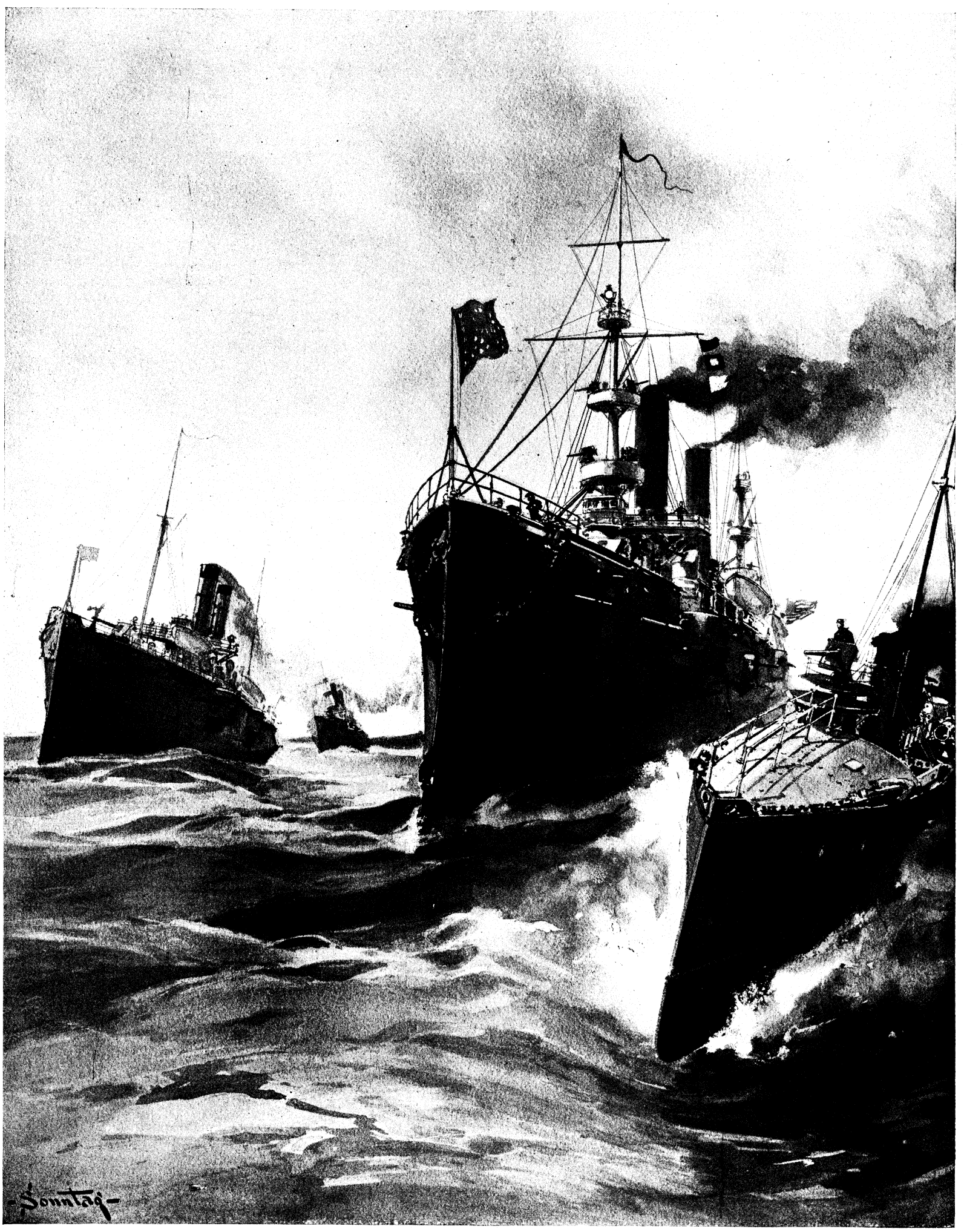
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2153.

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IMPORTED CRUISERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 16, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16 × 45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate paper, with a "key" and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

HON. WILLIAM V. ALLEN, the Populist Senator from Nebraska, has telegraphed to Governor HOLCOMB, of his State, placing his services at the disposal of the State "for the defence of the national honor and for Cuban liberty." We suggest to Mr. ALLEN that the best step that he can take for the promotion of the welfare of his country is to resign his seat in the United States Senate; and if he wants to fight for Cuban liberty, why does he not shoulder a musket and join GOMEZ?

WE should have said, perhaps, in speaking of the State Legislature of New York, that some of its proposed wickedness was prevented by the firmness of Governor BLACK. The Governor certainly appeared in a better light during the last session of the Legislature, and we hope that he has truly reformed, and intends to be henceforth a better man and a better politician. He prevented the passage of some scandalous measures; but before pronouncing the respect that he showed to decent popular sentiment an infallible sign of inward regeneration, we must wait until it is demonstrated that he has wholly turned his back upon PLATT and his methods.

THE forces in the field, if war comes, will have to contend with the politicians in Congress. These have already defeated a bill for the increase of the regular army in time of war mainly for socialistic reasons. In other words, the country is to be imperilled by men who desire to gain the votes of enemies of society. Once more the regular army is to be the victim of the politicians' folly and the country's ingratitude. We will not go so far as to say that the men who have killed the reorganization bill are traitors, because we believe that there is a lack of wicked motive, and this lack is due to the want of intelligent comprehension of the grave consequences that may follow their selfishness and their folly.

SINCE our last issue China has leased Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain, and that power occupies this important harbor on the same terms on which Russia occupies Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. Japan has, it is said, assented to this last lease, and, so far as European powers are concerned, affairs in China seem to be in a better condition than they were. But as to China herself, it is evident that she is falling to pieces and is being divided, and our own interests there are great enough to warrant us in taking every measure in our power to maintain and promote the ascendency of Great Britain. Her interests and ours are one, and if it be necessary to preserve those interests, the European powers should be made to understand that we regard the encroachments upon English rights as injuries to our interests.

IN order that timid souls may not be unduly perturbed by the stories that are printed in the daily papers concerning the very powerful ships of the Spanish navy, it is well perhaps to say that the Spanish navy is not more than one-third as powerful as our own, and is probably not more than one-tenth as effective. The power of navies cannot be judged accurately by comparing lists of ships and armaments. The condition of the ships and guns must be reckoned with; and while the American ships are always in first-class order, Spanish ships rarely are. There is the *Alfonso XII.*, for instance, counted among the Spanish fleet of effective vessels. As a matter of fact, her boilers are in such condition that she cannot move. The relative effectiveness of navies depends upon officers and crews—upon the human equation—and in that respect the American navy is as good as any in the world, and the Spanish navy is one of the weakest.

WE have no doubt that Colonel JOHN A. MCCALL was well within bounds in assuring the President that the bankers of New York would supply most of the money that the government may need for the conduct of the war, if war shall come; but we are much surprised by the conduct of the brewers of the country in protesting in advance against an increase of the tax on beer, which would greatly augment the government's revenue, and, to that extent, would be a valuable contribution to a war fund. This increase of tax is one that should be made, whether there be war or not, and while opposition to the increase might be expected from the brewers in time of peace, we had hoped that there were no people in the country who would not willingly do their part towards making the waging of war by the government successful, if war has to be waged, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of the nation, that the example of the brewers will have no imitators, and that the brewers themselves will think better of the matter.

WE are quite sure that the plans of campaign for the Flying Squadron and the North Atlantic Squadron which were published in the New York *Herald* the other day were not correct. We are sure that the New York *Herald* would not have published them if it had supposed them to be correct, because it would not consciously notify the enemy of the intentions of our naval commanders in their operations against them. But the publication of the plans presents an opportunity to warn the government again against the probable conduct of enterprising sensational journals in time of war. We are quite sure that these newspapers would not hesitate for a moment to print any campaign secret that might come to them. More than this, we are also sure that they will industriously seek to worm out the secrets of both army and navy commanders. Perhaps the *Herald*, in presenting what it jocosely asserted to be the plans of the two squadrons, meant to warn the government against what it may expect in case of actual war. There are some newspapers that must be taken possession of by the provost marshal at the outbreak of hostilities. If it is necessary to operate them in order that they may retain their franchises, an especially unenterprising and conscientious corporal might be selected in each case as editor-in-chief.

IT is perfectly well understood, probably, that the WEEKLY has not a very high opinion of Mr. HANNA as a Senator of the United States or as a political leader. Nevertheless, we are not very much impressed with the reported finding of the committee of Ohio Senators that he was guilty of bribery in securing his election; and we do not say this because we are convinced that he was not guilty. The action of the committee is valueless, because the committee itself was appointed for the purpose of finding just this verdict. This is an illustration of the deplorable extent to which partisan and boss politics have degraded American legislative bodies. It has now come to be recognized as the universal fact that a party legislative committee, either in a contested-election case or in an investigation of charges like those made against Mr. HANNA, will find in favor of their fellow-partisan. The Ohio Senate committee was appointed to find Mr. HANNA guilty, and therefore its verdict is of no consequence, and it will make no impression upon any one. It will not change a single opinion, and any action taken by the Senate or by the Legislature as a whole, on such a report, would be disgraceful. Mr. HANNA may be guilty of bribery—we should not be surprised if he were—but we would not commit a vagabond to ten days in the county jail on the verdict of such a committee as that of the Ohio Senate.

MR. HORATIO S. RUBENS, counsel for the Cuban Junta, has given an interview to the press as to the attitude of the insurgents toward intervention by this country. It may be that Mr. RUBENS is misquoted, but, even so, what he is reported to have said is of value, because so much of it is absolutely true. It is to be regretted that the statement was presented in a greatly condensed form in some of the Jingo papers. Mr. RUBENS, looking at the question from the point of view of the Junta, says that the insurgents do not wish intervention by the United States unless it is preceded by a recognition of the independence of Cuba. If the United States, he says, intervene with force, "we [the Cubans] shall treat that force as an enemy to be opposed and, if possible, expelled, so long as recognition of a free Cuban republic is withheld." This is undoubtedly a proper, although selfish, position for the insurgents to take. They have issued bonds, for example, the payment of which is conditioned upon the establishment of the Cuban government. These bonds will be worthless if the United States take Cuba away from both Cubans and the Spaniards. Moreover, it is true that if the United States intervene for the sake of humanity against the will both of Spain and Cuba, we will be responsible for any injuries that may result to the citizens of neutral powers. But what is especially interesting in this interview is the bearing of the insurgents revealed by it towards the victims of WEYLER'S concentration order. The officers of our navy, some of our Senators, and a large part of our people are horrified by the terrible conditions prevailing in Cuba on account of the enforcement of this order. It is true that BLANCO has revoked the order, and that Spain is taking steps to relieve the misery which she has caused, but nevertheless there are a good many people who think that the cause of humanity still demands the intervention of the United States in order that these evils may not recur. Not so the insurgents. They could have taken steps to stop this misery long ago by accepting the offer of an autonomic government. They can help put an end to it now by agreeing with Spain to stop the war, and accept what has been already won by the insurrection; but they decline to put an end to the misery so long as their extreme demand, that of independence, is not granted, and in expressing that demand their counsel is represented as saying that they have not much more faith in the United States as a governor of the island than they have in Spain. Mr. RUBENS expresses serious doubts as to the incorruptibility of our politics, and even goes so far as to say that an agreement has been made between Spain and the United States by which the latter shall intervene without the granting of independence, in order to maintain the authority of Spain. All of which is probably most interesting to the citizens of the United States who have been insisting on going to war in behalf of these insurgents.

THE WAR SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE.

THERE is a vast difference between the politicians, the Cuban bondholders, the sensational newspapers, the expectant sutlers, and all the disgraceful crew who have been clamoring for war, and the honest American people who have been willing to make sacrifices in a war which they think to be for a just cause. There has never been a democracy whose generous, if mistaken, instincts have not governed it in momentous crises. Democracies are instinctively the avengers of other people's wrongs. They are innately the missionaries of liberty, and the main check upon them, the strongest force that restrains them from the active prosecution of their strong desires, is their natural love of peace and their hatred of war. For the democracy does hate war, notwithstanding its sometimes noisy shoutings for the bloody conflict. It knows in its inmost mind that war is against its best interests—its physical and its moral interests. Moreover, it is impossible for the democracy to strike quickly, just as it is impossible for it to strike effectively, without a much greater expenditure of force than is demanded of the single-minded ruler who makes war or peace at his own will, and especially without consultation with the many-headed and many-purposed representatives of his people.

A restraint upon democracy when it is under great excitement is its government, its responsible men—the men who realize that they will be held responsible for whatever goes astray in the conduct of a war, and for whatever of evil may come to the nation in consequence of a war which the nation itself may have commanded. But the people themselves are generous in their sympathies for people who are oppressed, and bitter in their hatred of oppressors, and there is no politician who does not understand the sentimental force of an appeal to his constituents in behalf of those who profess to be struggling for their liberties. The people of this country have been enthusiastic for the French revolutionists, for the Greek patriots, for the colonists of Spain and Portugal, for the Armenians and the Cretans, and it is because the Cubans have been struggling for their freedom against oppression that the war spirit during many months has reached a pitch of excitement that has rarely been manifested before, and especially since the destruction of the *Maine* this excitement has grown. Even those of us who regret that there have not been more self-restraint and calmer judgment, and that wiser counsels have not prevailed, would not change the nature of our people, would not kill the innate love of the American for human liberty—a passion which sometimes moves him to sustain unworthy causes, but which is nevertheless the passion that has done more than all methodical movements of politics for the advancement of the human race.

Spain has won the enmity of the American people by the wretched despotism which has marked her rule in Cuba. It may be that the Cubans will not govern themselves better than the Spaniards have governed them, but the American answer to this is that the evils of self-government are the evils of the people themselves, and can be cured by the regeneration of the people, while the evils of kingcraft increase in severity and odiousness as the people grow better, and therefore more sensitive to immoral conditions. Whatever may be the future of Cuba, its past has been one of the blackest chapters in the history of our continent. The Spanish rule was bad enough in South America, but it is in Cuba that it has been permitted to develop its basest traits. For many years the island has been a quarry for Spanish politicians and military officers, who, having grown dangerous to the dynasty at home, have been sent to be Captain-Generals for the purpose of getting rich at the cost of the Cubans. In other words, it has been the policy of Spain to smother the ambitions of dangerous politicians and adventurers with the plunder of the Antilles. Misgovernment and corruption have worked their end, and for a generation the Cubans have been anxious to rid themselves of the rule which they have detested. With this struggle for freedom and against oppression many Americans have sympathized, and some have actively aided the military enterprises of the Cubans.

At the bottom of all the popular movement in this country for interference in the war in Cuba has been the belief that Spain ought to leave the continent, and this belief has finally so absorbed the popular imagination that there has been a wild frenzy of desire to drive her out if she would not go of her own will. Whatever may be the declared cause for this hostility, whether in the calm eyes of the world looking on it be a just or an unjust cause, the revolt in the United States against the wise restraints that usually impose peace has been due to a generous wish to help to free the Cuban people from the rule of a blunderer and oppressor. The awful deeds of Spanish soldiers and officers; the horrible tales of cruelty that have been told and verified; the miseries that resulted from WEYLER'S order of concentration; the starvation and the resulting deaths to which trusted Americans have borne testimony—all these have fired the imaginations of our people, and have made them ready to incur the miseries and horrors of war in behalf of a struggling people. They have not inquired as to the merits of the Cubans, and they have not listened to suggestions that sinister influences govern many of the most energetic disciples of bloodshed. They have wanted an end to the horrors that shocked them, to the rule that produced those horrors, and they have wanted it by the shortest cut. The people whose voices have been potent may have been deceived, and they may have insisted on an unjust war—upon that point we have spoken our views in sufficiently explicit terms—but they have had no ulterior or selfish motive. They are not seeking their own profit or aggrandizement. They own no Cuban bonds, and have no desire to annex the island to the United States. Indeed, we believe that they are opposed to annexation. The time was, not so many years ago, when the whole animus of our endeavor to free Cuba was selfish; but that movement did not receive popular support, and that day has passed. So far as the people of this country have declared for war, their declaration has originated in a noble and generous sentiment. It is a sentiment which is often played upon by designing men, but its existence, nevertheless, increases the pleasure of living.

The destruction of the *Maine* has been but an incident in the growth of the country's hostility to Spain. It was an important incident, it is true, and probably a controlling one. No calm and self-possessed man can say that we are justified in warring on Spain by reason of the destruction of our men and our ship, because no one has proved Spain's responsibility for that terrible disaster. But then, also, no one can give a single just reason for making war at all. There are very few Americans, probably, who do not believe that the *Maine* and her men were the victims of cruel treachery, but it was neither that belief, nor any reason that exists in the international law-books, that brought us to the threshold of war; it was the overwhelming frenzy of the feeling that Spain's barbarities and crimes must cease to be committed on the American continent, and that frenzy was enormously increased by the killing of American sailors who had been trusted to the hospitality of waters supposed to be friendly. We have had no desire for war. We have hoped that Spain's barbarities would be brought to an end by peaceable methods on our part. We have recognized certain malign influences working for war, but we can only be proud of the fact that the American people, whether striking blindly or intelligently, have all along been bent on delivering a blow for what they believe to be the cause of eternal justice.

ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE dictionaries define "patriotism" as "love of one's country," and "patriot" as "one who loves and faithfully serves his country." These definitions are generally accepted as correct, and they should be well kept in mind, especially at a time of warlike excitement when the word "patriotism" is on every lip, and an appeal to "patriotism," from whomsoever it may come and by whatever motive it may be prompted, is sure to draw popular applause. It should be constantly remembered that to "serve one's country faithfully" means not only to profess love for it, or to have a sentimental attachment to it, but to consider with conscientious care what is best for its welfare and its honor, and then to do one's duty to it according to that understanding, honestly, with courageous devotion, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

We are apt to admire as the highest exhibition of patriotism the voluntary sacrifice of one's life in battle for one's country. Inasmuch as life may ordinarily be assumed the possession we should be least inclined to part with, and as the deliberate sacrifice of it is justly thought to require a high degree of devotion and courage, the popular appreciation of the spirit which prompts such an offering is certainly well merited. But the peculiar lustre in which this kind of patriotism appears, and which seizes upon the popular imagination, easily makes us depreciate another kind, which, although less brilliant, may be no less heroic, no less self-sacrificing, and sometimes even far more useful to the common good. The glory surrounding warlike achievement and the homage lavished upon the martial hero are apt to make especially the young and ardent forget that while sometimes the interests of a country may be furthered and its honor protected by means of war, of all the means by which such objects can be accomplished, war is the most cruel, barbarous, and abominable, and should be resorted to only in the last extremity, when there is no more hope of any other means succeeding. The man who in times of popular excitement boldly and unflinchingly resists hot-tempered clamor for an unnecessary war, and thus exposes himself to the opprobrious imputation of a lack of patriotism or of courage, to the end of saving his country from a great calamity, is, as to "loving and faithfully serving his country," at least as good a patriot as the hero of the most daring feat of arms, and a far better one than those who, with an ostentatious pretence of superior patriotism, cry for war before it is needed, especially if then they let others do the fighting.

As there is nothing more dangerous to the well-being of a monarchy than a prince incessantly thirsting for martial glory, so there is no delusion more dangerous to the peace, the prosperity, the honor, and the liberties of a free people than the one that a needless or wanton clamoring for war on every occasion of foreign embroilment is a sign of patriotic spirit. True patriotism in time of peace demands that we should vigilantly and actively endeavor to obtain the enactment of wise laws; the appointment of able and honest public servants; the redress of wrongs and the reform of abuses; the expulsion from public place of drones and rogues; the restraint of lawlessness and violence, the preservation of security and good order; and, finally, the maintenance of an honorable name among the nations of the world by dealing with them on principles of fairness and magnanimity, preferring at all times, in the adjustment of difficulties, peaceable means to the savage arbitrament of war, and resorting to this only when we can conscientiously affirm that no peaceable expedient has been left untried, and when we are sure that our reasons for war can, without fear of an adverse judgment, be submitted to the opinion of civilized mankind.

True patriotism is incompatible with any selfish motive that does not accord with the public interest. The journalist or the public agitator generally who, while knowing that just demands might still be satisfied by peaceable negotiation, clamors for war and stirs up popular passion to increase his popularity or profit, is not only not a patriot, but a public enemy—just as much as if he openly and persistently urged the lawless element among us to robbery, murder, and arson, to share in the spoil. We all respect our army and our navy—their character and their calling. They are to be the right arm of patriotism in times of conflict. Patriotism wishes them not only to be able to fight, but also to like fighting when fighting is necessary. But the same patriotism forbids them to clamor for a fight so long as fighting is not necessary. If officers of the army or the navy should ever use their influence to bring on a war while peace might honorably be maintained, to furnish them opportunities for showing how brave and skilful they are, and to increase their chances of promotion, they would be just as unpatriotic—aye, just as criminal—as the members of a fire department would be who tried to set a crowded tenement-house ablaze for the purpose of exhibiting their skill in handling an engine or their courage in scaling ladders, and of thus earning praise and advancement. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a wantonness of spirit more reckless, more wicked, more repugnant to true patriotism, than the use of whatever influence one may possess to bring on war, with all its horrors and miseries, so long as the possibility of preserving an honorable peace has not utterly vanished.

If, in spite of all efforts to avert it, war does come, the duties of patriotism are the same for all, of whatever shade of opinion—for those who did not approve of the cause of the quarrel, as much as for those who did. Patriotism then demands that we should all unite with the same faithful devotion in doing the best we can to make the shortest possible work of the struggle, and to secure a speedy issue honorable and advantageous to our country. It demands that we should carefully abstain from endangering the operations of our armies or navies by giving information to the enemy, and that, among other things, we should sternly curb that spirit of journalistic "enterprise" which, for instance, now is so busy advertising to the whole world the military and naval plans of our government. It demands that we should always be willing to deny ourselves any opportunity for private advantage that may injuriously interfere with the public policy.

It demands that, while vigorously pushing the war, we should neglect no chance for an honorable peace, and that in making such a peace we should never tarnish the good name of our country by an unnecessary humiliation of the defeated enemy. It demands that while the war is going on we should strive to the utmost of our power to mitigate its horrors, to alleviate its miseries, and, last but not least, to counteract those agencies of demoralization and corruption which, while the excited public mind is turned to one single object, are apt to grow and flourish in extraordinary measure. And here we touch a chapter the importance of which the patriot who has the working of free institutions at heart will certainly not fail to appreciate.

It is in time of war, when the rush of events frequently makes the needs of the government especially pressing, that the tribe of unscrupulous speculators bent upon cheating and robbing the public find most fruitful opportunities. They will always be seen and heard among the noisiest of "patriots," in whose opinion no preparation is large enough, no action too quick, and no measure too far-reaching. In the name of "patriotism" they will insist that all those safeguards in the government machinery which are to prevent fraud and theft be swept away as antiquated "red-tapeism" that obstructs the necessary vigor and promptness of action. In the name of "patriotism" they will seek to foist into places of trust and responsibility patriots of their own stripe to help them in their rascally game. In the name of "patriotism" they will strive to discredit and break down public men who have remained sufficiently cool to guard the public interest, as "not patriotic enough." And this tribe of sharks and harpies will be lustily aided by the disreputable politicians who discover in the general disturbance a new chance for themselves, and who expect the loudest kind of war patriotism to lift them into popular favor and public place, trusting that everything will be forgiven to the "patriot" who is most vociferous in denouncing the enemy and most fiercely proclaiming that the war must not cease until the last fighting foe has bitten the dust. This is the class of "patriots" well fitted by old Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S robust saying, that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And those who "love their country and mean to serve it faithfully" must not forget that true patriotism; while in time of war it has to fight the foreign enemy abroad, has to fight with equal vigilance and vigor false patriotism at home. For unless it do so with effect, the range and power of corrupt and degrading influences in our political life will be fearfully enlarged, and the progress of honest, safe, and orderly methods of government may be set back for an indefinite period.

Can true patriotism possibly be eager to rush our country into war while there is a chance for honorable peace?



Mr. Lentz of Ohio



The Opening Prayer in the House.



Gen. Grosvenor.



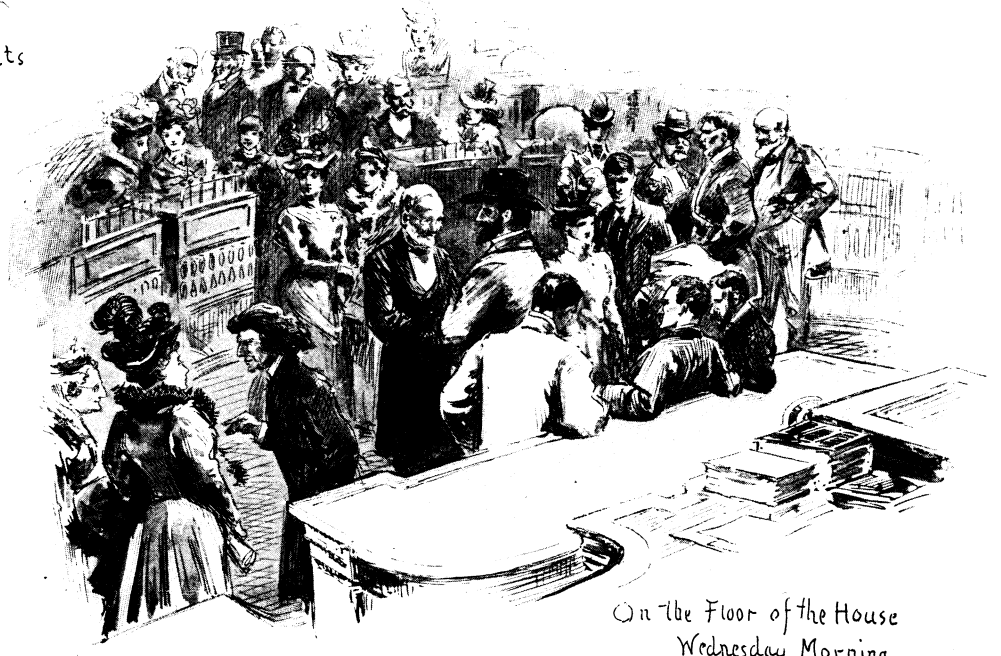
Senators Foraker and Davis.



Senator Hoar visits the House.



Mr Bailey of Texas.

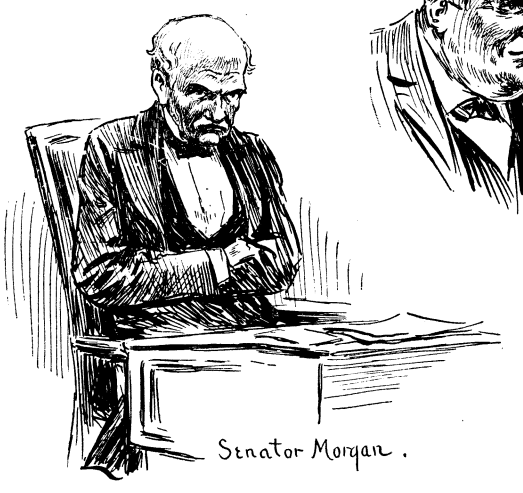


On the Floor of the House Wednesday Morning

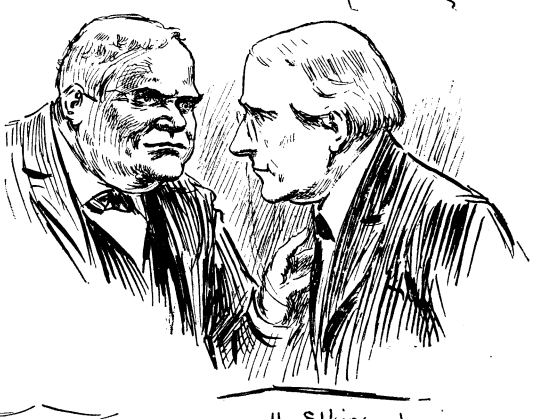


Hanna, Chandler and Mason
A Group not often seen together.

W. A. Rogers.



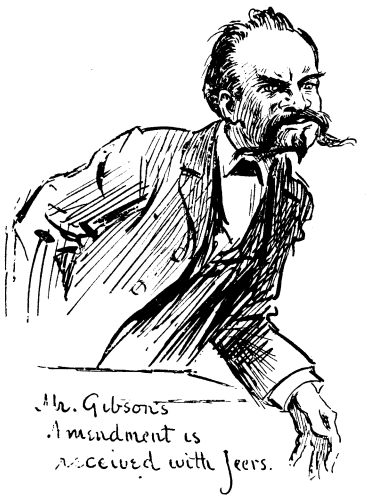
Senator Morgan.



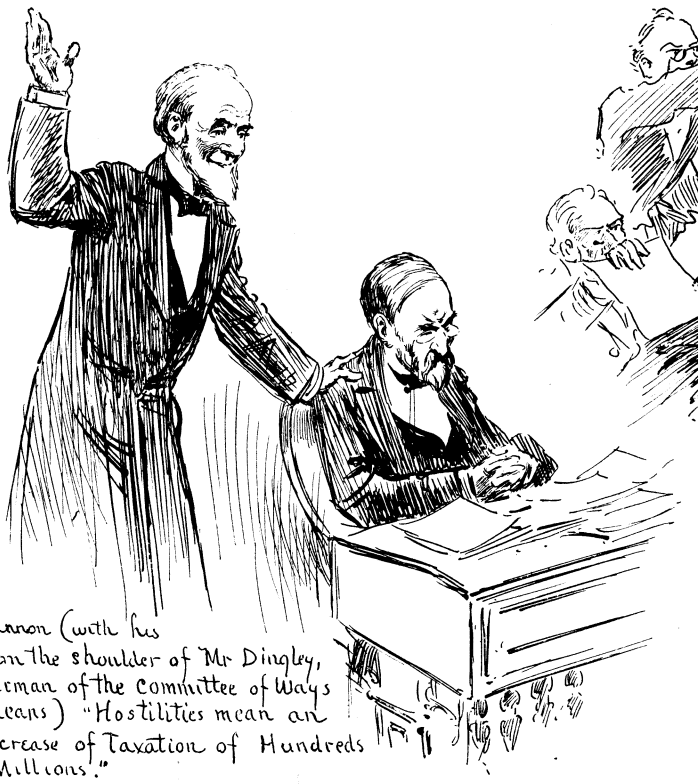
Mr Elkins at Mr. Gorman's Desk.

WASHINGTON—SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITOL.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 378.]



Mr. Gibsons Amendment is received with Jeers.



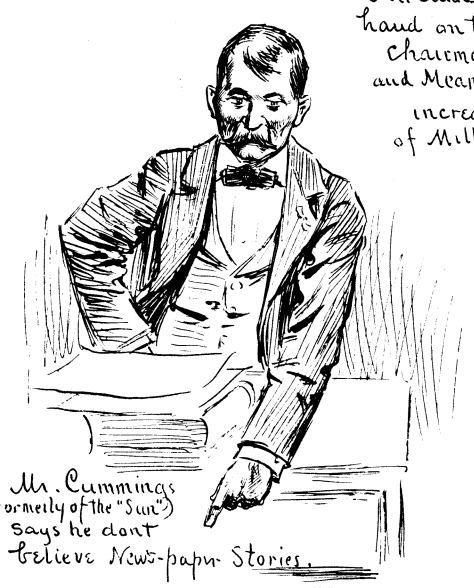
Mr. Cannon (with his hand on the shoulder of Mr Dingley, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means) "Hostilities mean an increase of Taxation of Hundreds of Millions!"



"I desire to offer an Amendment!"



Mr Jerry Simpson makes a few Irrelevant Remarks.



Mr. Cummings (formerly of the "Sun") says he dont believe News-paper Stories.



(Mr Boutelle) "We want those Ships!"



Mr. Boutelle pays his Respects to Mr. Cannon's Knowledge of Naval Affairs



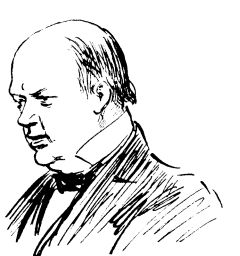
It pains Mr Cannon greatly to have to disagree with the Chairman of the Naval Committee.



Mr Boutelle scents danger in an Amendment offered.



Emphatic Opposition.



"The Ayes appear to have it. The Ayes have it, and the Bill is passed."

W. A. Rogers.

WASHINGTON—SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Passing the Naval Appropriation Bill.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 378.]

MUSIC.

The season still continues to pulsate with musical life. It is even reported that we are to have a new and ambulant opera company, materializing from Italy by way of South America and the far West, and singing Puccini's "La Bohème" as its novelty. The concluding concerts by the Philharmonic Society, the Boston Symphony, the Chickering Hall Series, the Symphony Society, and the Kneisel Quartet indicate, nevertheless, the ebbing of the tide. Young Mr. Hofmann still is in a state of recital; and there have been and will be many concerts, of fluctuating import as a group, until May. The special festival of the Oratorio Society, now in course, is an incident of large form in progress as this reference is made to it, celebrating the society's twenty-fifth year of song. In addition to Dr. Leopold Damrosch's cantata "Sulamith," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," there will be produced what may be expected to prove itself a new choral score of distinct national importance. This is "Saint Christopher," an oratorio by Mr. Horatio Parker, the composer of "Hora Novissima." Mr. Parker's work makes especially heavy demands on the male voices, even the choruses assigned to them being as difficult as they are effective. In the coming performance the part of *Satan* will be sung by Ffrangcon Davies, Erricsson Bushnell has the bass title rôle of *Offerus*, and Evan Williams takes the solos of *The King* and *The Hermit*. That every detail may be as perfect as possible, the few bars assigned to "A Child's Voice" will be rendered by Harry Smith, the noted boy soprano of Grace Church choir. Madame Juch is the only woman soloist—no other female voices for solo-work being needed.

To mention Mr. Seidl is to make the passing remark that for the next three months (perhaps for longer) it will be prudent to disbelieve at least half of the announcements as to arrangements between managers or societies here and conductors for taking up the work that Mr. Seidl's death has left leaderless. In fact, the more positively the statements are distributed, the less credence need be given them, unless they are under final and completely official guarantees. The air is full of such footless rumors. The news columns of the daily press solemnly print them. A half-dozen musical politicians are found laboriously exerting themselves for their candidate in this or that quarter, opposed by half a dozen more for the interests of a rival. The saddest and plainest testimonial to Mr. Seidl's value and individuality is the trouble that it will cost to fill his offices, right and left. The most significant vacancy, next to the Metropolitan Opera House's Wagnerian repertory, is the Philharmonic Society's musical direction. Of that matter nothing whatever can at present be promulgated with authority. An election will occur in due course of time. It is to be hoped, by-the-bye, that the Philharmonic Society will arrange next year a more gracious and becoming occasion in memory of its dead leader, to whom its present prosperity is wholly due, than the hasty and mutilated observance closing its season. There are at least two works of Mr. Seidl available for such a future tribute—his striking arrangement of some short Bach compositions that he grouped together into a "Divertimento," and his gorgeous orchestral dress of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody" for the piano-forte.

A considerable local interest has been taken during some weeks in the "tonograph," an American invention for the perfect preservation of improvised or other compositions on the piano-forte or organ. The patent-offices of various countries are by no means devoid of more or less elaborate contrivances by which a player may expect to find the music struck out by his wandering fingers duly set down, by one or another system; but this "tonograph" undoubtedly offers the most perfected as well as the simplest mechanism to such an end. The invention comes from Mr. Robert Gally, of Brooklyn, well known among the new school of American organ-builders. The music played is written down by a system of dashes and dots (transcribed at sight into ordinary notation), with instant automatism. Not only is every note in each figure, in each embellishment or chord registered, but the quality of the organist's or pianist's touch, his phrasing and technical equipment as to both hands, are all mercilessly or graciously perpetuated, along with the piece's formal movement; and as it is played first, so is it played automatically again by the instrument. At a recent exhibition, in this city, of Mr. Gally's admirable little device, improvisations or other pieces by Mr. Guilmant, Mr. Siloti, Mr. Pugno, Mr. William Mason, and a large group of other pianists and organists were reproduced with most interesting fidelity to their contents and to their original performance by their authors.

An announcement and invitation of importance to North American composers has been put forth by the Musical Art Society of this city. This society has a peculiar interest in the study and performance of the best *a capella* music, or such choral compositions as are written with no instrumental accompaniment, in the classic manner of Italian church song. The society therefore announces an annual contest for a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be awarded to the best original composition of a religious character for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The conditions on which the competition is to be allowed vary somewhat during three years, as will be seen from the following formal prospectus: 1. Any one may compete who has been for the past five years or longer a resident of the United States or Canada. 2. The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices. 3. The time of performance shall not exceed fifteen minutes. 4. The composition should be addressed to the president of the society, Fred E. Hyde, 120 West Fifty-third Street, New York city, and will be submitted to the three following judges: George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, and the conductor of the Musical Art Society. 5. The name of the composer is not to appear, and the composition must bear a suitable motto. A sealed envelope containing the composer's name and address, and bearing on the outside the same motto and a return address, must accompany the manuscript. Only the envelope bearing the motto of the successful composition will be opened. 6. The competition receiving the prize will be performed by the Musical Art Society during the season in which the award is made. 7. The composer is to retain all rights, of whatsoever description, in his work, except that the Musical Art Society reserves to itself the right of first production. 8. The strictest anonymity will be observed as regards all competitors, and only the name of the successful composer will be made public. 9. The jury reserves to itself the right to reject all compositions offered if none come up to the standard set by the aims of the society. 10. All competing compositions must be in the hands of the president before September 1, 1898. 11. All manuscripts will be held at the disposal of the composer after the award has been made. It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1899, and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900. This scheme is judicious and generous. The Musical Art Society, under Mr. Frank Damrosch's care, has been a pleasurable and valuable factor in its field; and while by no means as constant to its proposed special purpose as lovers of unity in its programmes would wish, it has set up standards of choral singing here that are high and influential.

Chicago has not yet learned to conceal what are its real interests and joys in patronizing musical performances. Here in New York we have learned that the truth is not to be spoken at all times. In fact, we have learned that when we go to the symphony-concert or the opera to see and not to hear, it is better not to speak the truth at all. The music-reviewer of a prominent journal of the Windy City began his record of the Auditorium's recent season with the gentle admission that the lyric drama in Chicago "continues to be a great social function, which fills its artistic mission." Therewith, after mentioning that "La Traviata" was "on the bill and a success," and that "Melba was in good voice, and received liberal applause," suddenly he exclaims, in a black head-line, "All Eyes On Mrs. W——" (naming a lady in the boxes), who was "the centre of attraction"—not the music. And why? Who could be cold to the answer? Let us quote it, syntax and all. "Her $50,000 gown, which she wore on the opening night of last season's grand opera, and left its impression, and the fact of her recent purchase of a $21,000 diamond was remembered in conjunction with this. Between acts hundreds of persons passed through the passageway back of the lower right-hand tier of boxes, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the magnificent gown they had read so much about, and the famous diamond. Many had their curiosity rewarded, for the gown and the diamond were both worn, to say nothing of the other gorgeous jewelry of this lover of rare gems. The $21,000 diamond, forming the centre of a star whose points were countless smaller diamonds, sparkled from a place in her coiffure, and vied in brilliancy with a combination opal and diamond tiara. Her gown was of heliotrope brocaded satin; over-dress of point-lace, blazing with diamonds of rarest quality."

Certainly the night was a great musical one for Chicago. But the writer of the account has not made as clear as we could wish that it was not the last year's gown.

Chicago gives out more valuable subject for our meditations than the above descriptive newspaper paragraph suggests. Mr. Theodore Thomas speaks gold to New York when he says what he did lately to a musical journalist of this city on the "permanent orchestra" topic:

"What is responsible for New York's tardiness in establishing a permanent orchestra?" asked the reporter. "Why should Boston and Chicago be in advance of us in this matter?"

"Too many distractions," Mr. Thomas replied, promptly, "and not enough concentration and unanimity of purpose. In Boston, you know, one man made it possible to have the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In Chicago there are fewer things to interfere with the success of the orchestra. But in New York you have the opera, which takes precedence. Opera is not music. It is antagonistic to it. The opera is realistic; music is ethereal. Wagner did not call operas music; he called them dramas, and there is where they belong. Then there is the distraction of fashion, the Waldorf-Astoria, and other things.

"How long before we shall tire of Beethoven and Wagner on our programmes? They will always be there. Beethoven is no more dead than Shakespeare. Yes, there are new composers coming up here and there all the time, and some of them have merit. We are glad to recognize them, but they do not displace their masters."

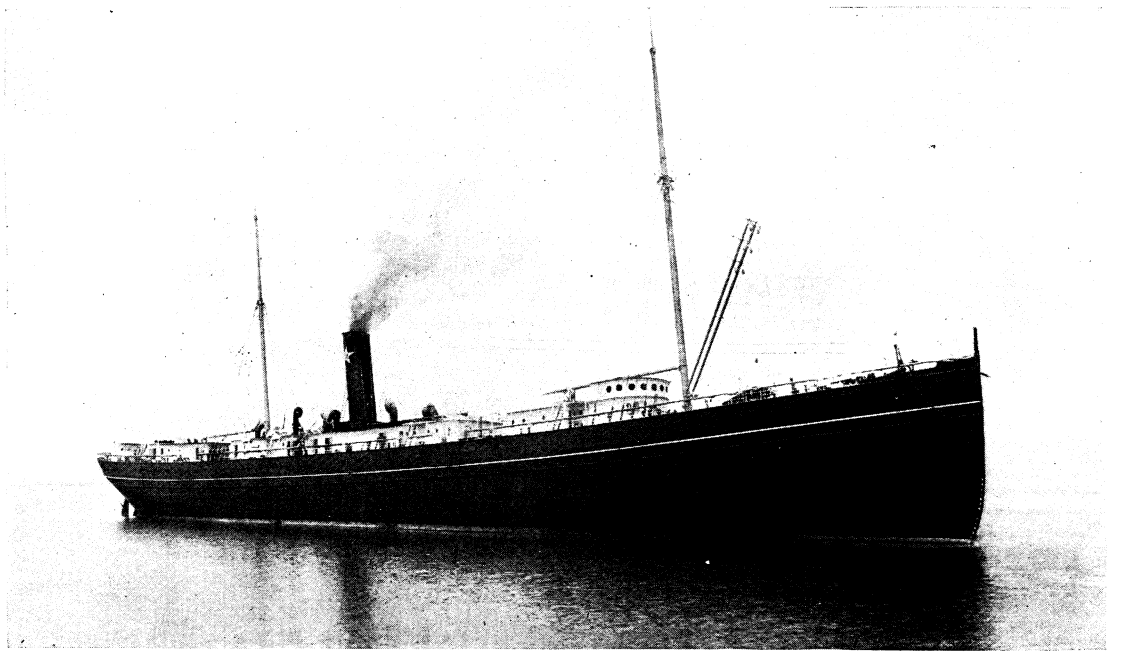
E. Irenæus Stevenson.

NEW VESSELS FOR THE NAVY.

In the hurry and rush of war preparations the Navy Department has found it necessary to buy an extensive auxiliary fleet of yachts, tugs, and colliers to assist in naval operations. These vessels are for use as scouts, despatch-boats, patrol and supply vessels. The most noted of these auxiliary boats is the *Mayflower*, recently described in Harper's Weekly. From time to time other yachts have been bought, and the total cost of the minor crafts to the navy is estimated at about $3,000,000. This money comes from the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, made by Congress to be expended for war preparations at the discretion of the President.

Among the newer additions to this fleet are: (1.) The yacht *Columbia*, renamed the *Wasp*, formerly owned by J. H. Ladew. She was built in Philadelphia. She is of steel, is 180 feet 8 inches long, 22 feet beam, and draws 15 feet of water. Her tonnage is 380 She is four years old. (2.) The *Hornet*, formerly the *Alicia*, was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890, for Henry M. Flagler. She is of steel, measures 302 tons, is 160 feet long, 13 feet 5 inches deep, and of 24 feet beam. (3.) The *Eagle*, formerly the *Almy*, was Frederic Gallatin's yacht. She too was built in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890. She is of steel, is 170 feet 5 inches long, 24 feet 2 inches wide, and 12 feet 4 inches deep. Her tonnage is 365. (4.) The *Hawk*, formerly the *Hermione*, is also of steel, and belonged to Henry L. Pierce, of Boston. She was built in 1891 at Paisley, Scotland. She is 145 feet long, and measures 360 tons. (5.) The *Vixen*, formerly the *Josephine*, was built in 1896 for P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, at Nixon's ship-yard in Elizabeth, New Jersey. She measures 545 tons, is 191 feet 8 inches long, 28 feet 3 inches wide, and 15 feet 3 inches deep. (6.) The *Scorpion*, formerly the *Sovereign*, belonged to M. C. D. Borden. She is the largest of the six yachts, and approaches the *Mayflower* in size and speed. She measures 627 tons, is 228 feet 5 inches long, 27 feet 8 inches wide, and 16 feet 7 inches deep.

All these yachts will be armed with rapid-fire guns, the largest size being 6-pounders. Some of the vessels will be available in time as torpedo-boats. At present their armament will be such as to cope with an attack by torpedo-boats. All are to have a thin strip of steel plating placed on their sides as an extra precaution against light-weight missiles. Their speed varies from 14 to 18 knots an hour. They will be commanded by officers of the Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Commander rank, and probably will be ready for service within ten days.



U. S. S. "YOSEMITE"; FORMERLY MORGAN LINE STEAMSHIP "EL SUD."
Recently purchased, with three Sister Ships, by the United States Government.

The purchases of war ships abroad for the navy have been four: the *New Orleans*, formerly the *Amazonas*, and her sister ship, the *Albany*, formerly the *Abrouall*, both of which were being finished in England for the Brazilian navy; the *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, built originally for Portugal, and the *Somers*, a small torpedo-boat secured in Germany. The *New Orleans* was finished when bought, and sailed promptly for this country in company with the *San Francisco*, our flagship on the European station. She was described recently in the Weekly.

The *Topeka*, formerly the *Diogenes*, is the latest addition to the foreign-bought war-ships. Portugal never took the ship after she was finished. She is a vessel of the *Detroit* class, measures 1800 tons, is of about 16 knots speed, carries six 4.7-inch guns in her main battery and ten rapid-fire guns of various sizes in her secondary battery. She has a protective deck. Little is known in this country of the torpedo-boat *Somers*, except that she was purchased in Pillau, Germany, and is about 75 feet long. She probably is slow, as torpedo-boats go, and will be able to show only 20-knots speed. The *Topeka* is to act as her consort in the difficult trip across the Atlantic.

One of the most important purchases of ships by the navy was that of the four Morgan liners *El Norte*, *El Sud*, *El Sol*, and *El Rio*. They are fast ships, capable, it is said, of making twenty knots an hour. They have been plying between New York and New Orleans. They are of about 4500 tons each, 380 feet long, 46 feet wide, and draw about 20 feet of water. They are fine specimens of marine architecture. They will be armed with 5-inch guns in their main batteries and 6-pounders and smaller rapid-fire guns in their secondary batteries. Each will have three magazines. They have a large steaming radius, and it is probable that in case our army invades Cuba they will be used as troop-ships. These appropriate names have been selected for them—*Yankee*, *Dixie*, *Prairie*, and *Yosemite*.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Fame and notoriety are apt to be confused, especially just now by the yellow journalists, who seem to think that noise thoroughly made can accomplish anything, even to the making of small men great, and bad causes good. One of the most notorious men of the day is William Hearst, who doubtless looks upon himself as a man of might and a famous public character; but even his transient notoriety is inferior to that of some other men of our day, who have come in the Lord's good time to their punishment and to obscurity. One such person, who died in London on April 1, was Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. In his day he was one of the best known men in the world. Twenty-five years ago "The Claimant" and his pretensions were a matter for almost daily report and discussion in most of the newspapers in the world that were printed in English. The story is still so familiar that it is hardly necessary to rehearse it.

Roger Charles Tichborne, heir to a great estate held by his uncle, being a wild youth, was sent to South America for the improvement of his morals. In 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro to New York. The ship he took passage in was lost, with all on board, and his brother succeeded to the estate. But his mother would not believe that he was dead, and continued to advertise for him in American and Australian papers, until in 1865 her perseverance was rewarded by a letter from Wagga-Wagga, Australia, which purported to be from her missing Roger. As the result of correspondence, "The Claimant" arrived in London, on Christmas day, 1866. A few months after, Lady Tichborne received him as her son, and treated him as such until she died, in 1868. After a while he brought suit for the Tichborne estates, money for legal expenses being provided by popular subscription. The trial began in May, 1871, and lasted 103 days. It was enormously expensive. Sergeant Ballantine appeared for the plaintiff; but the case went against the Claimant, and it was demonstrated that he was Arthur Orton, son of an East London butcher. Two years later the defeated Claimant was prosecuted for forgery and perjury, and, after a trial that lasted nine months, was sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude.

After serving his term of imprisonment he came to New York, and for a ime was at barkeeper in a Chatham Square saloon, but returned eventually to England, where, three years ago, he published a confession, recounting his experiences, and admitting that he was Arthur Orton.

The remarkable feature of the Tichborne case was the extraordinary support and sympathy the Claimant found in his effort to make his pretensions good. He imposed upon persons of all classes, but especially upon the poor, as a man battling against wealth and position for his birthright. The British passion for justice was roused in his behalf, great sums of money were raised and spent for him, very eminent counsel conducted his cases, and long after he had gone to prison there were thousands of good Britishers who believed that justice had been denied him, and that might had triumphed over right.

His lie was wonderfully well stuck to, but, after all, it did not prove to be as good as the truth. A lie seldom does in the end. The yellow journals are slow to believe it, but time tells.

The James Russell Lowell Memorial Fund has got its second wind, and is moving along. In the week ending April 2 it gained $1200. The total amount to the credit of the fund at that date was $27,556, which left about $7500 still to be contributed.

The intention, lately disclosed, of Dr. Charles A. Briggs to apply for admission to the ministry of the Episcopal Church is an interesting piece of news, which will illustrate, to laymen unfamiliar with the fine points of doctrine, the superior accommodations afforded by the Episcopal fold to persons whose religious views are what we are used to call "modern." Dr. Briggs is an able man and an accomplished scholar, and should prove a valuable recruit to the ministry of any church with the doctrines of which he is in accord. His present status in the Presbyterian Church is that of a suspended minister.

W. C. Brann, of Waco, Texas, met an appropriate end on April 2, as the result of a meeting with Captain M. T. Davis. Both gentlemen used pistols, and Captain Davis was wounded, perhaps fatally. Brann was a remarkable character. He was born in Kentucky about thirty-five years ago, was educated for a preacher, and entered the Baptist ministry, where the boldness of his attacks on accepted ideas soon made him conspicuous. He was too progressive, however, for his ministerial brethren, and was expelled from the Baptist Church. Then he turned newspaper man, practising that profession first in Kansas, and later in Texas. After feeling the pulse of the public at Houston, he went to San Antonio, and there started the *Iconoclast*, but the vigor of his strictures on men and matters there presently caused him to be mobbed, and then he moved to Waco. There he followed the same methods, but with better success, and was able to enlist popular sentiment on his side. His death was a consequence of a series of attacks which he made on the faculty of the Baptist university at Waco. For this he was set upon and beaten last October by students of the university; but he continued to give offence, and was presently again assaulted and beaten by one of the trustees, assisted by two students. That led to a fight with pistols between Brann's friend, Judge Gerald of Waco, and W. A. Harris, editor of a Waco paper. Harris was killed, Gerald dangerously wounded. Brann went right on expressing his views with entire candor, until, as stated, Captain Davis intervened, and pacification has followed.

Brann was a very vigorous writer, with much humor, and was, as may be conjectured, thoroughly earnest in what he undertook. It is told to his credit that he was kind, brave, and sincere, loved his friends, hated his foes, and fought for the side he believed to be right. The trouble was that his discernment of right and wrong was not clear. Judging from the attractions that New York seems to have for successful journalists of San Francisco, St. Louis, and other Western cities, it does not seem unlikely that if Brann's usefulness had been protracted for another decade he would have used up all likely subjects of offence in Waco, and moved into this Klondike of Occidental editors. There are so many, many things and creatures here that are fit to engage the attention of such a person! It is too late now, but one sighs to think of what might have been if Brann had not dallied too long in Texas—of the yachts he might have sailed, the funds he might have started, and the delegations of Congressmen that he might have sent here and there to do his errands. But perhaps so much "success" as that is only possible to impulsiveness when it is heavily backed by capital.

It is a time to keep busy; a time when the mouth tends to get dry, and rival considerations to contend for the control of our minds; a time when apparent vacillation is almost inevitable because of the moral obligation on all serious-minded thinkers to give peace every possible chance before accepting war. Blessed is the man in such times who has enough to do and does it, and who need only spend his leisure, and not his whole time, in speculating about what is to be done and what will come of it. In the end the world's affairs can only be conducted by letting every man stick to his own job and bear its responsibilities. Each of us who is trying to settle for himself and by himself the question of our duty to Cuba, to ourselves, and to Spain will be obliged in the end to fall in with whatever determination the President and Congress reach. The state of anxious doubt is about the worst state possible. That, at this writing, we are experiencing in an acute form. It is not likely that there is anything worse in store for us. Let us avail ourselves of part of our fortitude for present use, go earnestly about our business, and have confidence that whatever stream we come to we shall find a way to cross. Our government is pretty accurately representative of our people, and that is all we can ask. Its mistakes, if it makes any, will be ours; its creditable achievements will be ours too. We are all going together. What more can we ask than that?

This is the London *Spectator's* judgment, published under date of March 26, of what President McKinley, as the spokesman and Executive of the American people, will find it necessary to do in the matter of Cuba:

> In the end he will, we feel convinced, fall back upon the profound American conviction that everything will always go right if there is only "liberty," will demand that Spain withdraw her hand from Cuba, and will leave the fate of the island to be settled after the war. After all, Mexico and Chile are fairly governed, life in the Brazils is endurable, though most Cuban conditions exist there, and if the worst comes to the worst, the States will not be ruined because Cuba has to be administered for a quarter of a century as three or four Territories of the great republic.

That is what a sympathetic and intelligent looker-on sees in the game that just now engrosses all our interests.

President Eliot, in a recent address before the Dorchester (Massachusetts) Woman's Club, discussed the happy marriage, and gave it what free and easy writers call a first-class notice. A very brief extract from his address credits him with saying that the idealizing devotion with which the happy marriage begins is the most admirable thing in human nature. He does not seem to favor the idea that the corner-stone of happiness in marriage is a sufficient income secured against the chances of fortune. On the contrary, he declares, as the *Transcript* quotes him, that the young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords. The chief conditions of a happy marriage, as he finds them, are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife. No doubt he enlarged upon these conditions, and qualified the idea of the superlative importance of the latter two by taking large views of them. We often see, for example, people very happily married whose minds are so differently constituted that it seems impossible that they should have more than a limited number of intellectual interests in common. But there are different kinds of good minds, and minds that supplement one another seem quite as well suited to harmonious associations as those that run in parallel grooves.

So as to a common religious belief. That must mean agreement in the great essentials, the roots of which lie deep in character, and which really determine standards and shape conduct. The existence of practical agreement of this sort is not necessarily inconsistent with much variation in details of belief which are important but not really vital. A marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic may be happy, though such alliances are highly inconvenient. The marriage which may be expected to fail is one between persons who are not likely to agree as to what is right and what is wrong.

The powers of Greater New York are to be congratulated on finding a good and sufficient reason for suppressing the Charter-day celebration which was planned for next month. The appropriation of $50,000 to pay for the show was defeated by representatives of the Borough of Brooklyn, and that left a large embarrassment on the committee's hands. It must have been a prodigious relief to the responsible committee-men to have the conclusion reached that the prospects of the country are so stormy as to make local glorifications untimely and inexpedient. So Charter day will receive only such emphasis this year as may be furnished by events not under Tammany's control.

Mr. William McLennan, the author of *Spanish John*, a story which lately ran as a serial in Harper's Magazine, was the victim of an inadvertence which has made it necessary for him to rise and account to a correspondent of the *Bookman* for the similarity between certain passages in his story and passages in a certain rare memoir of one Colonel M. McDonnell. Mr. McLennan says the likeness is due to the fact that he used the McDonnell memoir in making his story, as also the chronicles of O'Callaghan, Père Labat, and other early Canadian writers. What makes it necessary now for him to make these explanations is the inadvertence noted, for when originally he completed his story he gave careful credit in a preface to all his forerunners and authorities, but this preface was not required or suitable for publication in a magazine, and when the story was made into a book its insertion was overlooked. In future editions of *Spanish John* the preface will appear.

The *Critic* prints a letter from Mr. St. Gaudens in which he denies that he has moved to Paris with the intention of remaining there. He says:

> I came to stay two or three months, but there is so much to do and see here that my stay has been prolonged; that is all. Now that I am on this side of the water, I want to see all I can, and after I have visited Spain and Greece I shall return. I have given up my studio in Thirty-sixth Street because I want something better when I return; and as to the things I had moved over here, they are the Shaw and the Puritan (with some of the medallions), of which I shall have reductions made; they do those things so well here in France.

The explanation is complete and most satisfactory. Mr. St. Gaudens is certainly entitled to choose for himself where he will work, but it is most agreeable to his brethren in art, and to his fellow-countrymen generally, to have him abide by New York.

A bill now before Congress authorizes the President to pay and issue rations to State troops gathered for instruction and drill. If the bill should be passed (and bills of that nature are likely to get graver consideration for some time to come than for some years past), the practical question will come up of how best to train the State militia for usefulness as a National Guard. A plan not unlikely to be adopted is that outlined in the current Harper's Magazine by Captain James Parker, which proposes an American Aldershot—a training-camp; that is, where troops from any State may be sent to drill and manœuvre with regulars.

Captain Parker's plan contemplates the establishment of such a camp on Long Island, and the location there of at least three regiments of regular troops. That would be a convenient centre for the militia of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Almost half of the National Guard, as at present organized, is within 250 miles of it. If the plan turned out to be advantageous, other camps would be located at other centres. "As to expense," says Captain Parker, "it will cost no more than a new battle-ship." There was a time when the cost of a new battle-ship staggered us, but that was long, long ago, when the *Maine* was still afloat. We buy battle-ships now by the cord and never wink, and we may presently show analogous hardihood in making provision for a few desirable camps.

The French Court of Appeal has decided that Zola shall go free, and neither serve his term of imprisonment nor pay his fine. The decision is based on the technicality that the charges on which he was tried should have been made by the president of the Esterhazy court martial, and not by the Minister of War. The fact seems to be that the French government has had enough of Zola, and being anxious to wash its hands of him, has seized the most convenient expedient to turn him loose. No doubt it would also be glad to be rid of Dreyfus, and would be relieved if the report of his death, which the newspapers printed on April 6, turned out to be true. Zola seems to be very much ahead on his recent transactions. He has provided a lot of very lively music, and won't have to pay the piper, after all.

We shall have to re-read *Vanity Fair*. The new edition of it—the first of the thirteen volumes of the Biographical Edition (Harper's) is out, and brings an introduction twenty-five pages long, which Mrs. Ritchie has filled with delightful glimpses and memories of her father. There is not enough of it; there never has been anything like enough available information about Thackeray, but there is enough to make one want a great deal more, and as each volume of the set is to have a similar introduction, that demand is to be in some degree supplied.

What Mrs. Ritchie seems to have wished to do in the present instalment of her precious wares is to consider her father in his relations with his first great novel, to let us look at him as he appeared while he was writing it, and to give us a glimpse of the experiences in his life which gave him some of the pictures that went to the making of this particular book. She tells a little about his return from India in his childhood, about his school days, about his visit to Germany in 1830, and his stay at Weimar, and how he saw the venerable Goethe. Then we see him sixteen years later, settled in his house in Kensington Square, writing an immortal book.

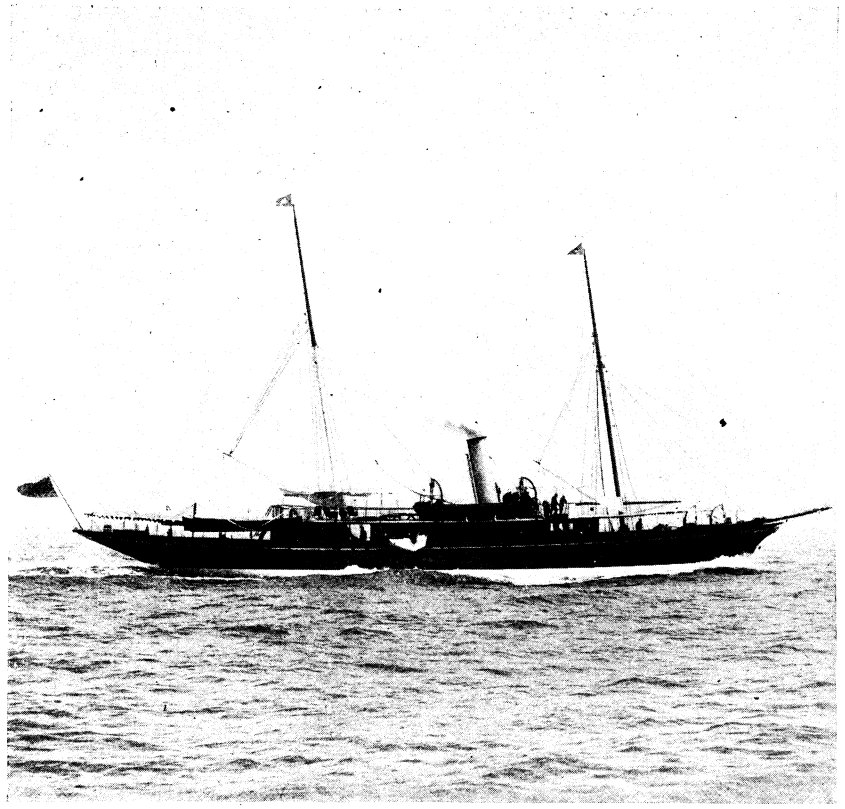
A great part of this introduction is made up of extracts from letters, several of them from Thackeray to his mother. There is one brief extract from a letter written to India by Thackeray's mother which tells of her meeting with her son in England when she and her husband got home from India. She went to fetch him from the school at Chiswick—the Chiswick of Miss Pinkerton's establishment—where he was. She writes:

> He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He is the living image of his father, and God in Heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life! He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful.

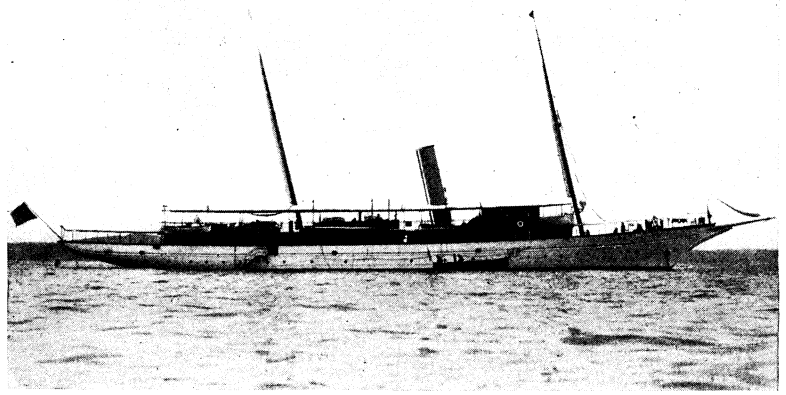
In those few lines and between them there is a deal of biography. They give a better notion of the qualities of Thackeray's father and mother than most readers have ever before gained.

"Old Brooke" is dead—the "Brooke" of *Tom Brown's School Days*. He was the Rev. J. P. Gell, rector of Buxted, in Sussex, England. The *Saturday Review* speaks of him as probably the last survivor of Arnold's famous "Sixth." He began his career as an official of the Colonial Office, was sent to Tasmania, and there married a daughter of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer. Afterwards he took orders, became a preacher of note, and worked himself out in what was a country parish when he took it, but which London swept over and inundated with bricks. For twenty years he lived at Buxted, where he was sent on the failure of his health by Archbishop Tait. The *Saturday Review* calls him "almost an ideal country parson, the friend and fellow-worker of the nonconformists, a true father of the poor, and counsellor of all."

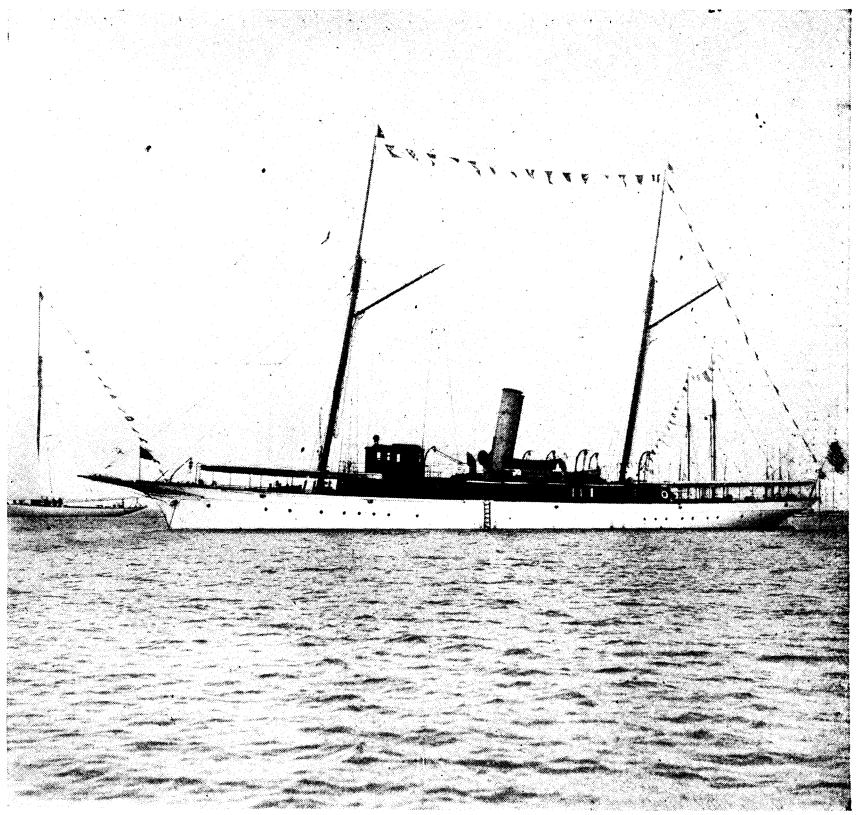
E. S. Martin.



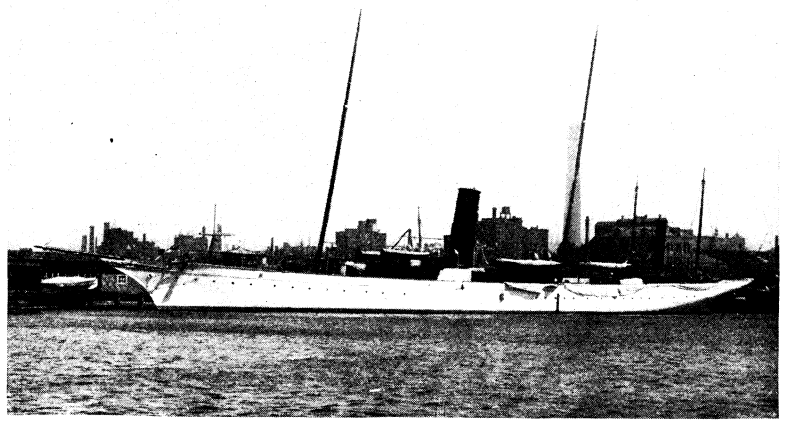
U. S. S "HAWK."
Formerly H. L. Pierce's "Hermione."



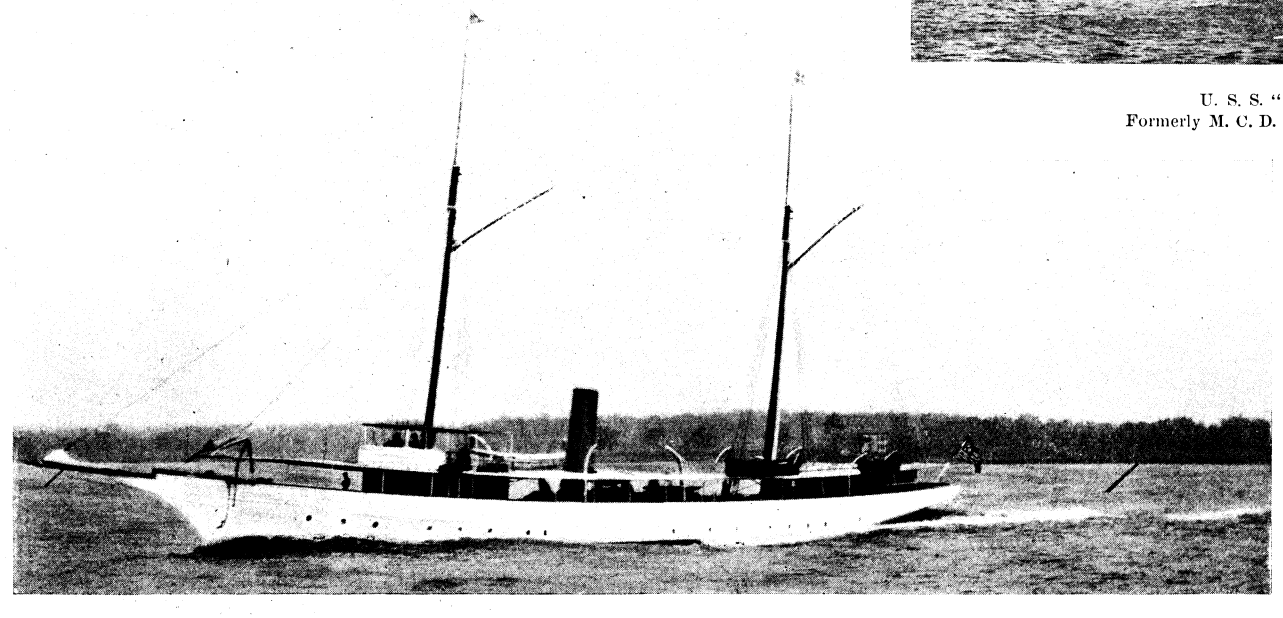
U. S. S. "VIXEN."
Formerly P. A. B. Widener's "Josephine."



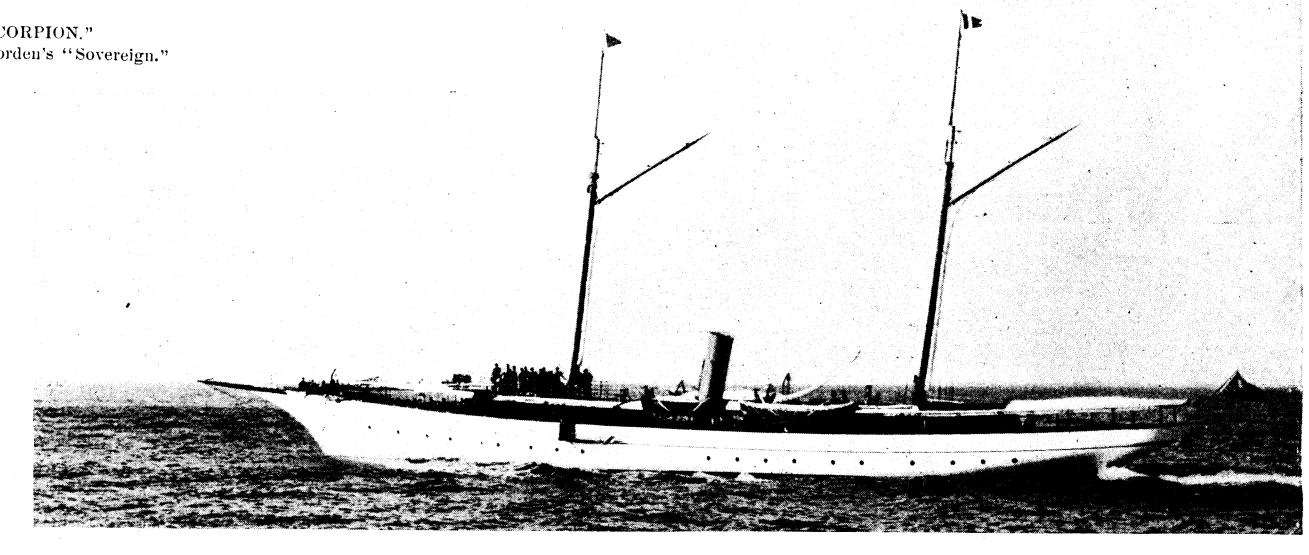
U. S. S. "WASP."
Formerly J. H. Ladew's "Columbia."



U. S. S. "SCORPION."
Formerly M. C. D. Borden's "Sovereign."

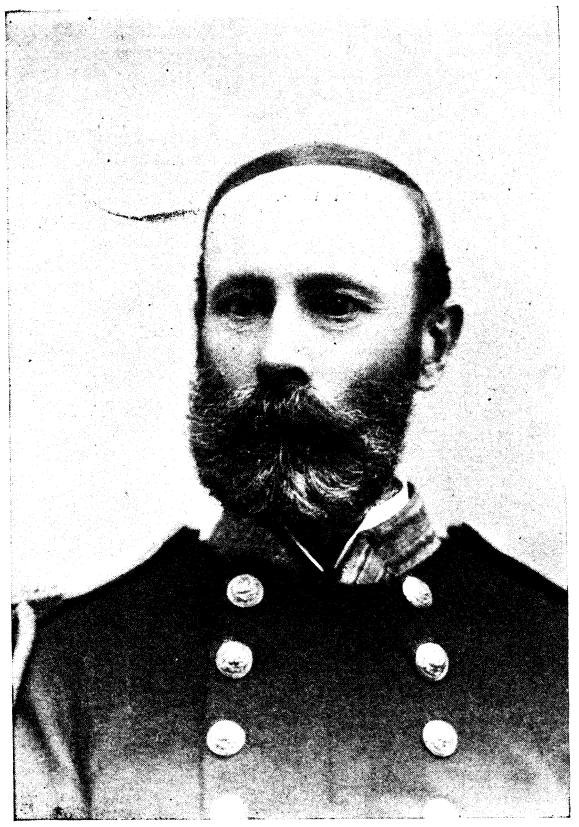


U. S. S. "HORNET."
Formerly H. M. Flagler's "Alicia."



U. S. S. "EAGLE."
Formerly Frederic Gallatin's "Almy."

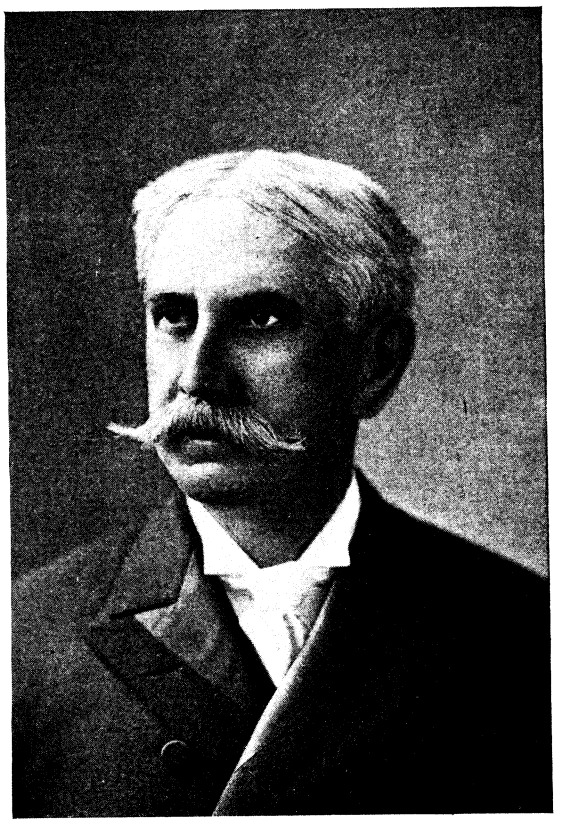
YACHTS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY—RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE AUXILIARY FLEET.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins and E. Muller.—[See Page 366.]



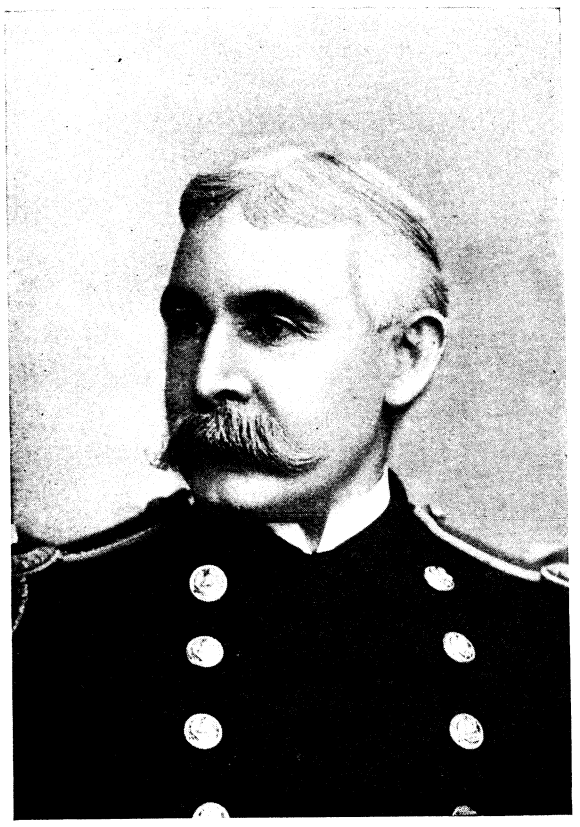
CAPTAIN PURNELL F. HARRINGTON, U.S.N.,
Double-Turret Monitor "Puritan."



CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, U.S.N.,
2d Class Battle-Ship "Texas."
Photograph by Gutekunst.



CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW, U.S.N.,
Double-Turret Monitor "Terror."



CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Cincinnati."



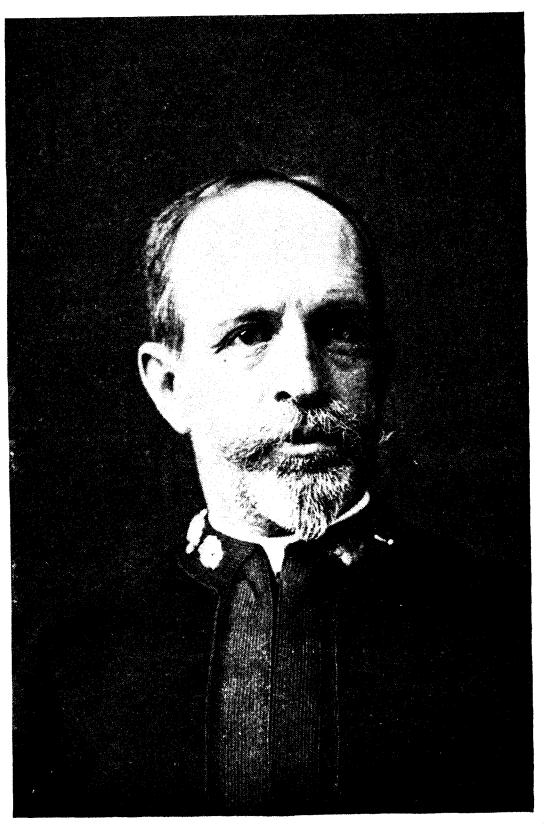
COMMANDER BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Marblehead."



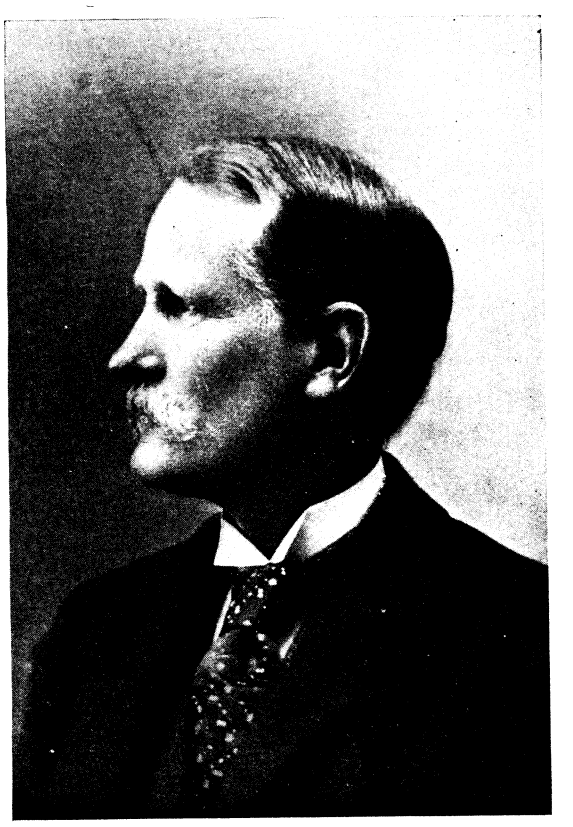
CAPTAIN THEODORE F. JEWELL, U.S.N.,
Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis."



COMMANDER JOHN F. MERRY, U.S.N.,
Gunboat "Machias."



COMMANDER GEORGE A. CONVERSE, U.S.N.,
Cruiser "Montgomery."
From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by Frank H. Child, Newport, R. I.



COMMANDER WASHBURN MAYNARD, U.S.N.,
Light-draught Gunboat "Nashville."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

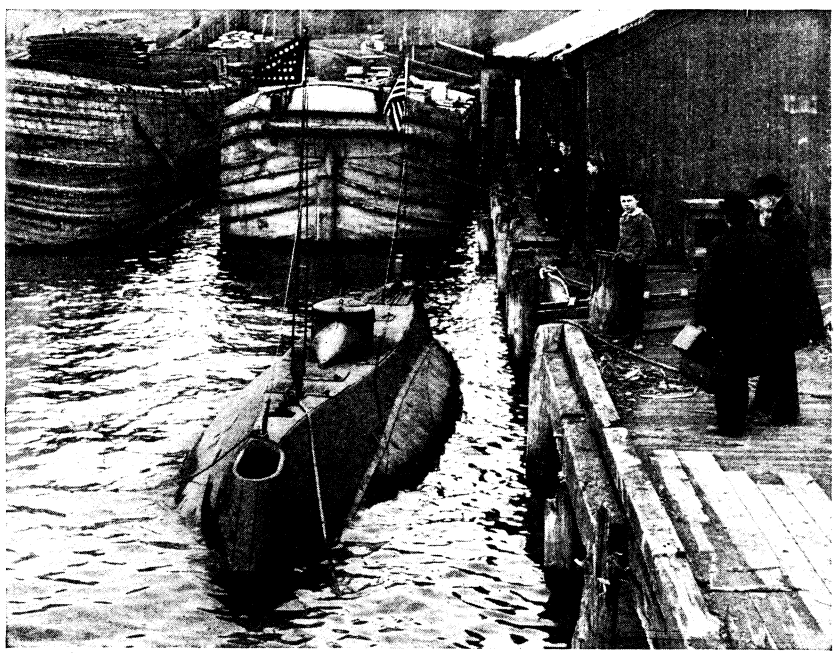
THE SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."

Owing to the strained relations between Spain and the United States over the Cuban question, the recent tests which have been made of the submarine boat *Holland* at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, have attracted wide attention. Up to March 27 the little craft had made four successful dives, and had shown its ability to navigate under water. On one of the tests a dummy projectile was also shot from the aerial torpedo-gun in the bow. On the last of the four tests the craft was inspected by a naval officer, who sent a report to the government as to its availability in warfare.

The first attempt to show the value of the *Holland* occurred on March 18. The boat, after running a few feet on the surface, dipped its nose sharply and went down under water. After it had reached a depth of six feet it was brought to an even keel, and ran for about 400 yards under the surface, its two short steel masts, one at the bow and one at the stern, showing above the water, and indicating to observers not only its speed, but the fact that it was on an even keel. The test was pronounced a success so far as it went.

A few days later the *Holland* made another attempt. It sank while running at full speed, by simply filling its tanks and submerging itself as it proceeded. This time it went out of sight completely. After going for 100 yards completely submerged, it reappeared gradually, and it was declared a success.

The *Holland* is properly a diving-boat. While lying on the surface of the water it can fire an aerial torpedo, containing 100 pounds of gun-cotton, the distance of a mile. It carries three 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes, which it discharges from a tube in the bow under water. It has a submarine gun in the stern, intended to propel a projectile a distance of 500 yards under water. It is propelled on the surface by a gasoline-engine. Under water the motive force is supplied from electric storage batteries. Two horizontal rudders cause the boat to dip its nose when they are pressed down in the rear. Elevated, they bring the boat to the surface. The boat can also be sunk by allowing tanks to be filled, which nearly overcome its buoyancy. When the boat is to be brought to the surface, this water is expelled by compressed air, several large tanks of which are carried to supply fresh air to the crew constantly, and to operate the aerial gun in the bow. An elaborate system of registers indicates the depth to which the boat has descended. To remain under water the boat must be kept moving. It is fifty-five feet long, and about eleven feet in diameter at the centre. Its crew will consist of six men. It is supposed to be capable of running fifty miles under the water.



SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND."
At the Dock before starting on her Official Trial Trip.

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.

The information contained in this article is compiled mainly from a "List of the Battle-ships, Cruisers, and Torpedo-boats of the Spanish Navy," prepared in the Military Information Division of the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington.

Spain has but two war-vessels that are rated in the class of battle-ships, the *Vitoria* and the *Pelayo*, and the former is a "broadside" of antiquated model, used as a training-ship heretofore, but understood to be undergoing equipment with 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns for war service. She is an old iron vessel of 7250 tons displacement, 318 feet 3 inches long, 55 feet 10 inches beam, and a maximum draught of 25 feet 3 inches. She has a 5.5-inch armor belt, and her speed is 11 knots. Her normal coal-supply is 875 tons, and her complement of men 561.

The *Pelayo* is a rather powerful battle-ship of steel, of 9900 tons displacement, 330 feet long, 66 feet beam, 24 feet 11 inches draught. She carries an armor belt 17.75 inches thick, increasing to 19.25 about the barbette in which her guns are mounted, and has a 4-inch steel defensive deck. Her armament consists of two 12.5-inch and two 11-inch heavy ordnance, one 6.2-inch and twelve 4.7-inch guns, six smaller rapid-fire and twelve machine guns, and she has seven torpedo-tubes. Her speed is 16 knots, coal-supply 800 tons, complement 600 men. She has been at Toulon receiving new boilers and some more modern rapid-fire guns, and being fitted with barbette turrets and a ram bow. She has just been ordered to Cartagena, with the French workmen on board.

There is another old broadside iron ship, the *Numancia*, of about the same size and power as the *Vitoria*, which is reported to be receiving new machinery and new armament in 6.2-inch and 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns. She has been classed rather as a port-defence vessel than a battle-ship, and can make only 8 knots.

But Spain is pretty strong in first-class armored cruisers. The *Emperador Carlos V.* is a formidable vessel of 9235 tons displacement, 380 feet long with a ram bow, 67 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, and her speed is 20 knots. Her armor belt consists of only 2 inches of Harvey steel, except about the gun-turrets, which are placed one forward and one aft, and there the armor is 10 inches thick. Each turret carries a big 11-inch Hontoria gun, and the rest of the armament consists of eight 5.5-inch rapid-fire guns, four 3.9 inch, two 2.7-inch, four 2.2-inch, and six machine guns. There are six torpedo-tubes; the coal capacity of the vessel is 1200 tons, and the complement of men 535.

There are six other modern armored cruisers of 7000 and one of 6840 tons. To three of these, the *Cardenal Cisneros*, *Cataluña*, and *Princesa de Asturias*, precisely the same description applies. Each is 347 feet 10 inches long, 61 feet beam, and 21 feet 10 inches draught, has a 12-inch armor-belt, reduced to 10.5 at the gun position, which is "central battery," and a 2-inch steel protective deck. The speed is 20 knots, and the armament consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch rapid-fire, two 2.7-inch, four 2.2-inch, four 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. Each has also eight torpedo-tubes, carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and has 500 officers and men.

The other three, 7000-ton, are the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the *Vizcaya*, and answer to the same description, except that the *Infanta Maria Teresa* has slightly exceeded the speed of 20 knots with which the others are credited. Each is 340 feet long, 65 feet beam, and 21 feet 6 inches draught. The armor belt is 12 inches, except around the gun position (central battery), where it is 10.5 inches, and the steel deck is 3 inches thick. The armament of the *Almirante Oquendo* consists of two 11-inch guns (turrets fore and aft), ten 5.5-inch Hontoria, eight 2.2-inch, and eight 1.4 inch rapid-fire, and two machine guns. That of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* differs from this only in having both the 11-inch and the 5.5-inch guns of the Hontoria type, and that of the *Vizcaya* only in having 5.5-inch guns as well as those of small calibre of the rapid-fire type. Practically the three are of equal power, and each carries a coal-supply of 1200 tons, and a complement of 500 men. In fact, the six cruisers are substantially alike. The *Cristóbal Colon*, 6840 tons, is slightly smaller and less heavily armed, but has the same speed. Her length is 328 feet, beam 59 feet 8 inches, draught 24. She has only 6 inches of armor plate, and a 1.5-inch protective deck. Her two large guns are 10 inch, and mounted in barbettes, one forward and one aft. The rest of her armament consists of ten 6-inch rapid-fire guns, six 4.7-inch, ten 2.2-inch, ten 1.4-inch, and two machine guns. She has four torpedo-tubes, coal-supply of 1000 tons, complement 450 men.

These include all of Spain's fighting-ships of the first class, but she has several second-class cruisers. The largest of these, the *Alfonso XIII.*, might fairly be rated first class, as she displaces 5000 tons, and has a speed of 20 knots. She is 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, and is protected with a 4.5-inch steel deck over engines and machinery. Her armament consists of four 7.8-inch Hontoria guns, six 4.7-inch, six 2.2-inch, six 1.4-inch rapid-fire, and three machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes, can carry 1200 tons of coal, and is manned by 276 officers and seamen.

Next to her is the *Lepanto*, 4826 tons, 318 feet 6 inches long, 50 feet 6 inches beam, 20 feet draught, protected by 4.75-inch steel deck; speed, 20 knots. Her armament is four 7.8-inch Hontorias, six 4.7-inch rapid-fire, six 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and five Maxims. She has five torpedo-tubes, carries 1100 tons of coal, and 276 men.

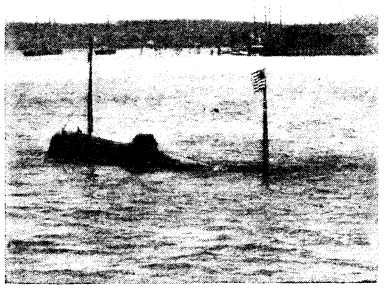
The unarmored and unprotected steel cruiser *Reina Christina* is of 3520 tons displacement, 282 feet 2 inches long, 42 feet 7 inches beam, 16 feet 5 inches draught, and has a speed of 17.5 knots. She is armed with six 6.2-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7-inch, three 2.2-inch, two 1.5-inch rapid-fire, six 3-pounders, and two machine guns. She has five torpedo-tubes; coal capacity, 600 tons; complement of men, 375. Of a similar type, but of 3342 tons displacement, are the *Aragon*, *Castilla*, and *Navarra*. The last named differs slightly in model from the other two. The *Aragon* and *Castilla* are each 246 feet long, 45 feet 11 inches beam, and 20 feet 11 inches draught, have a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 470 tons, and 300 men. The *Navarra* differs in these items only in being 13 feet 1 inch shorter, 3 feet 4 inches less beam, and 7 inches less draught. The armament of the *Aragon* is six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 3.3-inch Krupp, four 2.9-inch, and two machine guns; that of the *Castilla*, four 5.9-inch Krupp, two 4.7-inch, two 3.3-inch, and four 2.9-inch, eight rapid-fire, and two machine guns; the *Navarra*, four 5.9-inch, two 4.7-inch, two 3.4-inch, four 2.9-inch, and four machine guns. Each vessel has two torpedo-tubes.

The next in size are the *Alfonso XII.* and the *Reina Mercedes*, each of 3090 tons. Length, 278 feet 10 inches; beam, 42 feet 7 inches; draught, 16 feet 5 inches; speed, 17.5 knots; coal-supply, 600 tons; complement, 300 men. Each has five torpedo-tubes, but their armaments differ. The *Alfonso XII.* carries six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7-inch, and six 6-pounder rapid-fire, four 3-pounder, and five machine guns. The *Reina Mercedes* has six 6.2-inch Hontoria, two 2.7-inch, three 2.2-inch rapid-fire, two 1.5-inch, six 1.4-inch, and two machine guns.

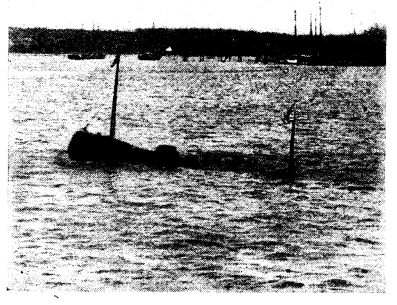
The other Spanish cruisers fall below the minimum size for second-class vessels—2000 tons. The largest is the *Velasco*, 1152 tons, 209 feet 11 inches long, 29 feet 3 inches beam, 12 feet 5 inches draught. Speed, 14.3 knots; coal-supply, 220 tons; complement, 173 men. She is armed with three 5.9-inch Armstrong guns, two 2.7-inch Hontorias, and two machine-guns. There are five cruisers of 1130 tons each—the *Conde de Venadito*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Infanta Isabel*, and *Isabel II.* The description answers precisely for all except in details of armament. Each is 210 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 12 feet 6 inches draught, has a speed of 14 knots, a coal-supply of 220 tons, and 130 men. The armament of the *Conde de Venadito* is four 4.7-inch Hontoria guns, two 2.7-inch, two rapid-fire, and five machine guns. The others are substantially the same in power. There are also three cruisers of 1030 tons each—the *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, and the *Marques de Ensenada*. Each is 185 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 11 feet 6 inches draught. The first two named have a speed of 16 knots, and the last 15; each can carry 160 tons of coal, and the *Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon* have 160 and the *Marques de Ensenada* 164 men. The armament of each of the first two is four 4.7-inch Hontoria, four 6-pounder rapid-fire, two 3-pounder, and two machine guns, and that of the latter four 4.7-inch Hontoria, five rapid-fire, and four machine guns. The former have three and the latter four torpedo-tubes.

This exhausts the list of cruisers proper, though there are two others so called, the *Quiros* and *Villabolos*, each 315 tons, for service in the Philippines. There is an old wooden sloop of war of 935 tons which carries three 4.7-inch Hontoria, two 2.8-inch Krupp, and two machine guns.

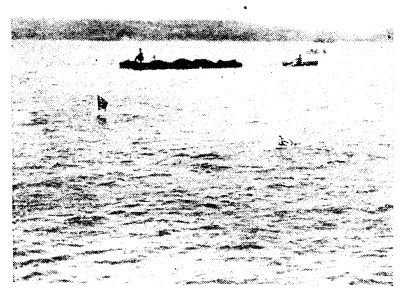
The *Don Alvaro de Bezan*, 830 tons and 235 feet long; *Dona Maria de Molina*, same size; *Destructor*, 458 tons, 192 feet 6 inches long; *Filipinas*, 750 tons, 213 feet; *Galicia*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Marques de la Vitoria*, 830 tons, 235 feet; *Marques de Molina*, 571 tons, 190 feet; *Martin Alonzo Pinzon*, same size; *Nueva España*, 630 tons, 190 feet; *Rapido*, 570 tons, 190 feet; *Temerario*, 590 tons, 190 feet, and the *Vincente Yañez Pinzon*, 571 tons, 190 feet, are classed as torpedo-gunboats. They carry from two to four torpedo-tubes, and have a speed of 19 or 20 knots. The armament of the largest consists of two 4.7-inch rapid-fire guns, four 1.5-inch, and two machine guns. The *General Concha*, 520 tons, is listed as a gunboat, and the *Elcano*, 524 tons, *General Lego*, 524 tons, *Magellanes*, 524 tons, as "gun-vessels." They are somewhat smaller, and lighter in armament, and considerably slower than the torpedo-gunboats. There



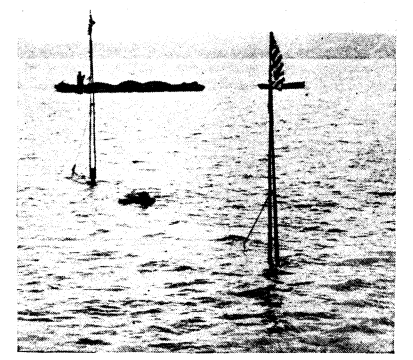
GOING DOWN.—1.



GOING DOWN.—2.

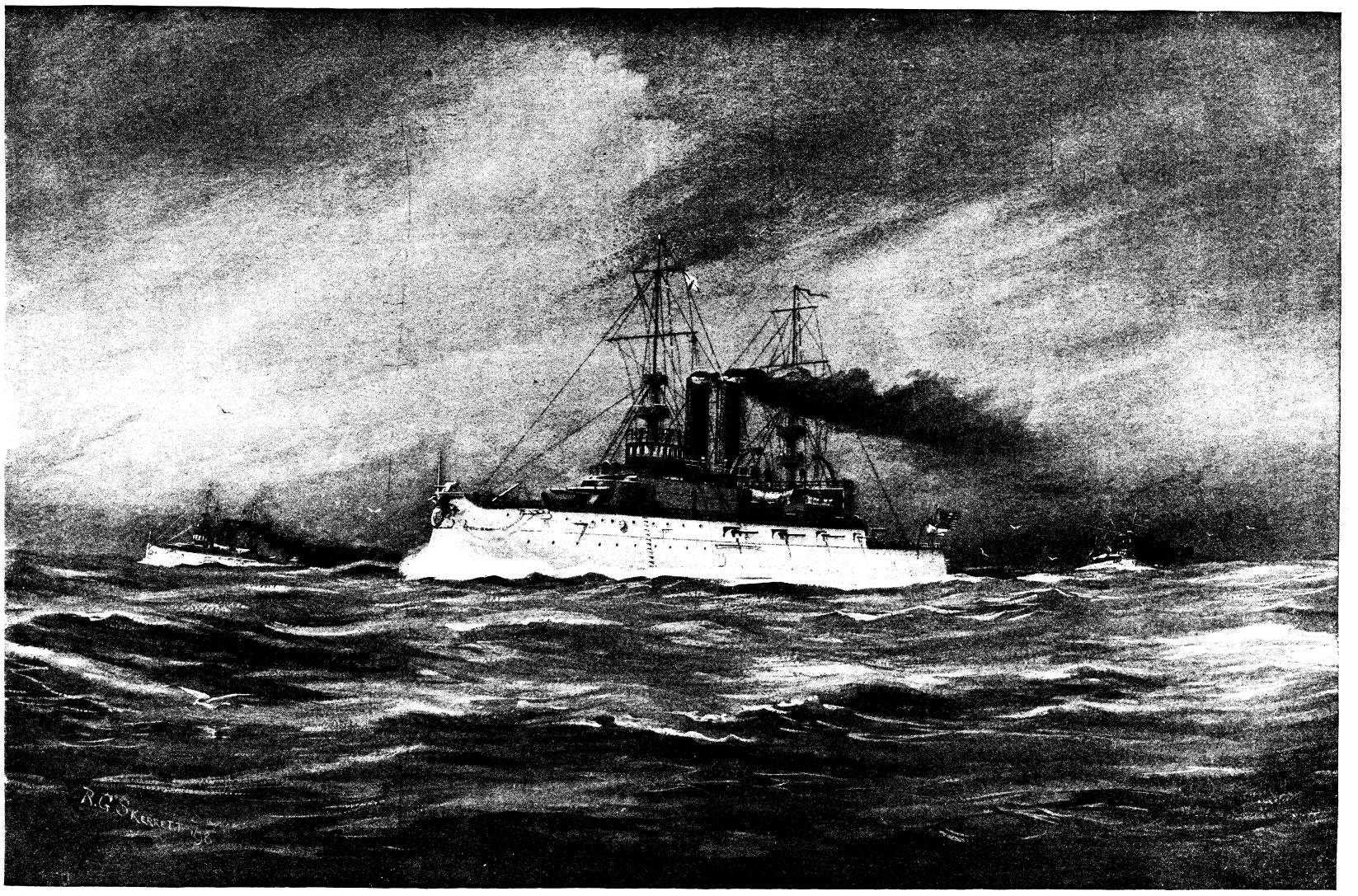


UNDER WATER—ONLY HER FLAGS SHOWING.



COMING UP.

SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND" ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL TRIP.



BATTLE-SHIPS "ILLINOIS," "ALABAMA," AND "WISCONSIN."—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

are two despatch-vessels in the list, identical in description, the *Fernando el Catolico* (used as a torpedo training-ship), and the *Marques del Duero*, 500 tons displacement, 157 feet 5 inches long, and 25 feet 7 inches beam, with a speed of 10 knots.

There is a supplementary list of gunboats "for service in Cuban waters"—the *Hernán Cortés*, 300 tons, one 5 12-inch Parrott gun, 12 knots; *Pizarro*, 300 tons, two 2.95-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, 12 knots; *Vasco Nuñez de Balboa*, 300 tons, one 2.95-inch Nordenfeldt gun, 12.5 knots; *Diego Velasquez*, 200 tons, two 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt guns, and one 1-pounder revolving cannon; *Ponce de Leon*, in all respects like the last; *Alvarado*, 100 tons, one 2.24-inch rapid-fire Nordenfeldt, and one revolving cannon; *Sandoval*, mate to the last. There are also eighteen small steel gunboats for service in Cuba, carrying each one 6-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt rapid-fire gun, and one 1-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt automatic.

The list of Spain's torpedo-boat-destroyers comprises six vessels—the *Audaz*, which is a formidable craft of 400 tons displacement, and a length of 225 feet, carrying two 12-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 1-pounders, besides two torpedo-tubes, and capable of a speed of 30 knots; and the *Furor*, *Terror*, *Osado*, *Pluton*, and *Proserpina*, each of which is of 380 tons displacement, 220 feet long, capable of 28 knots, and carrying two 14-pounder and two 6-pounder rapid-fire and two 37-mm. automatic guns, all Maxim-Nordenfeldt. Each of these vessels carries 100 tons of coal, and has 67 men.

The rest of the torpedo fleet consists of boats ranging from 147 feet 5 inches to 43 feet 4 inches in length, and from 108 to 23 tons displacement. The names, with indication of length in feet and speed in knots, are *Ariete*, 147.5 feet, 26.1 knots; *Rayo*, 147.5 feet, 25.5 knots; *Azor*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Halcon*, 134.5 feet, 24 knots; *Habana*, 127.5 feet, 21.3 knots; *Barcelo*, 126 feet, 19 5 knots; *Orion*, 125 feet, 21.5 knots; *Retamosa*, 118 feet, 20.5 knots; *Julia Ordoñez*, 117.7 feet, 20.1 knots; *Ejercito*, 111.5 feet, 25 knots; *Rigel*, 105 feet, 19 knots; *Pollux*, 80 feet, 19.5 knots; *Castor*, 76.2 feet, 19 knots; *Aire*, 43.4 feet, 8 knots; and four vidette-boats, 60 feet long, making 18.3 knots. These four boats have a light armament, besides their two (in two cases three) torpedo-tubes, and, with the exception of the smallest, carry from thirteen to twenty-five tons of coal, and require from eighteen to twenty-four men to manage them.

Spain has now in process of building one battle-ship of 10,000 tons, one armored cruiser of 10,500 tons, and one of 6840 tons (*Pedro d'Aragon*); two protected cruisers—*Reina Regente*, 5372 tons, and *Rio de la Plata*, 1775 tons—one torpedo-gunboat, 750 tons, and four torpedo-boats of the *Ariete* type. She can also command for arming as cruisers thirteen vessels of the Compañia Trasatlantica of Cadiz, as follows, in order of size, with tonnage and speed indicated. *Magellanes*, 6932 tons, 17 knots; *Buenos Aires*, 5195 tons, 14 knots; *Montevideo*, 5096 tons, 14 5 knots; *Alfonso XII.*, 5063 tons, 15 knots; *Leon XIII.*, 4687 tons, 15 knots; *P. de Satrustegui*, 4638 tons, 15 knots; *Alfonso XIII.*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Reina Maria Cristina*, 4381 tons, 16 knots; *Isla de Luzon*, 4252 tons, 13 knots; *Isla de Mindanao*, 4195 tons, 13.5 knots; *Isla de Panay*, 3636 tons, 13.5 knots; *Cataluña*, 3488 tons, 14 knots; *Ciudad de Cadiz*, 3084 tons, 13.5 knots.

Reports of Spain's acquisition of new war-vessels of importance by purchase remain unconfirmed. Efforts to purchase those just finished for Brazil and Chili failed, and negotiations for Italian cruisers remain thus far ineffectual. Those sought in Italy are the *Carlo Alberto*, a fine vessel of 6500 tons, with a speed of 20 knots, and the *Giuseppe Garibaldi* (sister to the *Varese*, sold to Argentina), 6840 tons, armored with six inches of Harvey steel.

The effective naval strength of Spain may be summed up from the foregoing detailed description. She has but one really effective battle-ship, the *Pelayo*, which cannot be ready to leave her coast for some time. She has one powerful cruiser in the *Carlos V.* (not immediately available), and seven others which stand high in the first class in all respects. These eight strong and fast cruisers embody her chief fighting forces on the water; but there are eight others, ranging in size from 3000 to 5000 tons, and most of them having a speed of 17 knots or more, which could render effective aid in harassing an enemy. There are nine of the smaller cruisers, of a little more than 1000 tons displacement.

The torpedo-gunboats are strong and speedy craft, and they are twelve in number, in addition to which there are one other gunboat, three "gun-vessels," and two despatch-boats, besides the three 300 ton, two 200-ton, two 100-ton, and eighteen "small" gunboats especially "for service in Cuban waters."

Spain's torpedo fleet is a strong one, and may constitute a formidable part of her naval force. It contains six exceptionally powerful and swift torpedo-boat-destroyers, ten torpedo-boats rated as first class according to the English standard, two of the second class, and seven others—twenty-five in all. The vessels now under construction are none of them near enough to completion to be regarded in the present calculation, with the possible exception of the torpedo-boats.

A. K. Fiske.

THREE GREAT BATTLE-SHIPS.

Three more of our battle-ships, the *Illinois*, *Alabama*, and *Wisconsin*, are rapidly advancing toward the time of launching, and by the fall they will be ready to be put in the water. These vessels were provided for by act of Congress approved June 10, 1896, the *Illinois* going to the Newport News Ship-building Company for $2,595,000, the *Alabama*, for $2,650,000, going to Cramps', and the *Wisconsin*, for $2,674 950, going to the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco.

The ships combine structurally the best features of the *Iowa* and the *Kearsarge*, having the high freeboard of the former and the moderate draught of the latter.

As the vessels are sister ships, a description of one applies equally to the others, and the principal dimensions and general features are—length on load water-line, 368 feet; beam, extreme, 72 feet 2.5 inches; freeboard forward, 19 feet 6 inches; freeboard aft, 13 feet 6 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; draught at normal displacement, 23 feet 6 inches; load displacement, 12,150 tons; draught at load displacement, 24 feet 7.5 inches; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; speed (estimated), 16 knots; normal coal-supply, 800 tons; total bunker capacity, 1200 tons; complement, 490.

These ships are the most formidable battle-ships we have yet designed, and in the powers of offence and defence are the equal, if not the superior, of many European vessels of greater displacement.

The main battery will consist of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, supplemented by fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns. The 13-inch guns are mounted in two balanced barbette turrets of 15-inch Harveyized steel—the defensive equivalent of twenty-two inches of ordinary steel—while the face plates about the gun-ports are two inches thicker. These turrets turn through arcs of 270 degrees, and all four guns can be concentrated upon a point about sixty feet off the ship's beam on either side. Each one of these guns fires a hardened-steel shot of 1100 pounds, with an impulse of 33,627 foot tons. It takes a vivid imagination indeed to foresee the consequences of four such shot planted on a single point. Nothing could withstand that stroke within even the long range of modern warfare.

The barbettes, within which are located the vital mechanism for these guns, and also their ammunition hoists, are of hardened steel 15 inches thick, and rise solidly from the foundation of the heavy protective deck up to about four feet above the decks on which the turrets lie.

The battery of rapid-fire 6-inch guns is placed on the main and the upper decks. Four of them, in two heavily armored citadels amidships, hold commanding positions on the upper decks, while the remaining twelve, also behind six inches of armor, are divided into two batteries—four amidships and one well forward on each side. Splinter bulkheads of steel an inch and a half thick separate the gun stations one from another, and heavy shields prevent the admission of shot through the ports. These guns will have an individual rate of fire of five aimed shots a minute, each shot weighing 100 pounds, and capable of piercing, undeformed, through a trifle over eight inches of steel 1500 yards distant.

A secondary battery, consisting principally of sixteen 6-pounders, is disposed advantageously on the main-deck well forward, on the berth-deck well aft, and upon the superstructure and bridges where promising the most effective service against torpedo-craft and the exposed positions of an enemy's decks. These guns can be fired quite ten times a minute.

Protection to the hull is provided by a 7½-foot water-line belt—half under water at normal draught—reaching from abreast the after-turret forward to the stem. From a point abreast the after-turret to another abreast the forward one this armor has a maximum thickness of 15½ inches—thence it tapers gradually to 4 inches at the stem. At each end of the heavy belt athwartships bulkheads of hardened steel 12 inches thick reach from side to side and oppose raking fire. On top of these walls rests the main body of the protective deck, 2¾ inches thick. A continuation of this protective deck, 3 inches thick, runs slantingly to the bow and to the stern, to points below water.

Above the water-line belt, throughout the range of its heaviest part, the sides are re-enforced by 5½ inches of steel, reaching up to the upper deck, also running athwartships like the thicker belt; and it is through this armor that the amidship 6-inch guns and the two torpedo-tubes on each side are worked. A complete band of cornpith cellulose binds the ship from bow to stern just above the line of the water-line armor belt.

There are two armored fighting positions, the forward one being just below the pilot-house and abaft the bow turret, the after one just abaft the mainmast and up in the superstructure. The forward one will be 10 inches thick, and there the captain will control his ship in action, and the after one will be 6 inches thick, and a position for either the admiral or the signal-officer during conflict.

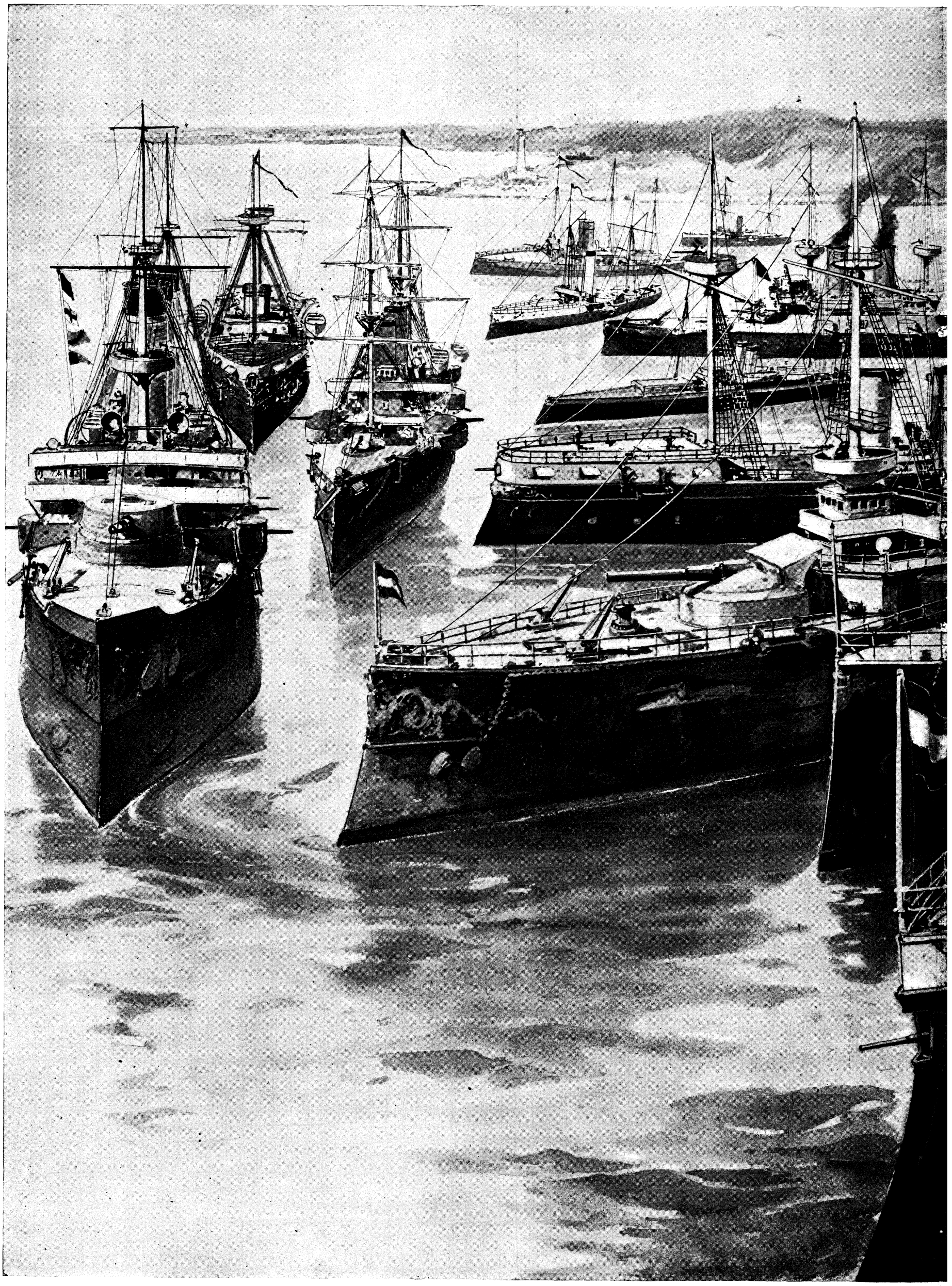
The ships will have twin screws, driven by two sets of powerful triple-expansion engines.

One great central electric-power plant will provide for the control of the turrets and all ammunition hoists, while a supplementary plant will furnish the energy for the electric signals and the great search-lights. Wood has been used sparingly, and all of it will be fire-proofed.

The ship that can live against that minute's broadside of 8440 pounds of hardened steel, hurtled by any one of these vessels and well aimed, must be stronger than any of those yet fashioned.

Robert G. Skerrett.

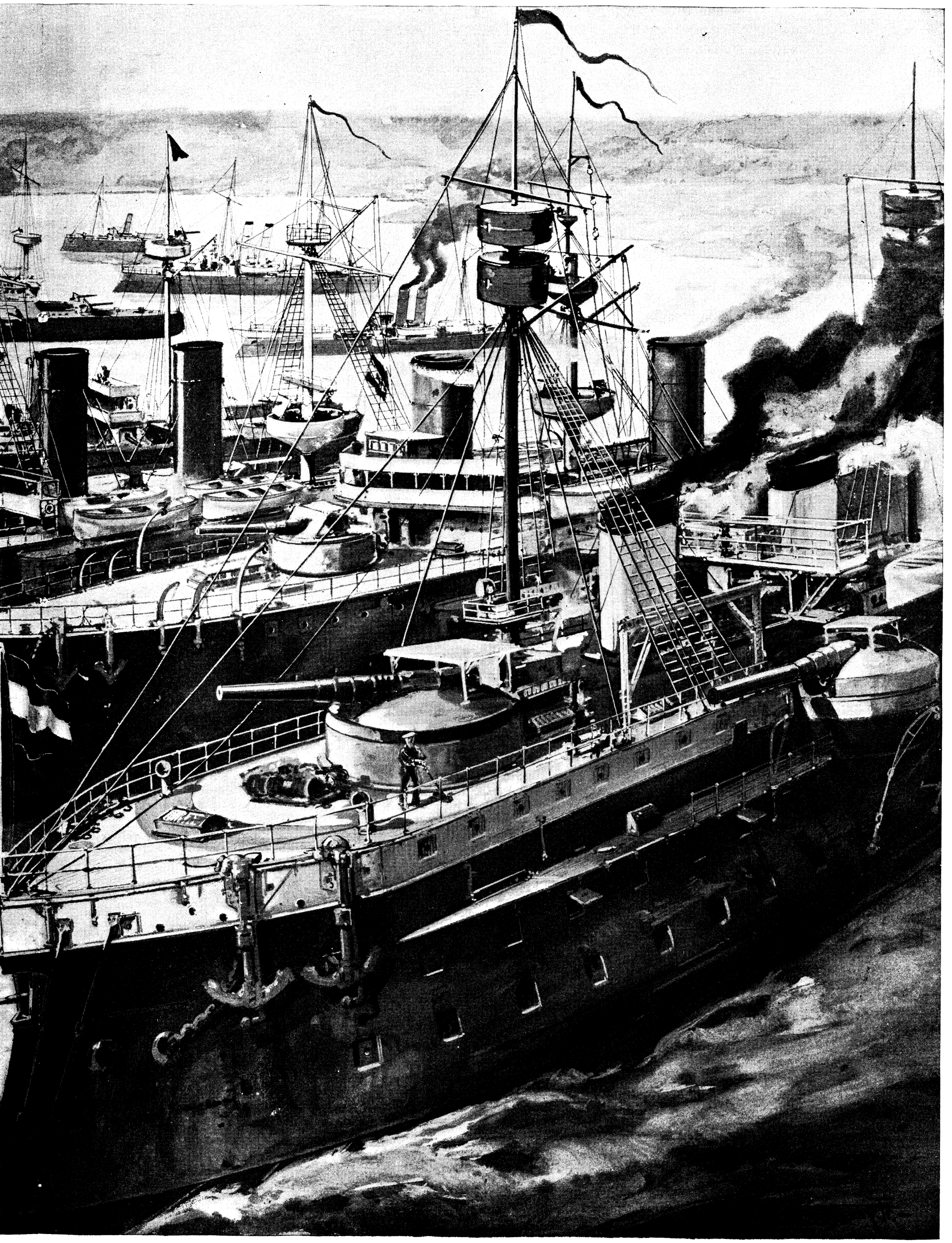
"Numancia." "Destructor." "Marques de la Ensenada." "Isla de Cuba."



"Emperador Carlos V." "Alfonso XII." "Temerario." "Lepanto." "Vitoria." "Cardenal Cisneros."

SPAIN'S NAVAL STRENGTH.—DRAWN

"Pizarro." "Maria de Molina." "Marques de Molina."



"Cristóbal Colon." "Pelayo."

DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I FIND A SECOND.

I MEANT to go directly to the Prince, in his chamber, and tell him that Helene and I had resolved to battle out our lives together. But it chanced that I passed on my way through the higher terrace on my way to the lower—a bosky place of woods, where the Prince loved to linger in of a summer afternoon, drowsing there to the singing of birds and the falling of waters. For our Karl had tastes quite beyond sour, black Casimir with his church-yard glooms and rawbone terrors.

On the terrace I found von Reuss, lolling against the parapet with other blue flittermice, his peers—he himself no flittermouse, indeed, but of the true Casimir vampire breed, horrid of tooth, nocturnal, desirous of blood.

I went straight at mine enemy as if I had been leading a charge.

"Sir," said I, "you are a base rascal. You have insulted the Lady Helene, maid of honor to the Princess, the adopted child of my father. Her wrongs are mine. You will do me the honor of crossing weapons with me!"

"I have not learned the art of the axe," said he, turning about, listlessly. "You expect too much, Sir Executioner!"

I wasted no more words upon him, for I had not sought him to barter insults, but to force him to meet me where I could have my anger out upon him, and avenge the tears in the eyes of my Little Playmate.

Von Reuss was drawing a glove of yellow dressed kid through his hand as he spoke. This I plucked from his fingers ere he was aware, and struck him soundly on each cheek with it before flinging it crumpled in his face.

"Now will you fight, or must I strike you with my hand?"

Then I saw the look of his uncle stand hell-clear in his eyes. But he was not frightened, this one, only darkly and unscrupulously vengeful.

"Foul toad's spawn, I will have your blood!" he cried, tugging at his sword.

"We cannot fight here," said I, "within sight of the palace windows. But to-night at sundown, or to-morrow at dawn, I am at your service."

"Let it be to-night, on the common at the back of the Hirshgasse—one second, and the fighting only between principals."

Very readily I agreed, and then, with a wave of my hat, I went off, cudgelling my brain whom I should ask to be my second. Jorian, who was now an officer, I should have liked better than any other. But being of the people myself, it was necessary that I should have some one of weight and standing to meet the nephew of the Duke of the Wolfmark and his friend.

Moodily pacing down the glade, which led from the second terrace and the pleasaunce, I almost overran the Prince himself. He was seated under a tree; a parchment of troubadours' songs lay by him, illuminated, to judge by the pictures, by no decent monkish or clerkly hand. He had a bottle of Rhenish at hand, and looked the same hearty, hard-headed, ironic soldier he ever was, and yet, what is more strange, every inch of him a Prince.

"Whither away, young Sir Amorous?" he cried, pretending great indignation at my absent-mindedness. "Head among the clouds, or intent as ever on the damosels, conning madrigals for lovers' lutes, mayhap. And all the while taking no more heed of honest princes than if they existed only for trampling under your feet."

I asked his pardon—but indeed I had not come so nigh him as that.

"I am to fight," said I; "and, truth to tell, I want a second, and was pondering whom to ask."

The Prince sighed.

"Ah, lad," he said, "once I had wished no better than to stand at your side myself. I was not a Prince then, though; and then these laws—these too strict laws of mine! But what is the matter of your duel, and with whom?"

"Well," said I, "I have slapped Count von Reuss's chafts with his own glove in the midst of his friends on the upper terrace."

'Tis possible I may be mistaken, I suppose, but I did think then, and still do think, that I saw evident tokens of pleasure on the face of the Prince.

"And the cause—"

I hesitated, blushing temple-high, I dare say, in spite of the growth of my beard.

"A woman, then!" cried the Prince. Then, more low, "Not the—?"

He would have said the Princess, for he paused, in his turn, with a graver look on his face.

I hastened with my explanation.

"He insulted the young Lady Helene, maid of honor to the Princess, who is to me as a sister, having been brought up with me in our house. Her honor is my honor, both by this tie, and because, as you know, we have long loved one another. Therefore I will fight Count von Reuss to the death."

The Prince whistled—an unprincely habit, but millers' lads whistle at their work. So Prince Karl whistled as he meditated.

"I see farther into this matter than that—if indeed you love this maid. There will be other things to be thought upon than vengeance upon von Reuss. Does the Princess know of this?"

"Suspect she may," said I; "know she cannot. It was only half an hour ago that I knew myself."

"Ha," said he, "it hath gone no further than that. Were it not, if possible, better to conceal the cause yet awhile, that our compact may go on? It were easy enough to invent an excuse for the quarrel."

"Prince," answered I, earnestly, "this bargain of ours hath gone on too long already, in that it hath brought a true maid's honor and happiness in question. And a maid also whom I am bound to love. I will ask you this, have I been a good soldier and servant to you or not?"

"Aye to that!" quoth the Prince, heartily.

"Have I ever asked fee or reward for aught I have tried to do?"

"Nay," he said; "but you have gotten some without asking."

"Will you grant me the first boon I have asked of you since you became Prince and Master to Hugo Gottfried?"

"I will grant it, if it be not to separate us as friend and friend," said my master at once.

It was like the noble Prince thus to speak of our relation. I took his hand in mine to kiss it, but this he would not permit.

"Shake hands like a man," he said, "or else kiss me upon the cheek. My hand is for young blue painted flittermice to kiss, for whose souls' good it is to put their lips to the hand that has shifted the meal-bags."

And with that Prince Karl embraced me heartily, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Now for this request of yours!" said he, looking expectantly at me.

"It is this," I answered him directly: "Give me a district to govern, a tower to dwell in, and Helene to be my wife."

"Nay, but these are three things, and you stipulated but for one. Choose one!" he said.

"Then give me Helene to wife!" I cried, instantly.

"Spoken like a lover," said the good Prince. "You shall have her if I have the giving of her, which I beg leave to doubt. Something tells me that much water will run under the bridges ere that wedding comes to pass. But so far as it concerns me the thing is done. Yet remember, I have never been the one to marry, nor yet to give in marriage."

He smiled a dry, wise smile—the smile of a shrewd miller casting up his thirlage upon the mill door when he sees the fields of his parish ripe to the harvest.

"I wonder why, with her crystals and her ink-pools, the Princess hath not foreseen this. By the blue robe of Mary, there will be proceedings when she does know. I think I shall go a-hunting in the mountains."

He considered a moment longer, and took a deep draught of Rhenish.

"Then the matter of a second," continued the Prince. "He is to fight, of course?"

"No," said I; "principals only."

"I wonder," said the Prince, meditatively, "if there is anything in that? It is not our Plassenburg custom between two young men and surrounded with brisk lads. Three seconds, and three to meet them point to point, was more our ancient way."

"It was specially arranged at the request of Count von Reuss," I told the Prince.

"If there is to be no fighting of seconds, what do you say to old Dessauer? He was a pretty blade in my time, and has all the etiquette and chivalry of the business at his finger-ends. Also he likes you."

"At any rate, he is ever railing on me with that sharp tongue of his," said I.

"But did you ever hear him rail upon any of these young men that lean on rails under ladies' windows?" said the Prince. "Old Leopold Dessauer is even now no weakling. I warrant he could draw a good sword yet on occasion. Anything more lovely than his ripost I never saw."

The Prince got upon his feet with the difficulty of a man naturally heavy of body, who takes all his exercise upon horseback.

"Page!" he cried. "My compliments to High State's Councillor Dessauer, and ask him to come to me here. You will find him in the library."

So to the library sped the boy; and presently, walking stiffly, but with great dignity, came the old man down to us.

"How about the ancestors, the noble men my predecessors?" cried the Prince, when he saw him. "Have you found aught to link the miller of Chemnitz with the Princes of Plassenburg?"

The Councillor smiled, and shook his head gravely.

"Nothing beyond that bit of metal which hangs by your side, Prince Karl," said Dessauer, pointing to his Highness's sword.

The Prince looked down at the strong unadorned hilt thoughtfully and sighed.

"I would I had another to transmit this sword to, as well as the power to wield it, when I take my place as usurper in the histories of the Princes of Plassenburg."

"I trust your Highness may long be spared to us," replied Dessauer; "but, Prince Karl, in default of an heir to your body (of which there is yet no reason to despair), wherefore may not your Highness devise the realm back to the ancient line?"

"The line of Dietrich is extinct," said the Prince.

"So says Duke Casimir, hoping to succeed to your shoes, when he could not to your helmet and your sword. But I have my suspicions and my beliefs. There is more in the parchments of yonder library than has yet seen the light."

Suddenly the Prince recollected me, standing patiently by.

"But we waste time, Dessauer; we can speak of ancestors and successors anon. I and Hugo Gottfried want you to take up your ancient rôle. Do you mind how you snicked Axelstein, and clipped Duke Casimir of his little finger at the back of the barn, when we were all lads at the Kaiser's diet at Augsburg?"

Old Dessauer smiled, well pleased enough at the excellence of the Prince's memory.

"I have seen worse cuts," he said. "He has never rightly liked me since. And had the Black Riders caught me, over to his dogs I should have gone without so much as a belt upon me. He would have kept them without food for a week on purpose to make a clean job of my poor scarecrow pickings."

"And now this young spark," said the Prince, "for the sake of a lady's eyes, desires to do your Augsburg deed over again with Duke Casimir's nephew, and we must give him a man with quarterings on his shield to go along with him."

"I am too old and stiff," said Dessauer, shaking his head. "Let him seek out one of the brisk young kerls that are drumming at the blade-play all the time down there in the square by the guard-rooms."

"Nay, it is to be principals only; there is to be no fighting of seconds. The Count has specially desired that there shall be none," said the Prince, "therefore go with the lad, Dessauer."

"No fighting of seconds!" cried the Councillor, in astonishment, holding up his hands. And I think the old swordsman seemed a little disappointed. "Well, I will go and see the lad well through, and warrant that he gets fair play among these wolves of the Mark."

"Faith, when it comes to that, he is as much a wolf of the Mark as any of them," laughed the Prince.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WOLVES OF THE MARK.

THE Hirshgasse is a little inn across the river well known to the wilder blades of Plassenburg. There they go to be outside the authority of the city magistrates, to make rendezvous, to fight their duels, and generally to do those things without remark which otherwise bring them under the eye of the miller's son, as they one and all call (behind his back) the reigning Prince of Plassenburg.

It was on the stroke of seven, and as fine an evening as ever failed to touch the soul of man with a sense of its beauty, that I set out to fight the nephew of Duke Casimir. I had indeed ridden far and fast, and withal kept my head, since I left the Red Tower, a poor homeless wanderer; otherwise I had scarce found myself going out with High-Councillor Leopold Dessauer as my second to fight my late master's heir, the proximate Duke of the Wolfmark.

What was my surprise to find the old man attired in the appropriate costume for such an occasion—a close-fitting suit of dark gray, of ancient cut indeed, and without the fashionable slashes and scallops, but both correct and practicable, either for the sword-play or the proper ordering of it in others!

Von Dessauer laughed a little dry laugh when I congratulated him on the youthfulness of his appearance. Indeed, he seemed little grateful for my felicitations. If it had not been for the rheumatism which he had inherited from his father's campaigns on the tented field, and the weakness which came from his own in other fields, he would yet be as fit for the play of fence as any youngster of them all. So, at least, he averred. And to-night the wind was southerly, and his old hurts irked him not. Faith, he was almost minded to try a ruffle with the cocks of the Mark on his own account.

"Mind you," he said, "guard low. The attack of the Mark ever comes from the right leg half-way to the knee. But I forgot—what use is it to tell you, that are born of the Mark, and have learned in their schools."

As we left the Castle I looked about and secretly kissed a hand to that high window where was the chamber of my Little Playmate, whose cause I was going out right gladly to champion.

Dessauer and I went quickly down through the lanes which led to the river edge where the ferry was, and more than once I seemed to see a man in a cloak and sword stealing after us. But as the sight of a man going so attired in the direction of the Hirshgasse was no uncommon one, I did not pay any particular attention.

We crossed over in the large flat boat which plied constantly between the banks before our fine new bridge was built. We found our enemies on the ground before us, and they seemed more than a little surprised when they perceived who my second was. As we came up the bank I saw them go close and whisper together, like men who hastily alter their plans at the last moment.

I presented my second in form.

"The High-Councillor Leopold von Dessauer, Knight of the Empire!" said I, proudly.

Then the Count presented his, as the custom then was among us of the North:

"Friedrich, Count of Cannstadt, Hereditary Cup-bearer of the Wolfmark."

Count Cannstadt was an impecunious old-young man, who, chiefly owing to accumulated gaming-debts and a disagreement with Duke Casimir concerning the payment of rents and duties, had sought the shelter of the Castle of Plassenburg—a refuge which the generous Prince Karl extended to all exiles who were not proven criminals.

The seconds bowed first to each other, and then to their opposing principals. In those days duels were mostly fought with the combatants' own swords. And now von Dessauer took my blade, and going forward, courteously handed the hilt to Count Cannstadt, receiving that of von Reuss in return. The seconds then compared the lengths, and found almost half an inch in favor of my opponent. Which being declared, and I offering no objection, the discrepancy was allowed, and the swords returned to us to fall to.

And this without further parley we did.

I was no ways afraid of my opponent. For, though a pretty enough tricky fighter, he had little practical experience. Also, he had quite failed to strengthen himself by daily custom, and especially by practice at outrance, with an enemy keen to run you through in front, and the necessity of keeping a wary eye on half a dozen other conflicts on either hand, as has constantly to be done in war.

The place where we fought was on a level green platform a little way above the roofs of the inn of the Hirshgasse, where many a similar conflict has been fought, and on which many a good fellow has lain with the gasps

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"TREACHERY!" CRIED VON DESSAUER AND I TOGETHER. "YOU ARE VILLAINS BOTH. HE IS WEARING A SHIRT OF MAIL!"

growing slower and deadlier, while his opponent wiped his blade on the trampled grass, and the seconds looked on with folded arms. There were many bushes and rocks about, and the place was very secluded to be so near a great city.

At first I did not trouble myself much, nor attempt to force the fighting. I was content to hold von Reuss in play, and defend myself till the edge of his attack was dulled. For I saw on his face a look of vicious confidence which surprised me, considering his inexperience, and he lunged with a venom and resolution which, to my mind, betokened a determination to kill at all hazards.

I knew, however, that presently he must overreach himself, so of set purpose I kept my blade short, and let him approach nearer. Immediately he began to press, thinking that he had me at his mercy. We had fought our way round to a spot on the upper side of the plateau, where for a moment von Reuss had a momentary benefit from the ground. Here I felt that he gathered himself together, and presently, as I had supposed he would, he centred his energy in a determined thrust at my left breast. This was well enough timed, for my guard had been short and a little high on purpose to lead him on, and now it took me all my time to turn his point aside. I saw it shoot past, grazing my left arm. Then, with so long a recovery, and the loss of balance from lunging down hill, he was at my mercy.

As I did not wish to kill him, I chose my spot almost at my leisure, and pinked him two inches below the spring of the neck and close to the collar-bone, which was running the thing as fine as I could allow myself.

What was my surprise to see my sword-blade arch itself as if it had stricken a stone wall, and to hear the unmistakable ring of steel meeting steel!

"Treachery!" cried von Dessauer and I together; "you are villains both. He is wearing a shirt of mail!"

And the old man rushed forward with his sword bare in his hand.

I heard the shrill "purl" of a silver call, and turning me about, there was the gambler Cannstadt with a whistle at his lips. I had still to guard myself against the traitor von Reuss's attack, but with the tail of my eye I could see two or three men rise from behind bushes and rocks, and come running as fast as they could toward us. Then I knew that von Dessauer and I were doomed men, unless something turned up that we knew not of. For with an old man, and one so stiff as the High Councillor, as my only ally, it was impossible for me to hold my own against more than double our numbers.

Nevertheless, von Dessauer attacked Cannstadt with surprising fury and determination, anger glittering in his eye, and resolution to punish treachery lending vigor to his thrust. I had not time to observe his method, save unconsciously, for I had to change my position momentarily, that I might take the points of the two men who came down the hill at speed, sword in hand.

But all this foul play among high-born folk gave me a kind of mortal sickness. To die in battle is one thing, but, over against the roofs of your home, to find yourself brought to death's door by murderous treachery, is quite another.

At this moment there came news of a diversion. From below was heard the crying of a stormy voice:

"Halt! I command you! Halt!"

And wheeling sufficiently to see, I observed the figure of a stout man, who came leaping heavily up the hill towards us, waving a sword as he came. Well, thought I, the more there are of them the quicker it will be over, and the more credit for us in keeping up our end so long. Better die in a good fight than live with a bad conscience!

With which reflection I sent my sword through von Reuss's sword-arm in the fleshy part, severing the muscle, and causing him to drop his blade. I had him then at my mercy, and I had a great desire to push my blade down his throat, for a treacherous, cowardly hound as he had proved himself to me. But instead of this I had to turn towards the other two, who ran down the hill and were now close upon us.

I had just time to leap aside from the first and let him overrun himself, so that he shot almost upon the sword of the thick-set man, who came up the hill shouting to us to stop. The second man I engaged, and a stanch blade I found him, though fighting for as dirty a cause as ever man crossed swords in.

"Halt!" came the voice of command again—the voice I knew so well—"in the name of the State I bid you cease!"

It was the voice of Karl, Prince of Plassenburg.

"We must take the rough with the smooth now. We must kill them all," cried von Reuss. "There is no safety for any of us else." And in a moment we were at it, the Prince furiously assaulting the first of the bravoes who came down the hill. More coolly than I had given him credit for, von Reuss stuffed a silken kerchief into the hole in his shoulder, and repossessed himself of his weapon in his other hand.

It was the briskest kind of a bicker for a little while, there on the bosky, broomy hill-side in the evening light. Ah! Dessauer was down at last and Cannstadt at his throat. I went about with a whirl, leaving my own man for the moment, and rushed upon the Count's false second. He turned to receive me, but not quite quick enough, for I got him two inches below where I had pinked his principal's ring-mail, and that made all the difference. Cannstadt did not immediately drop his sword. But his limbs weakened, and he fell forward without a sound.

Then, as I looked about, there was the Prince manfully crossing swords with two, and the cowardly von Reuss creeping up, with his sword shortened in his left hand, with intent to slay him from behind.

Whereat I gave a furious cry of anguish, that I should have been the means of bringing my noble master into such peril. The Prince Karl had at the moment some intuition of the foe behind him, for he leaped aside with more agility than I had ever seen him display before on foot, and von Reuss was too sorely wounded to follow.

Presently I was at my first bravo again, and the Prince being left with but one, von Reuss took the opportunity to slip away over the hill.

The rest of the conflict was not long a-settling. There were loud voices from the stream beneath. The combat had been observed, and half a score of the Prince's guard were already swimming, wading, and leaping into small boats in their haste to be first to our assistance.

But we did not need their aid. I passed my blade through and through my assailant, almost at the same moment that the Prince spiked his man so directly in the throat that the red point stood out in the hollow of his neck behind.

Both went down simultaneously, and there was von Reuss on horseback, just disappearing over the ridge. Prince Karl wiped his brow.

"What devil's traitors!" he cried. "Poor Dessauer, I wonder what he has gotten? Let us go to him."

We went across the plateau together, and knelt by the side of the old man. At first I could not find the wound, though there was blood enough upon his face and fencing-habit. But presently I discovered that his scalp had been cut from above the eye backward to the crown of his head—a hollow ploughing scratch, no more, though it had effectually stunned the old man.

Even as I held him in my arms he came to and looked about him.

"Are they dead?" he said, feeling for his sword.

"You were nearly dead, dearest of friends," said my master. "But be content. You have done very well for so young a fighter. An you behave yourself and keep from such brawling in the future I will give you a company."

Dessauer smiled.

"All dead?" he asked, trying to look about him.

"Your man is dead, or the next thing to it, two rascals grievously wounded, and the scoundrel von Reuss fled, as well he might. But my archers are already on his track."

Up the hill came Jorian and Boris, leading the rout.

"Is the Prince safe?" cried Jorian.

"The Prince is safe," said Karl, answering for himself.

"Good!" chorussed Jorian, Boris, and all the archers together.

"Catch me that man on horseback there," cried the Prince. "Take him or kill him, but if you can help it do not let him escape. He is Count von Reuss, and a double traitor."

"Good!" cried the pair, and set off after him, all dripping as they were from their abrupt passage of the river.

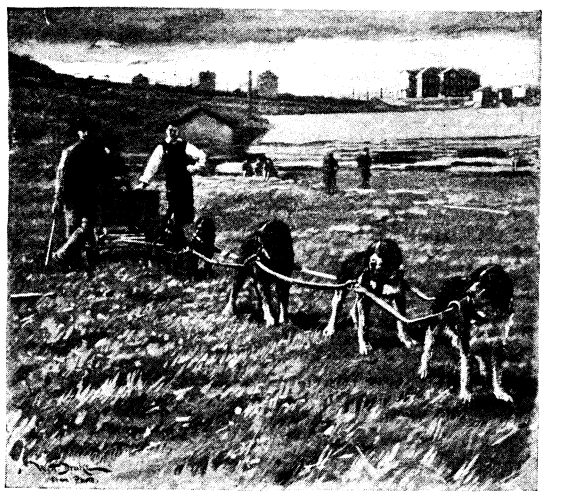
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JIM'S CREW.



JIM.



RECRUITS IN TRAINING.

SEATTLE'S MENAGERIES.

"THEY grin like a dog, and run about the city." That is literally what occurs in Seattle at the present time. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of all the rush to the Klondike is the utilizing of animals for the journey. One sees in Seattle, every day, dogs, goats, sheep, oxen, mules, burros, Shetland ponies, and cayuses destined for the Yukon gold-fields.

Car-loads of dogs have been imported from every part of the Union, and have been in training for some weeks. The harness-makers have reaped a goodly harvest from the manufacture and sale of small round collars and broad straps for harness. Every Seattle man who owns a dog keeps him chained, for any dog wandering unattended from his kennel stands a poor chance of ever sleeping there again.

The leader of a dog team has as much responsibility as the stroke of an eight oar, and is just as proud of his position. If he be an experienced leader he never turns aside from his path, for he directs the way; but he trots along steadily, putting all his weight to the work, and setting his crew a good example.

Jim is the leader of a team of four that travelled two hundred miles in two days, and he knows it, too. He is dignified and steady, and permits no fooling, but keeps "all eyes in the boat." He is an Alaskan dog of much experience, and knows his business, and, it is said, he owns a claim on Bonanza Creek.

Jim knows his crew, and they have implicit confidence in his sagacity, and follow him over difficult paths and along the edge of treacherous and hazardous precipices, living on half-rations with their owners. They will soon return to the diggings, but before leaving were brought from their kennels to be photographed.

Raw recruits from the city slums and "hayseeds" from the farms are taken out to the training-grounds and disciplined and accustomed to the harness, and they are very readily transformed from obstreperous curs to good useful dogs. Usually they object very forcibly for a time, but when they find they are well cared for and kindly treated, and learn what is wanted of them, they regard it as a huge joke, and are quite willing to put their heads into their collars.

These creatures are first harnessed to small four-wheeled carts, into which a boy is placed in order to add weight, and under the instruction of a trainer they readily learn to follow their experienced leader. It is merely necessary for them to put their individual inclinations into subjection; but this is *absolutely* necessary. Sometimes a dog will scent a dead rat or other enticing morsel, and will quickly demoralize the whole team. This tendency, of course, must be entirely cured, otherwise fatal accidents would occur on the trail if any disturbing element should arise, such as scenting game or vermin.

Having completed their cart course, and being sufficiently under control, they are next taken into the city, where are other dogs and other causes of disturbance. They are hitched to a sled, which they haul through the streets, around sharp corners, over difficult inclines and rough places. Provisions are placed on the sleds to accustom them to the heavy hauls. One meets a dog-sled at almost every corner.



A FREE RIDE.

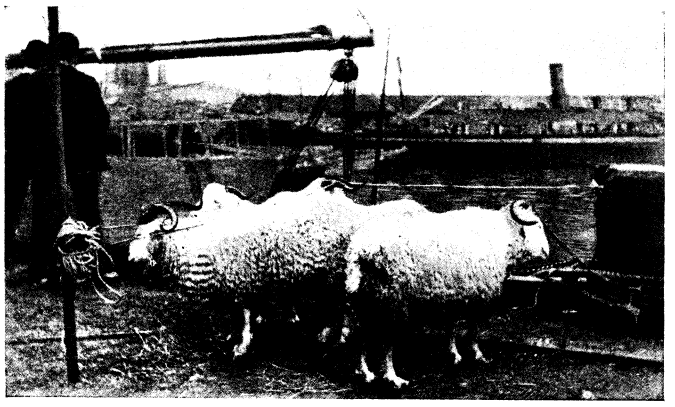
Even the goat, "the giddy goat" of the silky-haired Angora breed, is pressed into service, and to some extent successfully. It has the advantage of being edible, which of course is a decided advantage when one considers the possibility of starvation or shortness of provisions, and his skin can be used *à la* Robinson Crusoe. The accompanying illustration shows four goats, which have been trained to haul a sled, about to be placed on board ship for Alaskan points. They will be used for hauling, and then sold at a tremendous profit for food. From personal observation of the cuffs and kicks these poor beasts received, it is fairly safe to say that they will be "pretty tough mutton."

Trained oxen are being exported for packing. These also, of course, possess the additional advantage of being edible and toothsome.

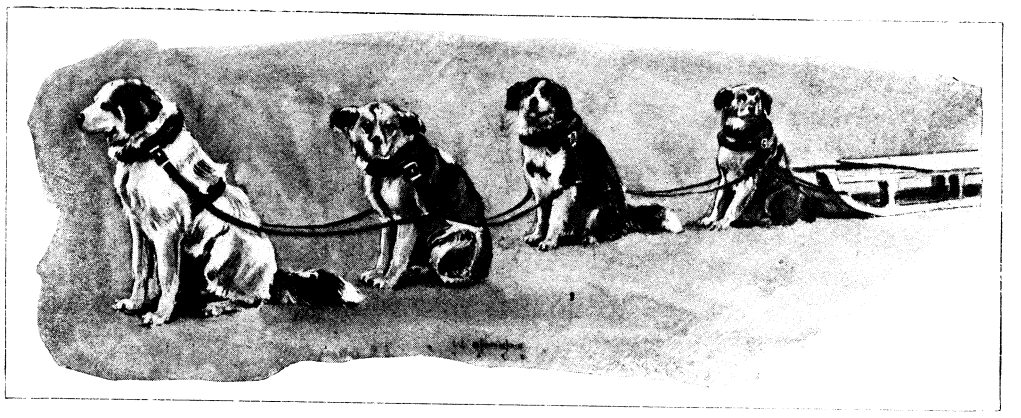
Horses are constantly arriving from Montana, burros from Mexico, and mules from Colorado. One suddenly finds that he must quickly seek a place of safety in order to escape being run down and trampled to death by herds of mules being driven to the corral by muleteers on horseback.

In addition to the animals already mentioned are the reindeer and Washington elk. These reindeer have had their horns amputated, and are being brought here by the ship-load. The Washington elk is a comparatively new recruit. One recently brought in sold for $175, and subsequently brought $250. What the ultimate destiny of these animals may be is difficult to conjecture, but it is hoped that they will live through their dangerous journey and see their masters become rich and prosperous at the gold-fields.

The experience of last year, however, renders it likely that very few of these faithful animals, except, perhaps, some of the stronger dogs, will survive the journey. The trails will kill the horses, and the miners will kill such of the other beasts as are convertible into food as soon as they have served the purpose of packing the rest of the outfit to where navigation begins.



PRETTY TOUGH MUTTON.



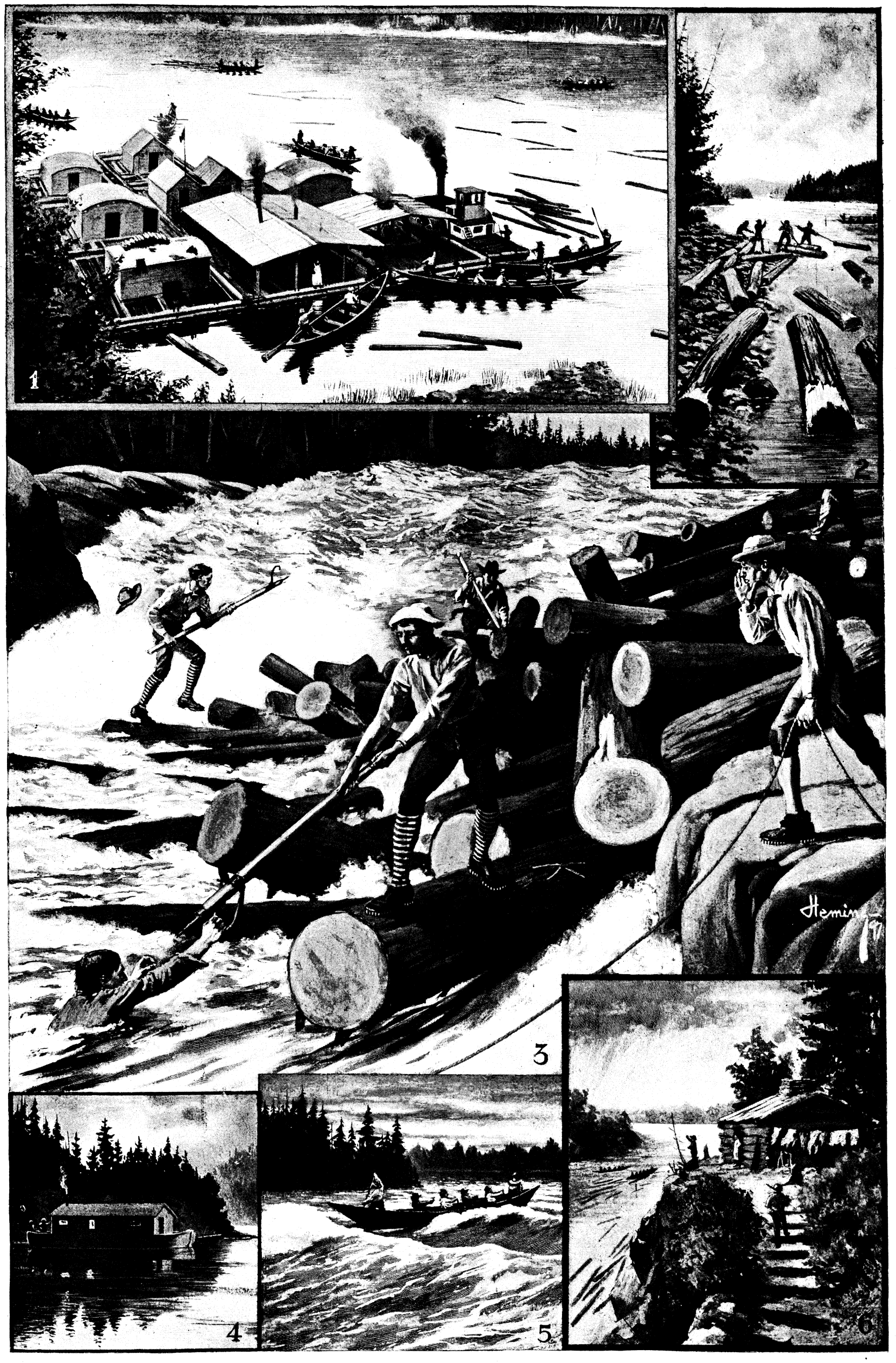
READY FOR THE KLONDIKE.



MULES AND BURROS AT THE WHARF.



TO BE EATEN AFTER USING.



RIVER-DRIVERS SWEEPING THE OTTAWA.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.—[See Page 379.]

1. The Sweeper's Raft. 2. Driving on the Upper Ottawa. 3. Breaking a Jam at the Calumet Rapids. 4. River-Drivers' Scow. 5. Drivers Shooting the Swell below the Rocher Capitaine. 6. River-Drivers' Cabin on the River des Quinze.

THE LOG-DRIVE.

When the log-boom's on the drive
The woods, snow-fresh, start up alive;
There's swell of brook and bursting bud,
There's spruce log leaping down the flood.

Captain of the log-boom's crew,
Tall Antoine—feeling spring-time too—
Lets his love thoughts hurry back
To the river's northmost track,
To a hut in sprucelands set,
To the home of white Jeannette:

Lets his love-song cleave the air,
Bidding all things love and pair;
Till the mating fish-hawks cry,
Till the moose bull snorts reply—
Till every wild thing does its part,
And cries a welcome to his heart.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

A BOOK FOR KLONDIKERS.

If in due sequence of events our minds should presently get back from Cuba and revert to Alaska, where we expected so confidently to fix them this spring, a book in which they will find entertainment is Harry De Windt's *Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Strait* (Harper's).

Mr. De Windt is a traveller, a Fellow of the Royal (British) Geographical Society, and the author of *A Ride to India*. He went through the gold-fields—not in search of gold at all, for he started before the gold finds on the Klondike were made. His errand was to go by land from New York to Paris, crossing Bering Strait on the ice if possible, and if not, on the revenue-cutter *Bear*, on which he got leave from Washington to be ferried across.

He started in May, 1896, from New York, and though he did not cross Siberia as he had planned, but came back on the *Bear* to San Francisco instead, he did go overland through Alaska, and over the very ground which recent discoveries have made so familiar. He took many photographs, which make interesting illustrations for his story, and became intimately acquainted with several varieties of Alaska Indians, and also with the climate, the mosquitoes, and the other permanent characteristics of that interesting region.

On the whole, Mr. De Windt, though he failed in his original purpose, was a lucky traveller, in that he found himself in the right place just before the right time, and is able to tell an inquisitive world how it seemed to him.

PASSING THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL IN THE HOUSE.

To a citizen who is the father of a family, and compelled to practise the economies of domestic life, there is a joy in watching a number of not extraordinary-looking gentlemen spending thirty-nine millions of dollars in the course of an afternoon.

These gentlemen, the members of the House of Representatives, look so much like the rest of us that when they call a man parsimonious who wishes to save a couple of millions for a month or so, until he sees whether we need to spend it or not, that one has to readjust his mind a little, yet is convinced that to be a Congressman is a joyous lot.

Mr. Boutelle, on behalf of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he is chairman, presented this bill, and during the afternoon made many little speeches defending it. The bill provided, originally, for three battle-ships, one of them to take the place of the *Maine*, six torpedo-boats, and six torpedo-boat-destroyers.

Mr. Cannon of Illinois favored an increase to twenty-four small craft, and a reduction to one in the number of battle-ships.

The deprecatory manner and the aggressive matter of Mr. Cannon's speeches are in a delightful contrast. Constantly stirring up the wrath of his colleagues and as surely mollifying them, he would make a fascinating character for the stage. Mr. Boutelle, amidst a storm of amendments that were harassing, to say the least, exhibited a well-bred good-humor that carried him over many difficulties.

One amusing incident, as viewed from the press gallery, was Mr. Amos Cummings (who had sat up there for many years) declaring against the trustworthiness of newspaper stories. His near neighbor, Mr. Jerry Simpson, seemed for a time to be on the verge of saying something worth while, but refrained from it.

Mr. Gibson of Tennessee showed that he was not keyed up to the proper pitch by talking about the price of a few rosewood yachts the government had bought. His fellow-Congressmen were in no mood for trifles, and promptly howled him down.

The one prominent man who said never a word nor made a sign all through the discussion was Mr. Dingley, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Perhaps he had in mind the difficulty of gathering up three or four dozen millions off-hand.

Behind the few prominent figures in the House that are known to all the land lies a great background of unknown statesmen, sitting day after day doubled up behind their desks, their only privilege being occasionally to rise to a point of order, pick out a parliamentary flaw in the measure under consideration, be promptly sat down upon by the Speaker, and lapse again into obscurity.

With some members the physical disturbance while making a speech is great. When they get to the point where it is necessary to mention "the nations of the earth," neck-ties are disarranged, cuffs hang out over their hands, and something like a war-dance is indulged in by the Congressional legs. Amendments in showers descend on the clerk's desk, but only those adding to the expenditure for ships are considered; minor differences are adjusted, and at the end of the day comes the final vote. Then the voice of the Speaker—which resembles nothing so much as the crackling of dry pease in a pod—announces that "the ayes appear to have it; the ayes have it, and the bill is passed."

W. A. R.

WASHINGTON.

April 11, 1898.

The President's message was to have been sent to Congress last Tuesday, but was held over a day to await further information from Havana. On Wednesday, within an hour of the time set for its transmittal, the President summoned a few of the leading members of each House, and laid before them the latest despatches from Consul-General Lee, saying that it would be impossible for all the Americans who wished to leave Cuba to do so before Saturday. As there was danger of riotous outbreaks in the fortified towns whenever news should arrive of any action by Congress hostile to Spain, it was decided to postpone the message till to-day.

General Lee staid at his post till the last American refugee had embarked, and then, on Saturday evening, sailed on the *Fern* for Key West. He is expected in Washington about the middle of the present week, to appear as a witness before one or more of the committees of Congress.

On Thursday morning the President received, by previous arrangement, a visit from the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, the Russian chargé d'affaires, and the Austrian minister. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, as dean of the diplomatic corps, presented to him a note signed by the six visitors in their representative capacity, appealing "to the feelings of humanity and moderation of the President and of the American people in their existing differences with Spain," and expressing a "hope that further negotiations will lead to an agreement which, while securing the maintenance of peace, will afford all necessary guarantees of the re-establishment of order in Cuba." The President's response echoed the hope of a peace secured by "the necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in the island, so terminating the chronic condition of disturbance there, which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation by the character and consequences of the struggle thus kept up at our doors, besides shocking its sentiment of humanity." It concluded by asserting the unselfishness of our government's purpose in fulfilling its "duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable." The President's words made a profound impression upon the minds of his visitors. A similar note is said to have been presented to the Queen Regent by the representatives of the six powers in Madrid, and to its influence is traced her offer of an armistice to the insurgents, which has just been made public. As an armistice implies the consent of the insurgents, and as they have persistently scouted the notion of ceasing warfare just at the approach of the rainy season, when all the natural conditions most favor their method of campaigning, little hope is entertained in Washington of a settlement on that basis. The action of the Queen Regent, however, coupled with the report that preparations have been made for her departure from Madrid, at least for a time, is interpreted here to mean that the present concession is only the first of a series of steps by which Spain may retreat from her present position, the theory being that the Queen Regent will feel it necessary to seek a temporary refuge in Austria from the storm which her policy will arouse among the hot-headed subjects of the boy King.

Congress having shown a disposition to yield to the President's judgment and prepare for armed intervention without first recognizing the independence of the Cuban republic, so called, an interview with Horatio S. Rubens, counsel for the Junta in New York, appeared in several newspapers on Wednesday afternoon, denouncing this programme in pretty vigorous terms. Mr. Rubens was quoted as saying that, rather than permit our intervention without a preliminary recognition of their republic, the insurgents would fight the United States as well as Spain. This declaration created a good deal of a stir in Washington, and many members of Congress who had formerly leaned strongly toward the policy of recognition began to change their tone, resenting what appeared to them an attempt to dictate terms to our government. Mr. Rubens came out the next day with another interview, in which he said that his remarks had been misinterpreted, and that the only idea he meant to convey was that the insurgents would resist intervention obviously undertaken for the purpose of annexing Cuba to the United States. It was impossible for even this modification to check the adverse current which the original publication had loosed, and it is plain that the policy of recognition has received a serious backset, if not a fatal one, with Congress.

The Hull bill for "the better organization of the line of the army," though favorably reported to the House by its Committee on Military Affairs, has been recommitted by a vote of 150 to 61, a very damaging rebuff. The design of the bill was to give greater elasticity to the regular army organization, by authorizing its expansion in time of war to 104,000 men. The National Guard in the several States affected to see in this a reflection on the effectiveness of the citizen soldiery, and brought all their influence to bear for its defeat. Mr. Hull endeavored at the last moment to stay the storm by withdrawing all the latter sections of his bill, providing for additional regular officers, a war pay system, etc.; but the House would accept no half-measures.

Preparations are making by the War Department for a great military demonstration to follow immediately the President's first call for troops. The site which will probably be chosen for the massing of the men is the Chickamauga National Park, in Tennessee. Atlanta, which is but a few hours distant to the southward, may be used as another point for mobilization. Facilities for transportation from both places to the coast are considered ample, while the land lies high, there is an abundance of water, and they afford in every respect ideal sites for military encampments on a large scale. Meanwhile all army officers who have been detailed as instructors in schools and colleges have been ordered to rejoin their regiments, and similar orders are expected in the case of those who are in charge of Indian agencies.

The President's message on the state of affairs in Cuba was sent to Congress at noon to-day. Almost every seat on the floor of both Houses was filled, and the galleries were crowded to the doors and beyond. The message began by rehearsing the history of the Spanish misgovernment in Cuba, and the recent efforts of our government, by diplomatic negotiations, and by appeals to the American people for charitable contributions to alleviate the distress of the non-combatants, and to reduce the horrors of warfare generally. This review was brought down to the latest hour, including an offer made yesterday by the Queen Regent of Spain of an armistice in Cuba, with the purpose of turning over to the autonomist government there the arrangement of terms for permanent peace.

The President recalled also the action of the United States government in the cases of the South American republics, of Mexico, and of Texas, in order to show that, in refusing to recommend the recognition of the independence of the Cuban republic, or even the belligerency of the insurgents, he was merely following uniform precedent. To commit the United States now to the recognition of any particular government in Cuba would be, he thought, fraught with responsibilities which we are not seeking, and which we should have reason to deplore. Our intervention as a neutral, however, to impose reasonable terms of peace upon both combatants, and to enforce them by a resort to arms if necessary, would be justified, he said, by several considerations:

First.—Humanity—the prevention of further bloodshed and starvation.

Second.—Our obligations to our own citizens residing or doing business in Cuba to protect them against injury to life and property, or compel indemnity for their losses.

Third.—The serious damage inflicted upon American commerce and trade by the existing local condition of lawlessness and chaos.

Fourth, and last.—The fact that the present situation in Cuba is a constant menace to our national peace, and involves us in an enormous expense to preserve the laws of neutrality.

Under the last of these heads the message referred to the destruction of the *Maine* as evidence that Spain was incapable of protecting friendly visitors to its own ports. It added that Spain had proposed to submit to arbitration the question of her responsibility for the disaster, but our government had returned no answer to this.

In conclusion the President asked Congress to give him authority to take measures for bringing the hostilities in Cuba to an end, with a view to the establishment there of a stable government capable of insuring peace and protection to the Cuban people and to our own citizens residing on the island, and that he be empowered to use the military and naval forces of the United States for this purpose. Meanwhile he recommended that the work of alleviating the distress of non-combatants in Cuba be continued, and that private benevolence be supplemented by an appropriation from the Treasury. Referring to the proposed armistice, he urged Congress to take it into consideration, in view of the possibility that it might lead up to the much-desired consummation of a permanent peace. With these recommendations and suggestions he placed the responsibility for further action upon Congress, holding himself ready to execute any instructions it might impose upon him.

The reading occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and though hurt in its effect by the poor elocution of the clerks, was listened to with respectful attention throughout. In the Senate there was absolute silence. In the House there were the usual attempts at applause. In both Houses motions were promptly carried to refer the message to the committees on Foreign Relations. The committees are expected to report to-morrow, after which a debate of some length is looked for.

The long-delayed consular correspondence accompanied the message.

Francis E. Leupp.

SIGNIFICANT INCIDENTS IN MATANZAS.

I had some very interesting walks with a certain man in Matanzas. He was allotted to me by the Alcalde to serve me as a guide. This was only done, however, when my protracted stay in the city had excited suspicion as to my object there. His untiring faithfulness prompted him to guide me to the Consulate on the next block—but he was useful. By his aid I passed the Spanish lines surrounding Matanzas, for he was a soldier. He was owed eight months' pay, and had just sold his machete for three dollars to a curio-hunter. He explained at some length upon the advantages of Matanzas as a landing-place for an American army of invasion, with Havana as an objective point. The country from Matanzas is clear and flat, and the distance about sixty-six miles. The bay of Matanzas is large, but shallow; steamships anchor some miles from the wharves.

One little incident in Matanzas brought a ray of brightness among days necessarily sad.

When the *Fern* was anchored in the bay with the thirty-five tons of American relief, her captain came ashore. The crew of the gig awaited him at the wharf. The jackies had heard tales of the suffering and misery on shore, and they had brought two baskets of food to give to the women and children. It was from their own mess, and they had bought some of it from the ship's commissary. They also had some Spanish silver pieces to distribute. But the women were not on the wharf, and the jackies could not leave the gig to find them.

I stopped the first group of reconcentrados that I met on my way up the street to tell them the blue-clothed sailors in the white boat at the dock had some little food for them. Hurriedly they passed the word among themselves, and started for the place. The sailors' supply was soon given out, and it fell to a little half-starved girl with big mournful eyes to get twenty cents from a brawny sailor-man. She started eagerly up the wharf. A stevedore had noticed the gift, and while she was still within sight of the sailors he wrenched it from the child's thin hand. But not for long. The sailor ran lightly down the wharf, and a heavy blow rolled the stevedore in the dust. The peseta was restored to its frightened and rightful owner, and the bully was driven seaward down the wharf by a good sturdy American sailor, in order to give the child ample time to escape.

Harold Martin.

THE RIVER-DRIVERS OF THE OTTAWA.

Foremost among Canadian industries is the lumber trade, of which the principal outlet is the Ottawa River. Every fall armies of men enter the great forests of white pine along the tributaries of that mighty stream. Every spring hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of square timber and saw logs float down its wild waters. The square timber is rafted down to Quebec city to be shipped to England.

The saw log, left to the mercy of the currents, finds its way to Ottawa city. There it is sawn into "lumber," "deals," and planks, which find a ready market all over the world.

It is April. The snows are fast melting; the ice is breaking up. Great heaps of logs, piled last winter at the "rollways," are plunging into the turbulent spring freshet. Now begins the perilous work of "river-driving." Along the rushing stream the men "drive" the logs continually "stranded" by the currents or jammed at the rapids. Often the drivers must work waist-deep in the icy water. The "bateau," or lumberman's boat, follows the drive when the water is navigable, and the drivers tent out wherever night overtakes them. In shallow streams and at the outlet of lakes dams are built to accumulate water sufficient to float the logs and carry them forward with a rush when the gates are opened. These dams are made of strong timbers deep set in the river-bed. They are furnished with gates for regulating the depth of the water, and with a sluiceway. Towards this the logs are guided by a boom.

The dams have done their work. The logs are out on the main river. A new danger arises. Here in midstream is a rapid. Above it the logs are "jammed." They will stay jammed till next spring unless the "key-piece" is removed. This is no easy task. It demands courage and skill. Not infrequently it demands a driver's life. Usually, on either side of the rapids, precipitous banks of solid rock rise to a dizzy height. Here only the surest-footed and most dexterous drivers—the "jam-crackers" or "white-water men"—venture out to "break the jam"—pick out the key-log causing the blockade. Hardly is it half chopped through when it cracks under the pressure of the vast bulk behind. In a second the whole mass is seething, twisting, upending, and turning in every direction, and going at a terrific speed. The men frequently get caught between logs and are badly injured, or they are thrown into the foaming rapids, where a desperate battle for life ensues, their comrades witnessing the terrible struggle, often utterly unable to render assistance. The foreman is the first to inspect the jam. He calls upon the best drivers as they are wanted, too many men being dangerous. It needs a hero's daring, added to the precision of an expert and the surefootedness of an acrobat, to disentangle the pile and keep one's footing upon the rapidly revolving logs. When the jam breaks, the men have not always time to reach the boat or the shore. They must trust their lives then to a single stick, and keep their balance while it plunges through the foaming water. The log may be swept down stream hundreds of yards before a chance offers of jumping from one log to another, and thus gaining the bank.

One evening last summer, while sitting at my tent door upon the west bank of the River des Quinze, near the head of Lake Temiscamingue, I heard a young Frenchman calling for a boat to cross the river. None being in sight, no one went over to ferry him across. It happened that a great many logs were floating down the stream. The current was carrying them against the opposite shore a couple of hundred yards above him, then sweeping them across to a point immediately in front of my camp and washing them to within a few feet of the shore. The fellow waited a moment, then strolling up to where the logs were nearing the shore, he jumped upon one of them, and, with his hands in his pockets, calmly waited for the current to take him over. In mid-stream there was a rapid, through which the log must run. Owing to the swiftness of the current the log began rapidly to revolve, but he checked its motion by forcing it to revolve in the opposite direction. Even when shooting the rapids he never for a moment lost his balance. Nor was he in the least concerned; all the while he was whistling some French ditty. When his ferry neared the bank he lightly sprang ashore. The river here was fully two hundred yards wide. He could not swim. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that nearly one-half of the river-drivers cannot swim.

To each drive fifty men are usually allotted. At the confluence of the neighboring streams these are joined by other gangs. The combined force—often numbering five hundred—press on the drive until the Ottawa is reached. Then the task is handed over to the "sweepers."

These do the work of the river-driver, but on a larger scale—many hundreds of men being employed. On the upper reaches of the Ottawa and Quinze rivers the sweepers live in log cabins as stationary crews. Further down the river great rafts—capable of housing a crew of over a hundred men—follow the "sweep." On shorter stretches, between rapids, scows or house-boats are used for the men's accommodation. Tug-boats haul the logs in booms across the many lakes, both large and small. Just above Ottawa city the logs are sorted, according to their owners' brands, into separate booms, and floated down to the mills as required.

The river-driver's wages average thirty dollars a month, including good board and fair lodgings. His costume consists of a soft felt or straw hat, flannel shirt, colored sash, knee-breeches, striped stockings, and low shoes—the soles and heels studded with steel spikes an inch in length. His most useful tool is the "cant-hook," shown in the illustration of "Breaking a Jam."

While "tripping" down the Ottawa by canoe and raft for nearly five hundred miles, frequently eating, sleeping, and working by the river-drivers, I was impressed with their stalwart, graceful figures, their activity, and their courage. Though theirs is an occupation full of hardship and of hazard, the river-drivers are the heartiest of men. From them General Wolseley selected the men to pilot his soldiers to the Canadian Northwest during the first Riel rebellion. From them, too, the contingent known as the "Canadian Voyageurs" was chosen to row the British troops up the Nile for the relief—too long delayed—of General Gordon.

Arthur Heming.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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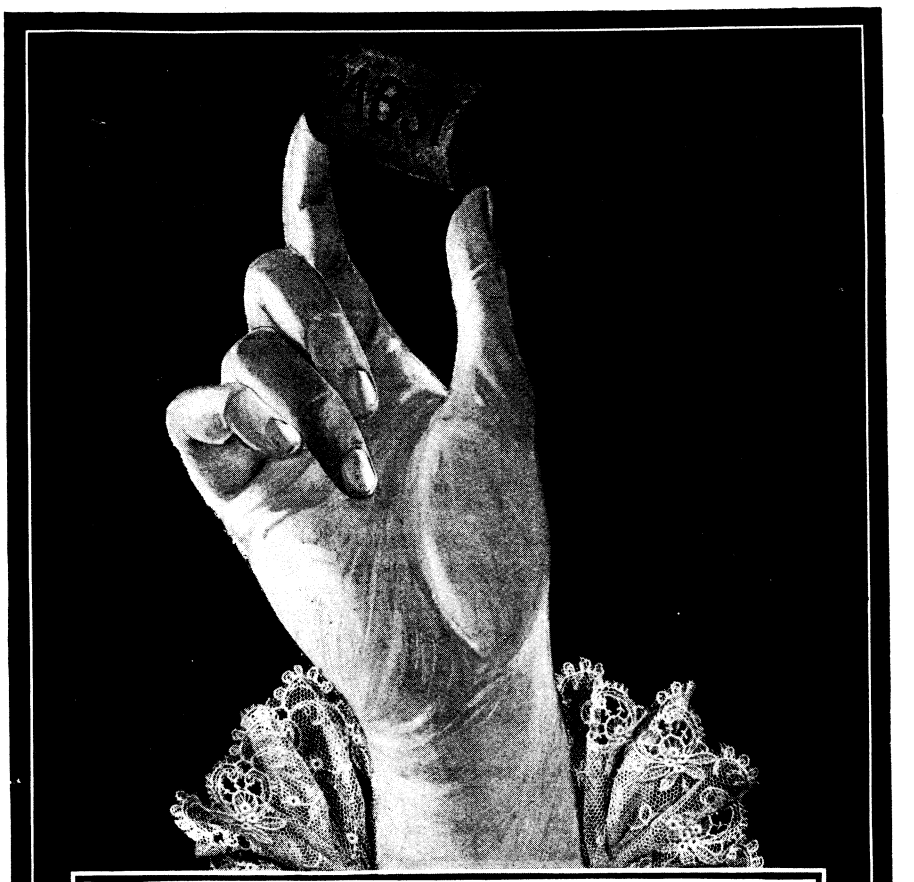
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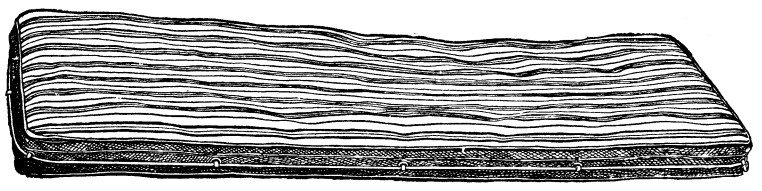
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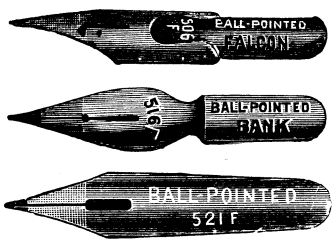
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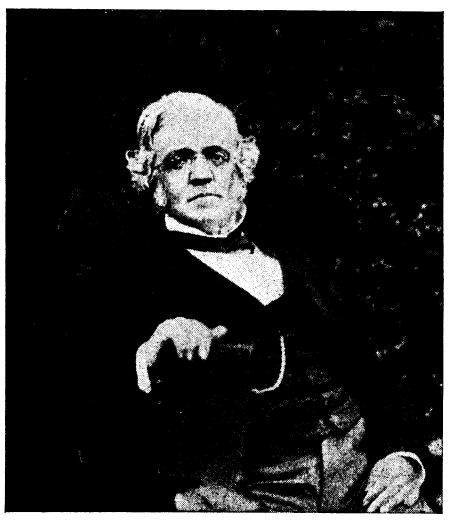
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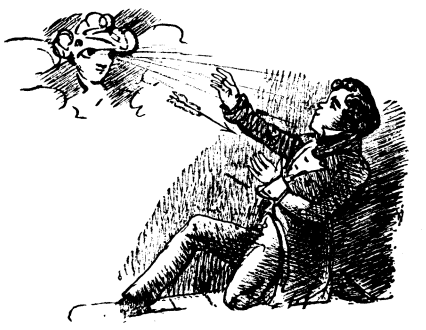
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A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

VI.—TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

ATHLETIC training at the English universities strikes an American first of all as being delightfully informal. At Harvard and Yale we place the welfare of our teams in the hands of a professional trainer, who, through his aide-de-camp, the undergraduate captain, is apt to make the pursuit of victory pretty much a business. Every autumn new-comers to the university are invited to train for the Freshman scratch games. It is urged that everybody owes it to the university to do his best for athletics; and it is pretty plainly intimated that social success comes for value received. At Oxford, I was surprised to find, there was not only no call for candidates, but no trainer to whom to apply for aid. The nearest approach to it was the groundsman at the Iffley Running Grounds, a retired professional who stoked the boilers for the bath, rolled the cinder path, and occasionally acted as "starter." As his "professional" reputation as a trainer was not at stake in the fortunes of the Oxford team, his attitude was humbly advisory. The president of the athletic club never came near the grounds, being busy with rowing on a university trial eight, and later with playing Association football for the university. To an aspirant accustomed to train not only for the glory of his university, but for the reputation of his trainer, the situation was, to say the least, uninspiring.

I was rescued from a fit of depression by a member of my college who hunted me up and asked me to train with him. As a schoolboy he had run three miles in the remarkable time of 15 m. 3 s.; but later, when an officer in the German army, his horse had rolled over him at the finish of a steeple-chase, and the accident had knocked out his heart; so he was only going to try to sprint. I advised him against all training, and the groundsman gravely and silently shook his head. A reliable trainer would have forbidden him the track. He insisted that though his accident had made his career as a soldier impossible, he would never admit that he was an invalid; he was also set upon showing the Englishmen in Balliol that a German could be a sportsman. This was no idle talk, as I found later, when he fainted in the bath after a fast hundred, and failed by no one knows how little of coming to. To such chivalry of sportsmanship, to be sure, an Englishman is seldom liable; athletic sports are matter of fact enough to him; but the incident shows pretty clearly how little supervision of sport there is at Oxford.

The German and I were soon joined by a third Balliol man, a young Greek poet whose name is familiar to all who are abreast of the latest literary movement at Athens. He was taking up with sports, he said, as an acknowledgment of the many hospitalities the college extends to new-comers, and also, as I found later, because of his interest in the revival of the ancient glories of Greece. When I asked him what distance suited him best—whether he was a sprinter or a runner—he answered with true Helienic blitheness that any distance would suit him that suited me. I was much impressed by his complaisance; and though he will doubtless bring no laurel wreath back to Athens from Olympian games, I shall always cite him as an example of the fact that the highest æsthetic development goes hand in hand with the spirit of true sportsmanship. A motleyer trio than we, I suppose, never scratched a cinder path. Yet the fellows in our college seemed almost as interested as they were amused; and we soon found that even so learned a place as Balliol would have been glad to bolster its self-esteem by furnishing the university its quota of "running blues." In view of the lack of university supervision, this episode was suggestive. The sporting spirit at Oxford arises less from inter-'varsity rivalry than from emulation among the colleges at home. It is thus at once more spontaneous and more general.

The only bond between one of these college meetings and the university sports is a single event, which is open to all comers. The purpose of these "strangers' races" is precisely that of our inter-class meetings—namely, to give promising athletes practice in racing. As the prizes in each event average five pounds and thirty shillings respectively, they are pretty efficient. Though the "blues" sometimes compete—Cross made his record of 1 m. 54⅘ s. for the half in one of them—they generally abandon them to the unribboned. Thus, in a season in which the president, and the "blues" generally, are rowing and playing football, the colleges develop material for athletic teams spontaneously.

The climax of the athletic sports of the autumn term is the Freshman sports. These are held on two days, with a day's interval. After the informality of the college meetings, the Freshman sports are imposing. The friends of the various contestants make up a far larger crowd than one finds at similar sports in America; and a brass band plays while the races are on. For the first time one is brought face to face with the fact that there are inter-'varsity games in store.

When the winter term opens, bleak and rainy, the strangers' races bring out more upper class men. By-and-by the "blues" themselves appear in sweater, muffler, and blazer, and "paddle" about the track to supple their muscles and regain their disused racing strides. At the end of a fortnight I noticed a middle-aged gentleman with whom the prominent athletes conferred before and after each day's work. I soon found that he was Mr. C. N. Jackson, a don of Hertford College, who should always be remembered as the first hurdler to finish in even time. It is he who—save the mark!—takes the place of our American trainers. At Harvard, about this time, as I afterwards learned, a very different scene was enacting. The trainer—who, it is only fair to point out, is such an excellent man in his profession that he has been given a university appointment, and is thus perhaps worthy of being ranked as a don—the trainer, together with the captain, called a mass-meeting and collected a band of Mott Haven champions of the past to exhort the university to struggle free from athletic disgrace. Though the inter-'varsity games were nearly four months in the future—instead of six or seven weeks, as at Oxford—those ancient athletes aroused such enthusiasm that 268 men undertook the three months of in-door training. To one used to such exhortations the Oxford indifference was as chilling as the weather we were training in. Mr. Jackson seemed never to notice me. And how could I address him when he had not even asked me to save the university from disgrace? I was forced to the unheroic expedient of presenting a card of introduction. To my surprise I found that he had been carefully watching my work from day to day, but had not felt justified in giving advice until I asked for it. After all, there was something in that.

The 'varsity championship would have come off toward the end of February, if the raw, wet weather had held, and the inter-'varsity sports at the beginning of the Easter vacation—on the day before the boat-race. But a frost set in of such severity that barbecues were held on the Isis, and for the first time since the sports were instituted they had to be postponed until the summer term, being fixed for July 3, the day before the cricket-match.

For the University Meeting, which, as with us, affords the tests by which the men are selected to represent the university, I planned to train upward of four weeks—about a week longer than the rest. The English period of training, I am convinced, is too short to bring the highest speed and endurance; and I find that Mr. Horan, the Cambridge president, who holds the inter-'varsity record for three miles, came to the same opinion after studying our American methods. As things fell out, however, I was forced to spend the third week of my period in Paris, so that my final training was reduced to ten days. In the mile event I went to pieces at the finish, taking third place. Yet the distance has always been too long for me, and after only a day's rest I won the half without trouble, in time which, considering the conditions, was very near my best. I was certainly convinced that the law of diminishing returns applies to training: after a certain point one gains very little by denying the spirit. Our American athletes train twice as long as the English for an advantage of—say, just enough to win by.

The final period of training was now at hand, yet everything had happened so pleasantly and naturally that I had none of the nervous qualms common among American athletes. At first I thought I missed the early morning walks our teams take daily, the companionship and jollity of the training table, and the sense that the team was making a common sacrifice for a heroic end. Yet here, too, the college made up, in a large measure, for what I failed to find in the university. One of our eightsmen was training with a scrub four that was to row a crew of schoolboys at Winchester; and we had a little course of training of our own. Every morning we walked out for our dip to Parson's Pleasure, and breakfasted afterward beneath the ivied window in the ancient Gothic common room. In the pleasantness of those sunlit mornings I began to realize that our American training-table mirth, which is sometimes so boisterous, is in part at least due to overwrought nerves. And the notion of self-sacrifice, which appeals to us as deeply as it did to my German friend, seemed absurd where we were all training for the pleasure and wholesomeness of sport, and for the sake of a ribbon or two of blue.

The interest which the university took in our welfare was first manifest when the "first strings" were sent off to Brighton for the change in climate which all university teams require before their great games. Some of the rest of us, who had nowhere else to go, went with them, but most of the men went home to train. The second string in the three miles staid up at Oxford for Commemoration, and joined us after three nights of dancing. He explained that he found he needed "staying-up" work.

On alternate days our training consisted in cross-country walks of ten or a dozen miles. Our favorite paths led along the chalk cliffs, and command a lordly view of the Channel. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, we went by train to the Devil's Dyke, and tramped back over the downs, now crossing golf links and now skirting cornfields ablaze with poppies. All this walking filled our lungs with the Brighton air, and by keeping our minds off our races, prevented the worry one is apt to feel in America at the mere sight of the track. Sprinters and distance men walked together, though the sprinters usually turned back a mile or two before the rest. The rate prescribed was three and a half miles an hour; but our spirits sometimes rose so high that we had trouble in keeping it below five. Our instructions were to climb all the hills in our way, in order to bring into play new muscles, as far as possible, and thus rest those used in running. In America, though similar walks are sometimes given as a preliminary "seasoning," our training is confined for months before a meeting to the track. This is not unwise as long as a runner's stride needs developing; and in the heat of our summers such walks as the English take might sometimes prove exhausting. Yet my personal observations convinced me that for distance runners—and for sprinters too, perhaps—the English method is far better. Under our training the muscles often seem overpowered by nervous lassitude: at the start of a race I have often felt it an effort to stand. In England there was little or none of this; we felt, as the bottle-holders are fond of putting it, "like a magnum of champagne."

This idea of long walks, which the English have arrived at empirically, has been curiously approved in America by scientific discovery. It has been shown that after the muscles are apparently too exhausted to move, they can be excited to action by electric currents; and the motor nerves on being examined after such fatigue are found to be shrunken and empty, as in extreme old age. The limit of muscular exertion is thus clearly determined by the limit of the energy of the motor nerve. Now in perfect training the runner's heart and lungs must obviously reach their prime simultaneously with the motor nerves used in running; but since these organs are ordained to supply the entire system with fuel, they will usually require a longer time to reach prime condition than any single set of nerves. Thus continual track-work is likely to develop the motor nerves to the utmost before the heart and lungs are at prime. On the other hand, however, if their development is retarded, to keep pace with the heart and lungs, it is likely in the end to be higher. All this amounts to what any good English trainer will tell you—take long walks in order to rest your running muscles and give your heart and lungs plenty of work—that is, in order to keep from getting "track stale."

Our training dinners furnished the really memorable hours of the day. A half-pint of "Burton bitter" was a necessity, and a pint merely rations. If one preferred, he might drink Burgundy *ad lib.*, or even Scotch and soda. After "trials" we had champagne. When I told the fellows that in America our relaxation consists in ice-cream for Sunday dinner, I was set down as a humorist. When dinner was over, instead of coffee and tobacco, we used to go out to the West Pier, which was a miniature Coney Island, and amuse ourselves with the various attractions. Our favorite diversion was seeing the Beautiful Living Lady cremated. The attraction was the showman, who used to give an elaborate oration in Lancashire brogue. Every word of it was funny, but especially the closing sentence: "The Greeks 'ad a ancient custom of porun' a lie-bation on the cinders of the departud, which custom, gentlemen, we omits." We used to laugh so heartily at this that the showman would join in, and even the Beautiful Living Lady would snicker companionably as she crawled away beneath the stage. If the gentle reader is unable to see the fun of it, there is no help for him—except, perhaps, an English training dinner.

The days on which we did our track-work we spent largely in London, at the Queen's Club grounds, in order to get a general sense of the track and the conditions under which the sports were to take place. Sometimes, however, we ran at Preston Park, on the outskirts of Brighton. The amount of work we did from day to day will best be understood, perhaps, by giving one or two of the training-cards. For the hundred yards, the training during the final ten days was as follows: *Monday* and *Tuesday*, sprints (that is, three or four dashes of sixty yards at top speed); *Wednesday*, a fast 120 yards at the Queen's Club grounds; *Thursday*, walk; *Friday*, sprints; *Saturday*, 100-yards trial at Queen's Club; *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, light work at Queen's Club; *Tuesday*, easy walk; *Wednesday*, inter-'varsity sports. The man for whom this card was written happened to be over-weight and short of training, or he would have had less track-work. If he had been training for the quarter, in addition to the hundred, he would have had fewer sprints, and, instead of the fast 120, a trial quarter a week before the sports, with perhaps a fast 200 on the following Friday. For the mile, the following is a characteristic week's work, ending with a trial: *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, one lap (¼ mile); *Tuesday*, two laps, fastish; *Wednesday*, walk; *Thursday*, easy mile; *Friday*, walk; *Saturday*, two laps, fast (at the rate of 4.30 for the mile). For the three miles, the following is a schedule of the final ten days. The walks are unusually frequent because the "first string" had a bruise on the ball of his foot. *Monday*, walk; *Tuesday*, walk; *Wednesday*, two slow laps at the Queen's Club; *Thursday*, walk; *Friday*, walk; *Saturday*, a long run at the Queen's Club; *Sunday*, walk; *Monday*, four laps, fastish, at the Queen's Club; *Tuesday*, walk; *Wednesday*, inter-'varsity sports. The chief difference between this work and what we should give in America is in the matter of walking.

On the day of the inter-'varsity meeting our team came together as a whole for the first time in the dressing-rooms of the Queen's Club. The fellows dropped in, one by one, in frock coats, top hats, and a general holiday air. The Oxford broad-jumper, who was the best man at the event in England, had been so busy playing cricket all season, and smoking his pipe with the other cricketers on the West Pier at Brighton, that he had not had time even to send to Oxford for his jumping-shoes. In borrowing a pair he explained that unless a fellow undertook the fag of thorough training, he could jump better without any practice. Our weight-thrower, a Freshman, had surprised himself two days previously by making better puts than either of the Cambridge men had ever done; but as nobody had thought it worth while to coach him, he did not know how he had done it, and was naturally afraid he could not do it again. He showed that he was a Freshman by appearing to care whether or not he did his best; but even his imagination failed to grasp the fact that the team which won was to have the privilege of a trip across the Atlantic to meet the champion American team. As it turned out, if either of these men had taken his event, Oxford would have met Yale instead of Cambridge.

The management of the meeting differed in a few particulars from the management of an American meeting.

The question of measuring broad jumps Mr. Caspar Whitney has already settled. In measuring from the first break in the bed, instead of from the first print of the jumper's heel, we take a good fraction of an inch off every performance. Yet it is pretty clear that the first break in the ground is not always caused, as it appears to be at first sight, by the jumper's heel; it is often due to the crumbling of the earth into the holes where the feet have sunk—an accident which is aided by the force of the wind a jumper carries with him. The most important factor in measuring broad jumps has never to my knowledge been pointed out in print: in America we make our beds of finely powdered earth, in which the crumbling is sometimes enough to obliterate the first mark of the jumper's heel. In England the beds are made of a moist mixture of sawdust and earth, so that the crumbling is much less, and the heel-mark usually plain. Considering this, the English are, I think, quite right in measuring from the heel-mark: we might with profit study their method of preparing the jumping-bed. Yet this does not alter the fact that Mr. C. S. Reber's jump of 26 ft. 3½ in. is probably a distinctly better performance than the same record made by Mr. Charles Fry.

I had an experience in the race which raised a question or two that still offer food for reflection. As my best distance is a half mile, my instructions were to dog the Cambridge first string for two laps, and then to head him, running as far as I could down the first stretch of the last lap, and then stop. This stratagem came from our blue of the year before, who, though he had pushed the Cantab to a finish in 4.19⅕, was forced to look to posterity to beat him. His intention was that I should break the Cantab's heart, and so enable our first string to finish ahead of him. There was a gale of wind blowing, and as we ran into it my height, breadth of shoulders, and lightness put me at a curious disadvantage. Instead of getting the usual firm purchase on the ground, now more than ever necessary, I felt at every stride as if I were rising off it like a kite.

The pace, meanwhile, had been pretty hot; even for a finish in 4.19 I was clearly out of the race. On the second

of the three laps I found myself questioning whether it is not a false pride that makes a man force a desperate finish where the only question at stake is how far he can keep in advance of the tail end. One or two of the fellows had already dropped out, and as we were finishing the second lap against the wind I allowed myself to be persuaded that their course was more rational, and therefore more sportsmanlike. I dropped out.

As the bunch drew away from me and turned into the easy going on the sheltered stretch I was filled with envy of them, and with disgust at myself, the like of which I had never felt when beaten, however badly, after making a fair struggle. And when I saw them finishing against that hurricane, striding as if they were running up stairs, I felt the heroism of a plucky finish as I had never done before. It did not help matters when I realized that the last race I was ever to run had been the first in which I had failed to finish. Yet nobody else seemed to care.

At the sports' dinner that night, at the Holborn Restaurant, I swallowed some of my chagrin. The occasion was so happy that I remember wishing we might have something like it after our meetings at home. Whether our teams won or lost (I had known both fortunes), I don't remember a celebration that could give so much pleasure. The only feeling was of fellowship and jollity, of frank homage to the victors, and of humorous sympathy for the defeated. Light blue and dark blue applauded and poked fun at each other impartially. Old blues explained how it was that the performances of their day were really not to be sneezed at; and young blues, receiving their prizes, looked happy and said nothing. After dinner we divided into squads and went to the Empire, Cantab locking arms with Oxon. By supper-time, at St. James's, I was almost happy again.

Yet I have never been quite able to down the doubts about British sportsmanship raised by that race. However little one may care about the mere winning and losing, it matters greatly that a man who has shown great excellence in a sport should fail through sheer negligence, and that a Freshman should be led to think that it makes little difference whether or not he does his best. On the whole it seems to me that the good-nature and generosity of English sportsmen have been purchased at the expense of a quality which, when we come to consider more seriously the manners and morals of sports, we shall do well to recognize and cherish.

VII.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.

The fact that sports have manners and morals has only lately been recognized. In social and business relations the rules are well defined, and the penalties for breaches of them have been pretty well fixed for generations; but the invasion of the athlete is so recent, and we have all been so engrossed in the sports themselves, that we have not yet gained the leisurely mood and the somewhat distant point of view necessary to the discussion of the better and the worse in sportsmanship. Yet the better and the worse are matters of great moment. For ten or a dozen of the most important years of their lives the youth of our educational institutions find in out-of-door sports their most engrossing interest; and the spirit in which they go in for them has a larger share, perhaps, than any other single influence in determining the spirit in which they approach the more serious and permanent affairs of after-life. I say this advisedly, for whatever parents may expect of our schools, the fact remains that neither scholarship nor the arts, charities nor religion, arouse such widespread and engrossing interest among young fellows as the contests of field and river. If, then, college men do these things better in England, it is well to understand the fact fully; and if we have traits in our sports which they have lacked or have lost, it is well to know it in order to stick by them resolutely and intelligently.

Differences of opinion and of practice in the two countries have been evident in every international contest. One Englishman illustrated what he had to say by a story he had found in an American magazine. The sailors of a Yankee man-of-war lying in South American waters had amused themselves by pitting the game fowls of the ship—every man-of-war, it seems, is stocked with birds of all feathers—against those of the port. The American birds had been beaten again and again. To prevent the bankruptcy of the entire crew the officers forbade further cock-fighting. Upon this an old quartermaster, a privileged character, approached the executive officer and saluted. The sailors had kept their best bird for the last; the Spaniards were by this time giving all odds on their champion; and if one more night's leave were granted, the lost American dollars would all find their way back where they belonged. It was hinted that the officers themselves might profit by the tip. When the officers arrived at the pit they were somewhat surprised at the bird they saw. He had all the markings of an excellent game, but he was a trifle large for the pure breed, and bore himself with an extraordinary slouch. At the first onset of the Spaniard the Yankee bird cocked his head on one side without moving. On the second, in which he received a vicious dig in the shoulder, he cocked his head on the other and looked down at his puny antagonist in vehement disdain. When the Spaniard dashed forward again the Yankee raised a powerful claw, clutched him by the neck, and with a dignified but powerful jerk broke his spine. The Yankee bird was an American eagle painted to resemble a game-cock. My English friend concluded by asking if that was the kind of sport my countrymen approved of. I had to grant that his story was a rough and ready criticism of our sporting spirit. We go in to win rather than for the love of a manfully fought contest. The responsibility for this, I made haste to assure my friend, could not possibly be with Harvard, for Harvard has got nothing but sport out of athletics for seven or eight years, and not so very much of that. The dominant idea of sportsmanship here is the Yale idea. The Harvard idea, though quite distinct, has never amounted to much but a criticism on the Yale spirit. Before comparing English and American sportsmanship it is necessary to get at both the Yale spirit and the Harvard comment on it.

I remember once making some special researches while sojourning in New Haven, and if any one doubts the conclusions to which I have just alluded let him try the experiment I tried. The way to get at the true inwardness of Elihu is simple. First catch your Yale man. When he assumes the host, which he will most generously, let him take you to Morey's, or—alas that Morey's is no more!—to the next best place. Pour in two tobeys of ale, seasoned by two pipes of Handsome Dan.

After the second pipe ask him what he really thinks of Hinkeyism. If you are a Harvard man, you will have to explain that you never have quite believed that the Yale captain was guilty of using knock-out drops before a game or dynamite on the field. Yet plenty of neutral ground remains to debate. The best example of Hinkeyism for discoursive purposes is the episode between Hinkey and C. Brewer in the game of 1891. You may have to remind your Yale man—it is one of the privileges of an ancient graduate—that Hinkey's little trick was to slam the Harvard full-back to the ground on a fair catch. As this was a breach of the rules involving a penalty of a considerable number of yards, and as the play was repeated with all appearance of deliberation at every opportunity, one was justified in searching for the reason of the seeming recklessness of the Yale tactics. The explanation we all gave, and I have never known a Yale man to furnish any other, was that Brewer was known to be suffering from injuries at the time that threatened, in the event of unusual roughness, to retire him. It may not be impertinent to add that he was punting in a manner that the Yale back, C. Bliss, if I remember rightly, found uncommonly hard to catch, and was very fleet and puzzling in running with the ball. This example of Hinkeyism is excellent, because it presents the simple and obvious theme that for several years dominated the harmony of Yale football, and was caught up by many colleges where the athletic spirit has always tended to reflect Yale methods. It has also the advantage of enabling us, in our discussion, to set aside the well-known charges of far graver brutality that are, perhaps, neither to be proved nor disproved.

When I mentioned these few facts to my Yale man (this was before such tactics had been discussed either at Yale or at Harvard) he was very much surprised. According to his standards, I found, it was not unsportsmanlike to break rules wilfully if you did not try to evade the penalties. "We play a rough game," he said, "and we like our rivals better if they do the same." I pointed out that it is better from some points of view not to decide a contest of strength and skill by crippling your opponents, and that such a policy, strictly adhered to, would make the first element in football manslaughter. "We play a rough game," he repeated, "but there is no hard feeling in it. We play *football*." The fact dawned on me that Harvard had been playing tiddledewinks.

At this point you are likely to realize that your conduct as a guest has not been as becoming as that of your host. The ideal that governed Yale athletics, I made haste to admit, was, rightly considered, the ideal of every normal American—success in all that is worth undertaking. We are a new people, and when we set out in life casting aside the traditions of the centuries, the one thing needful was to succeed. If we succeeded a fair land was to be ours, and we should stand forever as the first republican government that had endured. Meantime the continent had to be subdued before we could cultivate the bounty of nature—the labors of Hercules were to be performed. Then the integrity of the republic had to be maintained against unrepublican institutions, and against the spirit of disintegration. It is not strange if our ruling idea became achievement. As I talked of these things, I remember well how enthusiastic I grew. I ended by conceding that while Harvard had stood for the best there is in Massachusetts, Yale had always been representative of the best sense of the nation. So high is the ideal of success at New Haven, that the whole social and intellectual system is bent upon it. Individuality of opinion and action is stamped out as superfluous or pernicious, and fellows give up their time and energy without stint for any cause that will aid in the welfare of the community. When the chronicle of Yale sports is properly written it will record acts of heroism and devotion as simple, as unquestioning and as unconscious as any in history. I need only instance the rally at the end of the Yale-Harvard football game of 1890, that brought upon Yale's only defeated team more glory than has been won by many a victorious eleven. To say that this Yale spirit is representative of our nation is to flatter the nation.

Harvard, I went on to say, has always realized this, and, consciously or unconsciously, has admired it. It has been the strongest check against the spirit of provincialism which the dominance of eastern Massachusetts makes imminent. One of the most wholesome lessons a Harvard undergraduate learns is that the fellows at Yale can lick him. The result is to make Harvard painfully conscious of her weakness. Again and again the athletic leaders have proclaimed that if the college is ever to win it must "do as Yale does." During my tender underclassmanship we used to spend much of our energy every autumn in learning what sort of a game Yale was playing, so that we could play it next year. It took us some seasons to find that the result of this was always to make us one year behind our rivals. Then we said we must get up a game of our own, as Yale does. Since we have no Walter Camp, we will get a lawyer from Philadelphia to show us also how to break the rules without breaking them. One result was the flying wedge, and things of that sort. Another result was the oiled-leather football suits, the expense of which caused almost as much scandal in Yankeedom as ought to have been caused—and wasn't—by the idea of getting them at all. These and other like incidents of late years were the result of a weak and self-conscious effort to emulate the Yale spirit. As a rule, I said, wherever Harvard had been unsportsmanlike it was in consequence of a desire to "do as Yale does."

Some of these things interested my Yale man deeply. He looked upon me as uncommonly sympathetic for a Harvard man, and, at the least pause in my declamation, would have commiserated with me for not having gone to Yale. On my last remark, however, he collapsed in his chair, and nothing but the fact that he was my host prevented him from telling me how tired he was. And, after all, it must be admitted that the things Harvard has done in emulation of the Yale spirit are a burlesque—and a rather stupid one—of the best there is in the Yale spirit.

The mass of Harvard undergraduates, however, are seldom or never to blame in this matter; the blame lies almost wholly with the athletic leaders, who are momentarily carried away from their true selves by the eagerness to retrieve past defeats. At any time, except the very heat of an athletic season, athletics is far from being the engrossing subject it is apt to be at most colleges. A short time before a contest interest rises pretty high; at the appointed hour it is at fever heat; and for a few days after a defeat a large part of the college has the conventional black fit. But within a fortnight the college settles back into the even tenor of its way, and nobody very much cares—except perhaps a score of athletes, the Freshman class, and recent graduates living in alien communities. This is not because of that chimera called Harvard indifference—a thing which has never existed, and never will exist, except on the airiest surface of Harvard life. It is because of the deep seriousness of the place, its manifold interests, and the pervasiveness of a real intellectual life.

To understand this it is only necessary to call to mind what has been going on in eastern Massachusetts in past generations. The early spirit of Puritanism, which had long been dominant in our intellectual life, and which found its fitting home on the rock-bound coast of New England, suffered a revulsion that can now be called its death-throe; and in that process it gave birth to the only real intellectual movement our country has known. The spirit of this reaction, as is not uncommonly the case, was essentially the same as that against which it was directed, a deep and unswerving individualism. It produced Emerson, whose philosophy had no more system and consistency than the infinitely repellant particles of which he confessed his style was composed. It produced Hawthorne, the most individual and unclassifiable of novelists, and Holmes, the Autocrat. Thoreau, Alcott, Garrison, and others were obviously of the same leaven; and if Lowell and Longfellow were less conspicuously so, it was because the greater æstheticism of their natures made them amenable to transatlantic influences. The first general result of this intensification of the intellectual life was to send young Americans abroad to complete their education. At this time Oxford and Cambridge were only just arousing themselves from their eighteenth-century slumbers, but the German universities were teeming with new life—a new life the very essence of which was specialization of effort. When our errant scholars returned, it was the work of a few decades only to transform the traditional American college, and we have to-day at Harvard the old Puritan individualism running riot in its latest manifestation—the Elective System. Our particular concern with all this is to point out that the ruling spirit of Harvard life necessarily fails to promote good-fellowship and co-operation in athletics—the happy mediocrity of aim that makes for popular success. If Harvard has failed, as the flea did, in Hans Andersen's fable, to jump into the princess's lap, there is still some consolation in the fact that its flight has been so high as to be beyond the ken of most good people the country through. And though the college is not, as Yale is, representative of the nation at large, it has still the comfort of knowing that, in spite of constant defeat in athletics, it is increasing more rapidly, is attracting the highest class of scholars, and is yearly becoming more representative, in the territorial sense, of the country by and large. As a prominent Bostonian has put it, Yale was founded two generations after Harvard, as a protest against the individualism and advancement of opinion at Cambridge, and has since remained fifty years in the rear, until she has at last taken to winning at athletics. It is worth noticing that of late at Yale the spirit of individualism, nourished by the Elective System and by modern thought generally, has seriously menaced the authority of the senior societies and the captains.

The real spirit of Harvard athletics is thus deeply rooted in Harvard life. It is not a striving after the obvious success; least of all is it to be found in that galvanization of madness that is in evidence at the height of each athletic season. It is fundamentally sane and intelligent. An impartial observer may recognize this throughout the history of Harvard athletics. Harvard was the first American college to recognize the value of sports and to cultivate them in all branches. It was the first to react against the fraud, brutality, and many other excesses that disgrace American colleges to-day. There has never been a season when Harvard has not had more men of all sorts in training than any other university, and there has never been a time when, whatever the action of the athletic leaders, the mass of opinion at Harvard has not been on the side of frankness, honesty, and chivalry in sports. When the history of American sportsmanship is written, it will be found that Harvard has been as indisputably the leader as in the rise of our other academic ideals.

The defect of Yale spirit, then, is that in the pursuit of victory it is liable to sacrifice true sportsmanship. Its virtue is the very manly one of self-abnegation in behalf of the common good, and a splendid pluck in achieving it. The defect of the Harvard spirit is a lack of this martial ardor, a defect which has brought defeat, and has made the university a prey of self-conscious and erratic endeavor. Its virtue is a true sense of the value and the place of sport, a high ideal of sportsmanship

In speaking of our national spirit in athletics, these two elements of force and of ideality are equally to be regarded. At all our athletic institutions—Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, and the rest—they exist in varying proportions. If the Yale bias, on the whole, prevails, it is because it is the more easily understood by Americans, and because it has thus far had the prestige of success. Yet, in spite of Harvard's defeats, the stand she has always made for athletic purity has had its effect. The coming idea in our sportsmanship is moderation and generosity. Fellows are finding out that if it is a very great thing to win, it is a greater to be true. Our fathers and grandfathers may have learned a deeper wisdom of life, but if so it has not been recorded. It is the glory of athletics that the exuberance of young blood should bring a man face to face with eternal truth.

Yet, to be honest, we must admit that our ideas are still far from fixed, and that much of our belief in athletics is little better than hope. We still lay the chief emphasis on pluck and success. The Yankee fighting-cock too often turns out to be the American eagle.

In England, as far as I could judge, the athletic spirit has developed to the other extreme. Nothing could be more gracious and delightful than the good feeling and determination to play fair in all university contests; but I never found the same high seriousness I was used to at home, and I constantly felt the tendency to be content with less than one's best achievement. The same thing, I noticed, was marked by others. It was a constant complaint of athletic writers that fellows didn't back their teams. If we have any consolation for the defects of our spirit in sports, it is that it will be a long time before such criticism can be justly made.

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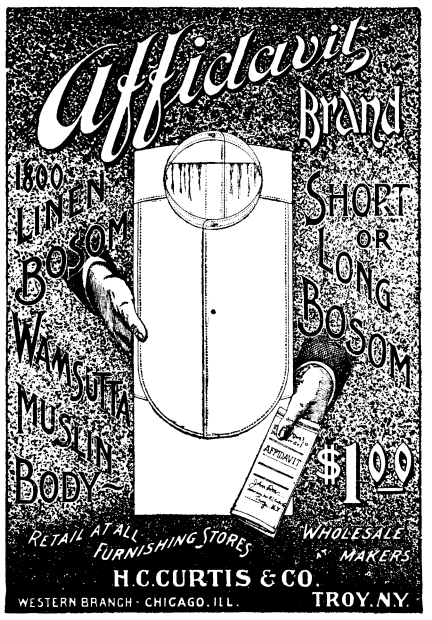
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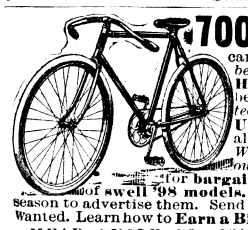
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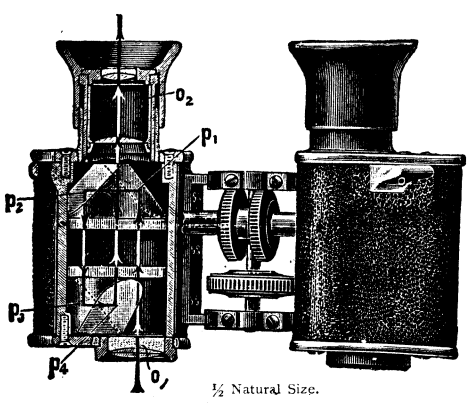
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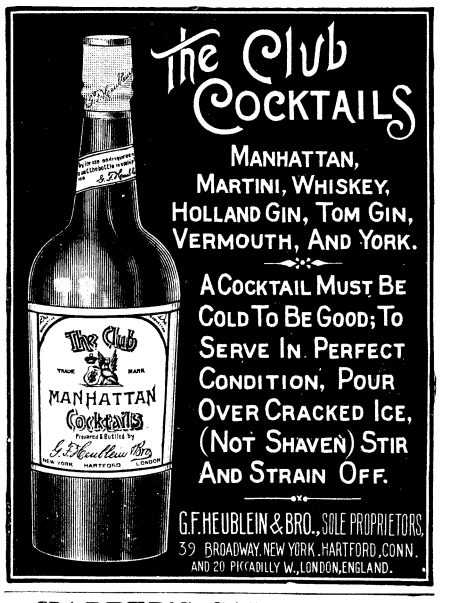
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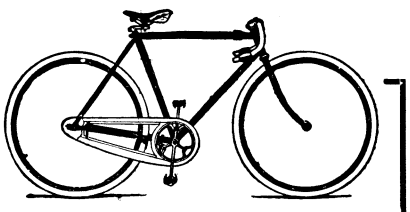
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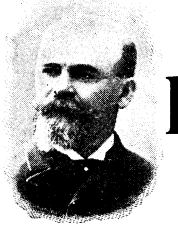
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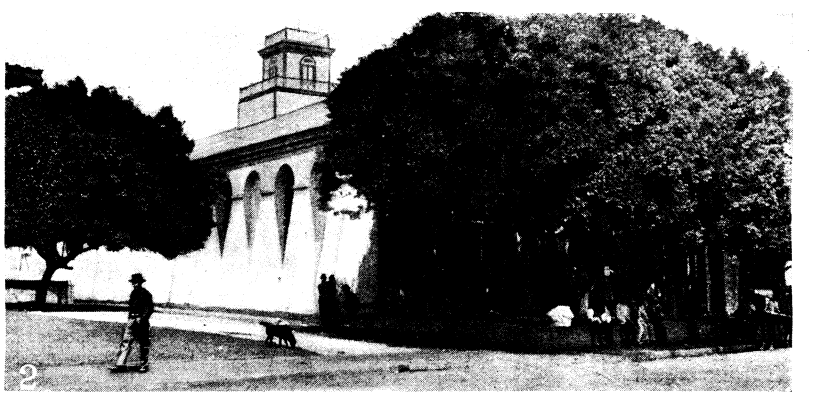
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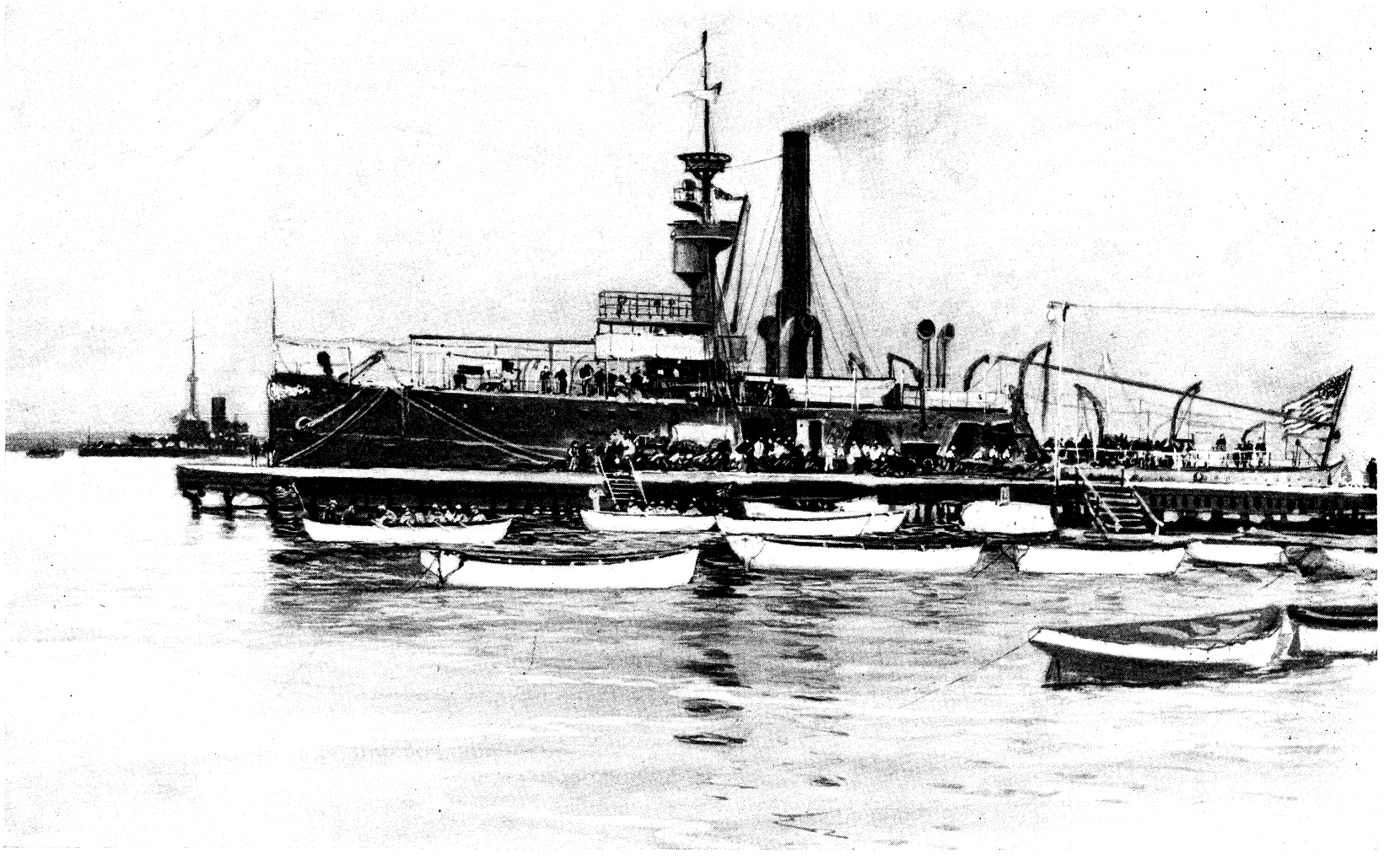
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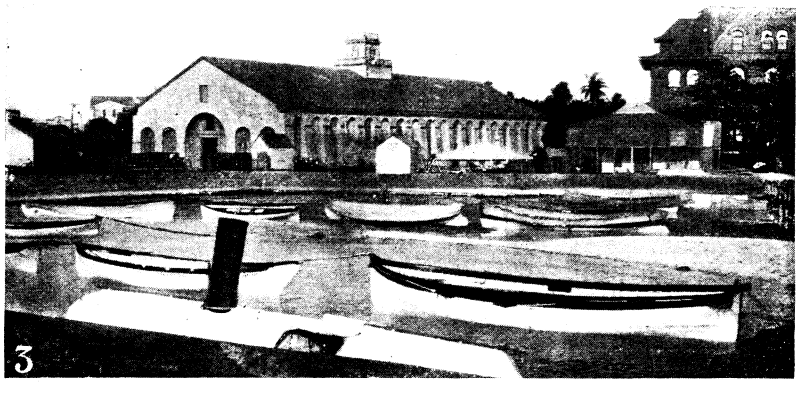


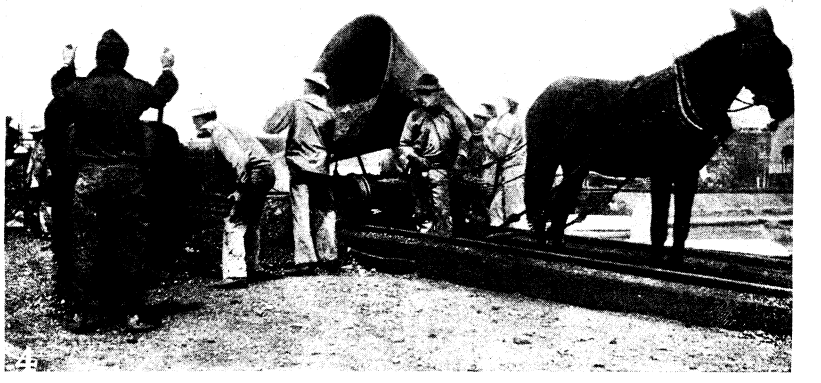




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THE war that may be upon us when these lines are read will steady the nation, and bring a calm that will be most refreshing after the excited screaming from which we have all suffered during the last few weeks. There will rest a duty then on all men who are capable of thinking and of realizing the stern conditions of war, and the imminent dangers to the morale of the people that are invariably the accompaniments of modern warfare. The question of the material and physical sacrifices that must be endured and suffered will be settled forever the moment war is declared. The lives that will be lost, the treasure that will be poured out, the misery and grief that will be visited upon the helpless and the innocent—all these are certain, unavoidable, and they will undoubtedly be borne with the even-minded courage which is characteristic of our countrymen and countrywomen. There will be shown, too, the heroism in actual conflict, and, we trust, skill in military leadership, which will give to the country the victory for which all patriots must long. But beyond all the material and physical circumstances that attend and follow war, beyond the battles and the glory, beyond the joy of the fighting-man and the savage pleasure of the human chase, beyond the tears of the widows and orphans and the desolation of broken homes, there is something else to think of. The joy of battle ought not to feed the lust of conquest. The glory of victory ought not to be sullied by the corruption of commercialism. The savage pleasure of the human chase, our inherited barbarism, ought not to be made to cover the greed of the self-seeking politicians. There are noble sentiments animating the American people. Their hatred of Spain is based on hatred of tyranny, of cruelty, of bigotry. Their motive for the conflict is also an inheritance, but not an inheritance of barbarism. It is the descended virtue of the fathers who battled for human liberty and for self-government, and this noble virtue should be kept the animating spirit of the war. Let us make the conflict, if conflict there must be, as noble and as stimulating as we can. Let us insist on lifting it above the ignoble passions and ambitions of men who have seen money, or "good politics," or promotion in the cruelties and savageries of war. Let the spirit of the actual conflict be that which should animate a real struggle for human rights and against human barbarism and treachery. Let the sun that goes down on the battle, and on the victory of the American people, go down also forever on the futures of the vile harpies who have cried for war, and who have vulgarized the sacred beliefs and aspirations of a people who, if fighting is to come, must stride into it with the strong stepping of an indignant and outraged giant, and not, after the manner of the House of Representatives, like a screaming and vituperative fishwife.

THE experience of the country for the last few weeks ought to have demonstrated to Congress the value of preparation for war. We believe firmly that it was the strength of the North Atlantic squadron that prevented Spain from declaring war against the United States when CANOVAS was Prime Minister; and it ought to have occurred to Congress two years ago that there was danger of just such a crisis as this through which we have been passing, and that the country ought to be ready to meet it. Not only, however, has Congress taken no thought of the condition of the country, but even while it has itself been storming for war, it has deliberately refused to pass measures that are absolutely essential for making the army and navy effective. The country came up to the verge of war so unprepared that fifty millions of dollars had to be placed at the disposal of the Executive, and, as in all cases where expenditures are made in a hurry, and when the purchaser is at the mercy of the seller, much of this has been wasted. We trust that the lesson will not have been in vain, and that the country will insist on a sufficient force hereafter, both of the army and the navy, to deter attacks from foreign powers, and to protect it from the consequences of the mouthings of its own Jingoes.

IT is our duty again to call attention to the fact that the newspapers are publishing plans of battle. A rather elaborate one appeared one day last week in a New York newspaper. If these plans were true, they must have been obtained from some disloyal person in the employment of the government. Their publication was notification to the enemy, and therefore treachery, and the government ought to make it understood that hereafter measures will be taken for the suppression of a newspaper that reveals the military plans of the army, and Congress should at once give the Executive the necessary power to act. This proposition will probably be said to be un-American and undemocratic, but successful war can only be made when the power at the head of the armed forces is arbitrary.

ONE fact about this conflict in Cuba is a puzzling one. Why have the Spaniards not defeated the Cubans? There is not a cavalry officer in the world, including General LEE, who is familiar with Cuba, who does not believe that well-disciplined and intelligently led forces of cavalry could have cleared the island of insurgents in a month, at any time during the history of this insurrection. It must be true that the prolongation of the war has been so profitable to high Spanish officials that they have been willing to face any loss of prestige for their country, including the loss of the island itself, in return for the plunder that the war has in it for them.

ZOLA is to be tried again, it appears, unless the government can prevent the generals from exerting their rights as individuals to bring civil actions for libel. It has come to pass that the high character of the chiefs of the army has been made doubtful by their persecution of ZOLA, and that, although a judgment given by them against an offending officer before the revelations of the DREYFUS case might have gone unquestioned, no important conviction by secret court martial hereafter will escape taint.

IT is greatly to be regretted, whether there is to be war or not, that on the eve of an expected war Congress should have struck a blow at the regular army. No matter what Congressmen may say on this subject, they know—if they know anything of the history of the country—that in case of war we must depend upon the officers of the regular army—that is, upon the professional soldier. In refusing to pass a bill providing for an increase of the army from 25,000 to 104,000 men, the House of Representatives deliberately voted to sacrifice the lives of the troops who must be sent into Cuba if war breaks out. It must be remembered, too, that this increase of the army was to take place only in time of war, and that the defeated bill did not provide for the material increase of our little force in time of peace. If there is to be a war, an invading army must be sent to Cuba, and it ought to consist of at least 75,000 men. A hundred thousand men would be better. The present regular army could spare perhaps 15,000 men, and that would be the only effective force that could be sent into Cuba at the beginning of hostilities, for at the outbreak of the war militia and volunteers would not be of great value. This would mean that the small force sent to the island, accompanied or unaccompanied by citizen soldiers, would be slaughtered, and mainly because Congress has refused to pass what is known as the Reorganization bill.

THE politicians were governed in their action, it is said, by the demands of some of the militia. We are sorry to hear this, and we know that the regular army is sorry to believe that militia have thus expressed an enmity against the professional soldier. The character of the opposition and of the men who made it is writ large on the photograph of JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, which will be found on another page. This man is a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and is a Lieutenant-Colonel of militia in the State of Washington. The high and patriotic purpose by which he is governed is indicated by the confession with which he opened his recent speech against the regular-army reorganization bill. "I am interested in this bill," said this noble creature, and he continued: "If this bill goes into effect as now provided, it legislates me out of office. I am at present an officer of the National Guard of the State in which I live." And so to save JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS'S commission the regular army is to be sacrificed. We advise our readers to study LEWIS in his uniform, and to note the air with which he will protect our coast from the remote fastnesses of the State of Washington. We know, however, that this opposition to the regular army is not felt by all the militia, and that many of the National Guard are governed by quite another spirit, and that they think the incident mentioned below disgraceful. We refer to the action of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Brooklyn, if it is reported correctly. This organization, it is said, will decline to go into service of the United States unless it can be commanded by officers of its own selection. In other words, this organization, if the report be true, decides to be disloyal and mutinous if the commander-in-chief of the army of the United States orders it to serve under officers of his choosing. It is not by men who lack discipline and patriotic devotion to duty that battles are to be won or the country defended.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND CONGRESS.

THE President's message was the calm and dispassionate argument of a man realizing his responsibilities, desiring to put an end to the horrible state of affairs existing in Cuba, but determined to accomplish his object, if he were permitted, without visiting upon his own country the miseries of war. The resolutions reported by the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses of Congress did not adopt the President's recommendation; they bade immediate interference, and were, in effect, a declaration of war against Spain, leaving Spain's exhaustion and weakness the only chance of peace.

To one who read the message with an open and intelligent mind, it is clear that the President thought at the time that no just cause of war between this country and Spain could be formulated, and, therefore, no reason to sustain the threatened declaration of war could be stated. The message began with an accurate statement of the facts concerning the conditions that exist in Cuba as results of the present insurrection. The President did not spare the Spaniards in describing the miseries that have resulted from the barbarous policy which characterized WEYLER'S conduct of the war, and he gave due weight both to the losses that had fallen upon the commerce of this country by reason of the prolongation of the struggle, and to the severe trial which the war has been to the temper and sympathies of the American people. He then spoke chronologically of the relations to the struggle of this country. Only two years ago—in April, 1896—Mr. CLEVELAND offered to attempt to bring about peace through the mediation of this country, and the offer was refused, almost indignantly, Spain declaring that no suggestion of mediation or peace would be entertained unless the plan of settlement began "with the actual submission of the insurgents to the mother-country." And now, in two years—not through any signal victory gained by the insurgents, but by the failure of the Spanish forces to put down the insurrection, and by the moral intervention of the United States, and by expressions of popular indignation on the part of our people—Spain had not only receded from her haughty attitude, but had promised liberal reforms of government, was at least pretending to try to carry them out, had revoked the order of concentration, and was suing for peace from the insurgents.

Within these two years, as the President showed, hundreds of thousands of people had died from the cruelties of the war as it had been waged by the Spaniards, and the island had become a waste place. Mr. CLEVELAND and he had both notified Spain that the hard and savage conditions existing in Cuba could not be tolerated indefinitely by this country. Nevertheless, no reform was attempted so long as the Conservatives remained in power in Spain; but when the assassination of CÁNOVAS was followed by the appointment of the Liberal SAGASTA to the Premiership, a more liberal policy was promised, and had since been declared. The pressure from the United States had begun to be felt; and well-informed European statesmen are familiar with facts—especially with expressions of the Queen-Regent in private letters to her Austrian relatives—which indicate that the Spanish government would have been glad at any time

during several months, and would now be glad, to abandon the effort to subdue the insurgents, were it not for the fact that the dynasty would be imperilled by a surrender that would appear base to the Spanish populace, and that would therefore excite either a Carlist or a republican revolt. As it is, CARLOS has declared that while he will support the dynasty in a war against the United States, if the dynasty yield without war he will himself vindicate the honor of the country as its king.

During the year 1897 the Spanish authorities permitted the intervention of this country by way of charity, and relief committees were organized. The President informed Congress that this work of charity had been very considerable, and that the distribution of nearly $200,000 in money and supplies had been greatly aided by the local authorities—that is, by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. He said, "Thousands of lives have already been saved." And yet the cause of the misery and suffering continued. WEYLER'S concentration order, although somewhat modified, remained in force, and it was not until the expressions of sympathy, of horror, and of sadness reached a still further and more advanced stage of acuteness that Captain-General BLANCO revoked the order entirely, directed that the reconcentrados be permitted to return to their farms, that they be aided to renew their industrial pursuits, and that public works be established to give them employment. And to carry out all this a sum of $600,000 was appropriated.

Spain had promised and granted relief because of pressure from the United States, and because, after Mr. PROCTOR'S speech revealing the tragedy as it presented itself to his honest eyes, there was danger that the people of this country could no longer be prevented from insisting that the nation whose cruelties had caused such misery should be driven from the continent. We had gained this much by peaceful methods, by insisting that we should no longer be tormented by the terrible tale of starvation almost at our doors. But the contention of the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses is that, notwithstanding this gain, Spain must give a guarantee that the evils of which we complain shall be ended forever, so far as she is concerned, by her retirement from Cuba, and to effect that object the President should be ordered to employ the armed forces of the country.

But the President himself did not rest with compassing the revocation of the concentration order and the relief of immediate suffering; he insisted that the war in Cuba shall come to an end. On the 27th of March he proposed to Spain an armistice until the 1st of October next, for the negotiation of peace with the good offices of the President. To this the reply of the Spanish government, on the 31st of March, was unsatisfactory, involving the demand that the armistice should be requested by the insurgents. Negotiation stopped here, and war seemed inevitable, until the Spanish government, moved again by the firm attitude of the President, and probably by our preparation for war and by clamor inside and out of Congress, and partly also by the mediation of the Pope, declared an armistice on the 10th of April, an armistice without limitations, and for the purpose of facilitating peace. In this last surrender of the Spanish government for the purpose of avoiding war with the United States, Mr. MCKINLEY saw a hope that our "aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realized." But the Congressional committees did not agree with him, but insisted that Spain must bring the war to a close at once. The President's arguments against the proposal to recognize either belligerency or independence were unanswerable, and in this the majority party in Congress agreed with him, General LEE himself, whose friendship for the Cubans is known, having said that no insurgent government worthy of recognition existed in Cuba. As to the *Maine*, it was clear that no cause of war yet existed on account of her destruction, because our own board was not satisfied that Spain was criminally responsible, and had so reported. That it might yet become a cause of war was true, for Spain might refuse to listen to our case, or to make the reparation which is clearly our due on account of her negligence. But until that time came, and until something happened that had not yet happened to show that Spain's present efforts to bring the war to a conclusion must be unsuccessful, it seemed wise to the President that we should wait, the precaution having been taken to intrust to him the power to use the armed forces of the country to bring lasting peace and a stable government to the distracted island of Cuba. With that conclusion Congressmen again did not agree. They demanded immediate intervention, even if that meant war. This, indeed, was the effect of both resolutions, but that of the House authorizing and directing intervention left the President some latitude, and the country some slight hope of peace, while the Senate resolution, declaring also for independence, was a demand that Spain immediately evacuate Cuba. To this the reply of Spain was that she could not yield to such a demand and maintain her present government.

A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

IF we go to war with Spain it is of high interest to the American people that their motives should be correctly understood by the civilized world. To what harsh and unjust imputations we are exposed appeared recently from an utterance of one of Prince BISMARCK'S press organs in Germany, which, among other very ill-natured flings, attributed the popular desire in the United States to put an end to Spanish misrule in Cuba to an "ignoble greed for territorial aggrandizement" on our part. Nothing could be more unfair. True, we have among us a number of noisy Jingoes who have long been "spoiling for a fight," who desire a war for war's sake, and to whom a pacific composition of the Spanish quarrel would therefore be most unwelcome. There are also unscrupulous speculators who clamor for war because they see in it promising opportunities for enriching themselves at the expense of the public; politicians who think that an exhibition of warlike patriotism will further their interests; and journals eager to inflame warlike excitement for the purpose of spreading their circulation. There are also a few persons in the United States who would annex to this republic Cuba, or any other island in any quarter of the globe. But it may with perfect assurance be affirmed that all these classes combined form only a very small minority of the American people, and that an overwhelming majority of them are inspired by motives absolutely generous and unselfish. Their sympathy has been warmed by the spectacle of the Cubans fighting for independence and liberty. Their indignation has been aroused by the atrocities of the WEYLER régime and by the destruction of the *Maine;* and all they wish to do is to aid the struggling, to succor the suffering, and to put down the power of the oppressor. It is not too much to say that if the government of the United States manifested any design to annex Cuba as a result of the conflict, such a declaration would very seriously chill the popular feeling for the "liberation" of that island. How completely foreign to that feeling any motive of self-interest must be will at once be understood when we soberly consider the question, who will profit and who will lose by that war for Cuban independence?

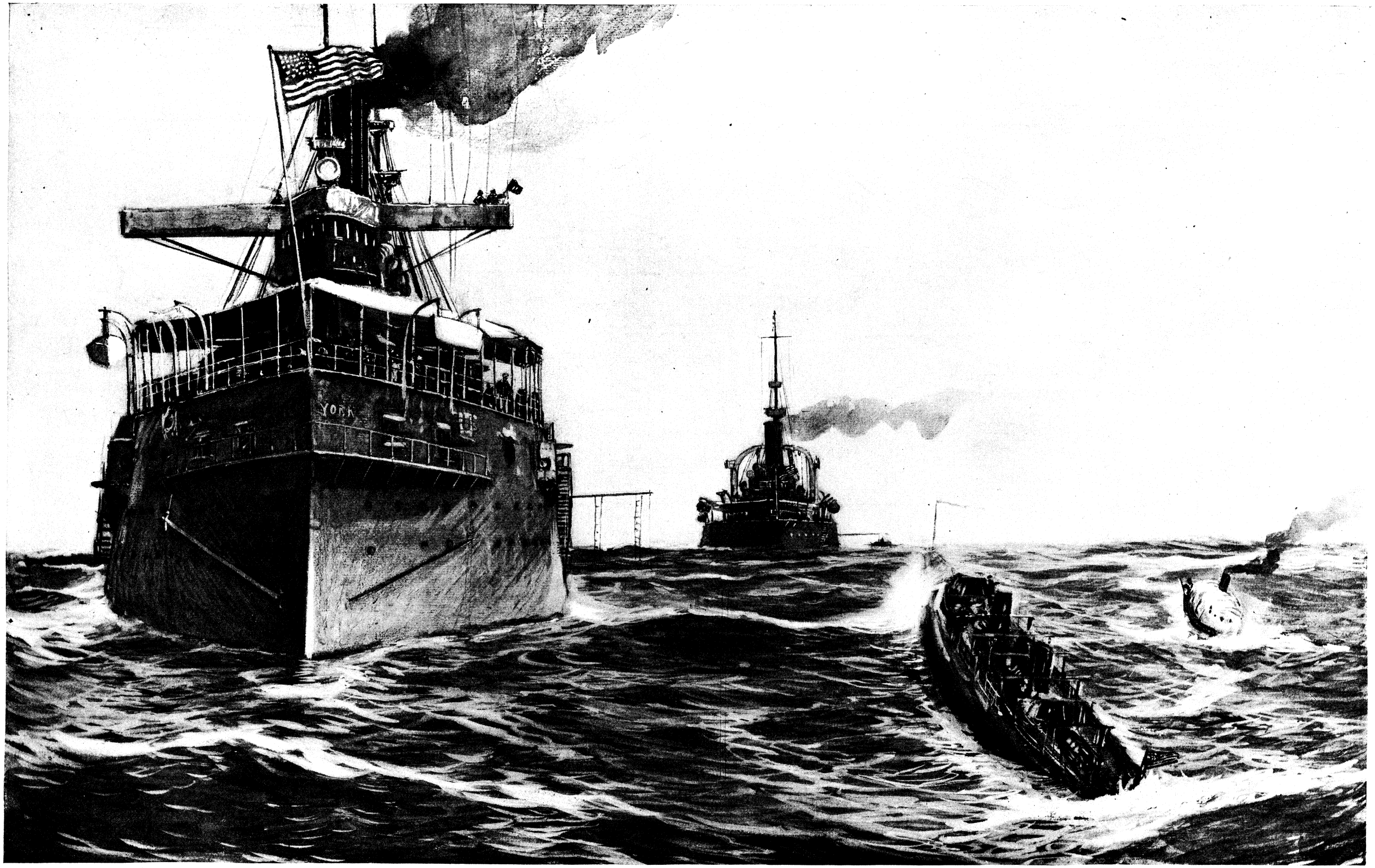
It may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the most certain gainer will be Spain herself, because she will lose Cuba. What is Cuba to her? Years ago the colony was a source of revenue, a valuable financial asset. But it has long ceased to be that. It is now an utterly ruined province, wasted and desolate. Instead of yielding revenue, it causes incalculable expense. For years past it has cost Spain annually millions upon millions of money. It has cost, moreover, a hundred thousand soldiers. As one of our contemporaries recently expressed it, "Spanish mothers know of Cuba as a place to which their conscript children go, and from which they do not return." Nor is there the slightest prospect that to Spain the colony of Cuba will ever become a valuable asset again. Even under the most favorable circumstances it would require years to lift Cuba from her present desolation into a moderate state of prosperity. And it is vain to hope that if, under Spanish rule, another attempt were ever tried to make Cuba again a source of large revenue to the mother-country, it could possibly succeed. For a long period Cuba has been the theatre of chronic insurrection and turmoil, and there is not the least doubt that so long as Spain seeks to draw any income worth counting from Cuba, it will remain so. This is probably well understood by sensible statesmen in Spain, who would be glad to get rid of the incubus if they only could "let go" without irritating the national pride to their own disadvantage. To lose Cuba in consequence of a war with the United States, which would spare that national pride, would actually mean to Spain a "good riddance." Neither would it involve any loss of prestige, for Cuba has long ceased to be an element of prestige to Spain, having rather brought disgrace upon her. And to be defeated in a war by the immensely superior resources of this republic is a thing which Spain will never have to be ashamed of. Thus, in losing Cuba, Spain will lose nothing of real value, but gain much, by being delivered, in a manner saving her national pride, of a dreadfully burdensome incumbrance.

The next beneficiary of that war will be Cuba. How much Cuba will be benefited by its results will depend upon the ability of the Cubans, when set free, to maintain an independent, stable, and orderly government, or to find a paternal power or person that will maintain such a government among and for them. While we may not be very sanguine in this respect, it is reasonable to assume that the Cubans will at least no longer be exposed to any dictatorships like that of WEYLER, and their government, good or bad, will, at any rate, be their own.

What, then, are the advantages the American people may expect to derive from this war with Spain? If they were really instigated by anything like a selfish impulse, they would, of course, carefully calculate beforehand whether the possible profit would be in proportion to the certain sacrifice to be made for it. Of this sacrifice the blood item cannot be easily computed in advance. Even if our sea power is greatly superior to that of Spain, we cannot hope to disable the Spanish fleet without the loss of many lives. And we cannot put a land force on the soil of Cuba to drive out the Spaniards and to establish an independent and a "stable" government there, without dooming many more young Americans to die, not only on the battle-field, but, worse than that, in the hospitals of that unwholesome country. American mothers, too, may know Cuba as the place to which their valiant sons go, never to return. As to the money item of the sacrifice, we have already made a beginning. The grant by Congress of the $50,000,000 for war preparations is, no doubt, wellnigh exhausted. A war loan is now contemplated of $500,000,000, and war taxes on bank checks, tea, coffee, beer, and tobacco are expected to yield about $100,000,000 annually. But as the war may last longer than we now anticipate, and as our ways of making war are rather expensive, the present figures fixed for loans and taxes may soon be found sadly inadequate. This, however, is not all. The pension roll will be largely increased, and thus an additional load be put upon the people, to burden them for generations. Furthermore, the loss we suffer through the business disturbances, and the interruption of the revival of prosperity, and the retardation of the necessary monetary reform, which are caused by the war and its uncertainties, can hardly be estimated. Nor should it be overlooked that inasmuch as Spain, through her cruisers and privateers, may sweep our commercial flag from the seas, partly by actual capture or destruction, partly by means of greatly increased rates of insurance, we substantially make a present of the larger part of our carrying trade on the ocean to other maritime nations, such as Great Britain, Germany, Norway, and others.

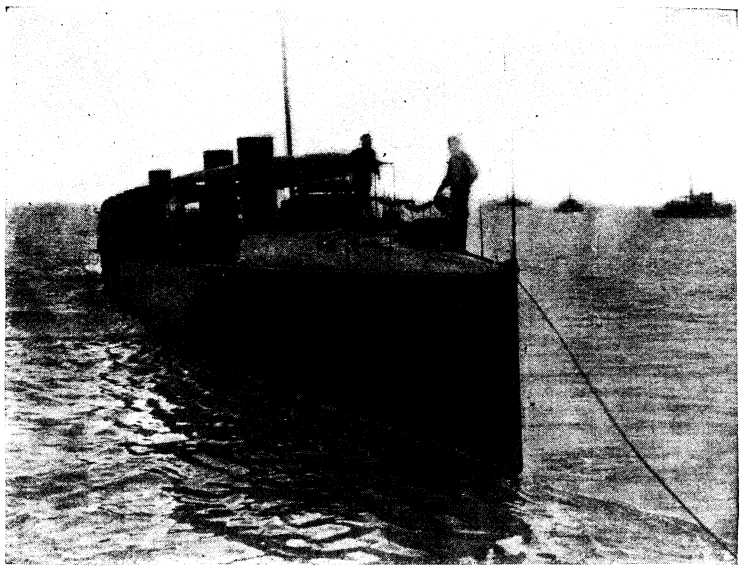
But even here the list of our probable sacrifices is not closed. For, in what moral and financial responsibilities, in what political complications, in what international embroilments, a war undertaken to give Cuba independence and a "stable government" will involve us, nobody can foresee. Historic experience as to the establishment and maintenance of stable republican governments in tropical regions is certainly most discouraging; and if we undertake the task, we may, after much sore tribulation, find ourselves exposed to very costly disappointments.

What, then, may we expect to gain as a compensation for our sacrifices and risks? Certainly not glory; for there is no glory to a robust young giant in kicking a poor old cripple. The annexation of Cuba must be considered out of the question, for, as the President said in his message, it would, "by our code of morality, be criminal aggression." Nor could it be called an advantage, for it would be like the annexation of a house infected with an inexterminable contagious disease. The only business benefit we could realize would be the restoration of our trade with Cuba. But that trade would necessarily be limited, and if its net annual profits became as large as ever before, they would not amount to as much as the increase of our pension roll and of the army and navy budget in consequence of the war, not to speak of the cost in blood and treasure of the war itself. Thus all our real compensation for our sacrifices and risks in that war will consist in our moral consciousness of having delivered Cuba of Spanish misrule, of having given the Cubans an opportunity for showing how fit they are for free institutions. Now, in view of all this, the world may indeed say that we would have been much wiser had we patiently tried to secure to the Cubans the best possible government, and an honorable adjustment of the *Maine* affair, without a war. But it can certainly not be said that we have made that war from any selfish motive, or even with a careful consideration of our own welfare. There can be no clearer case of self-sacrifice.

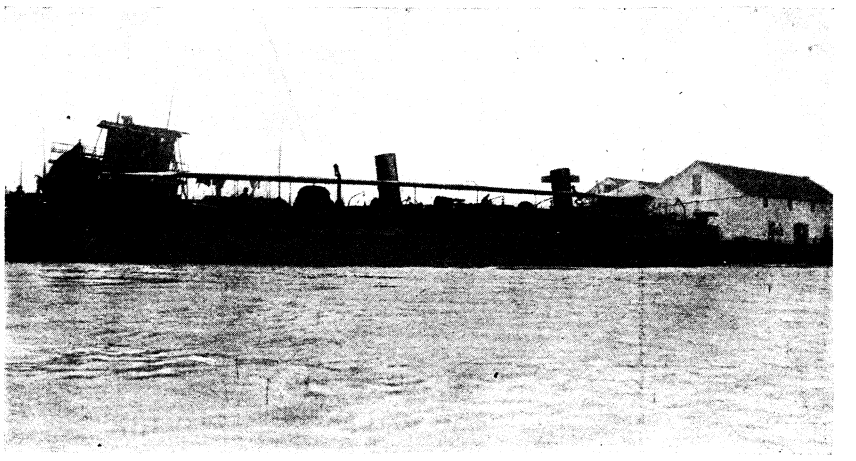


U. S. Armored Cruiser "New York." U. S. Battle-Ship "Indiana." U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Cushing."

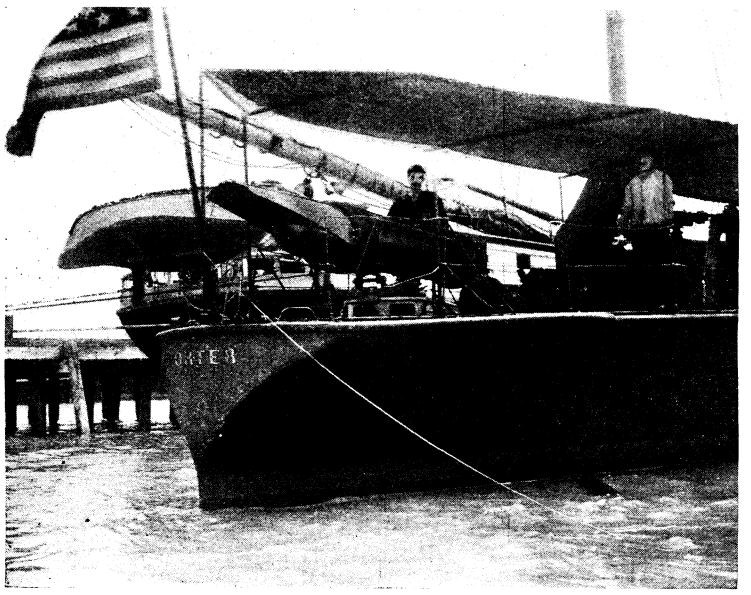
WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST—TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING" CARRYING DESPATCHES TO THE FLAG-SHIP.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."
The "New York," "Indiana," and "Iowa" are lying ten Miles out in the Gulf, where the Sea runs high in the strong Trade-Wind.



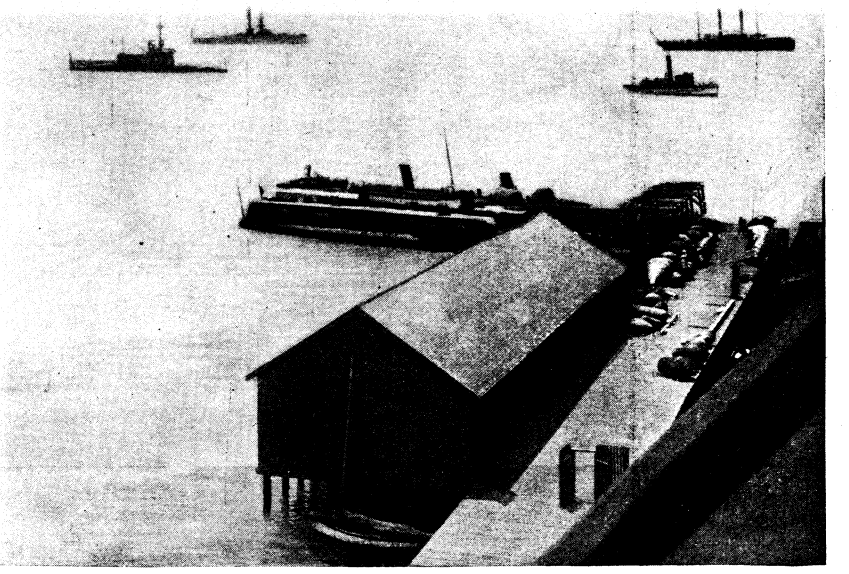
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "DUPONT."



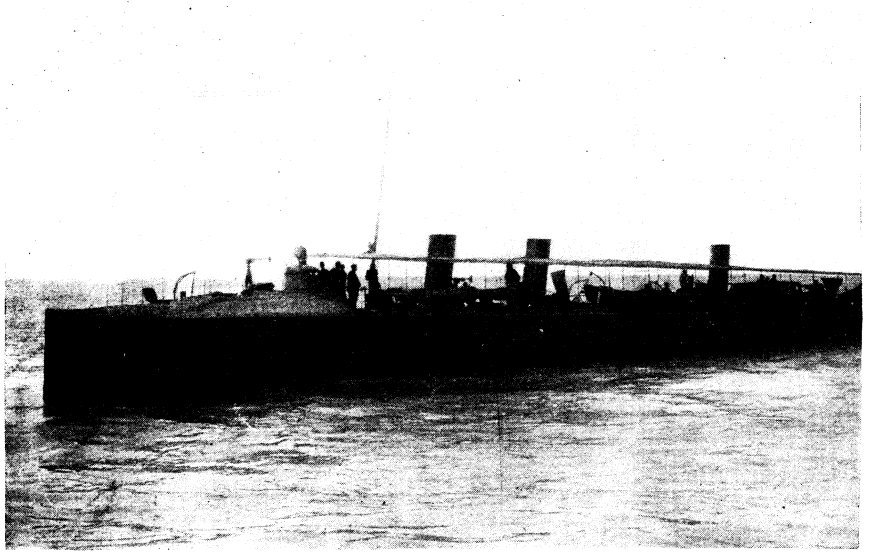
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "FOOTE."



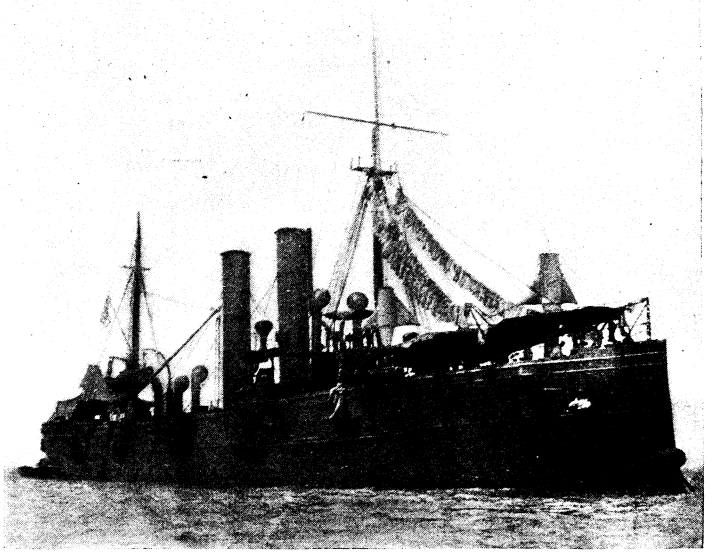
STERN TORPEDO ON THE "PORTER" READY FOR ACTION.



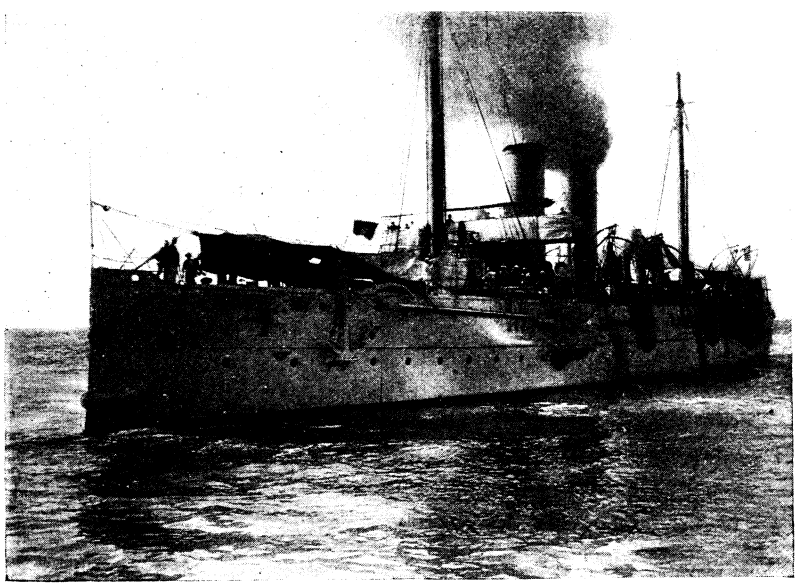
GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR.
Torpedo-Boats "Porter," "Cushing," and "Winslow" at the Dock; Monitor "Terror" and Gunboats "Nashville" and "Helena" at Anchor.



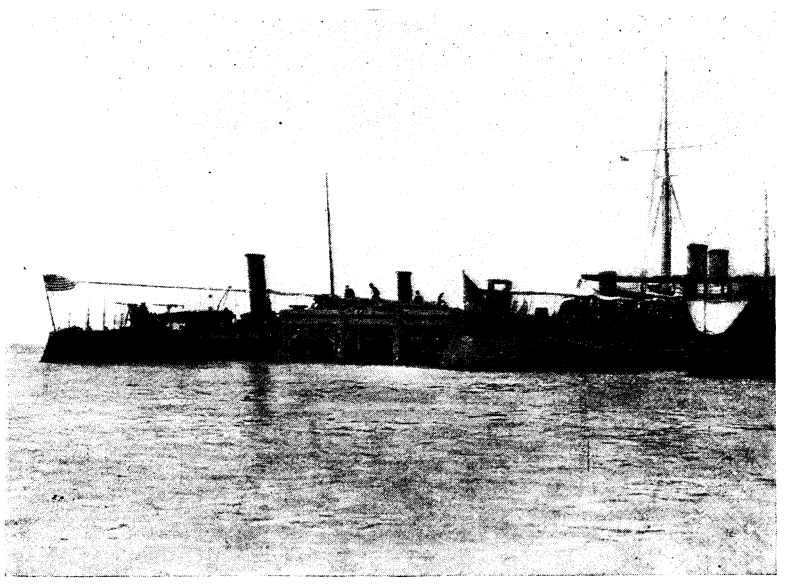
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."



U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."

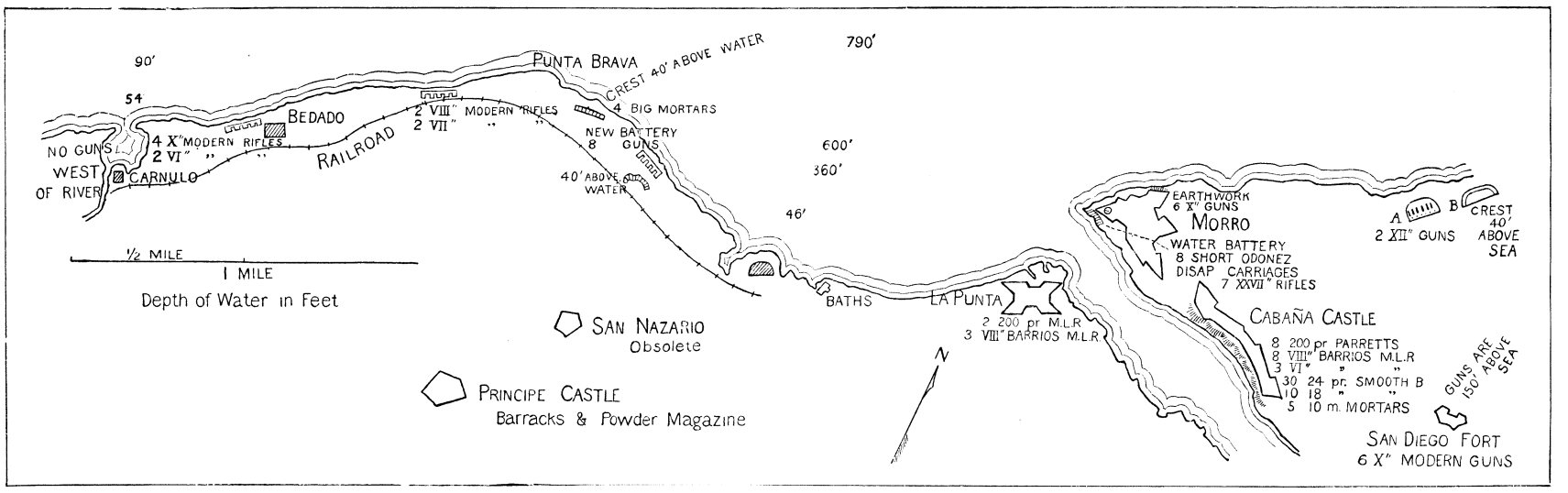


U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" LEAVING DOCK FOR PICKET DUTY.



TORPEDO-BOATS "PORTER," "CUSHING," AND "WINSLOW" WAITING ORDERS.

WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."



THE DEFENCES OF HAVANA.—From the Official Chart issued to the Vessels of the United States Navy.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Lowell Memorial Fund continues to grow at the rate of about a thousand dollars a week. The total amount reported on April 10 was $28,610, which left $7390 still to be raised. The lists of subscribers published from week to week in the Boston papers contain from thirty to fifty names, and include some second subscriptions, indicating that though the movement has not stirred a very widespread popular response, the support it has is ardent and determined. It seems no longer doubtful that the project will be carried out.

Mr. Lehmann, Harvard's British coach, is back from England, and at work again on the meandering Charles, oblivious apparently to the possibility of war, and the chance that his trained men may tumble out of their shells and into gunboats. During the civil war, from 1860 to 1864, there were no Yale-Harvard races. There is no present reason to apprehend a suspension of them this year, for our big universities are able nowadays to do many things at once, and doubtless have able-bodied men enough to man their own navies after furnishing their quota, and more, to Uncle Sam's. But we shall see what we shall see. At this writing a high degree of martial ardor is reported from our various seats of learning. A despatch from Cambridge, dated April 8, told of 400 Harvard students at drill in the gymnasium, and recorded a degree of military enthusiasm that has had no parallel since 1861. Corresponding reports come from other colleges. Yale is stirred, and the faculty there was credited some time since with an intention to issue degrees ahead of time to Seniors who left college to perform military service. Such action is customary in colleges in time of war.

The crews of the war-ships which have been lying at Key West and Hampton Roads are proper objects of the sympathy of their countrymen. They have been kept, unavoidably, on a continuous strain since the sinking of the *Maine*. It is like keeping a pack of hounds in leash after their noses have caught the scent, and when the trail is before them. No wonder the men have been restless. It is not in human nature any more than in canine nature to halt on the beginning of a trail when the energies are still fresh and the blood has been heated to the hunting-point.

April 12, the day that General Fitzhugh Lee passed through Richmond on his way to Washington, seems to have been the liveliest and most emotional day the town has seen in thirty years. The emotion was condensed into the few moments in which the train halted, but it was deeply felt and vigorously expressed, and must have done the Richmond folks a lot of good. One does not need to be a Jingo to have his blood stirred somewhat by the brief recital which the newspapers gave of that reception. It is comforting to remember that if present complications prove not to be adjustable except by explosives, we shall not suffer the evils of that method of arrangement without such compensations as will come from having men of many minds brought near to one another by zeal for the accomplishment of a common purpose.

A Rochester newspaper tells of a spring development which is of more than local interest. A Rochester man, Mr. Little, has a rustic table, newly made of willow and poplar branches, which stood bronzed and varnished in his house. But the wood in it was cut in winter, and when the spring came the sap in those branches woke up, and the branches began to grow knobby, and presently threw out a lot of green leaves, which plainly appear in the picture which the newspaper gives. That is the sort of determined and persevering wood that would seem to be adapted to the uses of the Tree-Planting Association of New York. Cuttings which when bent, varnished, and brought into the house still persist in carrying out the intentions of nature might thrive even in holes in the sidewalk along the streets of New York. The Rochester nursery-men, who are quick to recognize special merit in vegetation, will do well to cultivate cuttings of this sort and list them in their next year's catalogues.

Mr. Thomas Sargeant Perry, of Boston, more recently of Paris, is going to Japan for three years to be Professor of English Literature in the College Keiogijuku at Tokio. Mr. Perry, who is a grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, is one of the most learned and accomplished of modern Americans, and has been called "the best-read man in America." He has been at various times an instructor in German, in English, and in Sanscrit at Harvard, and a lecturer in English literature. For a time he edited the *North American Review*, while it still clung to Boston, and he was long the critic of foreign books for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a literary reviewer for the *Nation*. A knowledge of Japanese literature, attested by several published discourses, is part of his equipment. Recently he has lectured in Boston on Greek literature, and it was expected that he would lecture next winter in the Lowell Institute course. Japan is lucky in getting a three years' lease of the powers of a gentleman of such exceptional equipment.

If only there were a few of Jan Szczepanik's telelectroscopes working between Cuba and New York, what superlatively interesting pictures we might see! The abilities of this machine (which is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris) are such that one might sit in a room in New York and see instantaneous pictures of what might happen to be going on in Havana Harbor. These pictures would be shimmering affairs like the vitascope pictures, except that they would reproduce the objects seen in something like their natural colors. How it is done is too long and intricate a story to tell here, but the drift of it is that the view is caught by a combination of mirrors, which resolve it into its elements of light, shade, and color, which are transmitted by electricity, and combined into a moving picture again at the point where they are received.

When we get so that we can draw easy breaths again, we shall be interested to learn of the recent completion of the Congo River Railway, which runs for 250 miles around the thirty-two cataracts which separate the ninety miles of navigation on the lower Congo from 8000 miles of navigable waters in the great interior beyond. The cataracts were the great obstacle to the development of the upper Congo country. Mr. Stanley was a powerful advocate of the railway around them as an indispensable preliminary to the opening of the great Congo basin to civilization. The Belgian government has been the most important backer of the railroad, the construction of which, now completed, has been accomplished in the face of great natural obstacles. It makes a journey into inner Africa a comparatively simple thing.

The President's message seems to contain just what the reader chooses to find in it. Some of the congratulatory telegrams which it called out have been published, and make interesting reading. Henry R. Reed, of Boston, likes it because it is "temperate yet firm"; Abram S. Hewitt finds it "unanswerable, unassailable, and a guarantee of peace"; President Schurman of Cornell welcomes it as "a splendid embodiment of the brightest ideals of the republic"; Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, finds in it an occasion to say to the President that the country, while it earnestly desires peace, will stand by him, whether the issue is peace or war; to the mind of Wager Swayne it "truly represents a Christian and peace-loving country"; and Bishop Newman finds it "superb, severe in rebuke, patriotic in dignity, humane and Christian in sentiment." It is hard to conceive how a single document on a single subject could come nearer being all things to all men than that.

Literature for March 26 (New York date April 6) brings with it the first "American Letter" by Mr. Henry James, in which he considers in meditative periods the prospects and possibilities of the American literature of the future. He takes thought of our enormous army of readers — *monstrum horrendum ingens*, though he does not call it that—and although the size of it by no means carries him off his mental legs, he does find in it opportunities, and feels that "it is impossible not to entertain with patience and curiosity the presumption that life so colossal must break into expression at points of proportionate frequency." One passage in his letter demands to be transferred where the readers of this page of the Weekly will be sure to see it. He wants to see a more adequate treatment in the American novel of "the typical American figure, the 'business man,'" as to whom he says:

> He is often an obscure, but not less often an epic, hero, seamed all over with the wounds of the market and the dangers of the field, launched into action and passion by the immensity and complexity of the general struggle, a boundless ferocity of battle—driven above all by the extraordinary, the unique relation in which he for the most part stands to the life of his lawful, his immitigable womankind, the wives and daughters who float, who splash on the surface and ride the waves, his terrific link with civilization, his social substitutes and representatives, while, like a diver for shipwrecked treasure, he gasps in the depths and breathes through an air-tube.

Any reader who, a prey to dumb forgetfulness or other causes of misapprehension, has allowed himself to doubt that Mr. James, once his steam is up, can say things, is

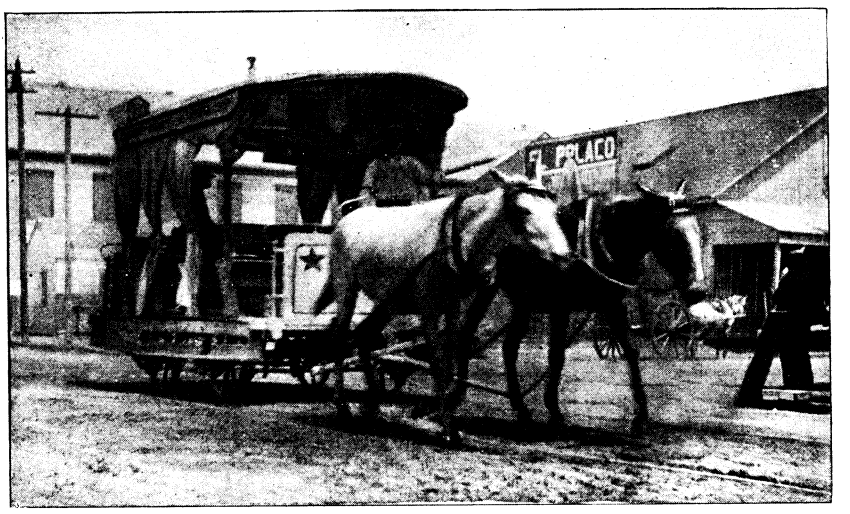


DUVAL STREET, PRINCIPAL STREET OF KEY WEST.



TYPICAL VIEW IN KEY WEST.

invited to find the evidence of his mistake in the passage quoted. Any reader who wonders that Mr. James, who elects to live in England, should find American literature a congenial and convenient topic for observation and discourse, is invited to regard an explanation offered by Mr. G. W. Smalley, who points out, in the New York *Herald*, that the American in London sees probably a greater variety of Americans than if he lived in New York, and has his Americanism strengthened by being constantly called upon to explain and defend true American ideas. "The true magnitude of Mont Blanc," says Mr. Smalley, "is only seen from a distance. The true glory of America is visible from across the Atlantic more clearly than in the slums of New York."



RAPID TRANSIT AT KEY WEST.

The evidences of a new growth of sympathy and friendliness between the Americans and the British keep cropping out in the newspapers, and are as pleasant as they are novel. They take the form of little tokens of good will, like salutes to the Flying Squadron at Fort Monroe by passing British merchantmen, and like the incident reported in a story which comes by way of Vancouver, B.C., of a ruction in the streets of Hongkong, where American and British sailors joined to play a sort of football game, without any football, against a combination of man-of-war's men of other nations. But the most conspicuous and important sign of more cordial relations appears in the comments of the English papers. One important reason for British sympathy with our attitude towards Cuba doubtless is that British newspapers—the *Times* for one—have had correspondents in Cuba, who have reported what they have seen, so that British readers have been able to judge from their own sources of information whether Cuba needs attention from the outside or not.

A large crop of peace poetry, some of it meritorious and timely, has been coming to market for the last fortnight, and finds response in the hearts of plenty of readers.

> "Let me be blessed for the peace I make!"
> God grant that old Shakespearian praise may glow,
> McKinley, on thy brows....

cries Katharine Lee Bates, in the Boston *Transcript*, and another poet in the same paper prays:

> Thou, who our sires' prayers answered, answer ours,
> And give us Peace! Jehovah! give Thou Peace!

To the same intent is Bishop Satterlee's prayer for peace, to be used in the Episcopal churches of the diocese of Washington. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" is the burden of it, while its collect looks beyond the needs of the moment and asks that our government may be so guided "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

These prayers find earnest response, and yet the air that runs through the subdued and solemn accompaniment which the national orchestra is playing to them is no other than our old familiar "Johnny, Get Your Gun." The soberest and most conscientious and representative spirit in the country wants peace in and all about this continent, and it expects to have it presently.

It is rather uphill work just now to promote any very widespread dissatisfaction with Consul-General Lee, but a contemporary journal attempted it last week, with grievous words about his indiscretion, his "complacent acceptance of brainless and self-advertising laudation," and his "reckless fanning of the war flame" by "incendiary speeches." It is not the general opinion, even among persons who are most anxious that peace should be preserved, that General Lee has laid himself open to criticisms so severe as these. The only effective way to prevent any American who has been in Cuba from "fanning the war flame" when he gets home seems to be to bring him home in a box, and even that method is not always effectual. All things considered, General Lee seems to have said very little except to persons officially authorized to hear. He came north on the fastest train obtainable, made the fewest possible stops, and even at Richmond, where words were almost put in his mouth, he was exceedingly chary of uttering them. It is true, though, that he has neglected to say some things which might have qualified the martial ardor of his admirers. If he could have assured his friends at Richmond that General Weyler was really a humane gentleman, but sadly misunderstood, the effect might have been pacificatory, but the chance for that, alas! was lost. The New York *Times* has said the next most pacific thing about Weyler in pointing out that he is "not a typical but a conventional Spaniard, no more like his average fellow-countrymen than the acanthus leaf on a pillar is like a leaf that grows." It is somehow the misfortune of Spain that the conventional Spaniard, like the conventional acanthus leaf, manages to get into the most conspicuous places, while the typical growth unfolds and withers unremarked.

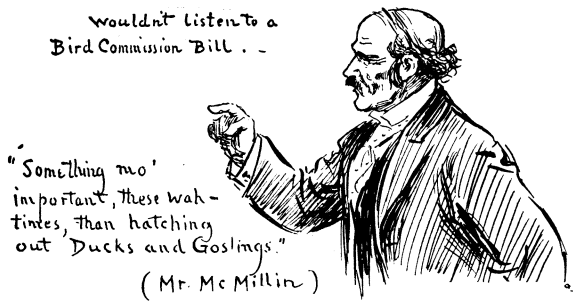
While we have all for two months past been living on from day to day, our militiamen have taken even shorter breaths and shorter views than the rest of us, and have lived from hour to hour and from minute to minute. Only persons who have come in contact with members of the National Guard can realize in what a state of expectation they have been kept. Traces of it come to notice incidentally. A gentleman says: "Smith, who was to have dined with us on Tuesday, cannot come. He is a —th Regiment man, and is under orders to be within immediate call." When you meet a man on Fifth Avenue and ask him (as the present writer did) if he has enlisted yet, and he answers, "I am colonel of the —th Regiment," his preoccupied demeanor brings it home to you that there is something out of common in the wind. The double-page picture in this number of the Weekly, of an inspection of the Seventh Regiment in its armory, illustrates the sort of exercise that all the militiamen are getting. And besides the regiments already organized and equipped, companies of volunteers are forming and drilling all over the country.

Princeton University, lying back a safe and convenient distance from the coast of New Jersey, and being further protected by the presence of Mr. Grover Cleveland, whom the present administration is in courtesy especially bound to safeguard and defend, is not likely to be blown off the earth by Spanish shells or burned out by Spanish invaders, and may therefore reasonably hope to profit by its recent gift of $100,000 from Mr. Henry S. Little, of Trenton, New Jersey. The money is to be spent for a new dormitory, like the new Blair dormitory now being finished.

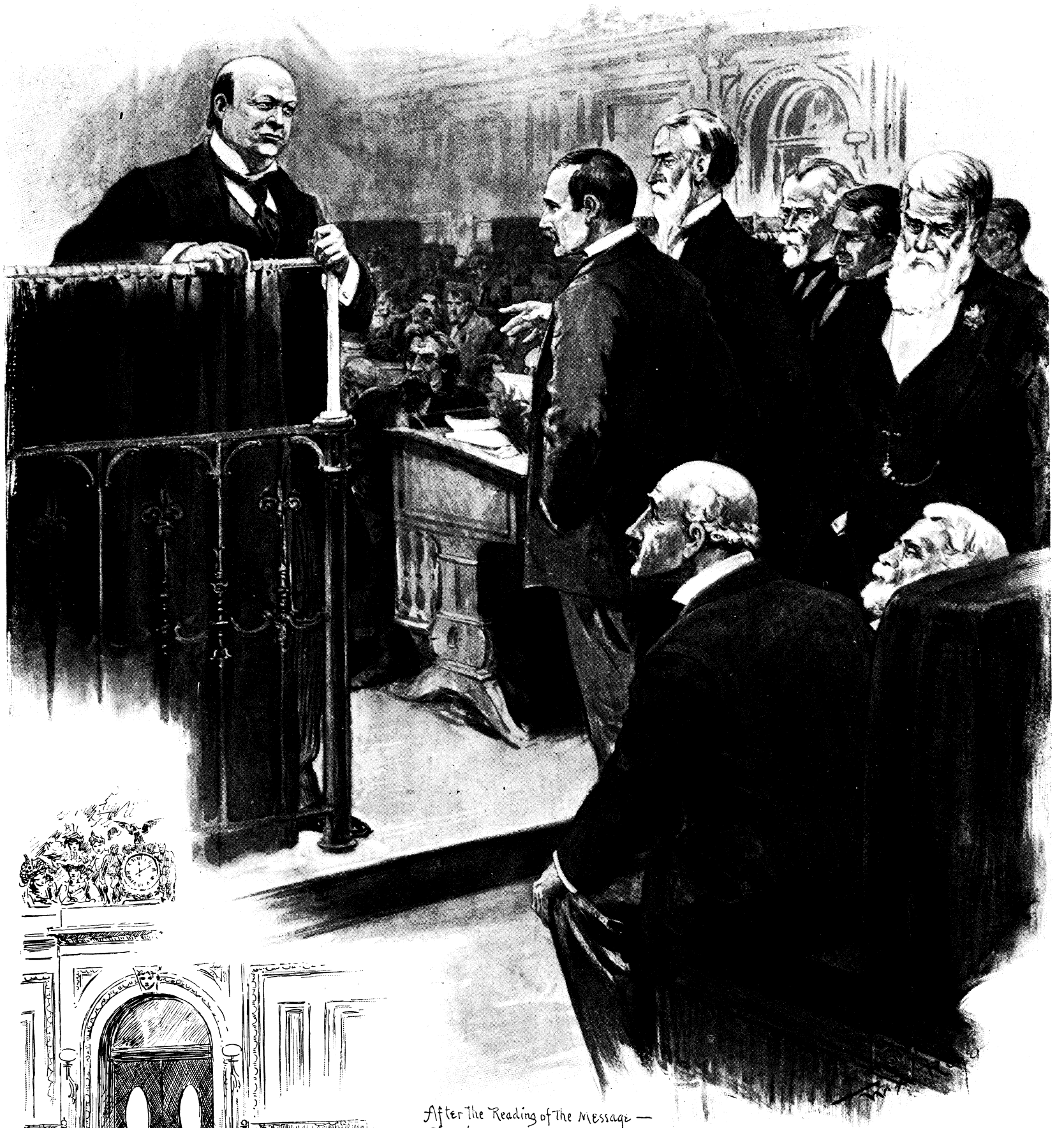
Mr. Little is described as a Princeton graduate of the class of '44, a bachelor of large fortune, seventy-three years old, an active Democrat, and a very ardent sportsman. It is related that two years ago he was caught in the crush at a Yale-Princeton baseball match and badly hurt, but since then, as before, he has been invariably present at Princeton games. E. S. Martin.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.









After the Reading of the Message —
The Speaker out Strengthening his Lines



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



APOLIMA—ONE OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.—THE NATURAL FORTRESS TO WHICH MATA'AFA WAS FLEEING WHEN CAPTURED.

MATA'AFA IN EXILE.

NINE years ago Mata'afa helped the United States in one of its small hours of bitterest need.

Now, in the lapse of troubled years, Mata'afa, no longer a king, in hours whose bitter need weighs down his soul, begs the United States to give him help. When he helped our perishing sailors struggling in the deadly seas at Apia on that fateful March 16, 1889, he did not stop to calculate that by his humanity he was throwing away the certainty of victory which should crown his ambition and confirm him on the throne of Samoa, to which he had been chosen by his race. Now that he is wearing out his declining years in lonely exile, cooped on Jaluit, a dismal speck of sand under the equator, and when he begs the United States to help him, he is far too proud to tell of what he and his have done to warrant the extension of such assistance.

Mata'afa, whose Christian name is Josefa, and who has held all the royal titles which Samoa can confer, is the head of that family which Samoan tradition deduces from the great gods of old; the family which gave Samoa its kings before the Malietoa family even had a name—and that is not an affair of yesterday, for the Malietoas number nine-and-twenty generations. He has been the king of Samoa with the unanimous voice of Samoa in his favor, and took the office in obedience to the earnest pleading of his rival, Malietoa Laupepa. When the three great powers undertook to bring peace to vexed Samoa, and ordained that Malietoa should be the king, even though it was against his will and also against the Samoan will, Mata'afa hastened to obey the confounding order of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. Malietoa became the king by order of the consuls, and his first exercise of such sovereignty as he could wield under the Berlin Treaty was to insist upon Mata'afa sharing his power as vice-king. Such an arrangement carries failure in its essence. Dissensions were fomented between king and vice-king; self-seeking white men encouraged the native Samoan talent for double dealing; Malietoa and Mata'afa were forced apart, and Mata'afa was thrust out into rebellion.

Remember that this person had been king by the unanimous choice of all Samoa. Remember that he was of the blood royal whose deeds were the theme of every tradition of every age of Samoa, back through all the generations, to the time when the great god Tangaloa sat alone in heaven and created the earth out of coral slabs, and created, first of mortal men, the Tupua family to rule mankind—and Mata'afa is the head of the Tupuas. Remember that all the interests which find gain in disorder were slyly put to work to produce the rebellion.

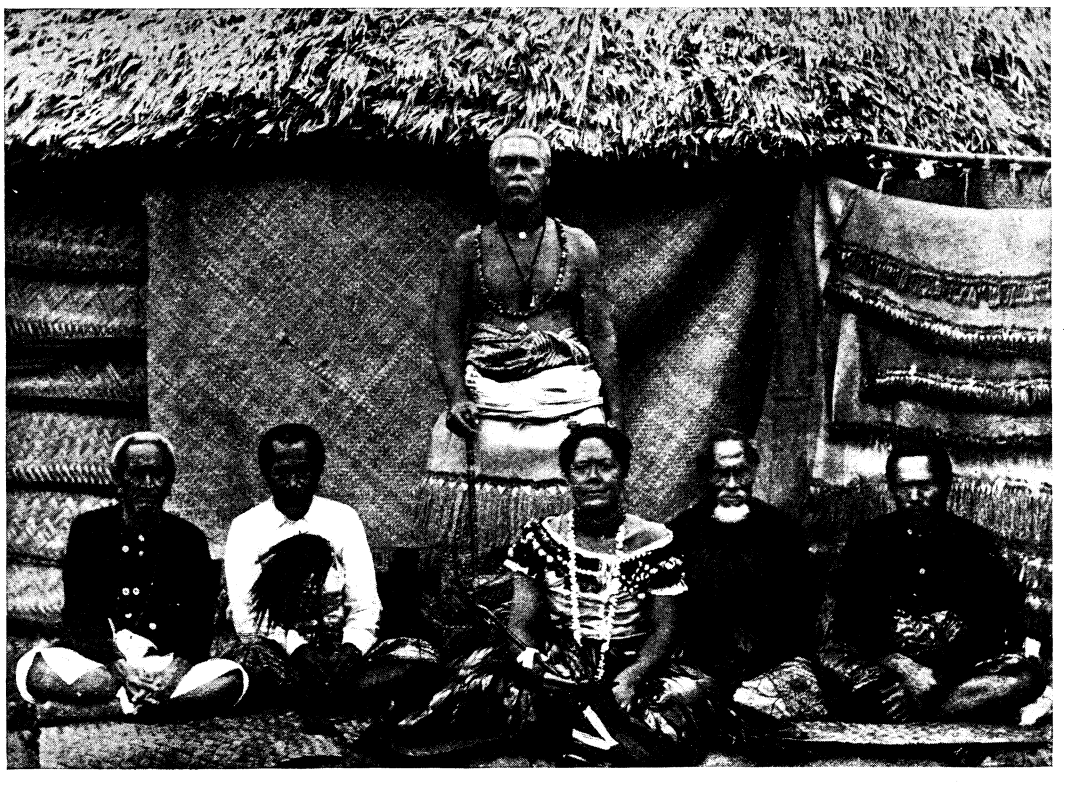
It was shortly settled—one battle did it. Defeated in the affray at Malie, Mata'afa escaped to the island of Manono, intending to seek refuge in the almost impregnable fortress which the might of nature made of the islet of Apolima when it let the sea into a living volcano and blew out one side of the crater, where a narrow and tortuous pass in quiet weather affords the only chance by which man may set foot upon the land. The war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany appeared in hostile force before Manono, and Mata'afa, with his chiefs and tribesmen, surrendered. In punishment for this rebellion, Mata'afa and ten chiefs of his party were sentenced to exile. The government of the United States, through its Secretary of State, approved the sentence, and regularly pays its third share of the maintenance of the prisoners. Mata'afa was taken first to Fakaofo, in the Tokelau group, a British protectorate, and later removed to Jaluit, in the German colony of the Marshall Islands. From the middle of 1893 to the present day the chiefs have borne the torment of exile.

Exile is indeed a torment to the islander of the South Seas. Listen to the old songs of the Maori and the Hawaiian, of the man of the Marquesas and Tahiti; their one and only theme is the memory of the dear lands from which they came many generations ago, that westward land which bears the name of Savaiki, Hawaiki, Hawaii, and which now may be proved to be Savaii of the Samoans. Alone of all Polynesians, the Samoans have no ancestral tales of dear lands left behind and long adventurous voyages across the wild Pacific. Hard as banishment from his own land is to any Polynesian, it is hardest of all to the Samoan, who has no consolation in the thought of the exile of his race. This in itself would serve to make banishment the worst of punishments to Mata'afa. But there are other considerations. Jaluit is no such fair land as Samoa. It has no mountains rising forest-clad from the verge of the sea; there are no deep bays and sparkling cascades. Sand alone it is, a flat patch of glistening sand thrown up by the sea. There the cocoanut does not grow, that marvel of trees, which can supply in itself every need of the Samoan life. The baked sand will not produce the taro, which is the staff of Samoan life. Dull monotony instead of scenic grandeur, strange foods as unpalatable as they are new, small wonder the little band of exiles is slowly but surely fading under the weight of broken hearts.

For four years Malietoa was content to leave his generous rival in exile. The three great powers forgot that a king, the son of kings, was suffering in his banishment. The kin of Mata'afa feared to ask any mitigation of the heavy punishment of their chief; but last year Samoan hearts were moved with a spontaneous wave of petition for the exiles.

Word was brought down that one of the little band had died in distant Jaluit. To live in exile is bad, but to die away from friends is a thing every Samoan shudders to contemplate. Death is a ceremony in Samoa; it has its rigid etiquette, not one point of which may be omitted. Yet he who dies away from home cannot properly die. He cannot make the long speeches with which he should set forth his dying wishes. For him there can be baked no funeral feast; no songs can be sung in his honor; no games bring his family forward as the envy of all the beholders. He dies in Samoan eyes the death of a dog.

The word came down that Mulipola, of Mata'afa's party of exiles, had thus died, and he was a high chief. At once every thought of party and faction in the tiny kingdom was swallowed up in the sense of the deep disgrace that the unhonored death of the chief had brought upon all Samoa. To every Samoan mind there sprang the thought that it might have been Mata'afa; that if he did not soon return, the great chief himself would be claimed by the same death which disgraces. It was felt that Samoa would be forever disgraced if Mata'afa died the unhonored death. This is a real feeling with Pacific islanders: the Hawaiian knows his land doomed by the death abroad of two of its kings. At once the return of Ma-



MATA'AFA, THE EXILED KING OF SAMOA, AND HIS SUITE.



MANONO, THE ISLAND WHERE MATA'AFA WAS CAPTURED.

ta'afa became the universal demand of all parties in the Samoan state. Malietoa Laupepa told the consuls that he should be forever dishonored if his great rival should die in distant Jaluit. Two-thirds of the rebels gave in their submission to Malietoa in order that they might be in a position to ask the return of Mata'afa. The government of Samoa has formally asked of the three great powers the restoration of all the exiles.

Dissolved in tears, the son of Mata'afa and the family of Mata'afa and his holy land beg that their father and their chief may be brought back to them to end his broken days. They promise that never again will they spur him to ambitious purposes, content that he shall live but as the chief of his own town, the father of his own people. That is the wish of all Samoa.

The United States, Great Britain, and Germany have the granting of this request. Germany is believed to be willing; the United States has always taken the stand that the exile should not be interminable, and is now willing to agree to the return if the other powers so decide. Great Britain alone remains to be heard from; but there is reason to believe that British foreign policy will prove now, as ever, averse to letting go of any person or place on which it has once seized.

William Churchill.

POLITICS AT OTTAWA.

Within the last twelve months Canada has awakened to the fact that there is a Senate at Ottawa, and the outstanding feature of the present session of the Dominion Parliament, as of the session of 1897, is the dominant position occupied by the Conservative and opposition majority in the Senate. At the general election in 1896 the Liberals secured a majority in the House of Commons. When the Laurier administration was formed, the majority was about twenty-five. At the by-elections since 1896 it has mounted upwards, until now the government is supported in the Lower House by a majority of forty.

In the Senate the situation is entirely different. Senators are appointed by the party in power. Prior to 1896 the Conservatives had been in power for eighteen years, and during the long régime of the late Sir John Macdonald, and of the four Conservative Premiers who succeeded him, none but Conservatives were appointed to the Senate. Consequently when Sir Wilfrid Laurier met Parliament as Premier in the autumn of 1896 he was confronted with a Senate in which, out of seventy-eight members, not more than twelve were adherents of the Liberal party. All the vacancies which have occurred since August, 1896, have been filled by the appointment of Liberals. But Senators hold office for life; they never retire; and after being in office for nearly two years, the Laurier government has not been able to bring up its numerical strength in the Senate to twenty. The Senate possesses similar powers to those of the House of Lords. It can reject a money bill, but neither amend nor originate one. In all other legislative matters its powers are equal with those of the House of Commons.



MALIETOA LAUPEPA, REIGNING KING OF SAMOA.

Only on extremely rare occasions in the period from 1878 to 1896 did the Senate oppose any of the Conservative governments. In those days a bill which had originated with the cabinet, and had been approved by the House of Commons, was certain to pass the Senate. It so regularly accepted every measure that people ceased to take any interest in its proceedings, and for years it was neglected by the press. The newspaper references to the Senate were confined to proposals for its abolition. These proposals for reform or abolition had the support of the Liberals when they were in opposition; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office on a programme, drawn up at the Ottawa Liberal Convention of 1893, in which a reform of the Senate was one of the foremost demands.

No legislation with which the Senate could interfere was submitted to Parliament by the Laurier government until 1897. Then the Senate asserted itself, and threw out three bills which had passed the House of Commons. The most important was a government measure for extending the Intercolonial Railway from Levis to Montreal.

The Intercolonial is a government-owned railway. It begins at St. John, in New Brunswick, and connects that city with Halifax and Quebec. The line was built as a condition of confederation, in order to connect the maritime provinces with those of Quebec and Ontario. It cost over $55,000,000, and so far has never earned even its working expenses. When the Laurier government came into power it was conceived that the line might be made to pay at least working expenses if it were continued from Levis to Montreal, and the bill which was rejected by the Senate provided for ninety-nine-year leases with the Drummond County and the Grand Trunk railway companies, whose lines were to be used in reaching Montreal.

The Senate took the ground that the bargains with the two railway companies were improvident, and it was insisted, in connection with the Drummond County bargain, that that line was being taken over by the government chiefly in order that the Liberals in the province of Quebec might unburden themselves of campaign debts incurred in 1896. The partisan Liberal newspapers denounced the Senate for its interference. On the other hand, independent newspapers indorsed the action of the Senate, and there is now no doubt that public opinion was on its side, and that by its action on the Intercolonial the Senate did much to demonstrate the utility of a second chamber in the Dominion Parliament. Evidence forthcoming in the session of 1898 has shown that the rejection of the bill will save a million dollars to the Dominion Treasury if the complete plan of extending the Intercolonial is carried out according to the government's amended scheme.

The stand taken by the Senate in 1897 gave unusual interest to its proceedings in the present session. Railway measures occupied much attention last session, and the same is the case this session, at which the Dominion Parliament will have to sanction some scheme for establishing railway connection with the Canadian Yukon country.

One scheme has already been submitted to Parliament, and has failed in the Senate for the same reason that the Intercolonial scheme of 1897 came to grief. The plan put forward by the Laurier government was for a railway from Telegraph Creek on the Stickeen River to the head of Teslin Lake, from which place Dawson City can be reached in steamers by way of the Hootalinqua, the Lewes, and the Yukon rivers. Ten days before Parliament met, the Laurier government came to an agreement with Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, well-known railway contractors and street-car magnates, to construct a line from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake. According to the plan, it was to be a narrow-gauge railway 150 miles long. The contractors, before approaching the Dominion government, had secured a subsidy of $325,000 from the province of British Columbia. They were to receive from the Ottawa government land grants at the rate of 25,000 acres for each mile of railway constructed. They were also to be allowed to charge special rates for passengers and freight for ten years, and a monopoly of railway communication between the Canadian Yukon country and the coast was given to them, as the Dominion government agreed not to give any aid to any railway having a terminus in the United States Territory of Alaska.

No bids were called for by the government for the construction of the railway. No preliminary correspondence passed between the government and the contractors. The contractors had been associated with the Dominion Minister of the Interior in a Manitoba railway undertaking, when the Minister of the Interior was of the Manitoba provincial government, and apparently on his introduction the Laurier government made its bargain with the contractors. Before Parliament met, the government announced the Stickeen-Teslin line as an all-Canadian route; and through its principal organ in the press it blazoned the scheme forth after the fashion of a town-lot boom. The government evidently expected to obtain the immediate sanction of Parliament to the scheme on the ground that it established an all-Canadian route, and on the further ground that the railway was urgently needed to prevent friction with the United States over the outfitting and transport trade, and also as a means of getting supplies into the Yukon country in time to prevent panic and disaster in the winter of 1898.

These arguments carried the bill through the House of Commons, but when it reached the Senate they had no weight. The government newspapers now insist that the bill was not dealt with on its merits; that the action of the Senate was dictated solely by blind partisanship. However that may be, the Senators who opposed the bill, and ultimately rejected it, soon discovered the obviously weak parts in the government case, and in particular they laid great stress on the enormous land grant. They contended that a grant of nearly 4,000,000 acres of land in the gold-bearing country of the Yukon was an excessive compensation for the construction of 150 miles of narrow-gauge railway. The only defence of the government to this part of the scheme was that the contractors would not accept less—a singularly feeble defence in view of the fact that an opportunity of undertaking the work was given to only one firm of contractors. Another argument urged by the government was that the lands might not be worth much, and that both for the government and the contractors the land grant was very much of a gamble. These defences were unavailing with the Senate majority. Nor was much more heed given to mysterious hints thrown out by government speakers that if there were no railway there might be danger of something like a Jameson raid in the Yukon country which the Canadian government might not be able to quell. The bill went the way of the Intercolonial bill of last session, and it is apparently no more regretted by the people of Canada than the break-down of the proposed ninety-nine-year leases with the Drummond County and the Grand Trunk railway companies. On the other hand, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the leader of the Senate majority, and the leaders of the opposition in the Lower House, emphatically claim that the Senate to-day stands higher in the estimation of the people of Canada than at any time in its history, and except in government newspapers there does not seem much disposition to dispute this claim.



ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF APOLIMA.

One fact in connection with the Canadian Yukon country has been made unmistakably plain by the government's exposition of its railway policy and its insistence that it involved no subsidies from the Dominion Treasury. The Yukon country is to be made self-sustaining. It is not the intention of the Dominion government that the cost of making it more accessible, or the cost of maintaining civil government there, shall throw any burdens on the people of Canada. From free-miners' licenses, from customs duties, from the sale of liquor permits, from the sale of leases for dredging the rivers, from claim-registration fees, and from mining royalties, it is expected that the revenue obtained in the Yukon country will be sufficient to pay the heavy charges of maintaining an adequate number of police and military posts, and to meet the expenses of the administrator's office, and the cost of establishing civil and criminal courts at Dawson.

There has been some objection from the opposition in the House of Commons to the ten-per-cent. gold-mining royalty. It has been urged that the United States does not exact any royalty from miners, and that the costs and difficulties attending placer mining in the Canadian Yukon are so considerable that the miner to whom success comes is entitled to all the gold he finds. But the royalty has already been reduced from twenty per cent., at which it was fixed in the early days of the mining excitement of the summer of 1897, and it is not likely to be further reduced. As mining claims can be taken up by all-comers without question as to nationality, the government holds that the overwhelming majority of the miners will be other than Canadians, and that it is only equitable that these new-comers to Canada should make some return for the opportunities offered them, and for the good order and good government which the Dominion government guar-

antees to them in the pursuit of fortune in the far-away gold-bearing regions of the Yukon territory.

While questions affecting the Yukon territory occupied the attention of Parliament, during the early weeks of the session, almost to the exclusion of every other subject, opportunity was found in both the House and the Senate for some discussion of the trade relations between Canada and Great Britain. So far last year's tariff preferences in favor of England have had no very appreciable effect on British trade. The official returns for 1896–7 show that imports from the United States are still mounting upwards, while imports from Great Britain are declining, and for the last fiscal year were smaller than in any year since confederation. The answer of the government to these figures is that the full effect of the Canadian preferences for England will not be felt until after July, 1898, when the duties on British goods will be reduced one-fourth. At the present time the reduction is one-eighth. Sir Wilfrid Laurier now holds that there is no hope for preferential terms for Canadian exports in Great Britain. Forty-six countries have been admitted to the preferential schedules of the Fielding tariff, many of them in consequence of treaties existing between the countries so admitted and Great Britain. When, however, at the beginning of April, Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, made his annual financial statement, and the House of Commons passed the budget resolutions, a rearrangement was brought about, and the tariff of 1898 was so constructed as to establish a system of preferences exclusively for Great Britain and British colonies, to come into operation in July. There were no other important alterations in the tariff, under which duties on imports from non-British countries now average thirty-three per cent. The Liberals, when in opposition, were tariff reformers. They now hold that these duties are too high, and Mr. Fielding gave an emphatic warning to Canadian manufacturers that they must not regard them as permanent, and that future changes in the tariff must be in the direction of greater freedom of trade.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

Lundi Kotal, Khyber Pass,
February 14, 1898.

No one who has not crossed the northwestern frontier of India and personally combated the difficulties of travel that have to be encountered there can well conceive how a few semi-savage tribes have been able to hold in check for nearly half a year a well-equipped British army of a strength of over five brigades.

The accompanying photograph of a section of the Bori, or Boree, Pass, which leads from the Khyber at a point only an hour's march from Lundi Kotal (at the Afghan end of the Khyber) into the Bazar Valley, which was and is an Afridi stronghold, affords a fair sample of the places that troops and their baggage-trains must penetrate in order to get into touch with the enemy.

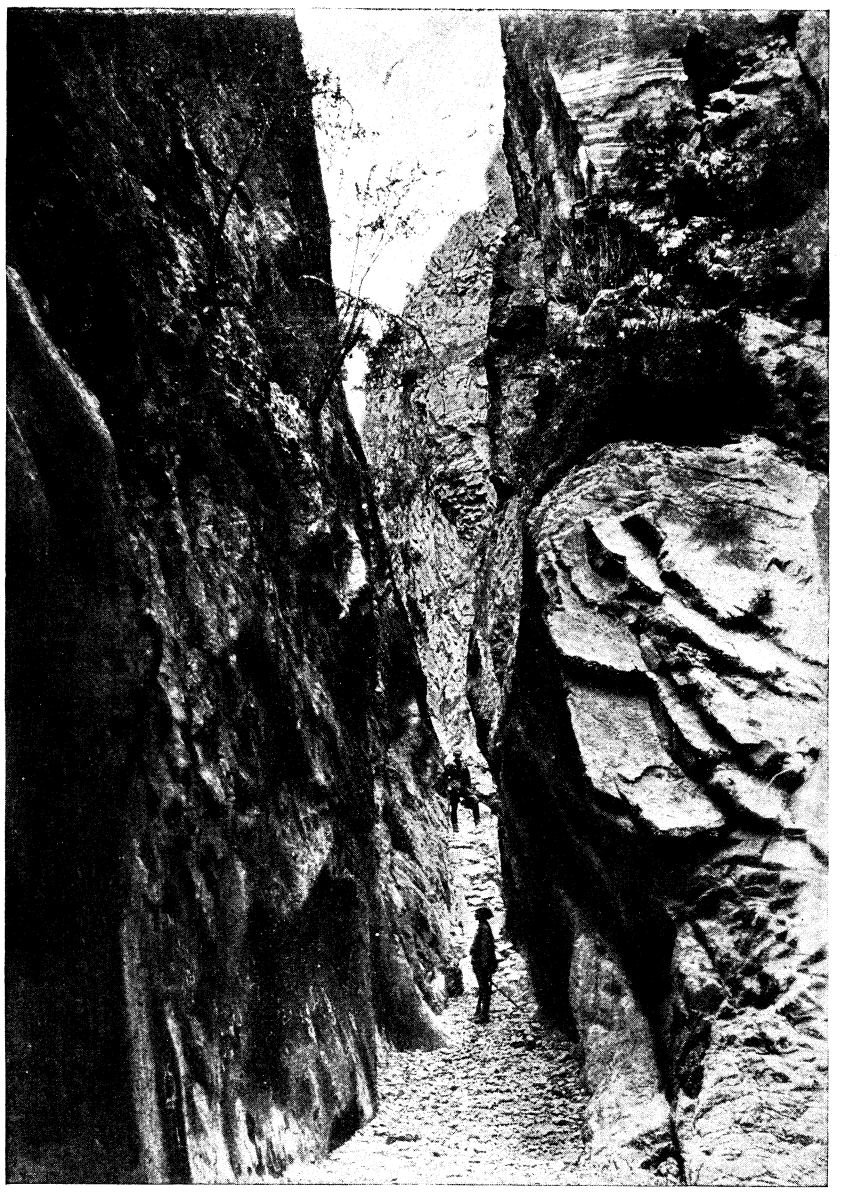
In December a brigade was sent up the Bazar Valley to scour it and then cross into the Khyber through this pass. On maturer consideration, however, it was decided not to risk so dangerous an experiment as this was likely to prove, even with lightly equipped troops, and accordingly, after devastating the valley, the brigade doubled back on its tracks and entered the Khyber at Fort Ali Musjid, a day's march nearer India. A few days ago a reconnoissance of the dangerous pass was made from Lundi Kotal by General Hammond, and photographs of the nearer defiles of the route were taken by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, of the Indian Medical Service. From the general's report of this reconnoissance, and the photographs, it was decided by the authorities that, for the time being, at any rate, the Bori Pass would best be left alone.

Why even a strong British column should shirk attempting to penetrate such a gorge as that shown in the Surgeon-Lieutenant's photograph is a question that can be readily answered by any one acquainted with the methods of warfare employed by the tribesmen in these parts.

To begin with, it must be understood that when a column advances through the country hereabouts the most elaborate precautions have to be taken. The Afridis, who know every inch of the hills through which the troops have to pass, generally make no opposition whatever to an advancing party. When the main column has gone by, however, they emerge from their caves or other hiding-places and harass the comparatively unprotected rear-guard. On account of the narrowness of the defiles through which it has to drag itself, the British column is often six or even eight miles in length, and it would be impossible to halt the entire force so as to give any effective assistance to the rear-guard, which, for its part, can ill afford to delay its retirement. Therefore the enemy feels comparatively safe in attacking it, inasmuch as he is aware that he cannot be pursued, and mayhap decimated, as would assuredly happen did he make his demonstration on the advance party, or main-guard, at an early hour of the day. In order to minimize the danger accruing from such attacks, it is necessary to throw out flanking parties on either side of an advancing column, to crown all the adjacent heights and ridges whence it might be fired upon by the excellent sharp-shooters of the enemy. The troops composing these flanking parties stretch out fan like, and picket the crests of the ridges, whence they can command the pass itself and the sky-line of the next outside ridge of hills, as well as the intervening hollows. They remain in these positions until the entire column has passed, when they are gradually withdrawn. Those in the farthest rear are first to curl in, as it were, on the end of the marching column; then, picket by picket, the rest follow suit—no picket deserting its post until all those that were behind it have fallen into the line of march.

At this juncture it is that the Afridis, who have been in hiding all day, come flocking over the ridge relinquished by the flanking parties, and engage the retiring troops in what is known as a rear-guard action. Being confident of immunity from pursuit, they can afford to be bold in their tactics; but, though intrepid fighters, they are generally conservative in the matter of self-protection, and use wonderful discretion in the matter of finding cover. They are unhampered by baggage, and can skip about the sheer sides of the hills like chamois, and have every advantage over the regular troops, who have to hang together, and dare not either desert the trailing transport or lose their main column.

Now the canyonlike walls of the Bori Pass are surmounted by the same sort of rugged hills that hem in the Khyber. They are honeycombed with the burrowed caves of the shepherds, and cut up by nullahs or gorges. Many of the Afridis, who can stalk into the Khyber and cut the field telegraph wires every night they choose, and who can even shoot British troops within three miles of the camp at Lundi Kotal in broad daylight, reside in and about the Bori Pass, and could have high old times with the rear-guard of any force sent to penetrate it.



THE BORI PASS—LEADING FROM THE KHYBER PASS, ABOUT TWO MILES SOUTH OF LUNDI KOTAL.

Photograph by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, Indian Medical Service, during the Reconnoissance by General Hammond's Brigade, February 9, 1898.

As likely as not they would let the main-body through, and wait for the unfortunate flanking parties. Then, when the men composing these sought to follow through the five-foot cleft in the mountain-side, they would quietly peep out from their lairs among the rocks and exterminate the retreating soldiers with Lee-Metford magazine-rifles or other serviceable weapons captured or stolen from the British invaders.

No doubt the pass would be ultimately forced, but, so far as the British are concerned, it would very probably be a bloodsome job, and the game would scarcely be worth the candle.

As an illustration of the wonderful audacity of the tribesmen who inhabit this particular spot, one may mention an episode that occurred a couple of days ago. At about five o'clock on the morning of February 11 a private of the 4th Gurkhas went out to the lines, not a hundred yards from the walls of Lundi Kotal, where the brigade is encamped. There he was pounced upon by four Afridis, three of whom were armed with rifles and one with a sword. He had not time to give a squeak before he was carried away by the sinewy tribesmen. They took him down the Khyber to the Bori Pass, and through it to Karumna, in the Bazar Valley, where they held a discussion anent the advisability of killing him there and then. Possibly they were only trying to terrify the little chap; anyhow, he contrived to beg a respite, and, according to his own story, promised to lead his captors to a hidden store of rifles if his neck was spared. His proposition was agreed to, and he was sent off with three armed men to secure the coveted weapons. As these existed purely in his imagination, he started out on his search in a most unenviable state of mind. When passing a deep nullah, in which there were many caves and considerable long grass, he jumped over and escaped. A few shots were fired in his direction, but missed him, and he contrived to find his way to a night picket of his own regiment, stationed in a village a couple of miles from camp, at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst., just thirty-six hours after his capture. It requires genuine pluck to induce four ill-clad Afridis to approach within whispering distance of a hostile brigade's encampment and carry off a soldier therefrom; but then at Bara, within an easy march of Peshawar, they have crept up to the breastworks under cover of night and pelted stones at the sentries, so as to force them to call out the guard. When the guard turned out, they poured a volley into it and disappeared.

Since the trouble commenced on the frontier last summer there have been over 2000 casualties (killed, wounded, and missing) among the British troops, white and native. This large figure does not include camp-followers—muledrivers, carriers, and the like—hundreds of whom have been lost, but no count been kept of them. The most noticeable item in the list of casualties is the prodigious percentage of white officers who have been picked off; and the next consideration is the equally prodigious percentage of fatalities. The British (white) casualties numbered 668 killed and wounded. Of these 133, or a fraction under 20 per cent., were commissioned officers, 43 of whom were killed and 90 wounded. Some of the latter have since died in hospital. In other words, every second hit was fatal. Among the non-commissioned officers and men the death-rate from war casualties was not so great—only 120 killed to 415 wounded, or, roughly estimated, two hits out of every nine were fatal. Among the native troops, 321 were killed and 907 wounded, which means, in effect, that over 26 per cent. of the hits were immediately fatal. These figures show that what looked like a "little" war some months ago has eventuated more seriously than any person who has kept but casually informed regarding its happenings might be inclined to imagine.

E. A. M.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES, OR THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

Recent events have drawn attention anew to the Danish West Indies. Many articles have appeared in the press abroad, as well as in the newspapers of the United States, anent them. In an able editorial, *The Colonies and India*, in its issue of January 15 last, discussed the question *in extenso*. Foreign rumors said that Germany, England, and the United States wanted the islands. That Germany wanted a foothold in the west, and the like. Be that as it may, the fate of Denmark's West Indian possessions has no Chinese features "of a consecrated type."

The Danish islands in the Virgin group are three in number. They are separated from one another by a distance of six miles between St. Thomas and St. John, and of forty miles between Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, and St. John.

Their combined area is one hundred and forty-two square miles. Population about 34,000, the bulk of it being of African descent, with about 5000 whites. St. John and Santa Cruz are the productive islands, their chief exports being sugar and rum. Fruits and vegetables proper to the tropics grow luxuriantly. St. Thomas in the old slave days produced large quantities of sugar and rum.

The island having attractions for any intending purchaser is St. Thomas. Its importance is due wholly to its excellent geographical and strategic position, its great natural advantages on the Atlantic highway, and its large and wholly safe deep-water harbor; the latter practically landlocked. The entrance is divided by a rocky islet, used as a light-house station.

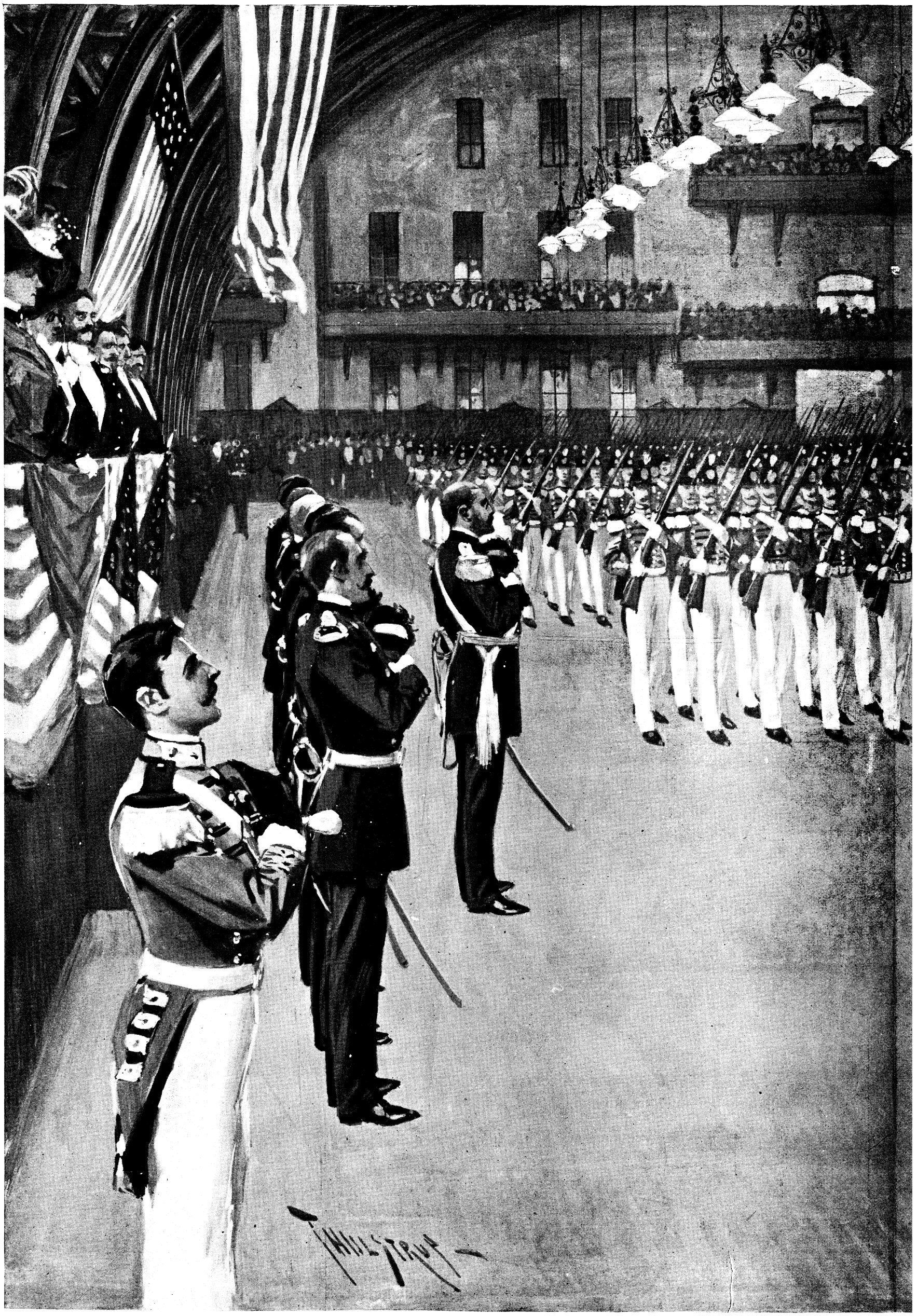
It makes a very pleasant and effective picture when seen from the deck of an incoming steamer. Passing to the right of the rocky islet the steamer describes a half-circle and then anchors, or goes alongside a pier.

The capital is Charlotte Amalie, but it is generally known to the world as St. Thomas. The harbor is somewhat oval in shape; along its curving shores lies that picturesque West Indian city. The streets nearest the water are occupied by public buildings, warehouses, and shops; the city is built upon the sides of three hills. As the houses, amid trees and tropical vegetation, rise above one another in terraces, a very pretty effect is produced, the hills near and distant making an effective background.

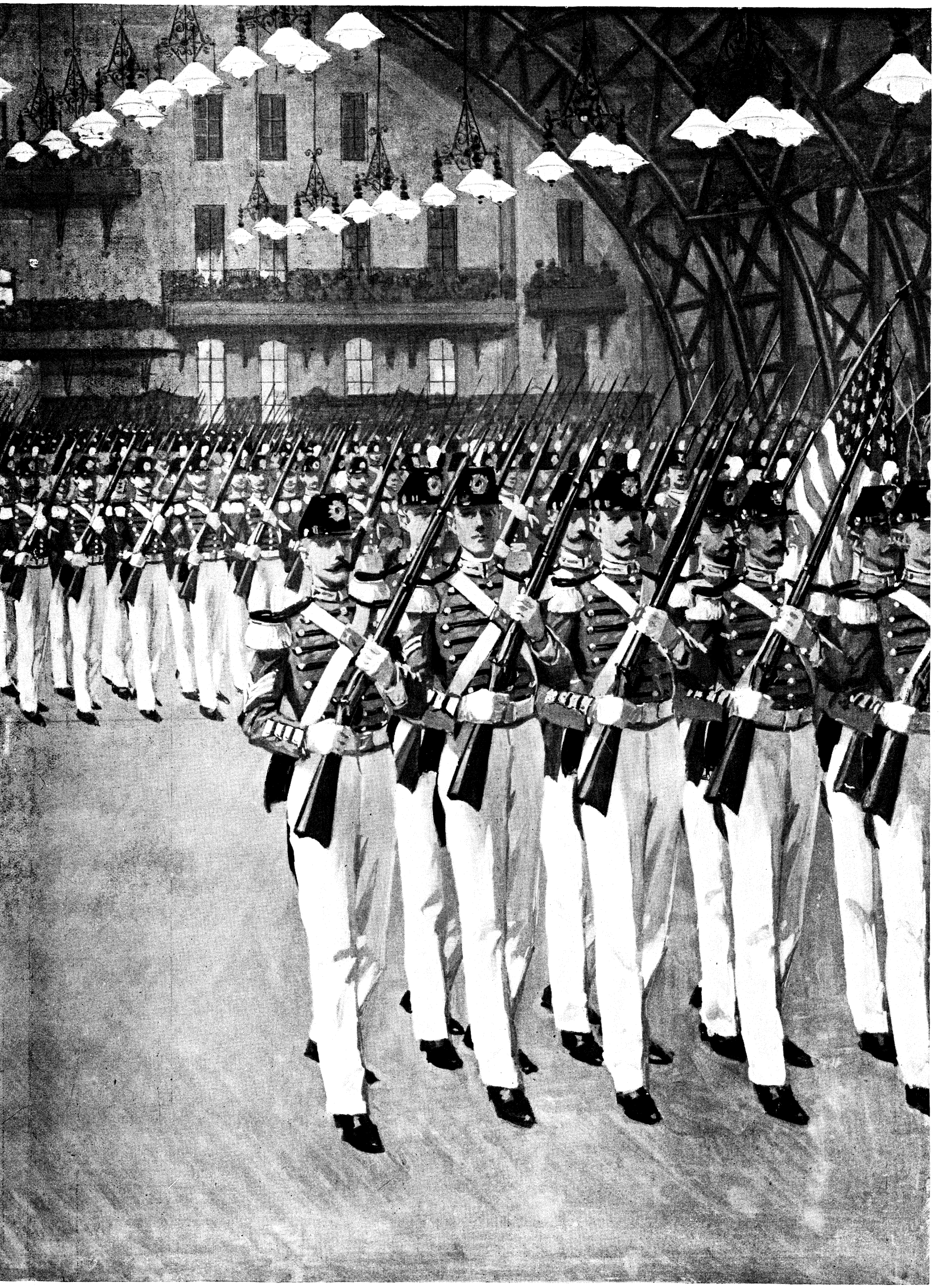
When at anchor the capital all but encircles one, save on the side where the narrow entrance is the portal to the vast blue Atlantic. At night the effect of the many lights on the hill-sides gives an added charm, making an old-time but novel scene to strangers.

The view by daylight from the upper part of the city is very pleasing. Below the city, beyond the pretty harbor dotted with shipping, on one of the outer crescents to the right as one looks down on the harbor, are the coal-docks. There steamers of the heaviest draught can lie alongside and coal. The large dry dock and the ocean cable system must not be forgotten; they are owned by British companies. Away to the extreme left, on a distant elevation, there is an old-time tower, whose history blends with the shadowy past when France placed the island in the hands of the Knights of Malta. Whether built as an early-day tower, or owing to its location commanding the sea, near and distant, it was admirably adapted for either purpose. There are many fantastic traditions regarding it. The masses say it is haunted.

In the near past St. Thomas was the great trading



OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS—REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y., B



.Y., BY MAJOR-GENERAL ROE, APRIL 6, 1898.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 390.]

centre of the West Indies. There merchants from all parts of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, met to make their purchases. It was a hive of industry and a money-making place. Vessels from England and the Continent there discharged their transatlantic cargoes, and secured return cargoes and passengers from the inter-colonial boats, as they were called. St. Thomas had reached its zenith. Later the others islands —English, Spanish, French, and Dutch—sent their merchants and buyers direct to the Continent and England, buying in the home markets and having the goods shipped direct. From that time its commerce commenced to decline. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Southampton transferred its workshops to British islands — Barbadoes and Jamaica. From being a source of income to Denmark it became an expense, despite rigid and faithful economy.

The city of Charlotte Amalie is clean and healthy. At one time it had an unenviable history as a pest-hole, but all of that is of the past. Modern sanitary science has changed it. From November to May it has a fine, equable, tropical climate, and is a delightful place in which to live. The summers at sea-level are hot, but, like Jamaica, the nights are cool, and slumber is refreshing.

The people of the West Indies, one and all, be they Danish, English, French, or Spanish, are noted for their genial hospitality. It is a "condition, and not a theory." Once partaken of, it will ever remain a pleasant memory.

A well-known Danish writer, Mr. G. O. Gyllich, for many years a resident of St. Thomas, now of Copenhagen, has rightly written that St. Thomas may be made a marine stronghold of the first order. Fortifications added to its rocky coast would make it an impregnable naval station—a key to the West Indies.

To-day, when coal is as essential to the modern fighting-machine as breath is to man, coal must be had, and that at short intervals, particularly when we know that the steam radius of many war-vessels is so small, owing to the small space devoted to bunker room. Nations having navies and commerce to protect must have coaling and supply stations.

Without any official knowledge, it seems wholly fair to assume that the Danish islands may be had for a "consideration." They have ceased to be useful to Denmark. Their value to any power with an extensive littoral and rapidly developing foreign commerce will be inestimable. A navy of modern fighting-machines, without coaling stations, in peace or war, will mean maritime paralysis when war occurs. The lanes of commerce must be kept open and protected. Nations, like individuals, to-day are measured by their power to maintain honor with dignity, and peace with prosperity.

St. Thomas is rocky. It has an area of twenty-three square miles; population estimated at 15,000. St. John also is rocky. It has an area of twenty-one square miles, and a population estimated at 1000. It has many tracts that are productive. St. Croix, or Santa Cruz (Holy Cross), is the largest and most productive. Its area is ninety-eight square miles; population about 18,000. Its capital is Christiansted. Denmark sends a governor, who represents imperial interests. Slavery was abolished in 1848. Coolie labor was introduced in 1863. Islands purchased by Denmark in 1733.

Wolfred Nelson, F.R.G.S.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LITTLE PLAYMATE.

We carried Dessauer back to the boat with the utmost tenderness, the Prince walking by his side, and ofttimes taking his hand. I followed behind them, more than a little sad to think that my troubles should have caused so good and true a man so dangerous a wound. For though in a young man the scalp wound would have healed in a week, in a man of the High Councillor's age and delicacy of constitution it might have the most serious effects.

But he himself made light of it.

"I needed a leech to bleed me!" he said. "I was coward enough to put off the kindly surgery, and here our young friend has provided me one without cost. His last operation, too, and so no fee to pay. I am a fortunate man."

We came to the gate of the Palace of Plassenburg.

My Lady Princess met us, pale and obviously anxious, with lips compressed, and a strange cold glitter in her emerald eyes.

"So strange a thing hath happened," she began.

"No stranger than hath happened to us!" cried the Prince.

"Why, what hath happened to you?" she demanded, quickly.

"Your fine von Reuss hath proved himself a traitor. He fought a duel with Hugo here all in chain armor, and when found out he whistled his rascals from the covert to slay us all. But we bested him, and he is over the hill, with Jorian and Boris hot after him!"

"And he hath not gone alone!" said the Princess, and her eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"Not gone alone?" said the Prince. "What do you know about this black work?"

"Because Helene, my maid of honor, hath fled to join him!" she said, looking anxious, like one who perils much upon a throw of the dice.

I laughed aloud. So certain was I of the utter impossibility of the thing that I laughed a laugh of scorn. I saw the sound of my voice jar the Lady Ysolinde like a blow on the face.

"You do not believe!" she said, standing straight before me.

"I do not believe—I know!" answered I, curtly enough.

"Nevertheless, the thing is true," she said, with a curious pleading expression, as if she had been charged with wrong-doing and were clearing herself, though none had accused her by word or look.

"It is true," the Princess went on; "she fled from the Palace an hour before sundown. She was seen mounting a horse belonging to von Reuss at the Wolfmark gate, with two of his men in attendance upon her. She is known to have received a note by the hand of an unknown messenger an hour before."

I did not wait for the permission of the Princess, but tore up the women's staircase to Helene's room, where I found nothing out of place—not so much as a fold of lace. After a hurried look around, I was about to leave the room, when a crumpled scrap of paper, half hidden by a curtain, caught my eye.

I stooped and picked it up. It was written in an unknown and probably disguised hand—a hand cumbersome and unclerkly:

"Come to me. Meet me at the Wolfsberg. I need you."

There was no more; the signature was torn away, and if the letter were genuine it was more than enough. But no thought of its truth or of the falseness of Helene so much as crossed my mind.

To tell the truth, it struck me from the first that the Lady Ysolinde might have placed the letter there herself. So I said nothing about it when I descended.

The Prince met me half-way up the stairs.

"Well?" he questioned.

"She is gone, certainly," said I; "where or how, I do not yet know. But with your permission I will pursue and find out."

"Or, I presume, without my permission?" said the Prince.

I nodded; for it was vain to pretend otherwise—foolish, too, with such a master.

"Go, then, and God be with you!" he said. "It is a fine thing to believe in love!"

And in ten minutes I was riding towards the Wolfsberg.

As I went past the great gibbet which had made an end of Ritterdom in Plassenburg, I noted that there was a gathering of the hooded folk—the carrion-crows. And, lo! there before me, already aswing, were our late foes, the two bravoes; and in the middle the dead Cannstadt tucked up beside them, for all his five hundred years of ancestry, stamped traitor and coward by the miller's son, who minded none of these things, but understood a true man when he met him.

I pounded along my way, and for the first ten miles did well, but there my horse stumbled and broke a leg in a wretched mole-run widened by the winter rains. In mercy I had to kill the poor beast, and there I was left without other means of conveyance than my own feet.

It was a long night as I pushed onward through the mire. For presently it had come on to rain—a thick dank rain, which wetted through all covering, yet fell soft as caressing on the skin.

I staid in a farm-house with honest folk, who right willingly sat up all night about the fire, snoring on chairs and hard settles that I might have their single sleeping-chamber, where, under strings of onions and odorous dried herbs, I rested well enough. For I was dead tired with the excitement and anxiety of the day—and at such times one often sleeps best.

On the morrow I got another horse; but the brute, heavy-footed from the plough, was so slow that, save for the look of the thing, I might just as well have been afoot.

Nevertheless, I pushed towards the town of Thorn, hearing and seeing naught of my dear Playmate, though, as you may well imagine, I asked at every way-side place.

It was at the entering in of the strange country of the brick-dust that I met Jorian and Boris. They were riding excellent horses, unblown and in good condition, the which, when I asked how they came by them, they said that a man gave them to them.

"Jorian," said I, sharply, "where have you been?"

"To the city of Thorn," said he, more briskly than was his wont, so that I knew he had tidings to communicate.

"Saw you the Lady Helene?" I asked eagerly of them.

He shook his head, yet pleasantly.

"Nay," said he, "I saw her not. The Red Tower is not a healthy place for men of Plassenburg, nor yet the White Gate and the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. But Mistress Helene is in safety, so much Boris and I are assured of."

"Not with von Reuss?" cried I, sudden fear thrilling in my voice that he had stolen her and now held her in captivity.

Boris held up his hand as a signal that I must not hurry his companion, who was clearly doing his best.

"She is with Gottfried Gottfried, the old man, your father, and is safe."

"Did she go to them of her own free will, or did my father send for her?" I went on, for much depended upon that question.

"Nay," answered Jorian, "that I know not. But certainly she is with him and safe. The Count is with his uncle, and, they say, also safe—under lock and key."

"Good!" quoth Boris.

"Let us all three go back to Plassenburg forthwith!" cried I.

"Good!" chorussed both of them together, unanimously slapping their thighs. "Choose one of our horses. He was a good man who gave us them. We wish we had known. We should have asked him for another when we were about it."

So I rode back to Plassenburg on the farmer's beast, sadly enough, yet somewhat contented. For Helene was with my father, and far safer, as I judged, than in the Palace chambers of Plassenburg, and within striking distance of the Lady Ysolinde. And in that I judged not wrong, though the future seemed for a while to belie my confidence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOLDEN NECKLACE.

The Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer, High Councillor of the Prince, with his head still bound up, was pacing the sparred gallery outside the private apartments of his master. It was in the heats of the late summer, before the ripening of the orchard fruits had had time to culminate, or the russet to come out slowly upon the apples like a blush upon a woman's soft dusky cheek.

The High Councillor was in a bad humor. For he had been kept waiting, and that by a man of no account. At last a forester in a uniform of dark green, with the Prince's bugle and sparrow-hawk on silver everywhere about him, made his appearance at the foot of the gallery, and stood waiting Dessauer's summons with his plumed hat of soft cloth in his hand.

"Hither, man!" cried the High Councillor, sharply. "What hath kept you? Why were you not here half an hour ago? If this be the way you keep the Prince's forests, no wonder there are many deer taken by rieving rascals and the forest laws daily broken."

"High Mightiness," said the man, humbly, looking down, "it was my daughter; she would not give up the necklace. She hath had it for her own since she was a child, and she would not deliver it, though I threatened her with your well-born anger."

"And have you got it with you? Surely you and she have not dared to keep it?" began the Chancellor.

"Yea, truly, truly, an you will have patience, my Lord; I have it here," said the man, drawing a necklace of golden bars curiously arranged from his leathern wallet; and kneeling on his knee, he presented it to the Chancellor.

"How did you prevail with the maid?" he asked, as soon as he had it in hand. "You used no constraint or force, I hope?"

"Nay, sir," said the man; "but, my wife being dead and my daughter marriageable, she keeps house for me; and having a sweetheart betrothed a year ago, she hath been laying aside plenishing gear and women's dainty gewgaws. So these I took one by one, beginning with a mirror of polished brass, and made as if I would dash them in pieces if she discovered not where the chain of gold was hid."

"And she revealed it?" said Dessauer.

"Aye," said the man; "but none so willingly. I had Saint Peter's own trouble to get it from her. Indeed, I prayed to the Holy Apostle to aid me."

"What had Saint Peter to do with it?" said the Councillor, pausing and looking humorsomely at the man, like an ascetic sparrow with his head at the side.

"Because Saint Peter is the only saint who understands the trouble men have with the contrariness of women!"

"Why so?" cried the Chancellor, rubbing his hand with pleasure at the colloquy.

"Because he only among the Apostles was a married man and had experience of a mother-in-law."

"Art a wise forester! Where gat you that wisdom?"

"Why," said the man, modestly, "partly by nature and partly because I also have been married, so have graduated in the wars."

"It is the same thing," said the Chancellor, "according to your own telling."

"Aye, sir," quoth the man; "but yet the young fellows will take no warning. 'It is better to marry than to burn,' said the other Apostle. But methinks he knew nothing about it, being no better than a bachelor, or he would have amended it: 'It is better to burn than to marry and burn.'"

"Ha! art also a theologue, Sir Woodman?" cried Dessauer; "but this touches on the Inquisition and the Holy Office. Let us despatch!"

All this time the High Councillor had been gazing by fits and starts at the links of the necklace, turning it about and viewing it from every angle. It was composed of short bars of gold laid horizontally three and three together, and bound together with stout chains of gold. And on each of the bars there was engraven a crest. Letters also were on the bars, cut in plain deep script.

"Now tell your tale and tell it briefly—if brevity be in you, which I doubt!" said Dessauer.

"As I said before," quoth the forester, "I was in the wars; I mean not only in the wars with womenkind, but also with mankind. And among other things I remember the night of the Duke Casimir's famous ride when he took Plassenburg because there was scarce a sober man within the walls."

"And his Highness the Prince Karl away on Baltic side with his men, else had Casimir never set foot within the city," cried the High Councillor.

"Ah, like enow," said the woodman; "I ken naught of that. But this I do know, Plassenburg was taken, with much slaughter and grievous loss of goodly gear. They took many noble prisoners also, and, because I slept in the stables, they took me to help lead the horses. And I was not ill-treated, save that I had to keep pace with the horsemen upon my feet. But I saw the Prince—"

"Which Prince? Speak plainly," said the High Councillor, gruffly.

"Why the Prince Dietrich Honhenfriedberg, of Plassenburg," said the man; "he, as your well-born Wisdom remembers, was the only Prince in these parts—a good man, and born of the noblest, though not of the capacity of his present Highness the Prince Karl."

"Proceed somewhat faster. You move as slowly as one of your own forest oxen at the wood-hauling," cried the well-born Councillor, in a testy tone.

"We were long in riding over to Thorn—two days and nights upon the way. It was a terrible time, and those condemned beasts of the Wolfmark, Casimir's Black Riders, driving us with their spears like prick-goads, till our backs were all bleeding, gentle and simple alike. So at midnight of the third day we came to the city of Thorn, and up through the streets to the Wolfsberg. There was no gladness in the town, such as there would have been in our city had there been news of a victory, or even of some hundreds of the enemy's horses well driven. For the town hated its Duke. And so they were all silent.

"Then in the darkness we came to the castle, and the word was, 'Dismount, and to the shambles!' Me and my like they meddled not with, but only the great ones. And it was then, as I told you, that I saw Prince Dietrich with the little maid in his arms. I had carried her part of the way for him, and faithfully delivered her up again, feeding her with the choicest meats I could obtain, when she could eat. But she was tired mostly, and would not look at food. So for this he gave me her necklace from her pretty neck. But the rest of her noble golden gear, the belt and the clasps, were upon the maid when the man of Thorn delivered her to the one that stood near by. So, being almost asleep with weariness, and exhausted with terror, they carried her away, and I saw the maid no more.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.



"LO! THERE BEFORE ME, ALREADY ASWING, WERE OUR THREE FOES."

"But the Prince Dietrich Hohenfriedberg was beheaded within the hour, and his body thrown to the Duke's blood-hounds, that were clamoring all the time behind their fence.

"God help us—such a disaster that night was for Plassenburg! Will the Prince never set about wiping away the disgrace?"

"Aye, that he will!" cried the High Councillor, suddenly bursting into a fury, strangely unlike him. "He will wash it away in the blood of Duke Casimir and all his evil brood—the Wolves of the Mark truly are they named. And the Wolfsberg shall go up in flaming fire to heaven, so that the ashes of it shall be cast abroad to make the Mark yet grayer and more desolate—like the fell of the beasts that dwelt within it."

"Amen! Let it come quick, say I—that I may see it before I die!" cried the herdsman, bowing low before the Chancellor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DECENT SERVITOR.

"THIS grows past all bearing," cried the Prince one morning, when he had summoned into his hall the Chancellor Dessauer and myself. For though the Prince was still wont to command in person in any important action, and in the general policy of his realm took counsel with none, yet it had come about that we—the old man and the young—had been constituted an informal council of two which was liable to be summoned at any moment, whenever the Prince was weary or troubled.

He struck one clinched hand into the palm of the other before he spoke again.

"Duke Casimir is either in his dotage, or his young riders have gotten out of hand since Hugo and you drove the young wolf over to help the old. Both are likely enough, with a people praying for deliverance and yearning for the Duke's death. A bare board and an empty treasury may render a new course of plunder necessary abroad, in order to keep his Dukedom from toppling about his ears at home. After all, 'tis natural enough. But I had thought that he would have had enough of sense to let the borders of Plassenburg alone so long as the Prince lived."

"And what, my lord, has befallen?" asked the High Councillor.

"Why," cried the Prince, "the Black Riders of the Wolfmark are out again, and have left their trail behind them in slain men and frantic women—and on our borders, too, among our kindly husbandmen, our honest, sunburnt peasants. Bitterly shall Casimir Iron-teeth rue the day that he meddled with Karl Miller's-Son!"

"Your Highness," I said, "this is indeed madness. We who have but to collect our forces, choose a time, and, lo! we are within the town of Thorn. Once there, we would be welcomed by man, woman, and child. We could besiege the Wolfsberg, and in three days make an end."

"Aye, that is it," said the Prince, grimly. "You have hit it, Hugo. We *will* make an end."

"Alas! my Prince," I went on, boldly, "so ye give me leave and approve of my design, I will go alone to the town of Thorn, and bring you back word of their power and dispositions. Save the Count von Reuss, there is none who could now recognize me within the city walls."

"What think ye, Dessauer?" said the Prince, looking over at the High Councillor.

"I think well," said he, a little doubtfully. "But would it not be better that two should go than that one should adventure alone into the wolf's den?"

"Surely it were better to keep the matter between our three selves," the Prince made answer. "Not even the Princess must know of our attempt. Keep a candle flame within the hollow of your palm, and the sparks will not fly far."

"I will go with the lad, Prince Karl," said the Chancellor. "In my youth I had some practice as a leech. I am acquainted with the art of healing. I could travel either as a doctor of healing, as a travelling philosopher seeking disputation with the scholars of each country, or, perhaps best of all, in mine own quality of a doctor of law. And in any case this young man might with all safety be my pupil or servant, whichever best liketh him."

"Servant, then," said I, "for the art of disputation I have hitherto chiefly undertaken with my fists and side-irons. And as to surgery, I am more practised in the giving of wounds than in the healing of them."

The Prince leaned his head upon his hand. He thought carefully over our proposal, taking up point after point, resolving difficulty after difficulty in his mind, as was his wont.

"How long would you be away?" he asked, looking up at us.

"Ten days, Prince," said I; "give us but ten days and we will return."

"I will give you eight, and if ye are not home again on the eve of the last, as sure as I am Karl Miller's-Son the army of Plassenburg will be thundering on the walls of Thorn, seeking for a wandering Chancellor and a lost Hugo Gottfried."

And so it was arranged. We were, indeed, in great need of such a mission, for we had heard nothing from Thorn or the Wolfmark during many months; no tidings, at all events, that could be relied upon. For the cutting up of our frontiers by new raids, and the severance of all relations between us and the dwellers in the Wolfmark, through fear of reprisals, caused us to hear little news but such as were manifest lies.

As thus: Duke Casimir was collecting a great army, magnificent with cannon and munitions of war. He was shut up tight in the Wolfberg, not daring to show his face to his own citizens. He would appear some fine day before the Palace of Plassenburg and slay every man of us. He was in a madman's cell, and Otho von Reuss was Duke of the Mark in his place.

These were only a few of the stories which were brought to regale us daily. And since there was no certainty anywhere, and we were all in the dark concerning the military matters which it behooved us greatly to be acquainted with, I was honestly eager, for my master's sake, to undertake the perilous journey. But, to tell the whole truth, the fact that I had not had a word from the Little Playmate, not a line of script nor a message, since her disappearance, made me more eager to go than the high politics of a dozen provinces.

Since the duel and the final declaring of my love for Helene, I had seen but little of the Princess. Indeed, I kept out of her way, so far at least as I could. And the Lady Ysolinde remained mostly in her own domains, to which, of late, I had been less and less invited. Nevertheless, when we met she was more than kind to me—gentle, forbearing, pathetic almost in bearing and demeanor, like as a woman wronged, slighted, misconstrued.

Yet there was sent to my quarters a new banner for my following, broidered and blazoned in yellow and blue; a saddle-cloth for my horse, of silk, fine as a woman's robe, with a crowned Y, faint and small, in the corner, lettered in straw-colored gold. No man could help being touched by such kindly thought, which, after all, is more than mere liberality.

Yet I saw that upon her stairs one night which awoke me with a sudden start to the fact that we had one to reckon with in our journeying to the city of Thorn whom we had not as yet taken into our consideration.

For it chanced that I was passing up to the Prince's apartments by the quicker way, through corridors and stairs to which he had given me private access. And there upon the steps leading to the Lady Ysolinde's rooms I saw the decent servitor of Master Gerard stand waiting. He stared as hard at me as I did at him. But whereas his smooth, silent, secret face remained with me, and I knew him at a glance, it was, I judged, clean impossible that he could know the beardless stripling in the bearded leader of soldiers, walking well-accustomed and unafraid through palaces.

The man had a letter in his hand, and I saw him deliver it to a maid who came to the dividing curtain to take it.

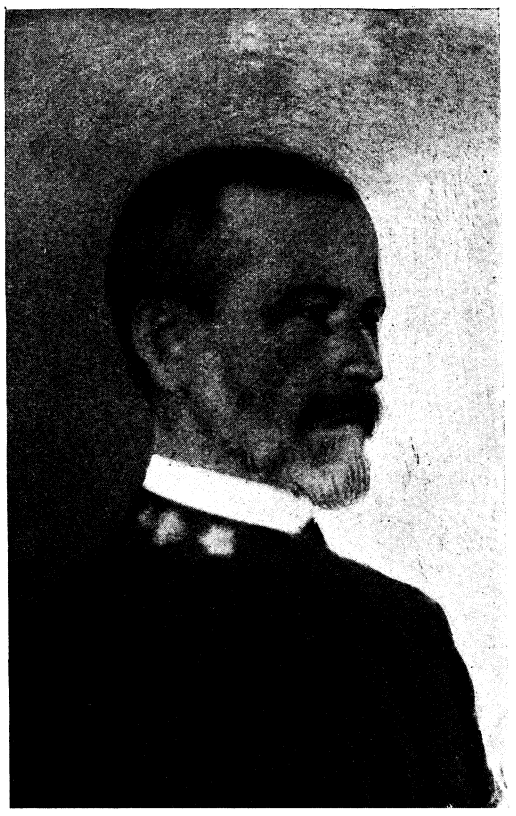
So there was later news from the city of Thorn within the Palace of Plassenburg than we of the Prince's council of three possessed. Should I tell our Karl of this encounter? I thought it might be safer not. Because the Prince was the last man to attempt to obtain aught from his wife by compulsion; and any question, direct or indirect, might only put her upon her guard.

If I let him into the secret, the Prince would be likely to stride straight into the Princess's rooms with the brusque words, "Gottfried has seen a letter come to you from your father—what were its contents?"

And that would not suit us at all.

So, rightly or wrongly, I kept the matter from my master, speaking of it only to Dessauer. And if aught befell from my reticence, it was at least myself who bore the burden and paid the penalty.

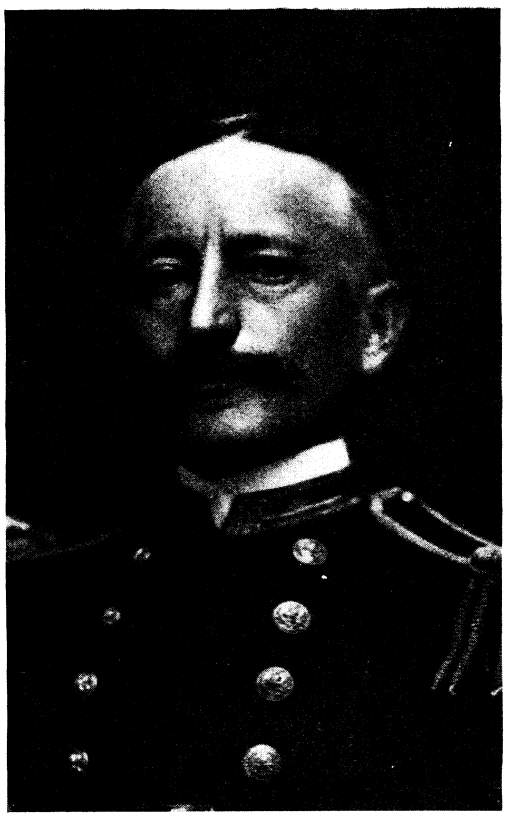
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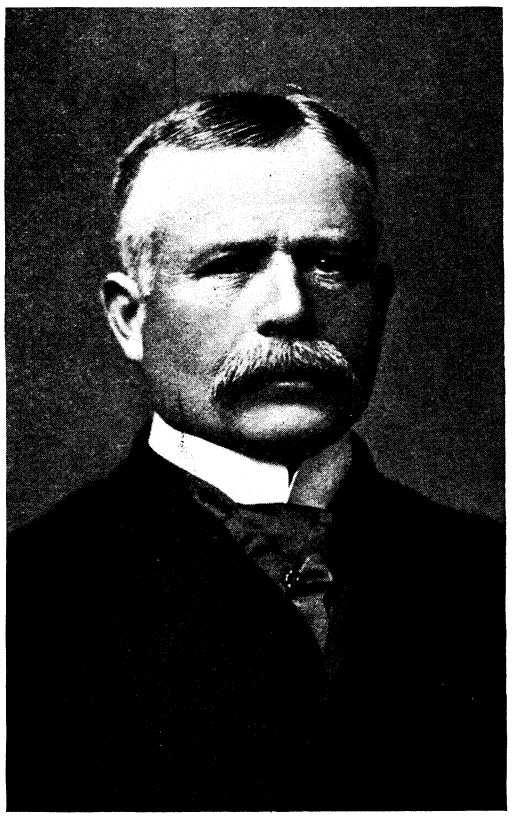
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U. S. Cruiser "Detroit."



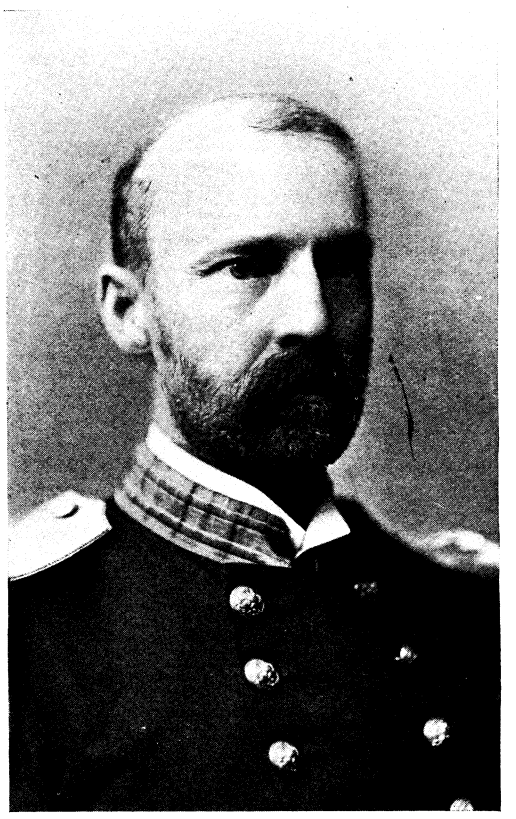
CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY, U.S.N.,
U. S. Protected Cruiser "San Francisco."



COMMANDER WILLARD H. BROWNSON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Yankee."



COMMANDER MORRIS R. S MACKENZIE, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat-Destroyer "Mayflower."



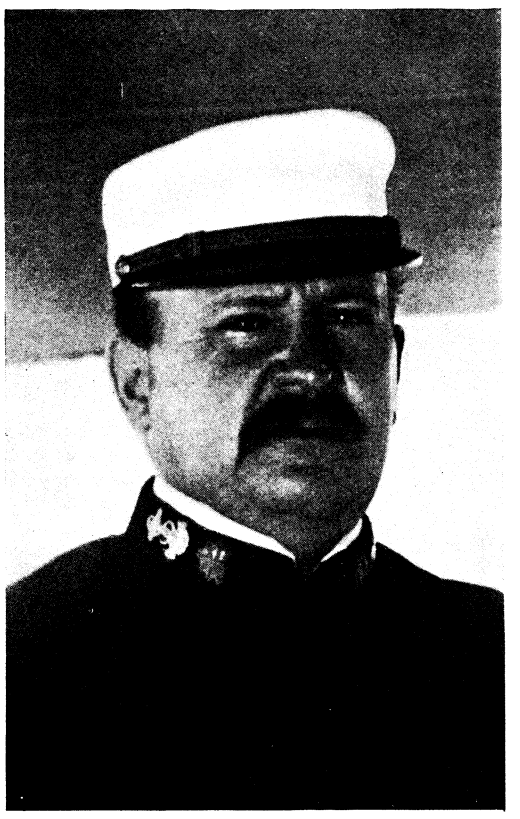
COMMANDER CHAPMAN C. TODD, U.S.N.,
U. S. Light-draught-Gunboat "Wilmington."



COMMANDER WILLIAM T. SWINBURNE, U.S.N.,
U. S. Light-draught-Gunboat "Helena."



COMMANDER FREDERICK M. SYMONDS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Composite Gunboat "Marietta."

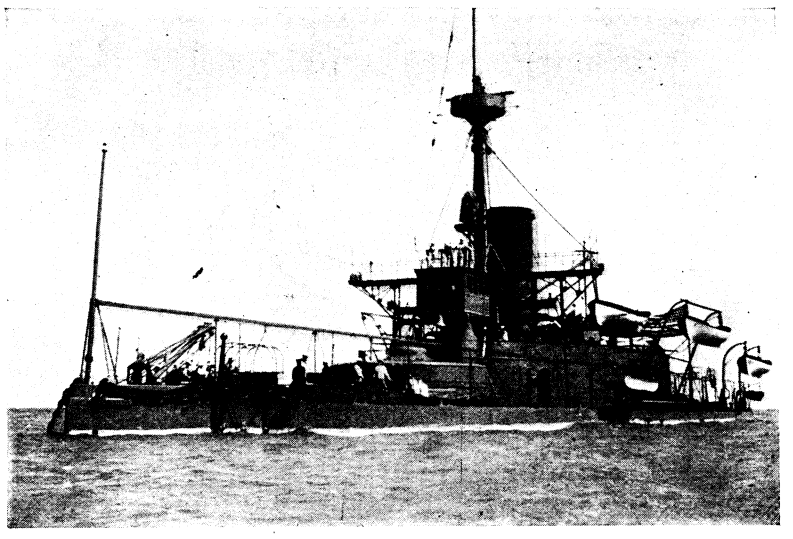


LIEUT.-COMMANDER WILLIAM S. COWLES, U.S.N.,
U. S. Transport-Steamer "Fern."

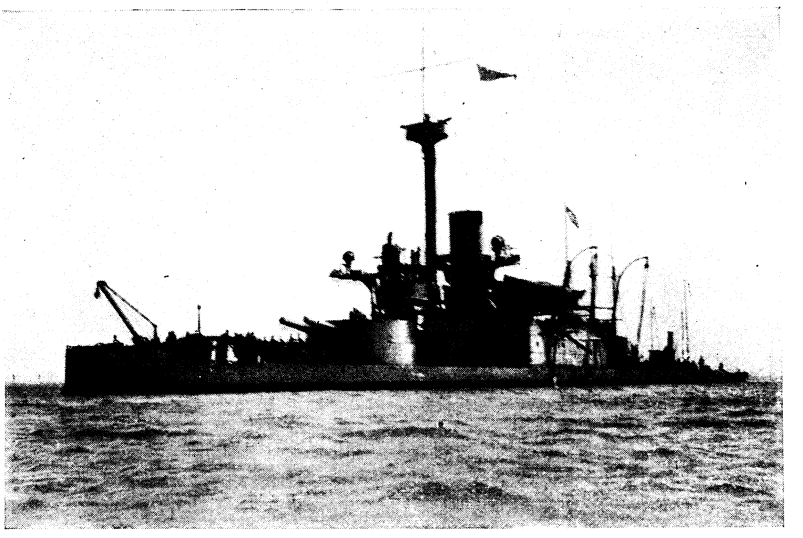


COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Yosemite."

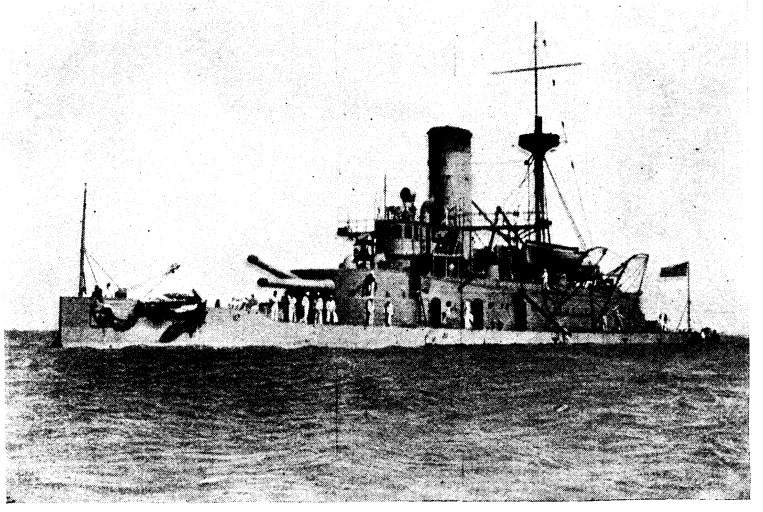
PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.



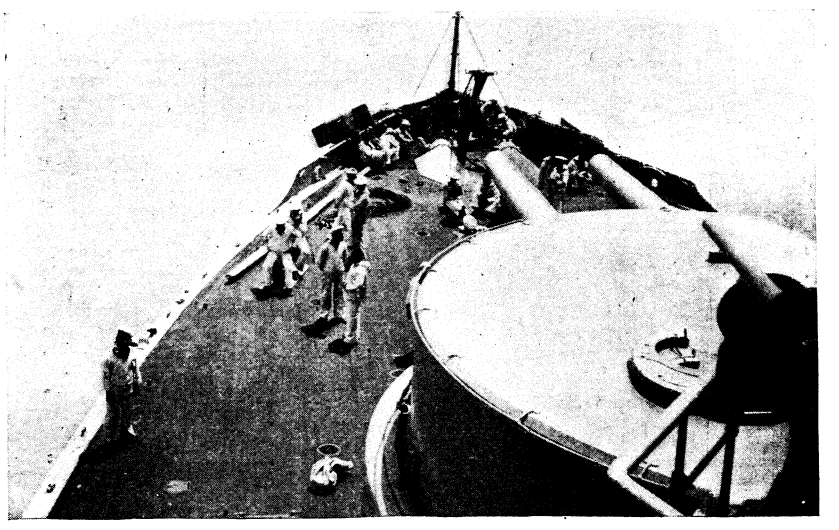
"TERROR."



"AMPHITRITE."



"PURITAN."



FORWARD DECK OF "PURITAN," CLEARED FOR ACTION.

OUR DOUBLE-TURRET MONITORS AT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

AMATEVR SPORT

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE FAR EAST.

ALSO SOME REMARKS ON LARGE AND SMALL CALIBRE RIFLES.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

In the course of that part of my life which has been devoted to the hunting of big game it has been my fortune—my good fortune, I add—to have chosen comparatively unknown districts and entirely unfamiliar conditions and environments for the greater number of my sporting ventures. And that tendency to seek new and untried fields will explain why on this occasion I determined to try my luck in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra. Now that the hunt is finished, and I am on my way to study the amateur sport of France and Germany, perhaps a brief résumé at this time and before I tell the complete story later may not be without interest to the department's readers.

Altogether I gave eleven consecutive weeks to hunting, divided about equally, in the jungles of Siam, Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra, with one trip into Burmah. My bag at the close of the hunt consisted of—1 elephant, 9 feet 10½ inches at shoulder, tusks 2 feet circumference, forefeet 57 inches, width at bottom front to back 17½ inches. 1 rhinoceros, 4 feet 10 inches at shoulder, anterior horn 5½ inches, posterior 3 inches. 1 peacock. 1 crocodile, 9 feet long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 python, 16 feet long. 1 leopard, 7 feet 4 inches long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 tapir, 3½ feet at shoulder. 1 bison, 6 feet 1 inch at shoulder. 1 barking-deer. 1 sambur. 1 "honey" (black) bear. 3 boars. 1 fish-tiger.

I regret to add that I wounded one other elephant which I did not get, in the interest of the discussion concerning the comparative killing powers of small and large calibre rifles.

I could easily have killed many deer, among others a tiny specimen not larger than a fox-terrier, without antlers, but I wished only for one of each variety, and provisions were never so short, I am thankful to say, that at any time was unusual killing for mere meat needful. I shot so many boar to secure a good head, but was unsuccessful. I had not a single shot at tiger throughout my trip, although once I caught a glimpse of one in the jungle, a somewhat unusual piece of luck, and many times I heard them at night, on several occasions so near camp as to petrify with fright my bullocks and coolies. Those American sportsmen who have hunted the cougar can no doubt recall the fright of camp dogs at the scream of the Rocky Mountain lion, but that in only a very mild degree suggests the positive paralysis of bullocks on hearing the heavy, coughing, choking roar of the tiger. And I must say his is truly a nerve-shaking voice.

Wherever the tiger abounds in the Far East, the natives hold him in deadly fear, and at night really tremble at the mention of his name. Truth to tell, in a few localities they have good cause for trembling, but, generally speaking, the audacity, courage, and man-eating propensity of the tiger are most extravagantly over-colored. The "fish-story" and the "bear story," as we know them in America, are the rudiments of unvarnished tales compared with the average tiger-yarn of the Far East.

As a matter of fact, except where the country permits of beating, tiger-shooting is poor sport, and would hardly attract the genuine sportsman after he had secured one trophy, unless, of course, he followed the chase in the spirit of extermination. Beating out a tiger with elephants is interesting, but beating him out on foot is an infinitely better quality of sport, and truly exhilarating. I had two experiences of beating on foot, but on each occasion the tiger broke through to one side of the beating-line without my getting even a glimpse of him. To make a successful beat requires several hundred men or upwards of one hundred elephants, according to the character of the country. Many times large numbers of both men and elephants are used. The equipment is simply a question of purse.

In respect to tiger-beating, I write more especially of India, for elsewhere in the Far East there is not enough of it to name. The jungles of Siam, the Malay Peninsula, or Sumatra are too dense to permit of beating with elephants, and only very rarely is there a beat on foot. India, like Africa, has great open stretches on which not only tiger-beating with elephants becomes easy, but the hunting of buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros is boys' play compared with hunting the same animals through the fever-laden swamps and all but impenetrable jungles of Siam and Malaya.

With rare exceptions, tiger-shooting outside of India becomes tiger-baiting. You sit upon a platform erected over a kill, and when the tiger returns for a meal you score on him if you are a moderately good marksman. It is simply a pot-shot. But sitting up over a kill is not invariably rewarded. Sometimes the night is too dark to see to shoot; sometimes, indeed, the tiger does not come.

They are very wary and cunning. On three different occasions I sat up all night on a platform ten feet above-ground, over a bullock tied up as sacrifice to his royal striped highness. Usually one does not sit up until the kill has been made, but I wished to study the tiger making his kill. On none of these times, however, did he come, although on two of them there were fresh prints of his pads near by in the morning. Another time the tiger came, and although I could hear him, the night was too dark to see even his outline. As an experience, perhaps it is interesting to sit up all night on platforms awaiting a chance of a pot-shot, but in my judgment it provides little sport.

It is impossible to hunt tiger after the manner of elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, or, indeed, any other kind of game —*i.e.*, by tracking. One might with equal chances of success attempt to track a rat through a hay-rick. Therefore tiger-shooting becomes a matter of time and opportunity—or I should speak more correctly if I said of much time and many opportunities. Unless a visiting sportsman go to the expense of a hundred elephants or so and several hundred beaters in India, he must depend on a tiger first advertising his whereabouts by either a kill of deer or of a tied-up bullock. The sportsman may go out half a dozen times, he may go twenty, before he finally succeeds in catching the wily beast unawares. I confess to a fascination in this persistent following of a tiger to his death—a fascination, I make sure, which would lose its charm once you had got home with a good bit of lead.

However, I am dwelling on the tiger too long—especially considering I did not get one.

I went first to Siam, and to one particular section of it where there are wild buffalo—the only wild buffalo in the Far East, in fact. For two weeks I followed tracks, sometimes very fresh ones, and yet I never got a glimpse of a buffalo, although a number of times I started them. I was greatly disappointed, for I believe I wished more for the head of one of these than for the tusks of an elephant or horn of a rhino.

The particular jungle in which I tracked buffalo was the densest I saw on my trip. At all times progress was most arduous and slow, but frequently I had actually to cut my way with jungle-knife through the interlacing creepers, rotans, thorny bushes, etc., that, overhead, underfoot, and on all sides, made as impassable and intricate a barrier as even the ingenuity of man could have builded. Exercising the utmost caution, and employing the sharpest of knives, it was yet impossible to move through such cover without making some noise.

Of course when tracks had once been found, there was no other way of coming up with game in such country than by keeping on the tracks. I had the very hard luck of a wind blowing from me to the game every time I got near. Four times in one day I started up a lone bull, whose tracks I followed from daylight to dark, and each time the wind was against me, and the bull went off not over twenty yards ahead of me. He might as well have been half a mile away, for all the chances of a shot. In the Siam jungle you rarely get a clear view of twenty feet, much less of twenty yards. Most of the time you cannot see twelve feet beyond you. And always the game has you at a disadvantage. You never, by any chance, have the game at a disadvantage. That is one of the differences between hunting in the dense jungles of the Far East and in those open, lighter ones of India and Africa, or in the mountainous, timber-covered regions of our own hunting districts.

The weather in Siam was very good—no rain, and the heat a little more trying than I had experienced in New Mexico. But the water was very bad, and the jungles full of decaying vegetation and fever. In the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra it rained constantly, and in the dense primeval forests, where the sun never penetrates, it was wet, cheerless travelling. The first few days in these great thick forests seem cool and pleasant, but after a week or so, particularly in the rainy season, they become so dismal that you would gladly exchange them for the scorching tropical sun. You are always wet. The clothes you hang up at night are as wet in the morning as when you took them off. And the pests of the Malayan jungle are the leeches that make their way to your flesh, despite "putties" and utmost and ceaseless guarding. What impressed me greatly was the stillness and the absence of bird life in the heavy primeval jungles of Malay and Sumatra. Some text-book of my earliest school-days pictured Eastern jungles filled with snakes and monkeys and the song and dazzling plumage of tropical birds. The real jungle has only the monkeys of this picture, and even they are absent in the very dense water-soaked section. In Siam and in Burmah the jungle is thicker and more difficult to hunt, but drier, and with more bird and general animal life, because of the absence of those great primeval dank and dark forests of the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra into which the sun never penetrates, and where the trees, as a rule, are without branches except at the top—umbrella-shape, in other words. The undergrowth in such forests is not so thick as in Siam, and not so difficult to get through, though to the eye of the Western sportsman it would seem impassable.

At all times and everywhere I experienced great diffi-

culty in securing trustworthy guides and trackers, or in getting dependable information of any character concerning the country to which I proposed going. The natives of Siam, of the Malay Peninsula, and of Sumatra are not hunters, or at least not expert enough to be so called. They can follow tracks if they find them, but have little, if any, knowledge of the habits of the animals. Indeed, killing deer for meat is about the only hunting the native does successfully, and he much prefers to wait for his quarry in a tree at its drinking-pool. In fact, he rarely follows any other method from choice. In my travels in this part of the East I met but three natives whom I thought good hunters. This does not apply to India proper, where the English have trained a class of excellent native *shikaris*. But in Siam there are very few white men, and none of them hunts; in Sumatra there are but a handful of Dutch, and they dare not venture inland, for fear of falling into the hands of some of the unconquered tribes that keep the poor little local army of Holland busy (besides which the Dutchman is no sportsman), while in the Malay Peninsula and in Burmah there are too few English sportsmen to have as yet made much of an impression upon the native.

The Siamese do indeed have, every year or so, what they are pleased to call an elephant-hunt, which consists in driving a couple of hundred half-wild elephants into a huge corral, and there, before and for the especial delectation of the King, catching some of the best ones for his future service.

In the Malay Peninsula, and again in Sumatra, I penetrated to the section where dwell the Sakais, the aborigines of that part of the East. I came upon them first one afternoon in the Malay jungle, when, following hot on the tracks of a rhinoceros, my attention was attracted by figures dodging behind trees. On stopping to investigate, I discovered several men, entirely naked except for loin-cloth, dodging hither and yon, while from several trees woolly heads stuck out and remained steadfastly observant of my movements. Thinking I had fallen in with hostiles, I also stepped behind a tree, and taking a handful of cartridges out of my belt that I might handle them the more quickly if need be, stood prepared for whatever might come. In ten minutes my two trackers, whom I had distanced in my keenness on the rhino tracks, came upon the scene, and forthwith dissipated my suspicion of hostility by entering into conversation with the half-concealed men. Farther on I saw more of them, as well as some of their absurd houses, which are built up in trees. I could not take a photograph, because of the rain, but I succeeded in getting one of some half-civilized Sakai that had come into one of the settlements. In the jungle the Sakai men and women wear only a breech-cloth made from tree bark. They are very shy, avoiding strangers, and hunt with blow-guns shooting poisonous darts. I made some study of them, and a collection of their ornaments, weapons, etc.—but of these more anon.

From first to last I took many photographs, but the rain and the tropical heat, and frequent upsettings of my dug-outs, combined to spoil the films, and I have comparatively few successes.

In Siam my immediate party consisted of seven bullock-carts and sixteen men; in the Malay Peninsula, two elephants carried my outfit as far as the character of the country permitted, and seven men packed it on their backs during the hunting in the jungle. In some parts of the Malay Peninsula I used dug-outs and men carriers. In Sumatra I employed two dug-outs to the head-waters, and then six Malay carriers. In Siam I had an interpreter, but elsewhere I relied on signs and the few native words I had picked up.

Nothing throughout the trip interested me more intensely than the study of the relative effectiveness on dangerous game of small and large calibre rifles.

When I left New York my armory consisted of one .50–100–450 and two of the .30–40 pattern. I had considered the question of heavy *vs.* light rifles very long, and seriously, reading everything on the subject I could find, and listening patiently to all who claimed knowledge. But opinion was so divided that I was, after all, eventually left to follow my own judgment. I argued that a small bullet in a vital place was as good as a large one, and so, with only the knowledge and experience of an open country, I chose my armory as above.

By the time I had lost an elephant and a rhinoceros, and narrowly escaped being gored by a wounded and infuriated wild-ox, I discovered the error of my conclusion, and re-enforced my original armory with a double-barrel 12-bore, using 120 grains of powder, and an 8-bore burning 240 grains.

In a comparatively open country, where there is a chance to view your game at a hundred yards or two, where you may be certain of a clear shot at fifty yards, and where you can sometimes have your quarry at a disadvantage, then the .50–100–450 is satisfactory—at least to me—though you would find no English sportsman in the Far East looking upon so light a gun with favor. It would be dangerous shooting, of course, but dangerous shooting has its attractions. I should be satisfied with the .50-calibre in any country open enough to permit picking my shot, as may be done in practically all of the shooting-ground in America, and in most all of it in India and Africa. But in such dense jungle as prevails in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java the sportsman who ventures after elephant, rhino, buffalo, or wild cattle, not only stands a very poor chance of scoring, but a very good chance of losing his life. The reasons are not many, but potent—to wit, in such dense jungle (1) you can rarely pick your shot; (2) you are always at a disadvantage, hence you must be prepared for sudden onslaughts, for a charging beast that you cannot see, nor tell precisely from what direction it is coming, until it bursts upon you thirty or twenty or even many less feet away. In the case of elephants or rhino, you are in the very thickest jungle, and, like as not, sunk half-way to your knees in mire. Every sportsman of heart wants the spice of danger in his sport, but none wishes to be caught like a rat in a hole by a charging beast.

In such jungle, and for the reasons I have given, you must have a rifle that will check the charge at least long enough to give you a chance to get in a killing shot. For it should be remembered that a charging elephant (Asiatic) presents an instantly vulnerable spot no larger than a saucer, a rhino none but the eye; the buffalo holds his nose so high it is almost impossible, if you are standing on an equal level with him, to send a bullet into his brain, while the wild cattle are most determined in their efforts to reach you, and die hard. To score on any one of these vulnerable spots, under the conditions of the beast charging you in thick jungle, is very fine shooting, and entirely beyond the average sportsman, or indeed the average rifle. Therefore, if you want an equal chance in the game—and there is no sport in any game if you have not at least a fighting chance—you must have a gun shooting sufficient lead with such force that the impact of the ball will bring the charging beast to his knees, and give you an instant's time to put in another ball where it will do the most harm.

It is well enough at the annual club dinner to talk of the shock and the penetration of the small bore, but under the conditions I have cited you want extraordinary smashing quality. You must get the beast down, and at once. In fact, at all times, and in whatever position you find yourself, when the opportunity comes for shooting, unless you can put your small bullet into the brain of the elephant you will not bring him down, and not invariably either the rhino or buffalo or wild-ox by a well-placed shoulder shot.

The .50–100–450 is undoubtedly the strongest shooting of the comparatively small calibres (comparatively when discussed by the side of such heavy bores as the 4, 8, 10, and 12), and yet I put three .50–100–450 metal-patch, solid, lead-pointed bullets into an elephant, two directly back of his fore-leg, a trifle below where it joins the body, and he carried them off swiftly. He left some blood, which I followed for two days, and he may have died eventually, but if so that is the more argument against the smaller calibres. I put two full-metal .50-calibre bullets and three full-metal from the high velocity .30–40 smokeless into and also directly behind the shoulder of a rhino swimming across a river, and yet he kept on and disappeared into the jungle on the other side, although he got out of the water, it seemed to me, with some difficulty; and perhaps if I could have crossed the stream, which was about thirty-five yards wide and a raging, swollen torrent, I might have secured him. I put one full-metal .50 ball into the shoulder, and one half-metal patch, solid, lead-point immediately behind the shoulder of a bison, and it rushed me so close I thought my days of big-game shooting numbered.

I was curious about the .30–40 high-velocity gun, and made many experiments; and though its execution with the half-metal patch, solid lead-point was all that could be desired on such game as deer and small bear, it was useless for elephant, rhino, buffalo, wild cattle, unless, of course, a head shot offered. It has been claimed by some of the advocates of this .30–40, and indeed all high-velocity small-calibre rifles, that the motion set up in the molecules of tissue of the animal shot was so great that it continued to other tissue contiguous, and so an enormous shock was given, due to the greatly increased velocity of the small bullet. But it is yet to be proven—certainly my experiments do not establish it—that there is any mysterious or deadly shocking power due to vibration set up by the small bullet on its way through the animal.

It is apparent, if shock is proportionate to the amount of tissue moved, that a small bullet passing through a body does not move as much tissue as a large one passing along the same line. So far as mere bullet is concerned, that one which uses up all of its velocity inside of the skin of an animal gives the greatest shock and has the deadliest effect, the velocities being the same or nearly so.

If the brain could always be reached, the .30–40 would be as deadly as the largest bore; but although lucky shots sometimes give unwarranted confidence in a gun, the fact is that for the dangerous game of the East the only dependable weapon is one of the large bores that run from 12 to 4, and may be chosen according to one's fancy and judgment based on experience, for practical experience is the only trustworthy guide in the matter. For my part, were I to make another hunt in the dense jungles of the Far East, my armory should consist of a double-barrel 8-bore (8–240–1150), rifled for about six inches at the end of the barrels, and bearing rifle-sights, and a 12-bore "paradox" for close jungle work with tiger and leopard, and because it is equally good shooting shot, but I do not care for the 12-bore rifle. My experience with it was not pleasing, and rather convinced me that the ball is too heavy for the amount of powder burned.

I should always have both guns with me in the jungle, using the 12-bore if luck gave me a head shot, the 8-bore if only a body or shoulder shot presented, and relying upon the latter gun to stop charging elephants, rhino, buffalo, and wild cattle. I should take also a .50–100–450—one of the strongest and smoothest shooting rifles I have ever used—but I should not take it into such dense jungle as I visited.

Nothing could induce me to use express-bullets or bullets hollowed to any degree.

Had I needed convincing evidence (which I did not) of the untrustworthiness of so-called express-bullets, my trip to the Far East has provided it. Among other proofs, I handled the skull of a tiger which had killed one of two men who went on foot to wait for him at a drinking-pool. The man who paid for his sport with his life used a double-barrel .577 express. He missed with his first barrel, and the second struck the tiger on the ridge of the eye, exploding, and blowing the eye out, but not even stunning the tiger, which was on top of the man before the latter could reload and before the second sportsman could use his two shots to advantage. A solid lead bullet would have penetrated to the brain. The express-bullet hardly left its mark on the tiger's skull.

The .577 is well thought of in the East by English sportsmen, but I consider the .50–100–450 better adapted for the purposes for which I should use it, because it is much more accurately sighted, and could outshoot the .577 at all distances beyond 100 yards; it is, for all practical purposes, as killing as the .577, is less bulky, and you have four shots without reloading, for two in the .577. None the less, I like the .577 very much, and it would be well to have one in your armory as a substitute in case the .50 got out of order. I am bound to say that the simple shot-gun mechanism of the .577–168–590 wins many a sportsman setting out for the jungle who is not qualified to repair the .50 in case of accident.

To illustrate how in the hunting-field all preconceived theories and notions are at times severely twisted, it just so happens that the gun which dealt the final killing shot to both the elephant and the rhino of my bag was the .50–100–450 full metal-patch bullet. But on each occasion I had already put two 12-bore bullets into the animals; in one instance because I could not get a head shot, and therefore did not use the .50, and in the other because I had the 12-bore in hand on sighting the rhino, and had no time to change guns, and was too uncertain of my aim with a strange and indifferently sighted gun to try for his head. On both occasions I fell back on the .50 because the shells jammed in the 12-bore (an old one and out of repair) and I could not get them out. The elephant was charging one of my trackers, and gave me a fine view of his head for an instant, my ball going in at his ear and out at the opposite temple, and he dropped instantly, much to the relief of my tracker—not to mention myself.

There was even more of a personal element in the conflict with the rhino, for he was charging me after receiving two 12-bore balls as near as I could put them into the fold which is just back of the shoulder, and is the part most vulnerable next to the eyes and around the ears. I was standing on a little knoll composed of earth, decaying undergrowth, and fallen timber. As the rhino charged at me over this he scattered the timber and rolled me over one side down the knoll. Fortunately for me, I tumbled off to the leeward side, and the rhino, losing my wind as well as sight of me, held his course. Meantime I had clung to my rifle, and regained my feet in much less time than it takes me to tell it. The rhino was not over fifteen to twenty feet away, and going from me, when I put in a .50 bullet directly behind his ear, and he collapsed without even the customary and very ridiculous little squeal with which he usually announces a mortal hurt.

With the exception of the crocodile, into the side of whose ugly head I made a great hole with the 12-bore—and the peacock, to get which I sat up under his roosting-tree all night, and brought down with the .30–40 at day-break—and the wild-ox, called bison, which I dropped with an 8-bore in Burmah, and the python, I scored the balance of my bag with the .50. The peacock, by-the-way, was a surprise to me. He is a very wary bird, and most difficult to get. He spends the day on the ground, though never seen, and at dusk roosts in the top of the highest tree he can find. Your only way of killing him is to find his roosting-tree at night and sit up under it until daylight. Often even then he discovers you and is off, and he flies fast and far.

Despite it being the most unhealthful time of the year to venture into the jungle, I was not, from first to last, so affected by fever or dysentery as seriously to interfere with my hunting, although I acknowledge attacks of both kept me decidedly seedy a great deal of the time. I attribute my immunity from the prostration that befalls so many who enter the jungle at this season to extreme watchfulness over my diet, unrelaxing precaution—such as sleeping off the ground and with the smoke of a fire blowing over me, boiling all water and filtering it before using, and drinking blackest and strongest coffee before stirring about in the morning—and to temperance in eating and drinking and in medicine-taking. I did not keep myself stuffed with quinine, as I was advised to do, and thus deaden my system to its influence. I took quinine when I needed it, and not otherwise.

On Shipboard, Red Sea, *March 3, 1898.*



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April 18, 1898.

THE House of Representatives on Wednesday adopted a joint resolution directing the President to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, for the purpose of securing permanent peace there, and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independent government of their own, and authorizing him "to use the land and naval forces of the United States" to these ends. On Saturday night the Senate voted to substitute for this a series of resolutions declaring the people of Cuba free and independent, recognizing the Republic of Cuba as the lawful government, demanding that Spain withdraw her army and navy from Cuba, directing the President to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect, disclaiming any disposition on the part of our government to exercise sovereignty over the island, and asserting its intention to leave the control of the island to its people. When this substitute came back to the House, the House voted to strike out the declaration of the independence of the Cuban people and the recognition of the Cuban republic. The probability is that the Senate will concede the amendments made by the House and send the resolutions to the President, who will sign, although their phraseology is not in all respects what he has desired.

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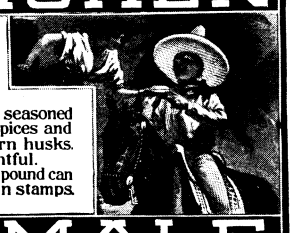
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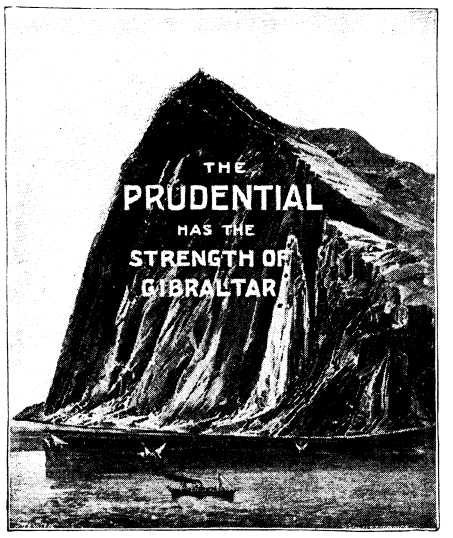
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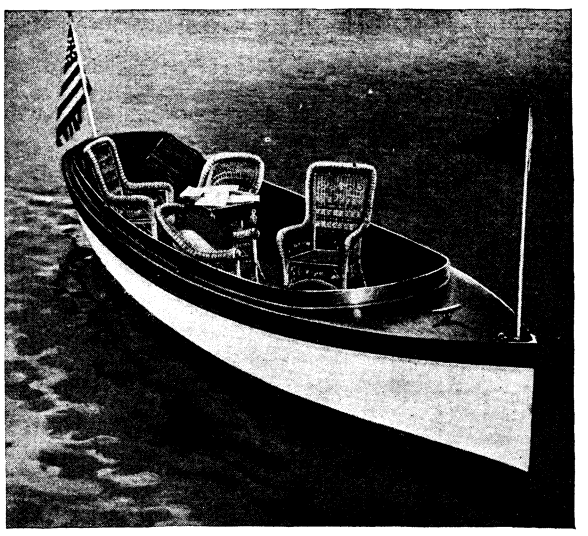
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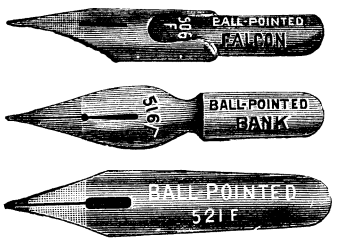
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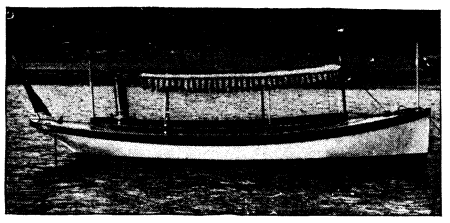
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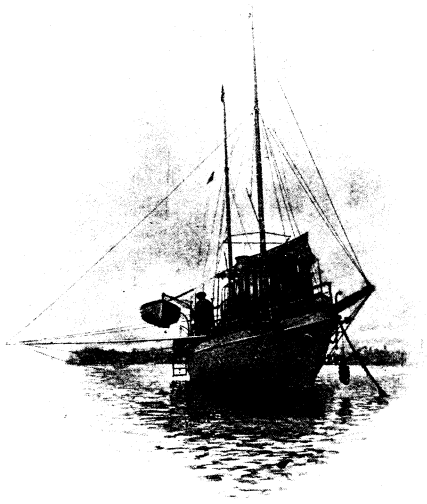
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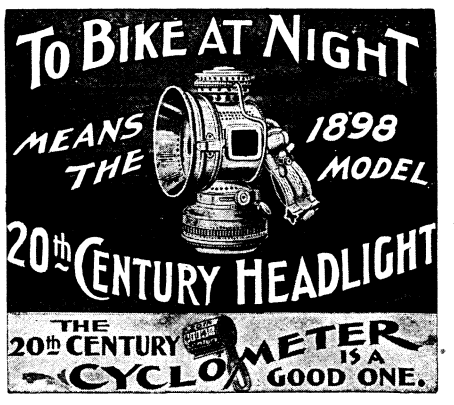
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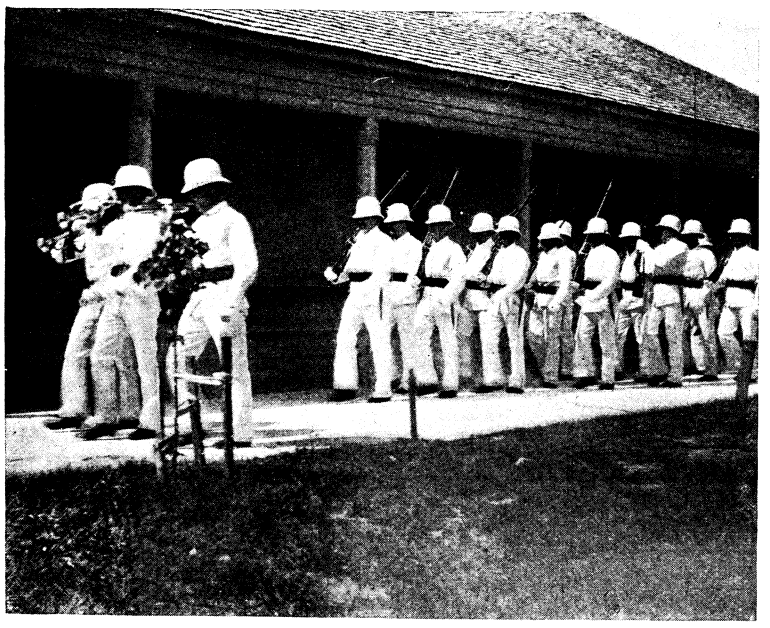




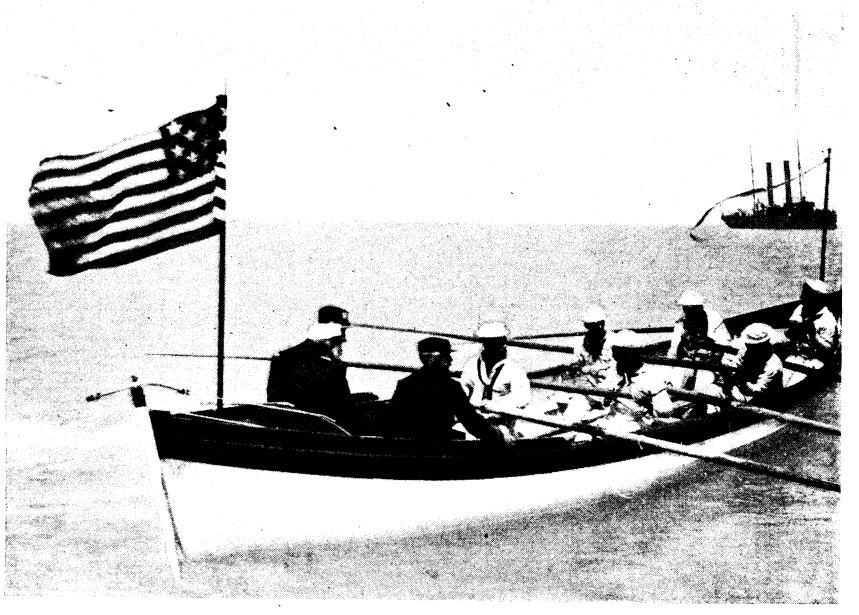
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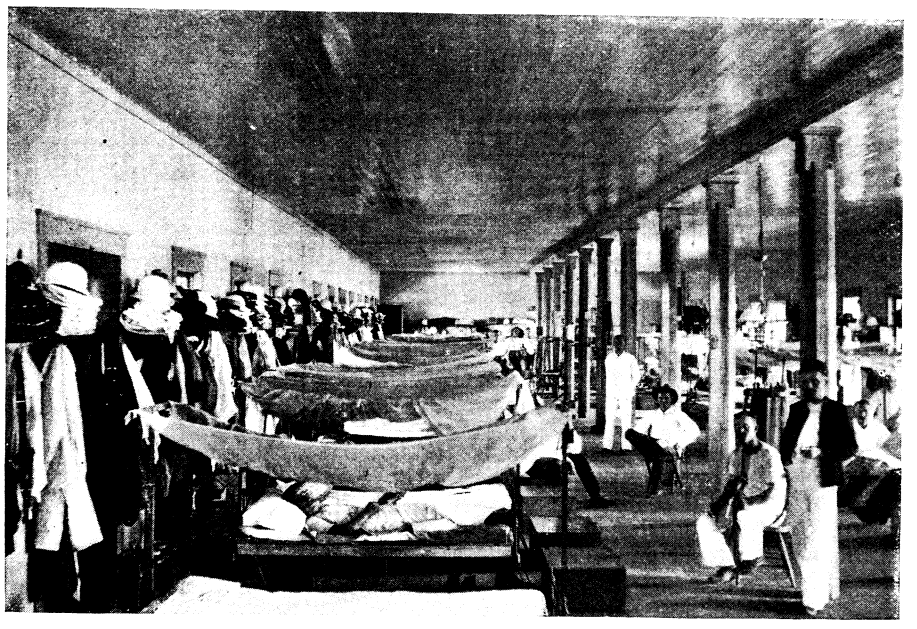
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LONDON.

April 2, 1898.

Before this letter reaches you so much will have happened that comments on the politics of the situation would be of no interest to the readers of the Weekly. I have gathered, however, some facts which may not be known in America as to the state of feeling in Europe. Of English sympathy there is no doubt. Here is an example. The reported sale to Spain by Mr. McCalmont of his magnificent yacht excites grave disapproval, especially among the working-classes. Although the United States have probably an easy task before them, so far as the defeat of Spain is concerned, the feeling is general, if not universal, in England that both publicly and privately the citizens of the United States should not be allowed to rest under any misconception as to the reality of British sympathy. This is why the sale of Mr. McCalmont's yacht is resented. In France, notwithstanding the historical friendship between the two great republics, the Russian alliance, no less than community of race, impels the French people to side with Spain rather than with America. Austria and Russia are of course philo-Spaniards; while the Kaiser and his countrymen regard the fall of another dynasty in Europe as hostile to their interests. It may therefore be said that the United States have but one sincere, convinced friend in Europe. It is true, of course, that the American Union stands in no need of help or friendship. Dim echoes of long centuries of strife with Spain are now faintly heard in the unanimous chorus of sympathy felt by the vast majority of the Queen's subjects for the government and people of the United States.

Conversation with naval experts on the subject of the maritime branch of the conflict reveals the enormous importance of the coal factor in the struggle. It is quite improbable that Spain has any large supply of coal in the Caribbean Sea, and it is to be hoped that the gallantry and dash of American commanders will destroy any stores of coal that Spain may happen to possess. If this be done, the Spanish fleet will be equally effective whether at the top or the bottom of the ocean.

There is, unhappily, no further doubt as to the mortal nature of Mr. Gladstone's illness. He is suffering from necrosis of the nasal bone. Pain, which has been almost incessant, refuses to yield to the remedies administered. That the evening of Mr. Gladstone's life should be thus clouded with physical pain touches the hearts of his most inveterate political opponents—indeed, of the whole world of English-speaking men—with a personal sense of sorrow. Needless to say Mr. Gladstone is bearing his burden with dignity and composure. Unable to read, he finds his principal solace in music. One of his family plays to him for an hour or two every day. During his recent visit to Bournemouth in search of the relief that did not come, his chief delight was in listening first to Lady Hallé and then to Mlle. Janotha, who came on different evenings and played to him at the villa. It is said that the ministrations of these kindly ladies soothed his pain as no medicament could have done. During the rumors of war and the rumbling of earthquake in every part of the world, it is touching to note the sympathy with which the English people are unanimously inspired at the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone sinking into the grave while afflicted with acute physical pain. He is fully aware of his condition, as he insisted on the doctors telling him the truth, and the whole truth. Dr. Habershon, who has replaced the late Sir Andrew Clarke as his physician in chief, once informed me that Mr. Gladstone is the best patient he has ever had, but that the right honorable gentleman always insists on knowing the reason of everything that was done. When his intelligence is convinced, his docility in complying with doctors' orders is exemplary.

Lord Salisbury, who left London for the Riviera this week, is, I understand, in worse health than is publicly believed. Repeated attacks of influenza, overwork, and the abiding sorrow of Lady Salisbury's ill health have undermined a constitution never strong at the best of times. He is sixty-eight years old. Lord Salisbury takes little or no exercise. He drives everywhere; and I remember the late Lord Granville's cheery warning to the Prime Minister that if he continued to use his brougham as much as he was in the habit of doing, not only his health, but the interests of the state would suffer. The departure of Lord Salisbury has produced outspoken criticism on the subject of his retention of the Premiership and the Foreign-Secretaryship. It is, indeed, extraordinary to the ordinary man that in the vast circle of the British Empire there is no spot to which the sovereign, the Prime Minister, the heir-apparent, and the chairman of the cabinet Committee on Defence could repair, in order to recruit their health, without resorting to the territory of the one power with whom England might be at war to-morrow. Much feeling was expressed on the occasion of the Queen's recent departure for Nice. The newspapers were too discreet to say anything in the matter. The opinion in society, however, was widespread that it would have been far better, in the present state of our relations with France, had her Majesty gone to Italy or Malta in search of the sun. Serious negotiations, involving the issues of peace and war, could scarcely be conducted with the sovereign on French soil. If war were to break out, her Majesty would receive at the hands of the chivalrous French nation every courtesy, and no doubt her special train homewards would be attended by the President himself, who, with his most courtly bow, would assure the Queen, as he handed her out of the carriage at Cherbourg, that the French republic does not make war upon a lady. Still, that is not the point. France has defiantly broken treaties, occupied British territory, excluded our trade, and committed unpardonable aggressions. Is it consonant with the dignity of a great nation, thus flouted, that its sovereign, its Premier, Foreign Secretary, Lord President, and the heir to the throne should all be guests of France? There is, however, a rumor that our troubles with France are on the eve of adjustment. Late last night, or rather early this morning, I was informed by one of the responsible authorities that France would reluctantly evacuate Boussa, but asked for time, in order to save her "face," until after the elections.

Lord Salisbury's tenure of both his offices is near its end. He may return for a little while, or he may not, but the feeling of the nation is roused at the visible disabilities under which England is suffering by the Prime Minister's incapacity to do forty-eight hours' work in the course of a single day. The results of his Foreign-Secretaryship have not been altogether satisfactory to English pride. On acceding to office Lord Salisbury declared that we were to "open new markets for ourselves among the half-civilized or the civilized nations of the globe." We have not secured new markets. In Tunis and in Madagascar old markets have been lost. Our diplomacy has been generally at fault. An arrangement with Russia at an earlier stage of her advance in the Far East would have been as statesmanlike as it was feasible. At an earlier stage moderate concessions would have contented her. Nothing was done. She has now acquired a Cronstadt in the Pacific, and by virtually annexing Manchuria, has slammed the open door in our face.

Six problems of the first importance have occupied the Foreign Office since Lord Salisbury acceded to power. He transferred to France, without consideration, the British portion of Siam across the Mekong. He permitted France to annex Madagascar, to close the market to Great Britain and the United States, and to destroy much of the result of sixty years of Protestant missionary labors. In Tunis, he surrendered the commercial treaty with the Bey without compensation, and thus allowed the one effective weapon for use against France in the Egyptian question to slip out of his hands. On the upper Nile, he has ceded to Abyssinia a large slice of southern Somaliland, while the French are being allowed to make "effective occupation" of our sphere of influence on the upper Nile, notwithstanding the declarations of the late and present governments that the interference of the French in that



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. HAMILTON LEWIS, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Member of the House of Representatives from Washington.

"I shall, as heretofore, fight any organization composed of gilded military satraps, on the one hand, and tasselled society sapheads on the other."

—*From his Speech against the Regular Army.*—[See Page 386.]

region would be regarded as an unfriendly act. In China, the doctrine of the "open door" has been proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets, and the territorial integrity of China was declared to be the policy of her Majesty's government. The seizure of Kiao-chau by Germany, the Russification of Manchuria, and the hoisting of the Russian flag at Port Arthur last Sunday are a reflection upon the prescience and the statesmanship of the government. The sixth problem dealt with by the Foreign Office is that of West Africa, where France has occupied the whole of the hinterland of Sierra Leone and most of the territory back of Lagos and the Gold Coast. A review of these facts shows that the machinery of English diplomacy not only requires, but will shortly receive, a thorough overhauling. More democratic vigor is indispensable.

Whether or not England is gradually drifting into a conflict with Russia and France as she drifted into the Crimean war is an open question. What is certain is that, owing to the reticence of the government and the patriotic reserve of the House of Commons, the public are completely in the dark as to whether the country is being wisely steered, or whether the illness of the helmsman has abandoned the ship of state to the winds and currents of chance. Perplexity is widespread, and it is not confined to her Majesty's Opposition. Official utterances are in conspicuous contrast with the determined language indulged in by ministers a few weeks ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pledged England to go to war in order to maintain the "open door" in China. The leading members of the cabinet adopted the same line, and were unanimously supported by the responsible leaders of the Opposition. The resolution of the House of Commons altogether confirmed the position adopted by the Parliamentary chiefs, and stated that "the maintenance of the independence of Chinese territory is of vital importance to the commerce and influence of the British Empire." England unlocked the door of China to foreign trade, surveyed her coasts, and drove away pirates from her seas. The English were the first to open Chinese ports for the whole world; they were the first to send steamers up the waterways, to build railways, and to develop her mines. England was the first power to give to China the nucleus of a pure administration, and, by instituting an imperial customs service, to add a princely revenue to her treasury. So that, apart from possessing four-fifths of the annual trade, Great Britain has a hereditary right to maintain the "open door."

Under these circumstances, the news that China concedes the fortified naval base of Port Arthur, as well as Ta-lien-wan as the terminus of the Trans-Manchurian Railway, compels Britain either to take immediate action or to reverse the drift of our policy in the Far East. Port Arthur dominates Peking. The possession of Port Arthur by Russia, with the command of the coal-fields of the Liao-tung Peninsula and of the great grain-growing area of Shing-king, would destroy the balance of naval power in the western Pacific, undermine British influence, and menace the existence of British and American commerce in that region. Port Arthur is not a commercial outlet. Its threatened occupation by Japan two years ago was denounced by Russia as "a permanent danger to the independence of the Chinese Empire and the peace of the Far East." It is difficult to see why its occupation by Russia is less a danger to the peace of the Far East than if it were in the hands of the Japanese. Next week, however, Mr. Balfour is to make a statement, from which we shall doubtless learn that, rather than blow open the shut door with gunpowder, Britain will occupy a port or an island so as to command the Yang-tse Valley. If Russia, established at Port Arthur, places her masterful hands on the throat of the empire at Peking, one of the first objects of Russia's policy will be to secure for France the territorial concessions in the south to which, as Russia's henchwoman, she may consider herself entitled to lay claim. Moltke, rightly or wrongly, held every war, even when successful, to be a national misfortune; but if war was inevitable, he was for striking the first blow.

At the time of writing it is not known whither the China squadron under Admiral Seymour has gone. Whether Shanghai, Chusan, or Wei-hai-wei is to become British or not will be decided during the next few days. It is unlikely that there will be war. Russia has obtained what she wanted to obtain without war. Knowing what she wants, her policy is clear, her actions prompt, definite, and successful. No statement made by Mr. Balfour will remove the taint of paralysis that has enfeebled British policy in the Far East. We are now in the position of improvising a new policy, and relegating the policy of the "open door" to the scrap heap. It is no use having a magnificent navy unless its masters know how to use it; and when national policy vibrates from month to month, not because national interests have changed, but because ministers do not know their own minds, the nation squirms.

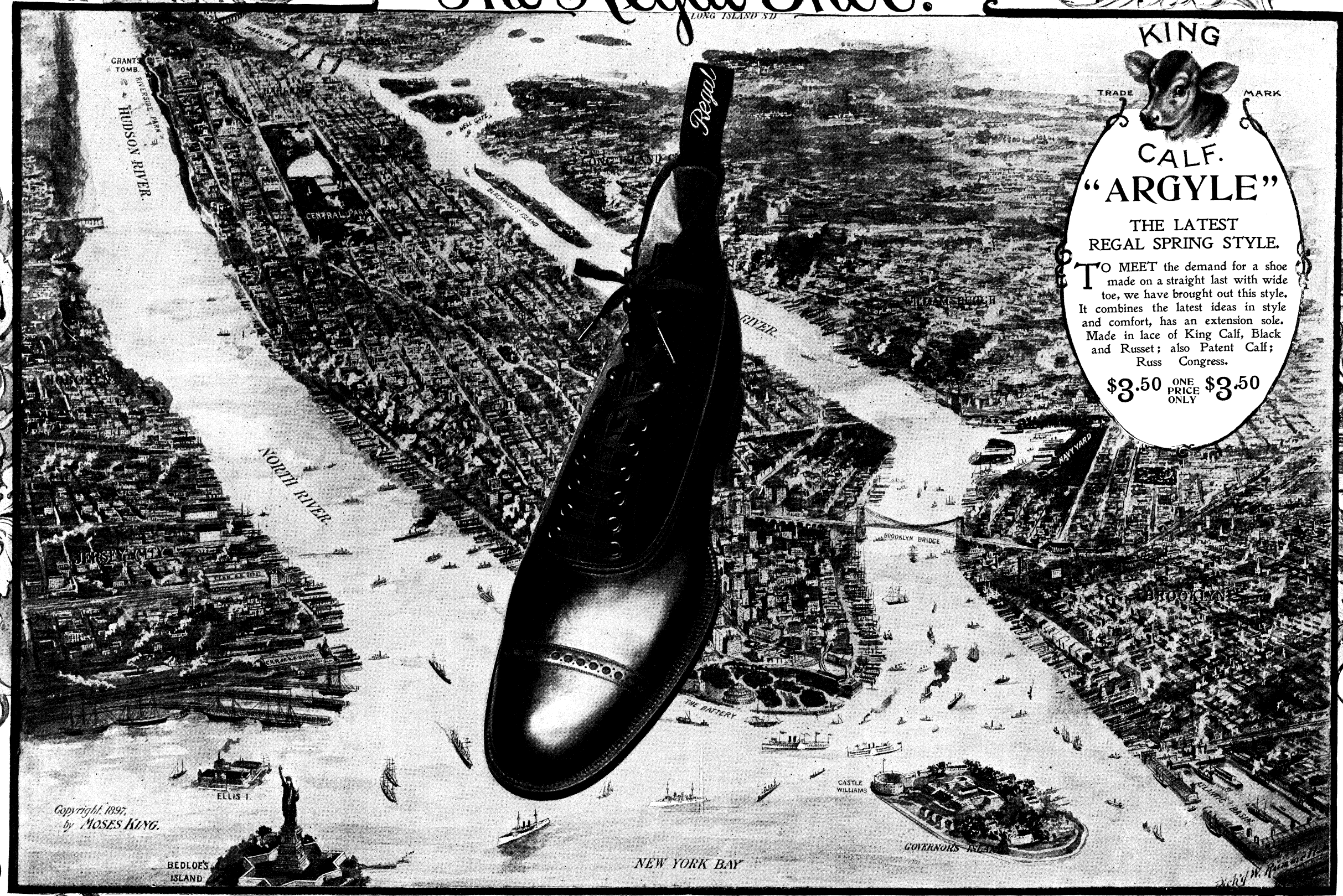
There is reason to believe that the power of Russia is enormously overrated. The army of bureaucrats by which she is governed are ill paid, ill educated, and generally corrupt. Russia has no large middle class whose sons can fill her civil service with men whose integrity may be trusted, who are too proud to steal, and who are not to be bought by rajahs, princes, khans, emirs, mandarins, or contractors. The English and American nations possess an almost inexhaustible supply of young men who, on a pittance of three or four thousand dollars a year, may be set in authority, isolated from their kind, and who may be trusted to administer their district or province with diligence, honesty, and virtue. Not so Russia. The drinking habits rife in that country are practically the same as existed in England a hundred years ago, when drunkenness at a dinner party was the rule rather than the exception. Drunkenness and corruption are the two curses of the Russian administrative service; and although Muscovite diplomacy has been signally successful, a good many of the executive departments by land and sea may be trusted to break down when next Russia is engaged in a struggle for life. It is true that the drunken nations of the earth are the most virile, and have writ their names more deeply on the marble of history than the nations eschewing wine. But Russia, the greatest of the drinking nations, has rarely succeeded in war. With the exception of Pultawa, it is difficult to point to a campaign in which Russia has been effectively successful. The Turkish campaign was a failure, as no equivalent for the immense loss in blood and treasure was received. The Crimean war brought Russia to her knees; and believing that the moral fibre of a nation is not only its chief, but original source of strength, I am firmly convinced that in the next great struggle with despotic Russia her feet of clay will be revealed.

Arnold White.

THE "CARMAGNOLE."

A curious and pathetic conclusion seems to have been reached in regard to the disputed authorship of the tune of the famous Revolutionary song named — which, by-the-way, was heard about the streets significantly during the Zola trial. Two women composed that flippant waltz-melody, which the mobs howled in the ears of the doomed during the Reign of Terror. Those two women were —oh, tragic irony!—Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe — Marie Antoinette called in the vulgar words fitted to the air "Madame Véto." It was jotted down by the Queen and her faithful friend, the Princess, as a new rigadoon for a ball at the Trianon. With what emotions must the illustrious and widowed prisoner in the cell of the Conciergérie have heard her furious enemies enjoying her own melody, under such altered uses and to a foul text!

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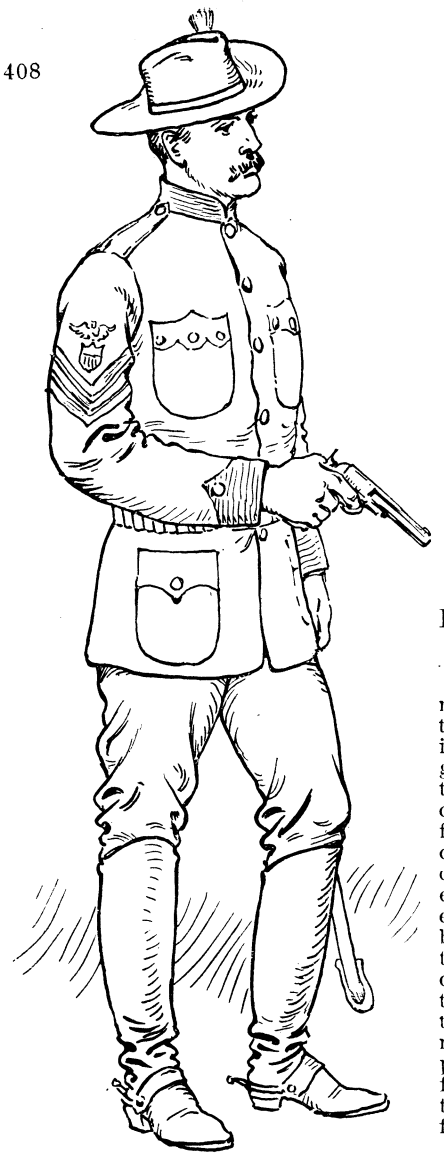
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PROPOSED SERVICE UNIFORM FOR THE U. S. ARMY.

THE accompanying sketch shows the proposed new uniform for the United States army and volunteers suggested by General Nelson A. Miles for use in active service in the field. The material is a grayish-brown duck, the facings to be according to the arm of the service: red for artillery, yellow for cavalry, and blue for infantry. The hat is of gray felt, with band, cockade, and pompon of the same color as the facings. The boots of artillery and cavalry will be russet color, while it is yet undecided whether the infantry will wear shortish breeches and leggings, or breeches broad in the main and buttoned tight at the ankles. The chevrons of the non-commissioned officers will be the same color as their facings, and will be surmounted with the arms of the United States—a spread eagle over the shield. All the details of the uniform have not been absolutely settled. The general idea appears to have been borrowed from the fatigue uniform worn by the British troops in India, substituting the slouch hat of the Daniel Boone period for the helmet of the British troops.



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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The four-page illustration (16×45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate-paper, with a "key," and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

WE are glad to see from the proclamation from the State Department that the United States is not to be guilty of one barbarism of war, which we have the legal right to commit, however, by reason of the fact that we are not parties to the Treaty of Paris under which privateering was abolished by European nations except Spain. Our government has proclaimed that we will not disturb neutral goods in enemies' ships, or enemies' goods in neutral ships, except contraband of war; although we are not bound to do this by any treaty obligations, we are by the laws of civilization, and if Spain does not meet us on this ground, Europe may probably interpose, to this extent at least, on behalf of its trade.

THERE are many reasons why Continental Europe should sympathize with Spain in the present difficulty, and not with the United States. This country has outraged European traditions and has threatened European colonial holdings on this side of the water; but there need be no fear that Europe will intervene against any of our demands or pretensions. No European country wants our enmity, and all want our markets. When the time for intervention comes it will be Spain that must yield to the demands of Continental Europe, and not the United States. So far as moral sympathy is concerned, however, whatever that may mean, the United States must rely on England. If we are to trust newspaper reports at all, even the South American republics, including Argentina, prefer Spain to us, mainly, we fancy, because we have made commercial war upon them, as upon the rest of the world.

WE presume that the statement of the Queen-Regent, in her address from the throne to the Cortes on Wednesday last, not only expresses the feeling of the Spanish government and people, but also the belief of most of the Continental powers of Europe. We have given evidence that annexation is not popular in this country by the pressure that was brought to bear upon the Senate, resulting in the defeat of the resolution annexing Hawaii. We have also stated in the resolution of Congress which declares war upon Spain that we disclaim "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof." We owe it to ourselves to fulfil this promise in letter and in spirit. The republic cannot afford to go to war for greed. It is going to war for the sake of humanity. This is the thought and the passion of the people, and whatever may be the ultimate designs of certain scheming politicians, the people's purpose must be carried out now and after the war shall come to an end.

THERE is no doubt that the war will have a tendency to retard, and perhaps prevent, sound action on the currency question. Since the international situation became acute, very little has been heard from the House Banking and Currency Committee on the bill to which the Republican members of the committee, or a majority of them, have agreed. We trust, however, that now that the business of declaring war and making the first and most important preparations for it has been accomplished, and that the question of ways and means comes to the front, it will not be forgotten that more than usual vigilance is essential on the part of the friends of sound money. The existing disorganized condition of our finances is a legacy from our last war, and if matters drift, if, indeed, they are not taken in hand firmly and in a manner which will arouse popular attention and command popular support, we shall again have the evils of irredeemable paper, and what will then be the lesser evil, that of a silver standard.

It is of the first importance that the House should at once pass a currency bill as good as that of the Banking and Currency Committee, in order that the Senate may have the aid of popular opinion on that subject before the war has advanced very far.

IT is very clear, from the military reorganization that is suggested by the new volunteer army bill, that after the trouble with Spain we will probably be a stronger military power than we have been, and that the influence and strength of the central government at Washington will be greatly increased. If the country is to engage in foreign wars, it must of course have a stronger military arm than it has yet possessed. Jealousy of the regular army, when carried to an excess, was, at the best, a foolish survival of a remote time when the republic was first established, and when regular armies and monarchical institutions were essential to each other; but it is clear now that the Federal government cannot depend upon State militia; not because members of the militia of the various States are not good and loyal citizens, but because they really belong to the States and not to the nation, and are naturally jealous of their independence and anxious to maintain their own organizations. When they volunteer in large numbers they will prove again, if proof were necessary, the firm devotion of the American citizen to his government. This was to have been expected. Perhaps there would have been no difficulty encountered if the President had tried to send the National Guard, as a National Guard, out of the country. But there was a question of law in the way, and questions of law that can be avoided must not exist to encumber military operations. Therefore it is clear that the strength of the military arm of the central government must be strengthened permanently, because now that we have entered upon war there is danger that we will get in the way of war. We have begun to change our national policy, and with that change we must face its inevitable consequences. We must be prepared for emergencies, and must consent to pay the cost of such preparation.

THERE is a good deal being said on both sides of the ocean in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Baron POLLOCK, the Corpus Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, favors it, as does Mr. E. J. PHELPS, ex-minister to England and Professor of Law at Yale University. Such an alliance is doubtless very remote, but the argument in favor of it is a strong one. We do not, of course, wish to entangle ourselves in existing European complications, in which Great Britain finds herself involved, therefore it would be out of the question to consider an alliance offensive and defensive. We could not, for instance, consent to follow the English Jingoes in their strong desire to make war for the maintenance of free trade in China. But there is another side to the question, and one which it is well to consider. Baron POLLOCK and other advocates of it believe that an alliance of the English-speaking people of the world would make for peace. And if an alliance could be made in pursuance of which all English-speaking peoples would agree that an assault by a foreign power upon one of them would be an assault upon all, we doubt not but war would become a very remote possibility, and that the efforts of Continental powers to limit the expansion or to take away the territory of Great Britain in Asia and Africa would come to an end. There is a good deal of sentimentality in the expression that blood is thicker than water, but we think we know English-speaking people, and we believe that if an alliance shall ever be made of the kind suggested it will not be based wholly upon sentimental considerations, but largely upon strictly business principles, although there is really much truth in what Ambassador HAY said at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House in London: "The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world."

NOT many American newspapers have criticised the findings of the Board of Inquiry on the disaster to the *Maine*. But there has been criticism, and that of a very venomous character, its unfairness being accompanied by very clever treatment. We are convinced, from intimate knowledge, that the investigation was conducted by our officers in a most dispassionate manner, and that from as thorough an examination of the ship as was possible the evidence of an outside explosion was convincing. The sketch of the projection of the keel, for instance, showed that it was blown upward, and how it was blown upward; and the sketch of the broken keel, which was made by diver OLSEN, is of overshadowing importance. The presumption that this board of officers was moved by a desire to shield brother-officers from a charge of negligence is very mean, and is based apparently on utter ignorance of the character of American naval officers. The *Maine* board set out to find the exact truth, and searched for it from the evidence which they were permitted to have before them. They investigated the wreck inside and out. One critic has objected that they did not find electric wires which would prove the presence of a mine. It was impossible, of course, for the board to dredge the harbor for wires, because its jurisdiction was confined to the ship. Another critic has objected because the board did not invite the Spanish authorities to be present at its investigation. This accusation is misleading. The board called on the Captain-General, and it was expressly arranged that Spanish officers should be allowed to be present and hear all the reports from the divers; but they got tired the second day, and came no more. There is no doubt in any intelligent and unprejudiced mind that the report of the board is the honest conclusions of able men intent only on doing their duty, and to American minds the report is conclusive.

OUR WAY AND EUROPE'S.

CONGRESS did not heed the request of the President, but, on the contrary, it refused to give him another opportunity to secure by peaceful methods the practical or eventual evacuation of Cuba by Spain. It insisted that Spain should go at once, and that Cuba should no longer remain even under her nominal authority. This meant war. It was in effect an act of war.

The time has gone by for criticising or questioning the forces which brought us to the verge of war. They were active, persistent, raging forces that took advantage, for their own ends, of a latent cause of war which need not have been aroused, which, indeed, might have been destroyed peacefully, and by the eventual accomplishment of what, let us hope, will be the speedy end of war. For the moment we dismiss the politicians who sought for party advantage at the cost of the lives of their fellow-countrymen, as we dismiss also the meaner creatures who were for war for the sake of the gains which war will bring to their coffers. We are content to stand with the people, without whose aroused and righteous indignation, and hatred of brutal tyranny, and love of human liberty, all the follies of Jingoism, all the knaveries of politics, and all the greed of commercial vultures could have accomplished nothing. The people who must fight the battles of the war, who must die for the country, who must pour out their treasure, who must bear the burdens, command our love and admiration, even when they are mistaken.

The American people are at war because Spain deserves to be driven from the continent. Europe can tolerate this relic of mediævalism, this inventor of the Inquisition, this lover of bull-fights, because Europe is tolerant of bigotry, ignorance, and cruelty—not only tolerant of it, but helpful to it. Nations that sustain the Sultan on his throne, and that are robbing China, and pilfering land wherever the opportunity for grabbing presents itself, cannot find Spain a disagreeable neighbor, and perhaps no European power except England would have found Cuba an unpleasant neighbor—would not have been disturbed by the stories of the starving victims of WEYLER'S order, or by the knowledge that murder of the most atrocious kind was perpetrated there in the name of civilized warfare—if there be such a thing. But the people of the United States could not stand it. Whether they were wise in incurring the awful material and moral cost of war to put an end to the evil was once a question. It may again become a question when the time shall return for dealing once more with some of the abhorrent forces which have hastened war. For the moment it is not a question. The people have decided that, cost what it may, an end must be put to the evils of Spanish rule in America, and not one American of all those who hoped that Spain might be driven out of Cuba without the exercise of force by this country will deny that Spain has richly earned the hate which is felt and manifested for her by the people of the United States. The story of her rule in Cuba, in peace, has been the story of robbery; in war, it has been the story of murder. The people of the United States have had enough of it. They will have no more of it.

Europe—England excepted—criticises both the occasion for the war and our manners in entering upon it. The occasion for the war is indignation excited by atrocities committed by Spanish rulers upon the people of a neighboring island. Continental Europe says that we have an ulterior and selfish purpose, and that in the end we will annex Cuba to the United States. In this we believe that Europe will eventually admit that it is mistaken. The country has recently shown its opinion of annexation of foreign territory in its treatment of the scheme of adding the Hawaiian Islands to our territory. If ever a war promised nothing but loss to the country that began it, it is this which the United States has begun against Spain—in which we have everything to lose and nothing whatever to gain—and this is true, no matter what may be the result of the conflict. Whatever material thing the war may cost, this country will completely lose. There is nothing to gain except the ending of the misery and the misrule in Cuba, and of its cause, by the expulsion of the guilty government. It may be true that we may have entered the conflict with a directness, bluntness, and vigor of speech that is not pleasant to the ears of the trained and circuitous diplomats of Europe. We are a straightforward people when we are aroused, and doubtless we are not pleasant, often not to ourselves, when we come to the conclusion that the time for action has arrived, and that every effort to delay us is merely trickery. But it is fair to ourselves, even fair to our screaming Congressmen, to call the attention of our critics to the fact that we have endured much; that we have shown much patience; that our executive power and our navy did their full duty in endeavoring to prevent filibustering; and that at the last President McKINLEY upheld both the honor and dignity of the nation with a power and firmness that have not recently been displayed in Europe. We have our faults, and we are willing to admit them. We are not proud of Congress, but we are proud of the President, and though we have tried to persuade the people to take a different course, we deeply admire their sincerity, and we know the honesty of purpose with which they are entering into a war for humanity's sake, out of which can come nothing to them, besides their sufferings and their sacrifices and the after evils of a war, except the satisfaction of having rid the continent of the most cruel barbarians who exist outside of Turkey.

We are not averse, either, to drawing a parallel between the conduct of our own country and that of Europe. Our own House of Representatives is not yet so bad as the Chamber of Deputies at Paris or the Reichsrath at Vienna. But there is a wider difference still when we come to contrast the manner in which Europe has met the problem presented by the Turk, the barbarian of southeastern Europe, and that in which we are meeting the problem presented by the Spaniard, the barbarian of southwestern Europe. The six great powers were in a better position to deal with the murderers of the Armenians than we are for dealing with the murderers of the Cubans. They constituted the regular and recognized police force for the suppression or punishment of Turkish barbarities. They did not have to intervene against the rules of international law in the interests of humanity. They were called upon to intervene by the provisions of a treaty to which they had all agreed. Moreover, the Armenians were the victims of pure assassination. They were not in insurrection against their government. They were being killed in cold blood by the emissaries of the government. No act of theirs could stop the murdering. But the Cubans had invited the killing by an insurrection. They were killing, in their turn, Spanish troops, and they could have put a stop to the murdering at any moment by yielding to the Spanish Captain-General. It was infinitely more incumbent upon the European powers to intervene in behalf of the slaughtered Armenians than it was for the United States to intervene in behalf of the suffering Cubans. The people of Europe were horrified by the wickedness of the Turks, as the people of America were by the crimes of the Spaniards. The newspapers and pulpits of England thundered against the iniquities for which they held the Sultan accountable. The eloquence of Mr. GLADSTONE aroused his people to angry denunciations of the SALISBURY government. But all this was in vain. The European powers would not interfere in behalf of the Armenians, because they knew that the moment they did they would fall to cutting one another's throats over the spoil; and also, to prevent a general war over plunder, they refused to permit the Cretans to free themselves from the rule of the Turk, while they assented to the humiliation of Greece. Europe could not do its duty for the cause of humanity, because the greedy jealousy of its powers rendered it impossible for them to be moved by high designs and lofty and disinterested purposes. But the United States, on the other hand, undertakes a task to which it is not bound, from which it can reap no material gain, and sends its forces out to put an end to cruelty and wrong. European diplomacy may be polite in its cold-blooded selfishness, while the American Congress screams like a crazy woman. But the people go into our war for what they believe to be the right, and, whether they are right or not, the atmosphere of their passion and their hate is much more wholesome and stimulating than is that of Europe looking coldly on while Armenians perish.

THE POLICY OF THE CARLISTS.

SINCE 1833 five revolts in Cuba, two in the Philippine Islands, two in Porto Rico, two devastating Carlist wars and eight or nine minor rebellions in the same cause, a war with Morocco, and the deposition and restoration of a monarch have been the chief events of Spain's history. And it is indisputable that, apart from a natural inability to colonize in accordance with the feelings of the nineteenth century, much of her misery has been due to the shameless tampering with the right of succession which FERDINAND was betrayed into sixty-five years ago.

One or two features are common to all Carlist risings. They occur only when Spain is in difficulties, and they gather round them the active support of the men of the northern provinces and the sympathy of the mass of the peasantry. The army and upper classes have generally stood by the throne; the Church has remained fairly neutral, though there is reason to believe that the accession of the present pretender would greatly strengthen its temporal power. Even against these odds the cause of the exiled kings has twice triumphed over its adversaries in Spain, and had it not been for the interference of European countries, the Spanish throne would long ago have been in the hands of its proper possessors. Monarchies have a common interest and sympathy in seeing that pretenders, once ousted, should remain so, and the Carlists have never been able to enlist the good wishes of Europe. It is not likely that this isolation will prevent them from putting their fortunes to the hazard once again. The time is wofully ripe. With the flower of her army dead on the shores of Cuba, involved in a struggle with a power infinitely her superior in material resources, harassed by an overburdened and disaffected peasantry who are pandered to by a knot of Tammanyized military adventurers, bankrupt, distracted, and deserted, Spain's condition is one of fast-approaching dissolution. The present dynasty has exhausted its mandate. A war with America means an inevitable and disastrous defeat. A yielding to America is a betrayal Spanish pride could never permit itself. It would precipitate at once the rebellion that firm defiance to the United States may yet postpone for a few months.

In either case the occasion gives to the Carlists an opening of which they are publicly willing to avail themselves. Towards the end of last year an article appeared in one of the English magazines, signed by two of the most prominent Carlists, the purpose of which was to win over English sympathy in the coming struggle. Don CARLOS has himself issued various manifestoes of late, undertaking to remain quiescent only so long as Spanish honor is preserved untarnished. As the alternatives before Spain are submission or defeat, and as either will involve a severe shock to Spanish honor, it may be taken as certain that Don CARLOS is simply biding his time, and is prepared to strike at the first favorable moment.

What are the chances of his success? The great obstacle that has confronted the Carlists in the past has been the Spanish army. To-day the Spanish army, so far as concerns its efficiency in repelling a domestic invasion, is practically non-existent. There remain two difficulties—the temper of the Spanish people, and the possibility of foreign interference. Under the first head, it may fairly be said that a monarchy is the only form of government that Spaniards can live under. They have tried a republic, and it broke hopelessly over the incapacity of the people to understand it. They have tried a military despotism, and it led to anarchy. After every experiment they return to the monarchical system as the one best suited to their instincts and temperament. At the present moment Spain is split up into a score of parties, each following its own leader. There is the Queen Regent's party, the SAGASTA party, the WEYLER party, the BLANCO party, the CAMPOS party, the Republican party, and many others. From this mass of conflicting factions there may easily arise an agreement on a new and untried man like Don CARLOS. Moreover, the Church is predisposed towards him. Don CARLOS is a Catholic of the Catholics, with the strongest belief in the efficacy of the Church as a governing agency, and a marked intolerance towards Protestantism. The internal conditions of Spain are therefore favorable to his success.

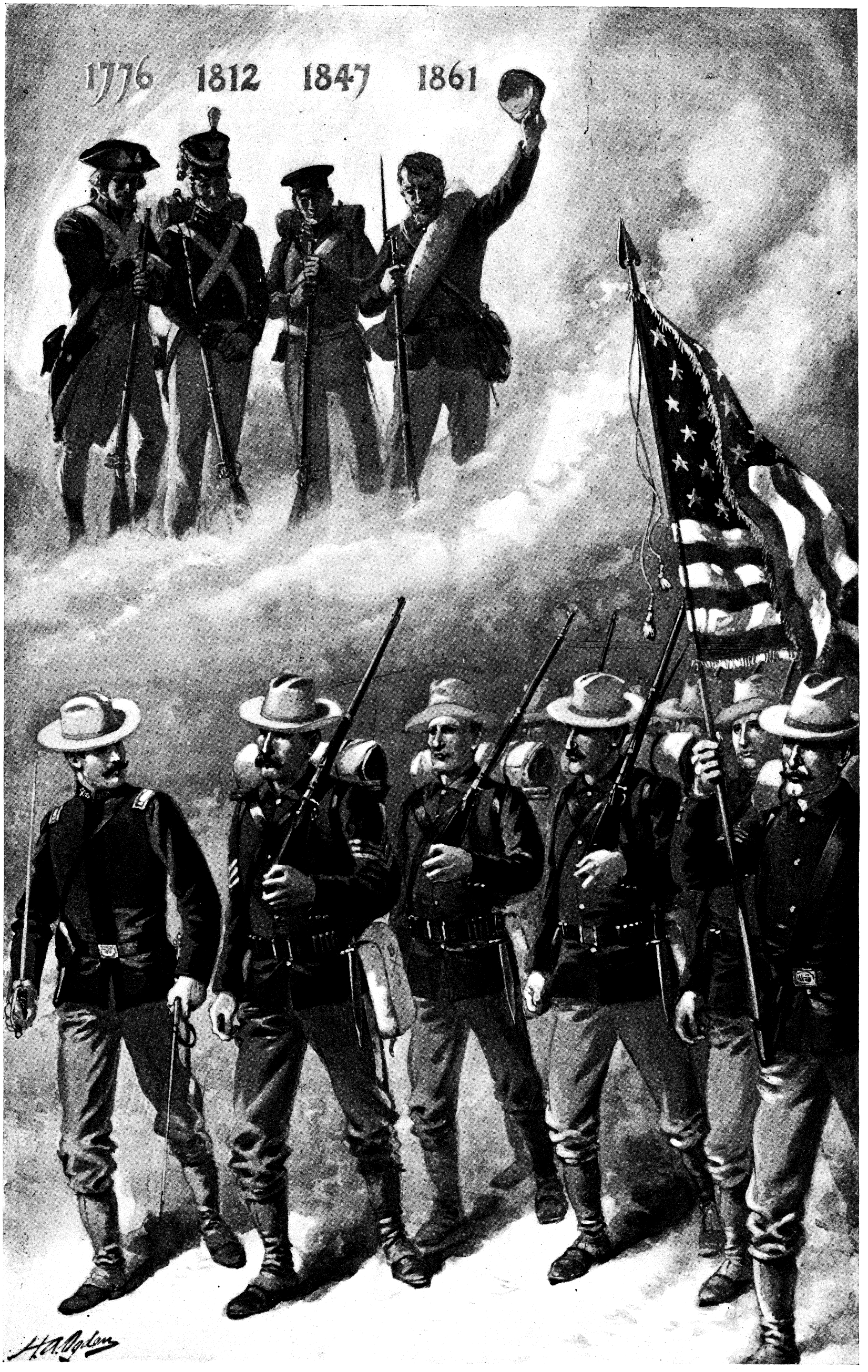
On the actions of the powers in the event of a Carlist invasion it is difficult to speculate. That the Emperor JOSEPH will do what he can by diplomacy to maintain his relatives on the Spanish throne seems assured from his recent proceedings; and England's possession of Gibraltar, and her interest in the preservation of Portugal as a separate nation, may possibly, as they have done in the past, make her averse to any violent upheaval. But the policy of the powers will undoubtedly depend on the attitude of the Spaniards themselves towards the pretender. It would be a serious matter to attempt to expel him from Madrid if the Spaniards welcomed his advent as their one chance of escaping a long internecine struggle. The issue remains in doubt; but that the Carlists will not let the opportunity slip by without a bold effort to regain what they consider their rights is as certain as anything can be.

A TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

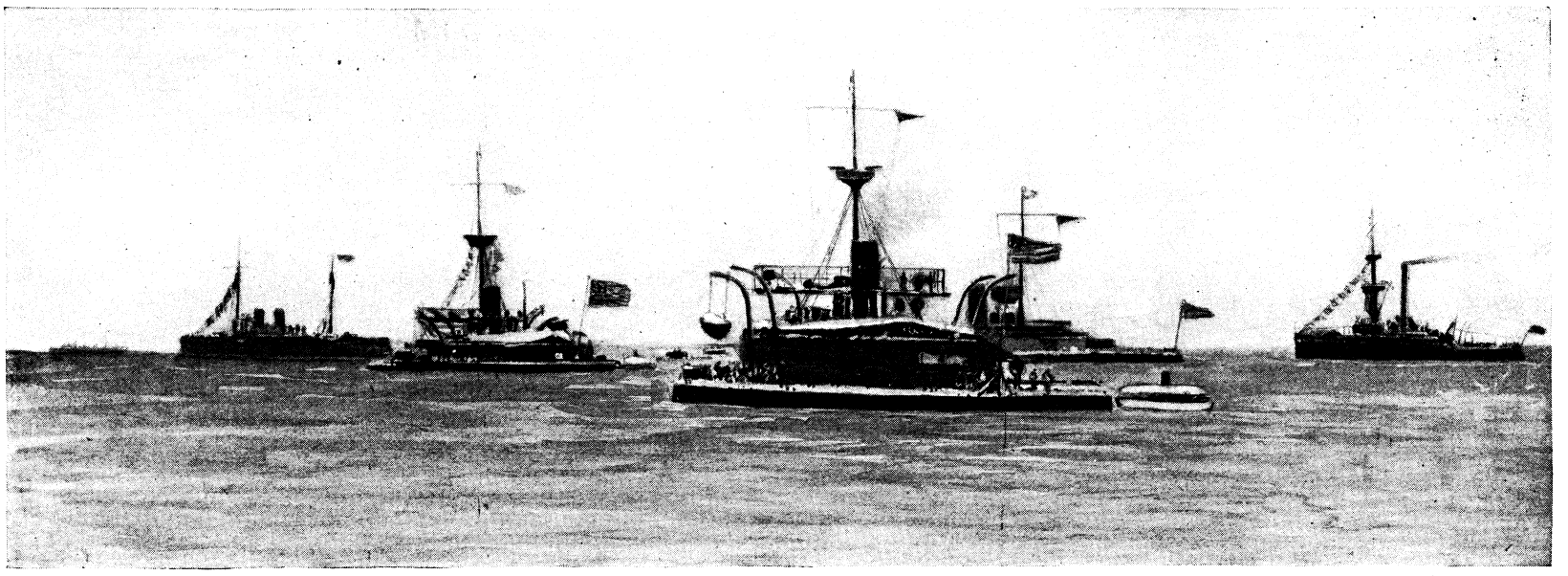
THERE has been a great deal of noisy talk about "patriotism" in Congress and in the press for the past two months. It must be owned that much of it, both by the sources from which it has proceeded and by its inherent quality, has illustrated Dr. JOHNSON'S cynical definition of the sentiment in question. We have from time to time endeavored to apply the test of reason to some of the more violent ebullitions of what represented itself to be the only genuine article. But there is one test which can be applied with a degree of certainty approaching infallibility. A man who shows himself willing to make personal or party sacrifices in the cause of his country is a true patriot, according to his lights. The cheap variety of patriotism which refuses any sacrifice is a sham.

There will shortly come up a question which will give an opportunity to a large number of members of Congress, who have been talking about their patriotism, a chance to prove that they possess it. The special appropriation is nearly exhausted, and it will be necessary to negotiate a "war loan." The question is whether that loan shall or shall not be negotiated upon the most favorable terms. There is no sort of doubt about the facts. An obligation expressly payable in gold will be a much less burdensome obligation than one ambiguously payable in coin, and meant to reserve the option of repaying gold or silver. It is the same question which came up three years ago, when the President was forced to buy gold to maintain the reserve in the Treasury. Mr. CLEVELAND at that time laid before Congress: In order to put the Treasury in possession of $65,000,000 in gold, a four-per-cent. "coin" bond could be disposed of at a price which would make the rate of interest three and three-quarters per cent., or a three-per-cent. gold bond could be disposed of at par. The saving of interest by the issue of the latter, during the twenty years the bonds had to run, he showed, would amount, upon the proposed issue, to $16,000,000. He gave Congress the opportunity to save that amount to the nation, impressively reminding it that "the sentiments or prejudices of those with whom we must negotiate in disposing of our bonds are not subject to our dictation."

Now the same question recurs, and those who were the "silver Senators" of 1895 are asked whether they will again, as they did then, prefer their own "sentiments or prejudices" to the demonstrable and demonstrated saving to the nation of a great amount of money. The situation has entirely changed. The proposal to enact bimetallism by the United States "without the aid or consent of any other nation" was then a political issue. It has been removed by the votes of the people of the United States. "Bimetallism by international agreement" was then a dream which to many persons had the illusion of reality. It has since been utterly dispelled, so that nobody any longer pretends to believe in it. A vote now that "coin bonds" instead of "gold bonds" shall be issued to meet the expenses of the war will be a vote to reaffirm what an inflationist of a past generation called "a barren ideality" at a cost of many millions of the money of the people. A Senator who votes thus to cripple the resources of the nation will be so plainly a public enemy that his pretension to be regarded as a patriot will become merely impudent. Can it be possible, after all that has come and gone since February, 1895, that there can be found in the Senate enough public enemies to defeat the negotiation of a loan on the most favorable terms to the nation?



THE UNITED STATES REGULAR INFANTRY, PAST AND PRESENT.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

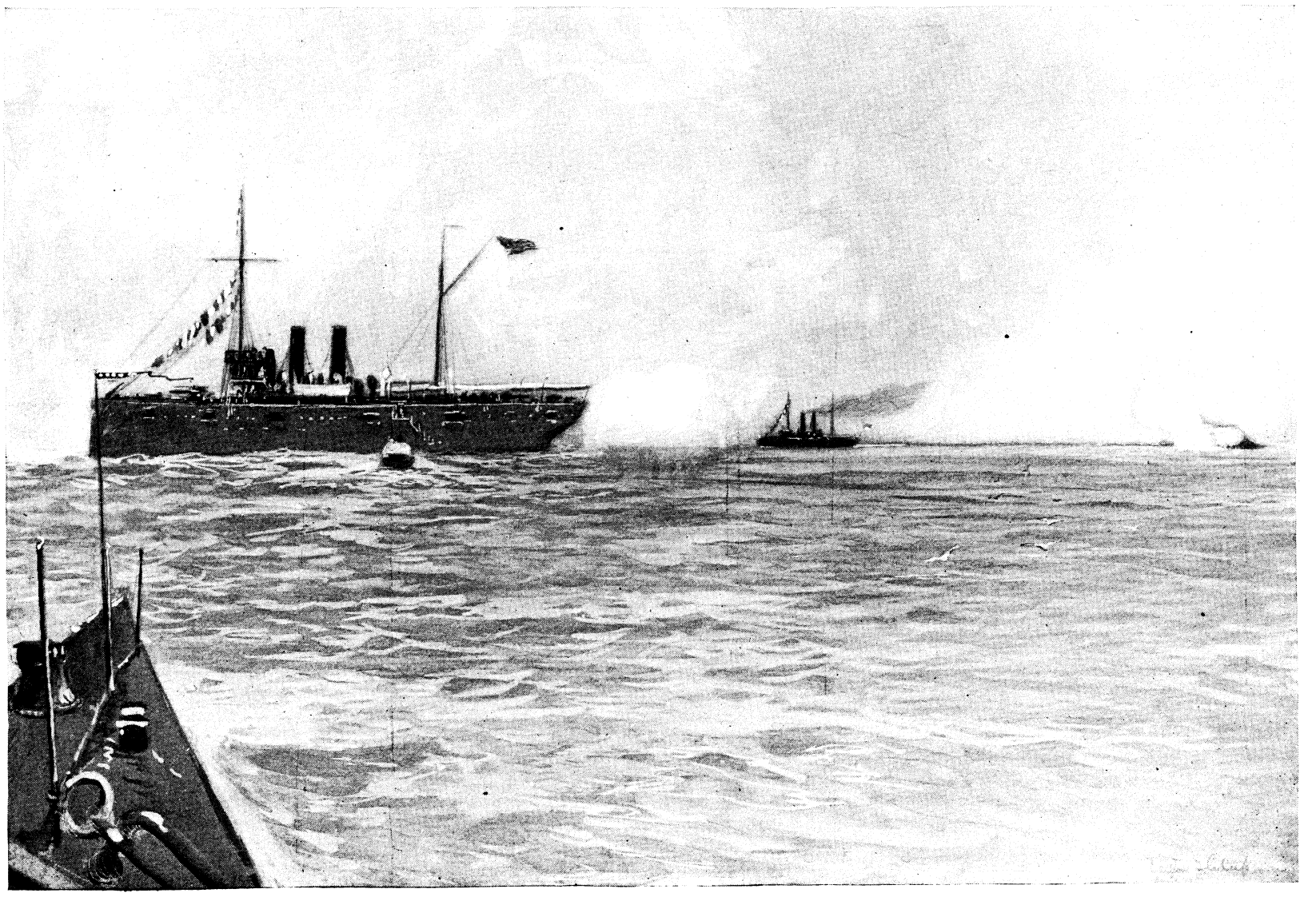


"Castine." "Cincinnati." "Terror." "Amphitrite." "Puritan." "Helena."

THE THREE GREAT COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS READY FOR ACTION.



QUARANTINE STATION. NEW FORTIFICATIONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



THE "MARBLEHEAD" AT SECONDARY-BATTERY GUN-PRACTICE—SHOWING THE EFFECT OF A SIX-POUNDER SHOT ON A SAND KEY TWO MILES DISTANT.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE mind of the average human being does not hold many impressions at once. When one idea or thought is prominent, other considerations for the time being become faint. No doubt that accounts for the recent variations of sentiment which many readers of the WEEKLY must have noticed both in themselves and others anent the consuming question of war with Spain. Is it not a pretty common experience among those of us who have had no personal share in shaping the course of events that we have wobbled very much in our feelings, and that what we have felt pretty sure of one day we have been apt to feel less sure of the next day, and that whenever a particular uncertainty culminated in decision the drawbacks and inexpediencies of that particular decision have presented themselves to our minds in squadrons and platoons, and have made all other possible decisions or indecisions seem preferable by comparison?

If any of us feels dejected because matters have fallen out as they have, let him seek solace in self-questionings as to what his feelings would have been if they had fallen out otherwise. When the choice is a choice of evils we must not be surprised if the outcome does not wholly please us. Most of us have felt the shiver and the sinking of the heart which come naturally enough in the presence of war, and we have heard Congress upbraided for its action and the Jingoes denounced for goading Congress on. In contrast with the ills we know other ills dwindle. Let us remember that what has been done has been done in the interest of a purpose with which most of us were strongly in sympathy, and let us ask ourselves how we would have liked it if our government, instead of going forward, had fallen back. We have heard the moans of the lovers of peace over the impulsiveness of Congress; we have not heard what would have been said if Congress had shown a lack of zeal for Cuban freedom. Neither do we realize what our own feelings might have been if the hand once put to the plough had been withdrawn. It may be that we would have felt worse in that case than we do in this.

We have felt the horrors of an uncertain peace acutely enough during the past month to make the horrors of war, if not actually welcome, at least highly interesting as a change. We shall not immediately get over the feeling that our war with Spain is a scene from an *opera-bouffe*. It still seems unreal. The civil war was an "irrepressible conflict" long before it broke, and people's minds must have been somewhat prepared for it, however sudden may have been the boom of the gun that opened on Fort Sumter. But this affair with Spain, though some of us have long thought it inevitable, to the majority of tranquil people has come like a thunder-storm on a summer day, and though for a month or two we have foreseen it with our minds, we haven't with our hearts.

Well, it is a very bad condition that is worse than uncertainty. We have had uncertainty for weeks, and, after the situation became critical, it was exceedingly depressing. There is no fun in uncertainty, no sport, no comfort. War will at least be tremendously interesting. We will be quit of the immense trouble of trying to make up our minds, and instead of dreading the beginning, we will be able to hope for a speedy end.

There is a painful interest in the news that Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is dying of consumption in Colorado. Whatever may be the political or social value of the ideas he put into his books, he put them forth in such dress and order that they made many thousands of readers his obliged and appreciative friends. If every prophet had been as good a story-teller as he is, that tradition about a prophet's standing in his own country would never have won its vogue.

Lieutenant Totten's recent astrological forecast of disturbances immediately in prospect warned us to look for lively times between March 29 and April 1, and between April 15 and 18. The President sent the report on the *Maine* to Congress on March 28, and the following days were full of emotion, as were those including April 15 to 18, when the two Houses of Congress were trying to agree on action in response to the President's message. It would seem therefore that the stars Lieutenant Totten consulted gave him pretty reliable information, though it is proper to remember that the times for the last two months have been remarkably prolific of periods adapted to buttress a prophet's professional reputation, provided he seasoned his forecasts with sufficient ginger.

It is probably true, as is suggested in a current periodical by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, that if the American colony in Paris were less numerous the Parisians would have fewer false ideas about the United States. "I am afraid," he adds, "that the majority of the Frenchmen who reside in America have contributed a great deal toward giving the people there a bad idea of France." This apprehension seems hardly to be well founded. Most Americans get their impressions of the French either from travelling or living in France, or from French books and periodicals. They don't form impressions, either favorable or adverse, about the French in France from the French in America. French people and France are very closely associated in the minds of their observers. There are many French people, many good and useful ones, in this country, but there is no group of them which is so conspicuously representative—or misrepresentative—as the permanent American colony at Paris. It is composed of people who may choose where they will live, and who choose Paris because they like better to live there than at home. In that preference they differ from the great majority of the Americans, and the bases of the difference are personal peculiarities, or unusual tastes or circumstances, which expressly disqualify them from giving a trustworthy impression of the tastes and sentiments of the rest of their countrymen. It is not necessarily that they are either better or worse than the rest of us, but they are different. Baron Coubertin speaks of them as "ladies and gentlemen who are very agreeable to meet, and whose elegance and grace are greatly appreciated." Very good. Still, he is right in his conclusion that the impression they give of American character is not one that it is safe to accept.

At Miss Anne Brown's school in New York (715 Fifth Avenue) there is to be held on April 29 a fair in aid of the Ella Weed Scholarship at Barnard College. Miss Weed, a graduate of Vassar, and most widely known perhaps as a teacher at Miss Brown's, found her special work in the preparation of girls for college, and when Barnard was established labored zealously and most usefully to give practical form and substance to the idea that inspired its institution. In memory of her work of organization, and in recognition of what the college owes to her, it was determined to raise three thousand dollars for a scholarship to bear her name. Six hundred dollars of that sum is still lacking, and the want of it gives this fair its special motive.

Miss Weed had a decided gift of literary expression, which her devotion to her calling as a teacher left her so little chance to cultivate that fugitive verses and letters are almost the only records of a talent that was worth a fuller development. The one bit of her literary work which was ready to be printed was a year-book of quotations (including a few verses of her own), which she put together and gave as a birthday gift to Miss Brown. This little book, interesting and charming in itself, has a special value to Miss Weed's acquaintances, because in so many ways it reflects her mind. It will be first brought out at this fair, and will be sold for the benefit of the scholarship fund.

The joint commission appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1892, to revise the constitutions and canons of the Church, has submitted a report which recommends, among other changes, one that forbids any Episcopal minister to "solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party." Of the twenty members of the commission five dissented from this recommendation. Among these five were Bishop Potter and Dr. Huntington of Grace Church in New York. The present rule of the Episcopal Church grants the sanction of the Church to the marriage of the innocent party to a divorce on the ground of adultery. But even if the rule is changed as recommended, it will not necessarily be so very serious a matter, even to persons whom it is designed to concern. The Roman Catholic Church considers that a member of its Church who is not married by a priest of the Church is not married at all. That attitude makes further connection with the Roman Catholic Church inconvenient for a Catholic who has been married by a Protestant clergyman or by a civil magistrate. The Episcopal Church seems not to purpose to go so far as that, and even if it forbids its priests to marry divorced persons, it is hardly likely to regard its members who, being divorced, have married without its sanction, as so inadequately married as not to be still welcome in the Episcopal fold. Divorced Episcopalians, therefore, who had been married in the lifetime of their former spouses by a justice of the peace might apparently still continue, without loss of self-respect, to be members of the Episcopal Church.

Unless the number of students in residence at Harvard College should be very materially reduced between this and June by causes not yet operative, that feature of the class-day exercises which includes the rush around the old elm back of Hollis Hall, and the scramble for flowers, will be materially changed. The change, which was foreshadowed last year, is necessitated by the increased size of the classes. Of late years there have been too many students in the ring and too many spectators on the benches, and the whole performance had been so overweighted with humanity that it had become dangerous to life. What can be saved from what were the tree exercises will be moved out of the yard into the delta, where there is more available room. Then on class-day afternoon there will be an assemblage, cheering, an address, maybe, and perhaps a not too disorderly distribution of flowers.

The Presbyteries are not yet quite together in their attitude towards the Princeton liquor interests. At the meeting of the Cleveland (Ohio) Presbytery on April 13 the Committee on Temperance brought in a report which declared that—

> Our Church and the world have been shocked by the prevalence of drunkenness at Princeton College, through the indifference and connivance of its management, the mere mention of which causes the hot, indignant blood to mantle our cheeks.

This went farther than the majority of the brethren cared to follow, and the report had to be modified before it was accepted.

The report of the Committee on Temperance of the New York Presbytery, which met on the same day, also touched on the relation between alcohol and colleges, and urged the need of taking measures against the perversion of youth by liquor. But there was no "hot, indignant blood" in that report, for it said:

> While every one deplores the existence of drinking resorts in the vicinity of these seats of learning, it is a well-attested fact that the moral and religious tone of all our higher institutions was never more healthy, positive, and elevating than at the present time.
>
> Saloons will have little attraction for men fortified by Christian principle; and indiscriminate charges of prevailing drunkenness among students wantonly defame the high character of those upon whom the future of the Church and the community must largely depend; create unwarranted fears in many homes; diminish confidence in the professed friends of temperance, and weaken their hold of this great reform upon the entire community.

That is a vigorous rebuke, well earned and opportunely conveyed. The vagaries, as shown at Cleveland, of persons who are supposed to help take charge of the much-regarded "conscience of the nation" bring grief to watchers who are anxious to believe—and especially just now—that what the conscience of the nation believes is true, and that what it demands is right.

The report of the University Settlement Society of New York for 1897 is full of lively, interesting reading, and is recommended as a wholesome object of attention for persons who are over-full of war news, misgivings, and anxieties, and feel the need of a momentary change of thought. It includes the report of the head worker, the record of an investigation of dispossessed tenants, the story of the experiences of a member of the Street-Cleaning Department whose work was in the Settlement's district, a discussion of the good and bad points of old-style and new-style tenements, and much other information which is authoritative and reliable about the people of the lower East Side, and the work of the Settlement among them.

The University Settlement is now completing the tenth year of its work. It has lived for five years in its present house, and thinks the time has come to build a new one. Its present quarters are in an old building covering a lot 25×76, between two higher buildings. The work has far outgrown these quarters, and the Settlement has bought for $58,000 a lot 67×80 at the corner of Eldridge and Rivington streets. This lot is paid for, except $1600 still owed on it. The building which has been planned for it will cost about $90,000, of which over $30,000 has already been subscribed, and with that sum the work can be begun. The remaining $60,000 is very much wanted, and contributors to it are invited to communicate with Mr. James Speyer, 30 Broad Street, New York.

No one needs to be told that there are reconcentrados here in New York as well as in Cuba. No wiser or more efficient work is being done for the relief of our reconcentrados than that carried on by the organizations which cluster about the Settlement at 26 Delancey Street.

Just now, while everything that concerns the navy is matter of breathless interest, it seems proper to record that the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives recommended on April 12 the expurgation of the ledge at Pull-and-be-damned Point in Portsmouth Harbor, New Hampshire. The navy-yard at Kittery is behind this objectionable point, and the ledge is in the way of naval vessels which have occasion to use the dry dock in the yard. The House committee merely recommends the removal of the ledge, but it seems obvious that the whole point had better go, since the moral effect of a point with such a name cannot but be deleterious, both to neighboring residents and to the crews of warships that put in there.

The failure, on April 11, of Alfred Dolge, of Dolgeville, in central New York, is greatly regretted, because it cripples a manufacturer who was widely known for his efforts to bring capital and labor into satisfactory relations. Mr. Dolge's scheme of sharing profits with his employees has been much written about and studied. It worked well, apparently, so long as there were profits to share. How far his failure affects the practicability of the methods of dealing with labor with which his name was associated does not appear. He is quoted as saying, "I see now that, in view of present conditions, I have been more liberal in aiding others than was wise or prudent"; but he attributes his present embarrassments not to his profit-sharing experiments, but to denial of credit due to the disturbed state of the money market.

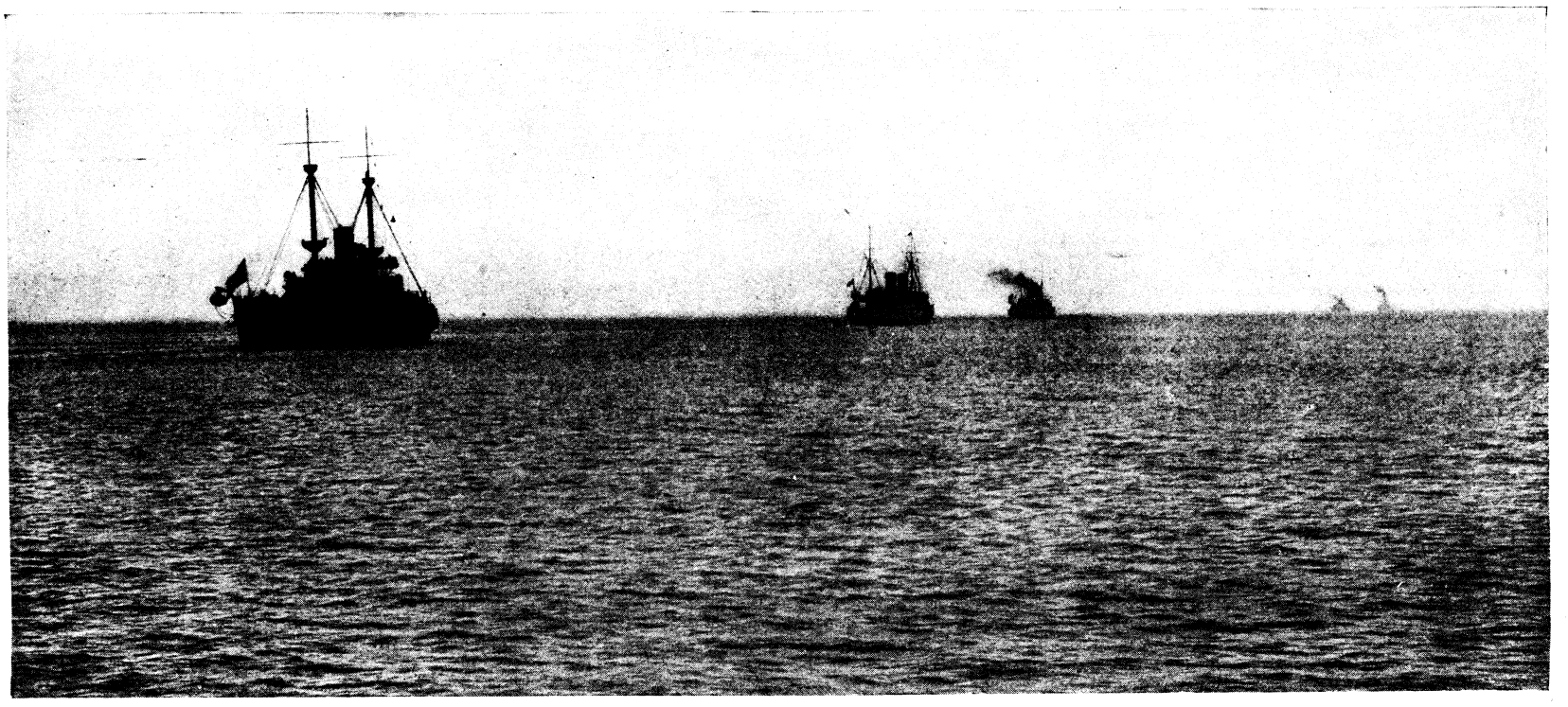
The gift by Colonel Oliver H. Payne of $500,000 to endow in New York a new medical college for Cornell University is a sequel to events and discussions which during the period of their occurrence must have been lively enough to occupy the minds of the persons concerned in them to the exclusion of even the claims of war and Cuba Libre. Colonel Payne's benefaction is a consequence of a difference between the New York University, represented by Chancellor McCracken, and its medical committee and the faculty of its medical college. As a result of that difference the medical committee and faculty resigned. The reasons for withdrawal given by these gentlemen, as published at length in the *Evening Post* of April 16, are that they were buncoed by Chancellor McCracken. The details on which this painful charge is based may not here be given in full, but the gist of them is that early last year Chancellor McCracken induced the officers of the Medical College Laboratory, which constituted the medical department of the New York University, to transfer to the university the property which stood in their name, on condition, verbally expressed, that the management of the property, and of the college connected with it, should be left in their charge. They hold that since the transfer was made the Chancellor has fallen out with them, and has violated his agreement in many particulars, and that the university ought not to continue to hold the property.

The reply of the Chancellor to these statements has not yet come to public notice. Meanwhile Colonel Payne, who was one of the four members of the medical committee who resigned, has endowed a new medical school, to which the gentlemen who lately constituted the faculty of the school connected with New York University will migrate in a body.

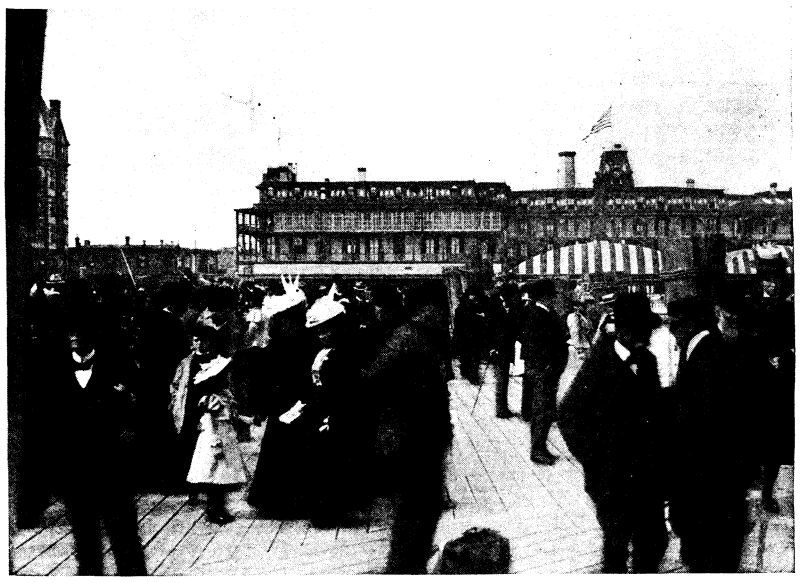
The death of former President Joachim Crespo of Venezuela, who was killed in battle on April 16, recalls, inopportunely, the vicissitudes of government in most of the Spanish-American republics. When a revolution under General Hernandez broke out in Venezuela on March 2 General Crespo took the field with the government forces, but report says he lost ground steadily, and his death seems not unlikely to be followed by the triumph of the revolutionists. He was fifty-two years old, a native of Venezuela, a man of large wealth, and a soldier of distinction. He grew rich in ranching, land speculations, and other business. At thirty he went into the army, and eventually became its commander. In 1855 he was appointed President to fill the unexpired term of President Guzman Blanco, and kept the office, with one or two intermissions, until last February.

Mr. W. L. Alden, in a London letter to the New York *Times*, speaks of a new memorial window in honor of Jane Austen, and inquires if any one ever reads her novels. Judging from the number of recent reprints of Miss Austen's novels the answer is not far to seek. Folks do read them and like them. Some persons—in Boston and elsewhere—read them habitually. They are very good reading, and are especially useful to take the contemporary American out of his own time and away from all current considerations and give his mind a rest and his thoughts a complete change. No novels are better suited to be read just now as a change from newspapers.

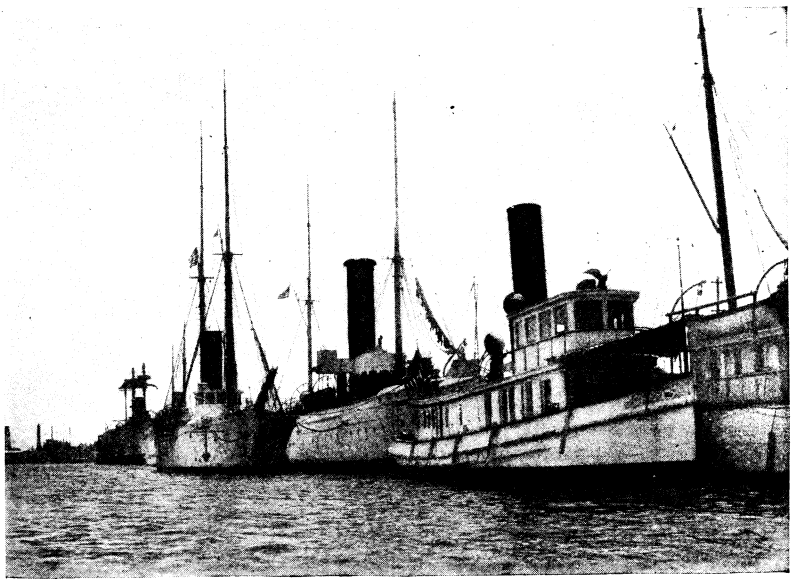
E. S. MARTIN.



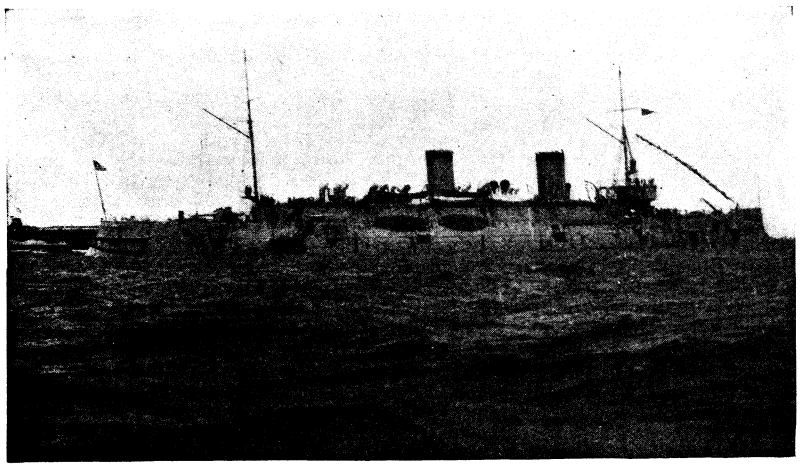
THE FLYING SQUADRON LEAVING HAMPTON ROADS, APRIL 13, FOR A PRACTICE CRUISE.



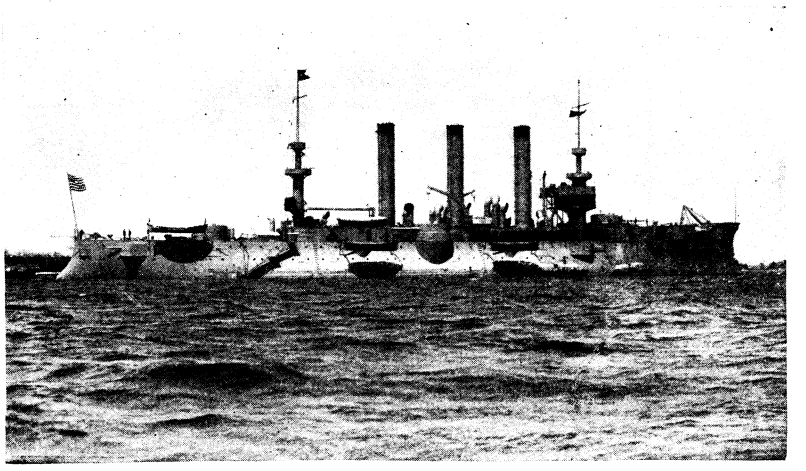
CROWDS ON OLD POINT WHARF WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON.



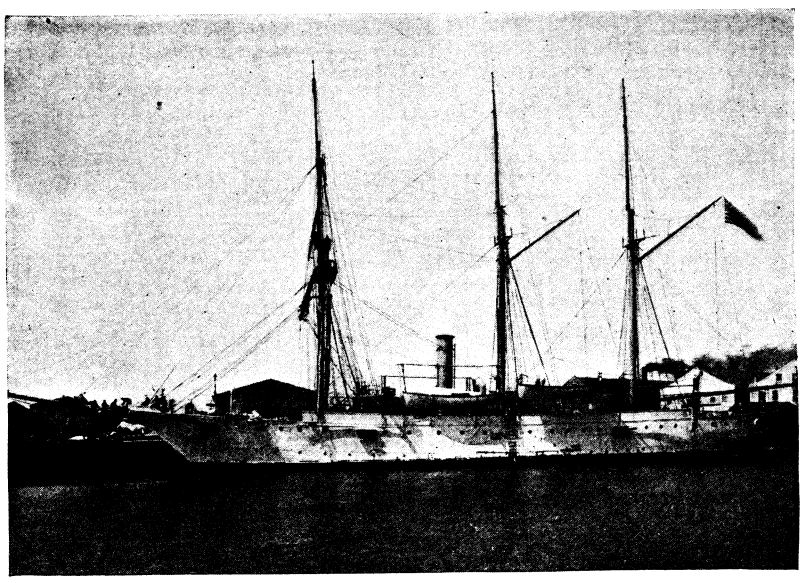
REVENUE-CUTTERS AT THE NORFOLK NAVY YARD BEING FITTED WITH RAPID-FIRE GUNS FOR THE AUXILIARY NAVY.



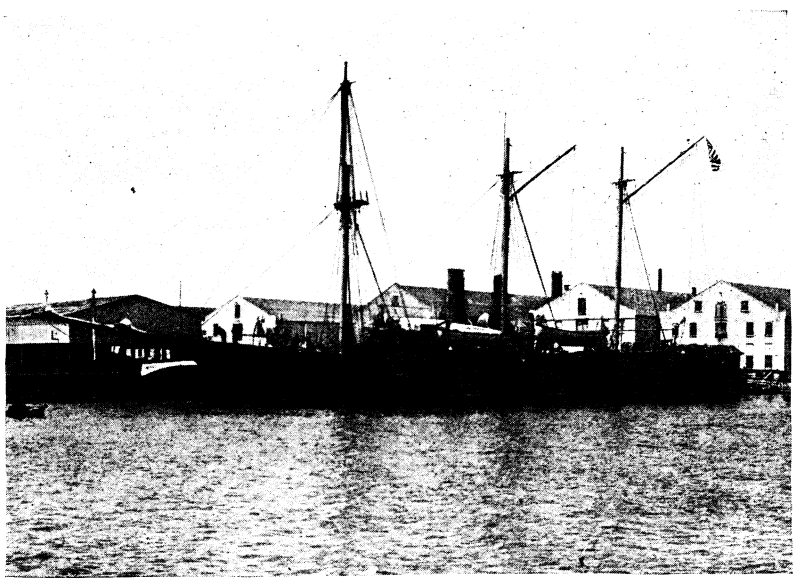
U. S. CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" IN HER INCONSPICUOUS WAR-PAINT.



U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAG-SHIP.

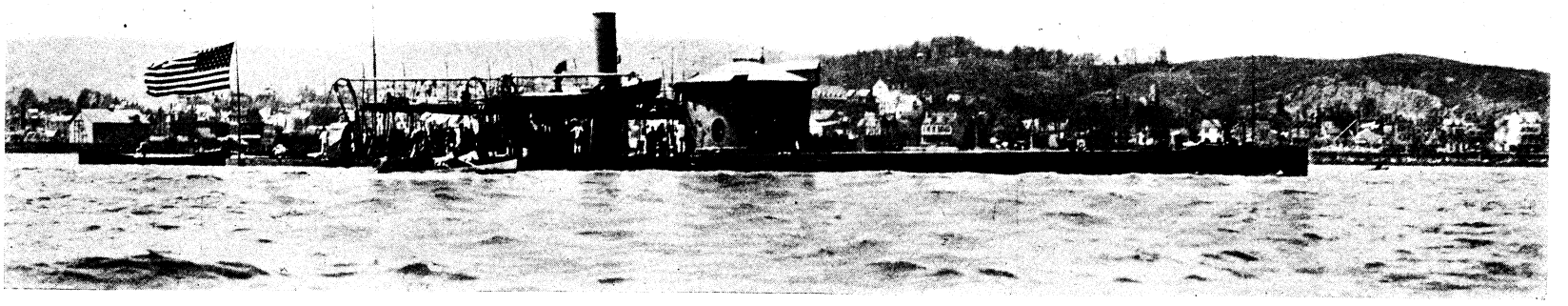


U. S. GUNBOAT "VICKSBURG" IN CRUISING TRIM.



THE "VICKSBURG" IN FIGHTING TRIM.

WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



U. S. SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR "NAHANT," WITH NEW YORK NAVAL MILITIA ABOARD, OFF TOMPKINSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES.

April 12, 1898.

FROM the Klondike café, near the docks, up to the highest house on the hills that surround the landlocked harbor of Charlotte Amalie, from one end of the island of St. Thomas to the other, two questions are in the minds and on the lips of the people, and these are—will we be bought by the Americans, and will there be war with Spain? These queries are followed by a thought born of the two possibilities—if we are bought by the Americans, and if there is war between that country and Spain, will the Spaniards bombard and destroy our only seaport town, Charlotte Amalie, before the United States can give us the protection that is our due?

The arguments and statements anent these three all-absorbing questions, that are made in the curious and almost incomprehensible English of the boatmen on the wharves and the black street boys in tattered coats and trousers, are about as intelligent and acceptable as the opinions of merchants, officials, and men of position generally, and this with all due respect to the latter, for neither the one nor the other know aught of the matter, and the town is so small that the same words are in the mouths of all of its people. The name of Senator Lodge is almost as familiar as the name of their own Governor, and each step that he and the American Senate have taken in the matter of the buying of these Danish islands by the United States, has been observed with intense interest, discussed and commented upon, favorably and joyfully when it appeared the sale would be consummated, sorrowfully when it was learned that the Senate had temporarily postponed action in this matter that is so earnestly desired by the people of this island. That they do desire to belong to the United States there is no manner of doubt. When Danish officials are questioned upon this point, they, feeling a certain obligation not to talk too freely with a correspondent on the matter, give a true answer and avert any suspicion of disloyalty, by simply referring to 1867. This means that when in that year Mr. Seward attempted to bring about the acquisition of these islands by the United States, a vote was taken among the people to determine if they wanted to be sold to America or not. Some 2000 voted in favor, and less than 30 against the measure. This was thirty years ago; but assurance is given that the people feel now as they did then.

On Monday, April 4, the following petition was circulated in Charlotte Amalie; I quote from the St. Thomas *Bulletin:*

As a result of the news cabled from New York on Saturday, it has been deemed expedient to at once petition the King not to sanction the sale of the Islands. This would have been done yesterday, but being Sunday it was not practicable.

The Petition was drawn up, circulated for signatures this morning, and will be despatched to-day.

This is a prudent step, and one that is almost certain to enlist the sympathy of his Majesty. To be sold is one thing, but to change owners in these perilous times would be awful.

Subjoined is the petition:

"*Telegram to our Most Gracious King, his Majesty Christian IX., Copenhagen.*

"Undersigned Burghers and Inhabitants of St. Thomas pray most submissively your Majesty not to sanction the transfer of the island to America, at least not under the present circumstances."

There follow the names of thirty-three merchants of this port, and among them, strangely enough, the names of four foreign consuls. There are merchants here who have monopolies in certain lines of selling. This is to their profit, and they fear competition. The monopolists were the most energetic in the circulation of this petition.

But the petition was never sent to the King. Probably because it did not receive sufficient support. If it had been sent, his Most Gracious Majesty the King of Denmark might have been well puzzled to discover what his good burghers in St. Thomas were driving at, anyway.

It being an accepted fact that the island of St. Thomas is anxious to come under the stars and stripes, a few inquiries were made as to the cause of their enthusiasm in the premises, and these questions brought forth such descriptions of the past glories of the little island that one was sorry indeed not to have lived here in the good old times, when the ships in the bay were counted by the hundreds, when schooners from all the Indies were crowded into the sheltering harbor, when business boomed, when the big black steamships entered and cleared from all the world in such numbers that a man could not keep track of them, when money was plenty, and sailors from all nations crowded the streets, as ready for an international carouse as for an international fight.

Be the causes what they may—and it is a little difficult to find satisfactory and convincing explanations for the loss of the trade that is gone—St. Thomas is not what it used to be, and it is with a hope for the return of the good old times that the people of the island are willing to be transferred to a country whom they consider their geographical protector, whose commerce and business activity will bring them what they desire, whose capital will come with its tourists. It is a question of dollars and cents—American dollars and cents—to St. Thomas.

They cannot and they do not expect a more equable, free, kindly, and thorough government than that which they have enjoyed under Denmark.

The principal criticism that is made of Danish rule is that Denmark does not always protect, in a foreign land, the colonial subject born in the Indies as she does the man born in Denmark. The true native and the islander are, apparently, not on the same footing, and the native-born man is favored.

With a police force of thirty men, and of soldiers less than one hundred, Denmark has maintained her gentle sway over this island of the Virgin group. There exist various institutions for the benefit of the people, which all speak of the fostering care and wise direction of the mother-country. The inhabitants of St. Thomas are happy, well fed, clean, and lazy. On holidays they laugh up and down the clean and well-paved streets of Charlotte Amalie, and their condition, appearance, and peace of mind are in strong contrast with those of their less fortunate brothers who live under Spanish rule on the two islands still belonging to Spain in these Indies. They would be still more fortunate as citizens of the United States.

Denmark has never forced her language on the people of her islands. As a result, English is universally spoken. All officials talk that language in addition to their own, and the services in the churches and the instruction in the schools are in that tongue. Nevertheless, Charlotte Amalie, whose clean streets, white houses, and sedate dignity remind one of Philadelphia, is very cosmopolitan. The English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch steamers all bring tourists from their respective countries, and the three tongues of the West Indies—Spanish, French, and English—are heard on all sides.

Last week the American consul in St. Thomas, Mr. Mahlon Van Horn—against whom some men are prejudiced because of his color, but even these will all join in commending Mr. Van Horn's honesty, energy, and intelligence—received orders from the government of his country to procure and hold subject to orders 1000 tons of coal. This Mr. Van Horn promptly did, notwithstanding the efforts of the Spanish consul to prevent the sale. The schooner *Ida C. Southard* was chartered, and loaded with the coal in question; she is now anchored in the harbor, awaiting orders from the United States.

After this matter of the coal had been adjusted and Charlotte Amalie settled down from the excitement caused thereby, conjecture was rife as to where the war-ships would receive the fuel. Some expected the immediate arrival of the Flying Squadron, even going so far as the hill-tops in their vain endeavors to catch sight of our warships; others averred that the coal could not be delivered in this a neutral port if war were declared. Then a telegram from the outside world was responsible for the rumor that the coal was to be sent to Samana Bay, in Santo Domingo, and St. Thomas at once became downcast.

The harbor of St. Thomas, the island's strong attraction to vessels, can be best described in the words of Mr. F. A. Ober.

"As daylight comes, it is seen what a beautiful harbor is this of St. Thomas, worthy of all the adjectives one can heap upon it, magnificent, gemlike, glorious. Hills on all sides surround it, save towards the southern sea, where the entrance lies between two high promontories, guarded by ancient forts. Hills behind it, sunburnt and bare, look down upon a charming town."

The floating dry dock is anchored on the western side of this harbor. It can lift a ship of 3000 tons, and although it has been out here many years, it is in excellent repair and working order, and does much work. The dock was built in England, and brought out to the island in sections, and assembled here.

Three steamship lines have their coaling-stations in this harbor, and none of these concerns supply coal to other than their own vessels. Steamers not owned by these lines and desiring coal are supplied by Brousted & Co. The companies mentioned are the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with an annual consumption of about 20,000 tons; the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, using from 40,000 to 50,000 tons a year; the Hamburg-American Packet Company, with an equal consumption; while Brousted & Co. also handle from 40,000 to 50,000 tons annually.

Defences of this harbor there are none; a few saluting-guns at the barracks on shore cannot be so considered. The hills behind the town rise to some 1500 feet, and there is high ground, from 300 to 500 feet, immediately surrounding the harbor.

St. Thomas is to-day a very healthy port. Many men consider it the most fortunate place in this respect in the West Indies. The opening of a passage some years ago from the harbor westerly to the sea did much to bring about this condition. The town, being built on the sides of three hills abutting from the main range, is thoroughly cleaned out, day after day, by the heavy rains, in the wet season.

From the entrance of the port, and right up to the King's Dock, a distance of about a mile, there is a broad channel of deep water, broken only by a ledge of rock near the mouth, which serves as a breakwater when hurricanes blow in from the south.

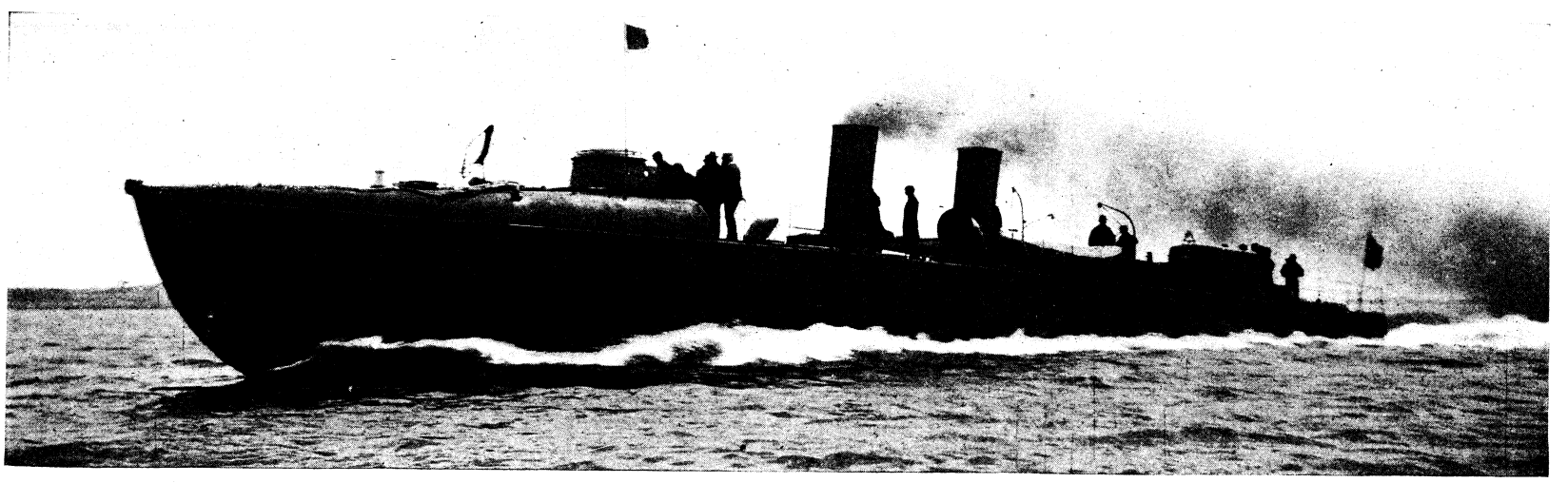
Seamen say the bottom of St. Thomas Harbor is an excellent anchorage. To the east and west of the main channel, already referred to, are stretches of shoaler water, sufficiently deep for schooners and small steamers.

The other islands of this Danish group are St. Croix and St. John. The former, the largest of the group, is nineteen miles long, and from one to five miles broad. Here is raised considerable sugar-cane; about fifteen thousand tons of sugar are exported annually. The population of the island is a little under twenty thousand.

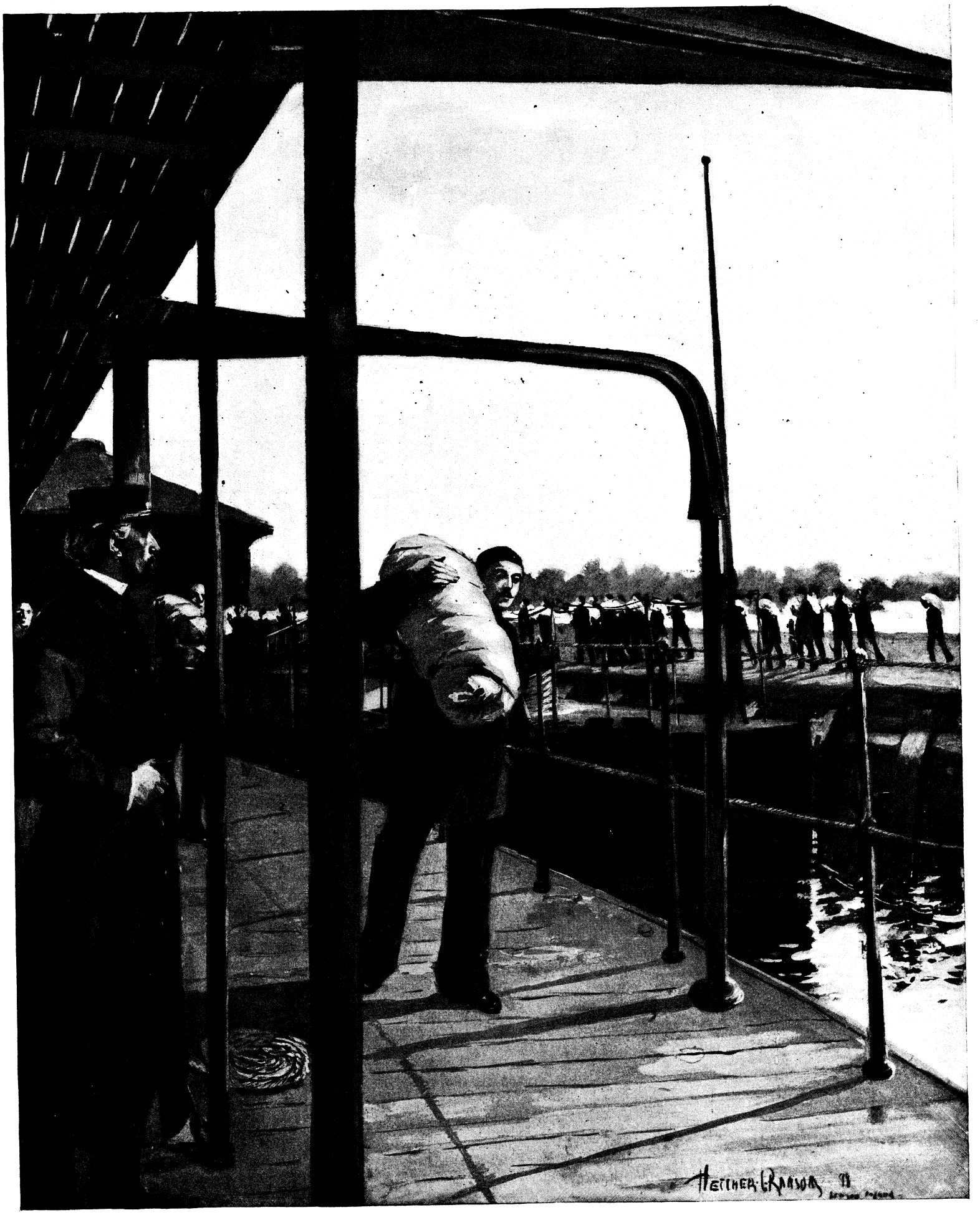
It is stated that, owing to former French possession of St. Croix, and an agreement entered into between France and Denmark, the latter country cannot dispose of St. Croix without the assent of France in the matter.

The island of St. John belongs to the municipality at St. Thomas, contains forty-two square miles, and less than one thousand inhabitants. It is said that St. John has an excellent harbor.

HAROLD MARTIN.



U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "MORRIS" ON HER RECENT SPEED TRIAL IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED AND COPYRIGHT BY FRANK H. CHILD, NEWPORT, R. I.



OUR CITIZEN SAILORS ON DUTY—NAVAL MILITIA GOING ABOARD AN OLD WAR-TIME SINGLE-TURRET MONITOR AT THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD.

NAVAL MILITIA IN SERVICE.

For more than thirty years the old Monitors which were used in the war of the rebellion have been laid up at navy-yards out of commission. Once we had a war scare in which Chile figured as the prospective party of the second part, and some of these old fighters were hauled out of their comfortable berths and made partly ready for service. But the scare faded away. The rosy bloom of peace settled upon the cheeks of the Goddess of Liberty, and the dust and dirt of a navy-yard settled upon the Monitors. Rust sank into the indentations made by Confederate shells, and black paint turned a dingy brown.

When the present crisis confronted the country the officials of the Navy Department bethought themselves of these old Monitors. Would they be of any service in the face of Hontoria guns, modern powder, and sharp-pointed cylindrical projectiles? The navy experts thought they might do something. They certainly were not to be dreamed of as battle-craft, but inside a bay or harbor they might perhaps offer some obstacle to light-armed and swift vessels which slipped past a fort. The armor of the old Monitors is only eleven inches of wrought iron, and that of course will not resist heavy modern guns, but it will do very well against light ones. The old-fashioned 15-inch smooth-bores will not hurl armor-piercing shells, such as the present guns use, but they would do a lot of smashing of light plates for all that.

The Navy Department, finding itself very short of ships in the face of an emergency, determined to bring out the old Monitors to help fight Spain. But then came the question of men to man them. Men were scarce, and so were officers; yet it was absolutely necessary that these old vessels should be distributed among the ports to which they were assigned. How to do it, that was the problem. Suddenly Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt remembered that he had a naval militia in his pocket. He snapped his fingers and said, "That militia must get those Monitors." Telegrams were sent to Governors of States asking them if they could furnish men to man Monitors. Legal questions were ignored, and the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey said they could send men to man anything and go anywhere. The Monitors *Jason* and *Nahant* were assigned to New York, and the commanding officers of the New York and Brooklyn battalions were ordered to make details to man them. The *Jason* unfortunately broke her turret-spindle, and deferred the expedition of the Brooklyn men, but the *Nahant* was ready to be put into commission on Tuesday, April 12.

Officers and men, engineers and machinists, signal-boys and berth-deck cooks, poured aboard the naval-militia-ship *New Hampshire* in answer to a hurry call on Monday night. They slept aboard, and at 7.50 Tuesday morning started for Philadelphia on a special train. Several officers and men had been there for some days helping to prepare the *Nahant* for use. Lieutenant Clayton S. Richman, U.S.N., had been ordered to command her. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, with the assistance of the naval-militia officers already attached to his vessel, he proceeded to put her in commission.

The ceremony was simple enough. While the ship's crew was bowling along the Pennsylvania Railroad at fifty miles an hour Captain Richman—a commanding officer in the navy is always "captain"—on board the *Nahant* read the order of the Navy Department directing him to take command. The ensign was run up to the ensign staff by Quartermaster Zerega of the New York naval militia, and the commander's pennant was hoisted on the signal-mast. It was indeed a simple ceremony, but it was full of significance, for it meant that the naval-militia officers aboard the Monitor had, for the time being, entered the service of the United States, thus beginning a mission which was to be theirs only in the face of danger.

An hour after the ship had gone into commission the steady tramp of men was heard, and under the command of Commander W. Butler Duncan, Jr., of the First Naval Battalion, New York, the ship's crew marched down the wharf, and was sent aboard. There was a large crowd of people at the head of the wharf, and the apprentices on the receiving-ship *Richmond* looked on with expectant amusement. If the spectators hoped to have an opportunity to laugh at the naval militia, or thought they might witness a display of civilian enthusiasm on the part of the New York boys, they were disappointed. Not a word was uttered by the well-trained militiamen. The coldest, sternest naval discipline prevailed. It is an old story to



MOBILIZING THE ARMY—25th U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) IN LINE ON CAMP-GROUND, CHICKAMAUGA PARK, TENNESSEE, IMMEDIATELY AFTER ARRIVAL.

the citizen sailors, that silent discipline, but the spectators do not always know that.

"Jump below, stow those hammocks, shift into working-clothes, and get on deck," said Commander Duncan, who is now executive officer of the *Nahant*.

The order was obeyed with celerity. In fifteen minutes the crew was on deck, and some of the men were set to work. Regular watches had begun the moment the ship went into commission, and in twenty minutes after the crew was aboard the routine was in smooth-working order. Every man received his billet giving him his station and duties. He had already learned in drills on the *New Hampshire* and cruises on men-of-war what that billet meant. Boatswain's mate, gunner's mate, quartermasters, and other petty officers all knew their business, and the ship's work went along as if it had been going for a month. Captain Richman took a look around him, drew a long breath, and left the vessel for several hours. The naval militia had furnished him with a complete crew, from officers down to firemen, oilers, and coal-passers. Old sailor-men in the yard scratched their heads and said they guessed they were dreaming.

As for the citizen jackies, when the relaxation of the second dog-watch came around, they sang songs and joked with one another, but underneath everything was the proud consciousness that the First Naval Battalion of New York had been the first militia organization called into the service of the national government since the civil war, and the first that had ever in the history of this country, or any other, completely manned a man-of-war. As for the old *Nahant* herself, she looked rather primitive in her leaden paint and with her antiquated lines, but the naval militiamen were as proud of her as if she had been a ten-thousand-ton battle-ship with a battery of 13-inch guns.

The *Nahant* sailed for New York on Friday, the start being made from League Island at 1.15 P.M. She arrived at the Tompkinsville anchorage, Staten Island, at 3 A. M. on Sunday, her engines having been stopped for half an hour only, to drop the pilot at the Delaware Breakwater. She made the trip not only under her own steam, but also in tow of the tug *Pioneer*, the average rate of speed being about eight knots an hour, of which the tug was responsible for three knots. Although the *Nahant* had not made a voyage in thirty years, her engines worked perfectly, even if they were antiquated.

The trip was not only a test of the Monitor, but of her crew. The sea was comparatively smooth. Not a drop of water came through the hatches. The men behaved so admirably in adapting themselves to their work as to draw a hearty compliment from Lieut. Richman, U. S. N., in command. Commander Duncan of the battalion had no compliments for them; he said they had simply done what they were expected to do. The crew not only performed the rough work, such as stoking and passing the coal, but they practised in firing the guns, which the men nicknamed "Brandy" and "Soda."

It took nearly twelve hours to go from League Island to the Delaware Breakwater. The conditions were so favorable that it was decided not to anchor, as had been planned, and the trip to New York was continued. All the way down the Delaware there had been many salutes for the old Monitor and crew. The *Nahant* has no steam steering-gear, and the green hands at the wheel had some difficulty in keeping her on the course, but after a time all this was straightened out.

In the morning the men were piped to breakfast, like all Jack Tars, and afterward had their first experience at sea with "salt soap," which they used in scrubbing their clothes. Routine went on all day, and at five o'clock in the afternoon came the chief diversion and probably the most important work of the day. The turret crews were called to man the guns. Drill in firing went on for three-quarters of an hour, and then real shot and real powder were used. Each shot consumed thirty-five pounds of powder. The first gun fired was loaded with an explosive shell. It struck the water about 2500 yards away, and made an interesting sight as it exploded. The next shot was solid. Two of each kind were fired, and the time consumed was sixteen minutes. When the gun "Brandy" recoiled at the second shot, it became unshipped, but was soon adjusted in place.

The *Nahant* passed the Scotland Light Ship at 11.20 o'clock on Saturday night. The tide was against her, and she steered very hard coming up the harbor to Tompkinsville. She reached her berth in safety, however, and anchored close to the cruiser *San Francisco*, where she remained for several days, preparatory to being taken to the New York Navy Yard for further overhauling, and the mounting of some light guns on her superstructure.

RENDEZVOUS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

The first active movement by the regular army looking toward hostilities with Spain was the result of an order to mobilize the troops at three centres—at the Chickamauga National Park in northern Georgia, close to Chattanooga, and the scene of the great battle of that name in the civil war; at New Orleans; and at Mobile. The first of the regulars to arrive at any of these places of rendezvous was the Twenty-fifth Infantry regiment, one of the negro regiments in the service. They reached Chattanooga on April 14, and the next day went into camp in the park, on the "Widow Glenn" field.

The Twenty-fifth Infantry is called the "black war-cloud." Its men are famous as Indian-fighters. They have been stationed in recent years at these four posts in Montana: Fort Assiniboine, Fort Harrison, Fort Missoula, and Fort Custer. There are eight companies in the regiment, and the roster numbers nearly 600 men. Two companies, A and G, were detached from the regiment at Chattanooga and hurried to Key West, where they will remain temporarily. Colonel Burt is in command of the regiment. He and his men were very proud of the fact that they were the first to be ordered South with the prospect of war facing them.

The preparations involved in making Chickamauga Park ready for the six regiments of cavalry, the light artillery, and the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which were ordered to mobilize there, were largely in the hands of Colonel H. V. Boynton, through whose efforts chiefly the scene of the great Southern battle-field was set aside as a natural park.



MOBILIZING THE ARMY—ARRIVAL OF 25th U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK, APRIL 15, 1898.

CUBAN NOTES.

The rebels in Cuba have lately called attention to themselves by certain methods that never fail to bring them to public notice. I refer to attacks on railroad trains and the blowing up of railroad bridges. A case of the latter came to my notice one day last month, when the insurgents fired into and attempted to wreck the afternoon passenger-train from Matanzas to Havana. The assault took place at San Miguel, some twenty miles outside of Havana. As a result of the attack, three men were slightly wounded. One was a travelling Englishman, who made light of his wound, and the others were Spaniards. On the following day the railroad track from Jaruco to Havana was patrolled by Spanish infantry and cavalry, and the trains carried extra forces of men in the armored cars.

While these methods serve well their purpose—that of bringing to public ears the news of insurgent activity—it is apt to be at the cost of life to non-combatants, foreigners, persons on errands of mercy, and women and children. It is true that these attacks had been comparatively rare of late, but their repetition will do much to discredit such methods of rebel warfare, and to shatter the halo of soldierly honor with which we are inclined to invest the doings of the Cuban insurgents.

Key West enjoys the lively and intense hatred of the Spanish in Cuba. It is the refuge and safety of all intriguers against Spanish rule. There they can utter seditions and plan *coups* free from interference. There they live in safety, while Cabañas would be their immediate abode in Cuba. There the newspaper correspondent flourishes, free to telegraph what he pleases, and there go the daily tugs and steam-yachts in the service of our press, bearing despatches from Havana that would never pass the censor at the Palace. In Key West is published a Cuban paper, hot for the cause, whose railings against the Spanish administration are unrestrained. This paper, in competition with the ceaseless efforts of the press of our country, has set forth a story of the *Maine* disaster that stands at the head of all theories in the matter of unproved statements. According to this paper, the Spanish government offered a certain man $20,000 to blow up the *Maine*. This he successfully did. The day after the disaster the government became alarmed at the possibility of this man's divulging his knowledge for a greater sum than that paid by themselves. He was therefore approached



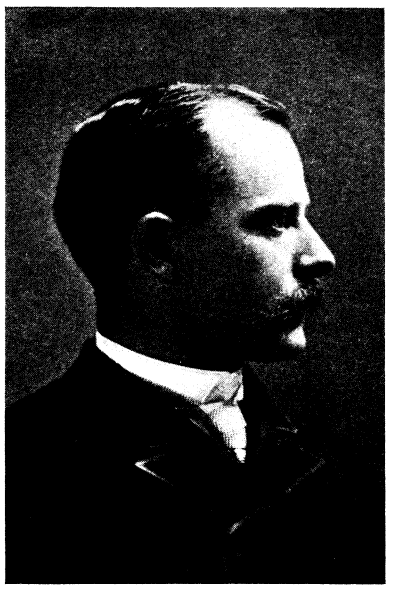
LIEUT. CLAYTON S. RICHMAN, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Nahant."



LIEUT. MARTIN ELLSWORTH HALL, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Catskill."



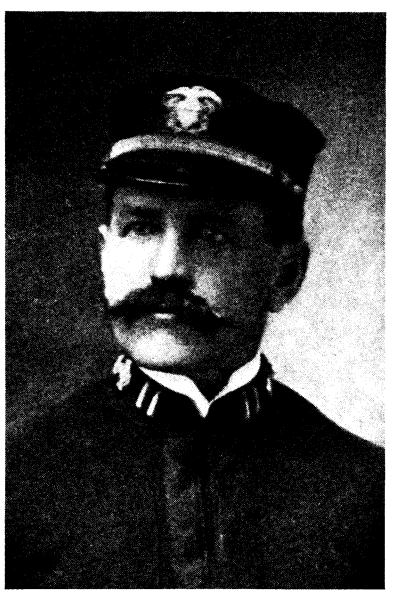
LIEUT. HERMAN F. FICKBOHM, U.S.N.,
U. S. Single-Turret Monitor "Jason."



LIEUT. AARON WARD, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Wasp" (Yacht "Columbia").



LIEUT. JOHN C. FREMONT, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Porter."



LIEUT. HAMILTON HUTCHINS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Stiletto."



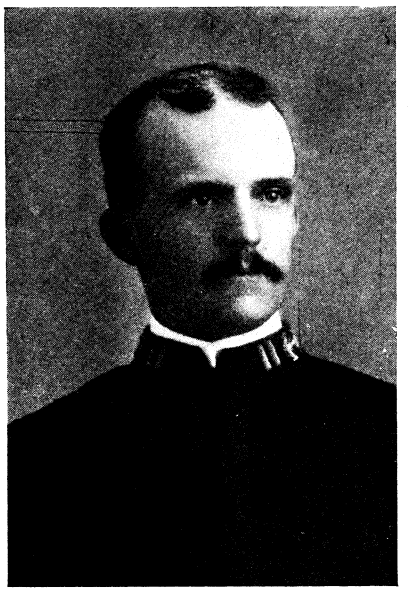
LIEUT. JAMES M. HELM, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Hornet" (Yacht "Alicia").



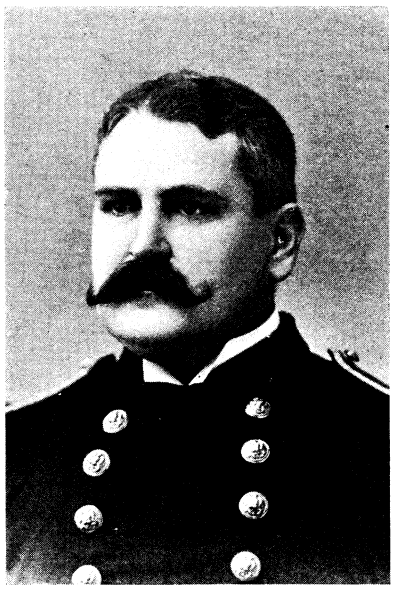
LIEUT. NATHANIEL R. USHER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Ericsson."



LIEUT. ALEX. SHARP, JR., U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Vixen" (Yacht "Josephine").



LIEUT. ALBERT GLEAVES, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Cushing."



LIEUT. JOHN L. PURCELL, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Osceola" (Tug "Winthrop").



LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Winslow."



LIEUT. FREDERICK R. BRAINARD, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Uncas" (Tug "W. Luckenback").



LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) WILLIAM R. SHOEMAKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Talbot."



LIEUT. (JUNIOR GRADE) SPENCER S. WOOD, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Dupont."



ENSIGN WALTER R. GHERARDI, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Sioux" (Tug "P. H. Wise").

LIEUTENANTS AND JUNIOR OFFICERS COMMANDING UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS.



ARRIVAL OF REFUGEES FROM HAVANA, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. LIGHT-HOUSE TENDER "MANGROVE."



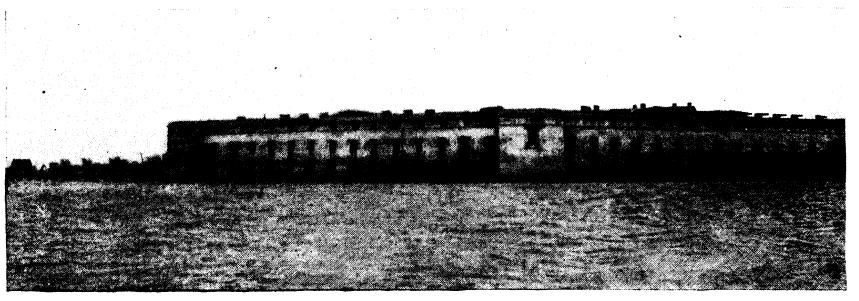
KEY WEST BARRACKS—MEN'S QUARTERS.



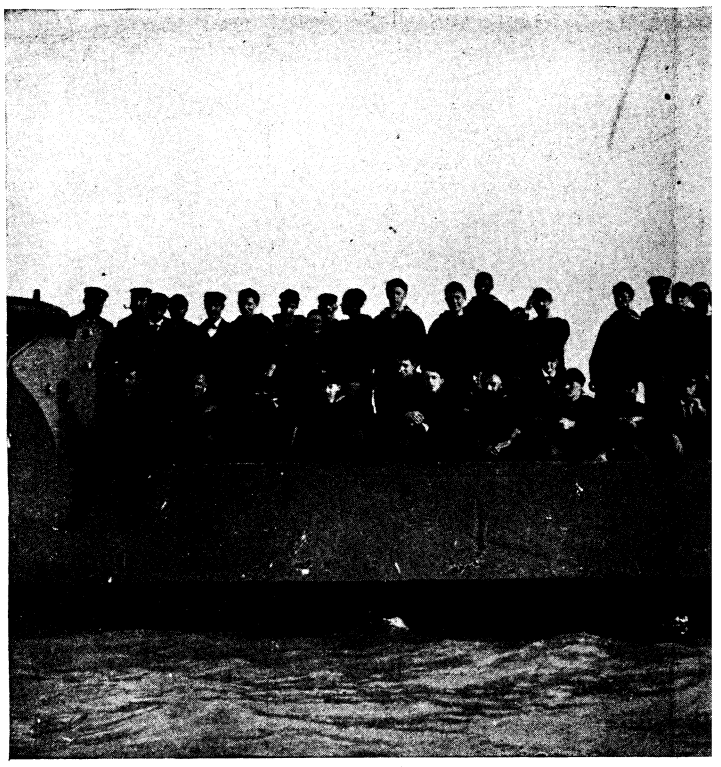
GRAVES OF TWENTY-FOUR VICTIMS OF THE "MAINE."



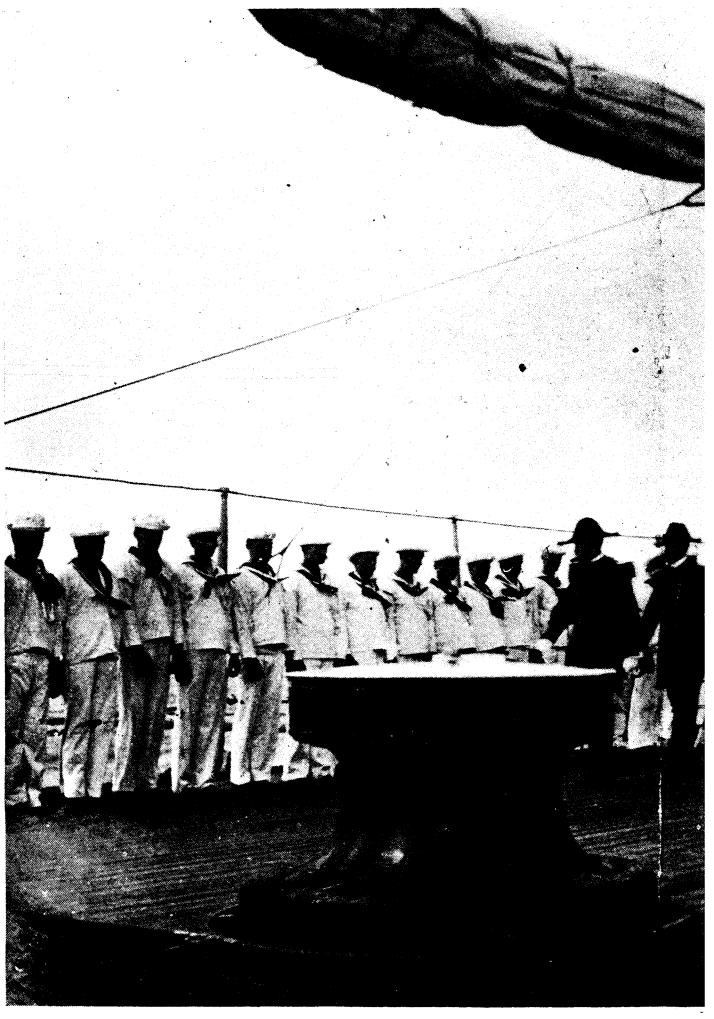
ON BOARD MONITOR "PURITAN"—LOWERING WHERRY-BOAT.



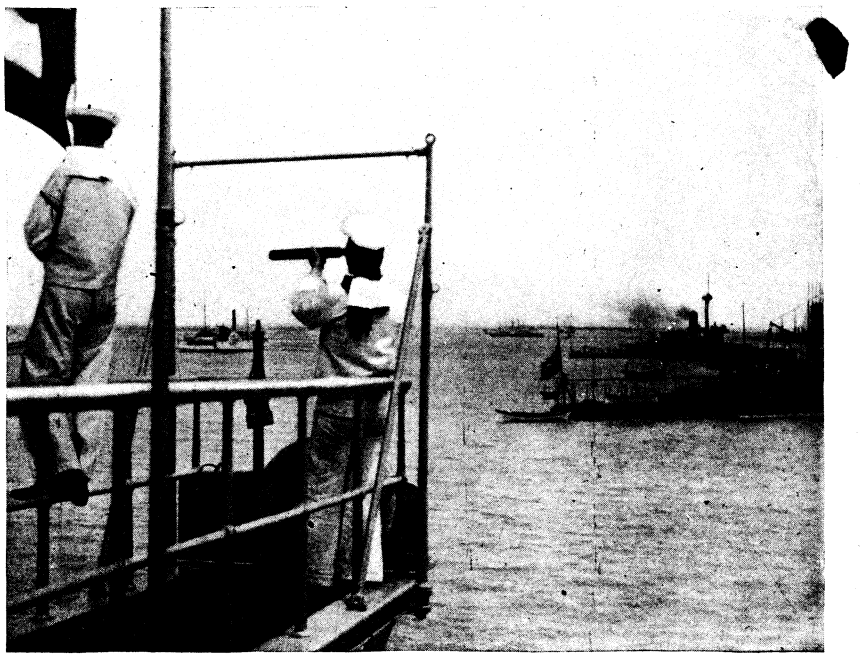
FORT TAYLOR.



CREW OF U. S. DOUBLE-TURRE

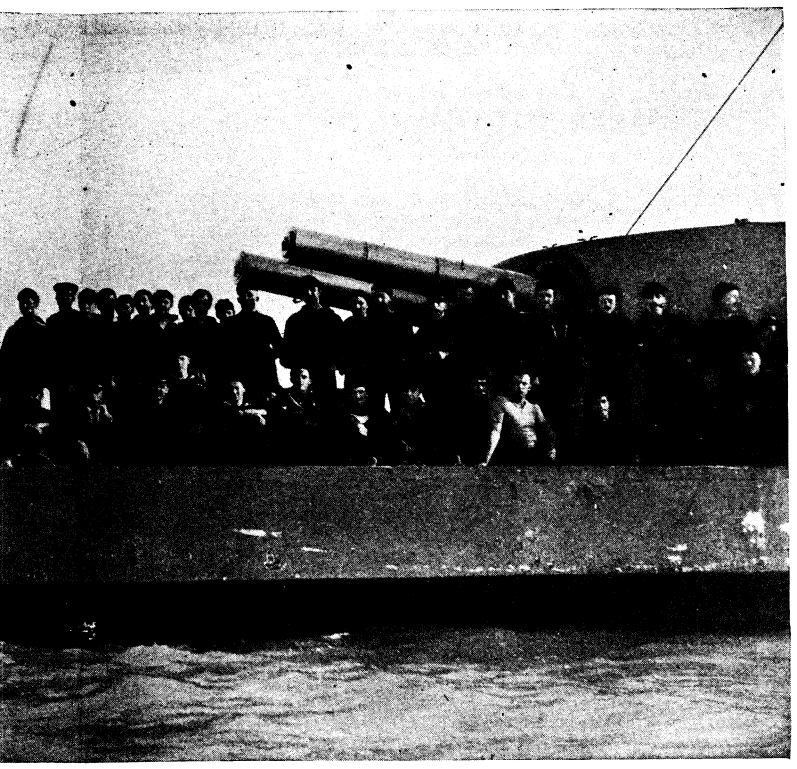


CAPTAIN CHADWICK INSPECTING THE CRI

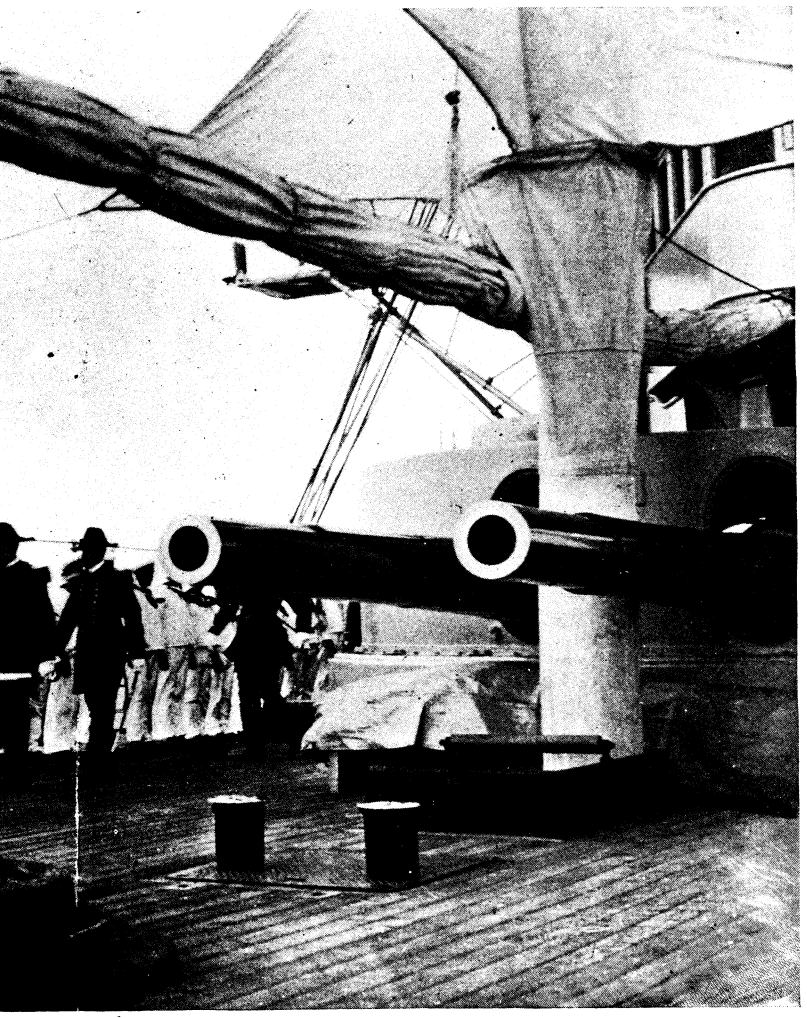


SIGNALLING FROM BRIDGE OF "PURITAN."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE AT KEY WEST.—Views by J



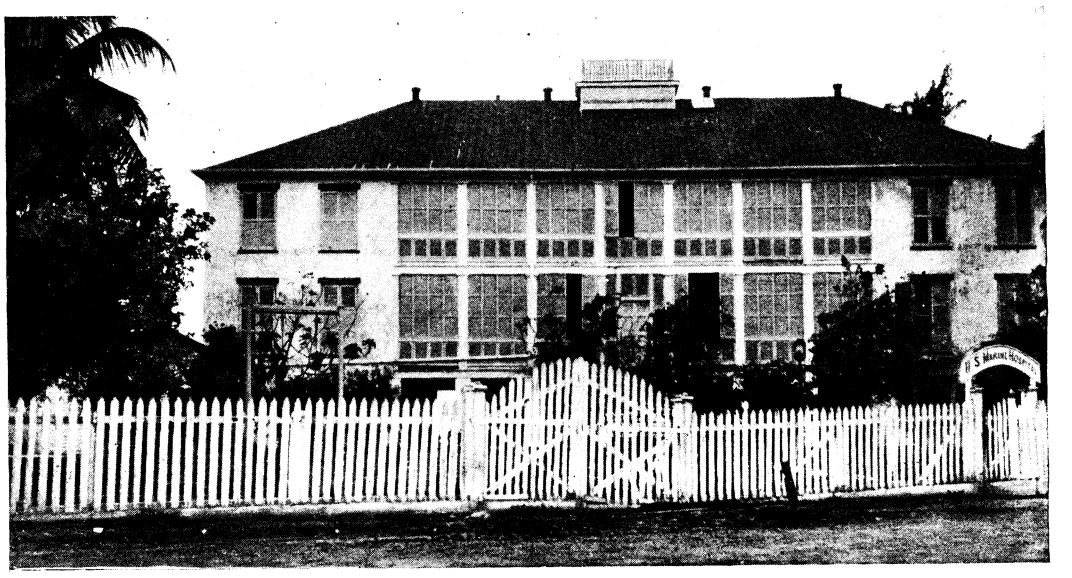
UBLE-TURRET MONITOR "AMPHITRITE"



NG THE CREW OF ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."



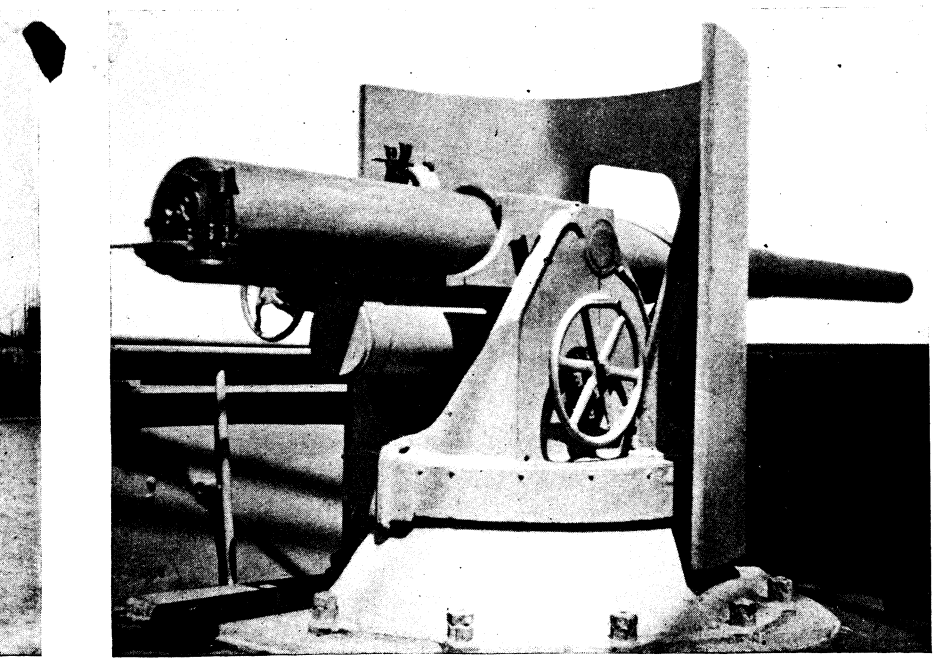
THE GOVERNMENT DOCK—UNLOADING STORES FOR THE FLEET.



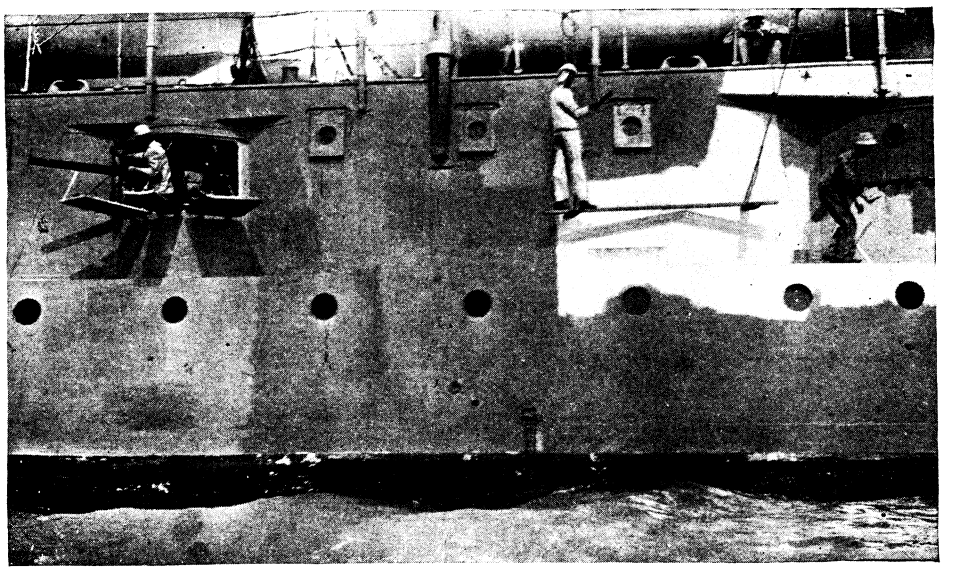
U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL.



KEY WEST BARRACKS—OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



FOUR-INCH GUN ON U. S. DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "PURITAN."



U. S. GUNBOAT "HELENA" PUTTING ON HER WAR PAINT.

IEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

with a proposition to examine the hull of the *Alfonso XII.*, he being by trade a diver. This he undertook. When he was under water on his work, the air from the pumps was shut off and the man killed. His body was cast into the bay, was subsequently recovered by those searching for the *Maine's* victims, and buried—honorably buried—with them in Colon Cemetery. Then the Spaniards who had this delicate matter in hand bethought themselves of the man's wife. She might know his secret. Her house was searched, the $20,000 recovered, and she herself promptly placed in an insane asylum, that her account of the occurrence would be credited to the ravings of some unfortunate who had brooded upon the horror until she became insane.

The utter destruction of Key West would be undertaken by Spain with gusto. Then, it is declared, when this is accomplished, the glorious march of the victorious army from the end of Florida to Washington would follow, with the success always attending Spanish feats of arms. Not that all men who are Spaniards in Cuba believe this to be possible, for many of them have come through the Florida pines and seen naught but gophers and salamanders, and still others have more sense; but there are many who believe this remarkable feat well within the range of Spanish possibility, as was attested by a loud conversation in a Havana café and overheard by the writer.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A "WILD WEST" SHOW.

Bedouins are whirling and "tumbling" through the sawdust and the sunshine; scene-painters retouching the marvellous blue mountains of the great long curtain; Indians training fractious ponies; and Mexicans, blanket on arm, Cossacks, Cubans, and cowboys lazily whiling away the early morning hours in the great arena at the Madison Square Garden. The employees rake and scrape the dirt or scatter fresh sawdust, and a group of spectators watch the agile Arabs as they mass on one man's shoulders, or twirl their supple bodies through the air from one end of the ring to the other. Mounting the narrow stairway back of the old stage-coach brings one to quarters one would never imagine existed behind so elegant an exterior. Every square inch of space from floor to ceiling is filled with a chaos of costumes from all ends of the earth. In one corner, surrounded by elegant leather saddles, great heavy hats, velvet jackets trimmed with gold lace, tight-fitting breeches, spurs, harness, pistols, belts, etc., a few lazy Mexicans are visible.

Cowboys, soldiers, and employees are crowded in a large room, many asleep on their cots, and one English chap, propped up with saddles and blankets, trying to recover from a broken leg. Eight or ten Cossacks are partitioned off in a boxlike corner, where they pass most of the day singing their national hymns.

On the stairway, by the window, and occasionally gathering his thoughts by gazing abstractedly into the busy New York street, is a handsome young Indian writing a letter. Looking over his shoulder, I get a glimpse of interest—"New York, Madson Squir Gordin: Ui' naä' niahu' tawa bi' taa' wu—" (which means, "I am flying about the earth") etc.
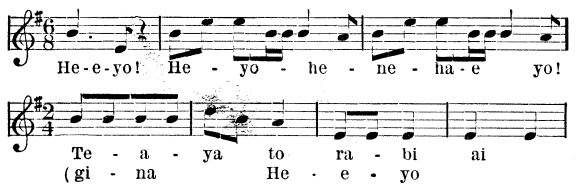
In writing he uses the English characters. He has evidently finished, for, while chewing the point of his pencil, he gives his letter a final looking over, puts it into the addressed envelope, and turning to me, licks his finger and points to the corner. I have a stamp, which I donate, with an offer to mail the letter. He looks me over carefully, and gradually lets the letter slip from his hand into mine. A glance at the address explains his caution, for it is directed to "Miss Alice Lone Bear, Pine Ridge Agency, Kyle P. O., So. Dakota."

Past the romantic red man, up another flight, and I enter a large room with low ceiling, in which one sees only the thousands of vari-colored feathers attached to warbonnets, shields, belts, and dresses. An Indian jumps to his feet, and shouting out, causes about twenty strapping young fellows to leap from their blankets under the eaves of the roof and surround me, clamoring and jostling. It is rather a surprising greeting, and I feel my small stature as several ugly-looking bucks push me around. Knowing something of the Indian nature (which strongly resembles the schoolboy's), I shove a big fellow away and back into the rest.

"What's the matter with you, boys?" I ask.

"One dollar! One dollar!" is about the only English word in the answer, and repeated with vigor.

I laugh at them, take off my overcoat, open my sketch-book, and look around for a subject. I am soon at work on old Flat Iron, who, propped up in a chair, tries to keep his small eyes open. The young men leave me, to return to their card games, or to doze away in their blankets on the floor. A few old men in the room are arranging feathers for a new bonnet, or stringing beads and lead for skirts; the fat and industrious squaws are beading moccasins, or braiding the little girls' hair (which is kept scrupulously clean and neat), while away in one corner an accomplished black-haired youth performs "Daisy Bell" on a mouth-organ. Occasionally the young fellows break into an Indian song, something like this,



which is echoed from the floor below by a Russian hymn from the Cossacks. The Indians seem very contented; repartee passes from one side of the room to the other, and a point well made unfailingly brings a laugh.

The card game grows very exciting, attracting to the six squatting figures quite an audience of interested onlookers, who often add to the intenseness by throwing their recent pay into the circle to bet on a "draw." The Indian plays cards with great fervor, drawing the edge of the second card slowly over his first, to get the full benefit of the excitement should fortune fall his way and he have a "suit." If he has high cards, how he does bet! and the lookers on behind him bet. Then with quick breath he takes his next card. An ace of his "suit." Whoop! Hi yi! those behind him joining in the yelling, to the discomfiture of the apparently stolid losers. And Black Heart goes to stock himself with tobacco for the week.

Twelve-thirty, and all start down for dinner. Old Flat Iron, whom I have been sketching, makes known to me in the sign language that I must bring him some tobacco for his trouble, fumbles around in his buckskin pouch for his dinner check, and dexterously sweeping his dirty blanket around half of him, ambles down the stairs to his place at the long table.

All connected with the show eat in the great room on the ground-floor. Here, in their working-clothes, or in the picturesque attire of their homes (for Cossack, Mexican, Bedouin, and Indian refuse civilized costume), they give the rather commonplace impression of a laboring-class satisfied to work hard for their daily bread.

Dinner over, preparation for the afternoon performance begins at once, and the scenes in the narrow dressing-rooms are animated. With pigments, a good Indian type is made hideous in a short interval, and but for the many deep furrows time has ploughed in the forehead of Flat Iron, one could never tell his yellow-streaked face from that of his son Leaping Antelope. Bodies and limbs are painted half white, half green, or with circles (representing the sun) and crescents and stars, and one Indian leaves the imprint of a vermilion-smeared hand on his cheek. The feathers come off the wall; the many sleigh-bells jingle and tinkle; the boys break into song; the squaws "ti-ti" in their high shrill voices; even the dignified old chiefs are gay, arrayed in all their glory. A blast from a bugle starts them off to saddle their ponies, on which they are soon mounted, ready for the grand entry. The cowboy band starts up "Hail, Columbia," the bugle sounds again, the great canvas curtain is drawn, and the howling warriors dash wildly into the public gaze.

The curtain is redrawn—the curtain with the distant blue mountains, the blue pine-trees, and the blue tepees. Before, it is the romance and pleasure; behind, the reality and labor. Both sides are interesting.

Ernest L. Blumenschein.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Richards.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

YSOLINDE'S FAREWELL.

THE next morning early, as I went about making my dispositions and putting men of trust in positions fit for them—for the Prince had given me the command of all the soldiers within the city—the Lady Ysolinde came to me upon the terrace.

"Walk with me awhile," she said, "in the lower garden. It is a quiet place, and I would speak with you."

It was a command that I dared not refuse to obey, yet my greatest enemy would not accuse me that I went lightly or willingly to such a tryst.

The Lady Ysolinde passed on daintily and proudly before me, and I followed, more like a condemned criminal lumping heavily to the scaffold than a lad of mettle accompanying a fair lady to a rendezvous of her own asking under the green-wood tree.

But I need not have feared. The Princess's mood was mild, and I saw her in a humor in which I had never seen her before.

She moved before me over the grass, with her head a little turned up to the skies, as though appealing out of her innocence to the Beings who sat behind and knew the hearts of men and women.

At a great weeping-elm, under which was a seat, she turned. It formed a wide canopy of shade, grateful and cool. For the breezes stirred under the leaves, and the river moved beneath with a pleasant, meditative hush of sound.

"Hugo Gottfried, once you were my friend," she began. "What have I done that you should be my friend no more? Tell me plainly. I liked you when as a lad, the son of the Red Axe, you came to my father's house about some boyish freak. I have not done ill by you since that day. And now that you are a leader of men and of rank and honor here in my husband's country of Plassenburg, I would be your well-wisher still. I am conscious of no reason for my having forfeited your liking. But that I would know for certain—and now."

As she threw back her head and let her clear emerald eyes rest upon me, I never saw woman born of woman look more innocent. Indeed, in these days of mistrust it is innocence under suspicion which usually looks most guilty, knowing what is expected of it.

"Lady Ysolinde," I made answer, "you try me hard and sore. You put me in the wrong. You do me indeed great honor, as you have ever done all these years. In reverence and high respect I shall ever hold you for all that you have done—for your kindness to me and to Helene, the orphan girl who came from our father's roof with me. I know no reason why there should be any break in our friendship; nor shall there be, if you will pardon my folly and—"

"Tush!" she said, impetuously. "You speak things empty, vain, the rattling of knuckle-bones in a bladder—not live words at all. Have I never listened to true men? Do not I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, know the sound of words that have the heart behind them? I have heard you speak such yourself. Do not insult me with platitudes, nor try to divert me with the piping of children in the market-place. I will not dance to them, nor yet, like a foolish kitchen-wench, smile at the jingling of your trinketry."

"Your highness!" I began again.

She waved her hand as if putting a light thing away. "I was a woman to you before you knew that I was a Princess," she said. "You need not forget that I am a woman still, cursed with the plate-mail of rank, added to the weariness and inaction of a woman's breaking heart."

I was acutely conscious that I was not distinguishing myself in this interview. So I dashed again at the wall, and this time for a moment at least overbore interruption.

"Ysolinde, my dear lady," I said to her, "you are the Prince's and my good master's wife. And if I have stood aloof, it is that I wished that he should have the companionship which one day I desire to find for myself, and also that I might always have the right to look straight into my master's eyes."

"Now you talk like a silly prating priestling," she said. "You are both mighty careful of your honesty, your virtue, your companionship—your master and you. But you do not think what it is to starve a woman's heart, to bid her find her level among broiderers of bannerets and stitchers in tapestry. Ah! if the particular God who happened to be at the digging of us out of the happier pit of oblivion had only made me a man, I, at least, should neither have been a straitlaced Jackanapes nor yet a prating wiseacre."

"And am I either?" said I, weakly enough.

"You are in danger of becoming both," she said, promptly. "Once I saw better things in you. I thought I had won me a friend, and that for once I might put my anchor down. My husband neglects me—so much cannot have escaped your eagle eye. He is twice my age, and he thinks more of you, more of Councillor von Dessauer, more of his horse, than of me, Ysolinde of Plassenburg. And I was made to be loved and to love. How much of either, think you, have I ever known? The true lot of a woman shut to me, the sweet love of man and woman not for me, even the communion of the spirit not for me. I may as lief carry a wizened nut-kernel within my brain-pan as a thinking soul, for all that any one cares. I am a woman of another age stranded on the shores of a time made only for men. I am the woman of the Eden priests talk about, or perhaps rather the witch-woman Lilith on the outside of the wall! Or I may be the woman of a time yet to come, when she who is a man's mate shall not be only a gay-decked bird to sit on his wrist, tethered with a leash, and called back to her master with a lure."

These things I had never listened to before, nor, indeed, thought of. So that, though I could not answer her, I felt in my heart that she was wrong, and that a woman has always power over men, stronger than all ideals, philosophies, kingdoms—aye, even our holy religion itself.

"After all," I said, piqued a little at her tone, as men are wont to be at that which they do not understand, "Lady Ysolinde, wherefore should you not tell these things to the Prince, your husband, and not to me, who am neither your husband nor your lover!"

"And if you had been both?" she interjected, a little breathlessly.

"Then, my lady," I replied, stirred by her persistence, "you would have obeyed me and served me just as you say. Or else I should have broken your spirit as a man is broken on the wheel."

It was a prideful saying, and one informed with ignorance and conceit. Yet the Lady Ysolinde gave a long sigh.

"Ah, that would have been sweet too," she said. "You are the one man I should have delighted to call master, to have done your bidding. That had been a thing different indeed. But you love me not. You love a chit, a chitterling—a pretty thing that can only peep and mutter, whose heart's depths I have sounded with my finger nail, and whose babyish vanity I have tickled with a straw."

This was enough, and too much.

"Madam," said I, "the clear stars are not fouled by throwing foulness at them; nor yet the Lady Helene—whom I do acknowledge that with all my heart I love—by the speaking of any ill words. You do but wrong yourself, most noble lady. For your heart tells you other things, both of the maid I love and of me that am her true servant, and, if I might, would be your true friend."

The Princess reached out her hand, looking not with anger, but rather wistfully at me, like a mother at a son who goes to his death with blasphemy on his lips.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I would not at the last have you go thinking ill of me. Indeed, you think all too well, and make me do things that are better than mine intent, because I know that you expect them of me. I have done many ill and cruel things in my poor life, simply from idleness and the empty, unsatisfied heart. If you had loved me or taught me, I might have tried better things. Perhaps in the end, for great love's sake, I may yet do one worthy deed that shall blot out all the rest. Farewell!"

And without another word she moved away, and left me in the green pleasaunces of the garden, with my heart riven this way and that, scarce knowing what I did or where I stood.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAPTAIN KARL MILLERSON.

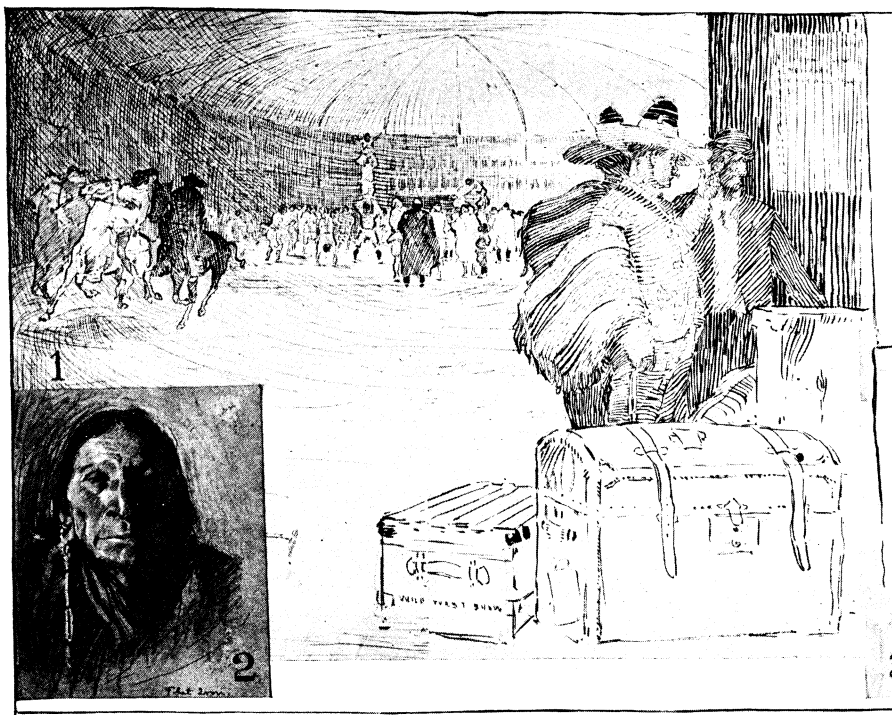
Black, blank, chill, confining night shut us in as Leopold Dessauer and I rode out of Plassenburg. Our horses were ready for us at the little water-gate in the lower garden. Fain would I have taken Jorian and Boris, but on this occasion the fewer the safer. For to enter Thorn was to go with lighted matches into a powder-magazine.

The rushes in the river rustled dry and cold along the brink. The leaves of the linden-trees chuckled overhead, rubbing their palms together spitefully. There was mockery of our foolhardy enterprise in the soft sough of the water as I heard it lapper beneath the ferry-boat that lay ready to cross to the other side. Old Hans the ferryman snored in his boat. Above in the women's chambers a light went to and fro. I judged that it was in the bower of the Lady Ysolinde. But not a string of my heart moved. For pity is so weak and love so strong that all my nature was now on the strain forward towards Helene and the Wolfsberg, like an eager hound that pulls at the leash.

"My love! my love!" I cried in my heart, "I am coming to you; I am going out to find you! Though I die for it, I shall at least see and touch you ere I die."

For during these last days my love had grown greatly upon me, being of that kind which gathers within a man, banks up, fills out his crevices, and he know it not. In the Wolfmark there are oft, in the limestone, caverns where the water sleeps deep and cool, while above, on the thin, rocky crust, the sun beats, and the very lizards die for lack of moisture. It was only now that I had broken up the crust of my nature and found the caverns under, where love was abiding undreamed of, deep and

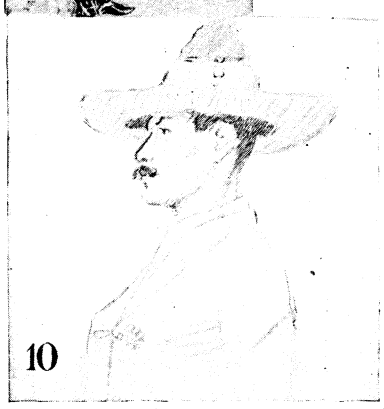
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.









BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE "WILD WEST" SHOW.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

1. Morning Practice. 2. "Flat Iron." 3. Cossack. 4. "Fast Eagle." 5. The Indians' Dressing-Room. 6. Cossack. 7. Mexican. 8. "Iron Tail." 9. Cossack. 10. Mexican.



"A FIGURE DARK AGAINST THE SKY.... IT WAS IN SHAPE A HORSEMAN SITTING HIS STEED ON THE CREST OF THE HILL."

eternal as the sea. It is a great thing and a beautiful to meet love for the first time face to face, not to nod to only, and to know how great and masterful he is—to say: "Love, I am yours. Do with me that which seemeth good to you. I was strong; now in your hands I am become weak. I was proud; now I am glad to be humble and kneel, waiting your word. You have made life and death the same thing to me for the sake of the Beloved. I am ready to take either from your hands!"

But enough. We were riding out of the dark pleasaunces of the palace, and the leaves were rustling and the sedges blowing. That was what began it, carrying away my thoughts.

Dessauer rode behind me, letting his horse follow mine. For, being used to the visitation of the outposts, I knew the ground thoroughly.

At every hundred yards we were halted, and I answered. For I had posted the men myself, and made sure that Plassenburg should not again be taken by surprise. On the other hand, I had determined that the spoiled should now be made despoiled, and that the foul den of the wolf should be cleansed as by fire.

Then, like the breaking up of the Baltic ice in spring, the thought ran through me—my father and the maid of the Red Tower, what of them?

Why, at the very first (so I told myself) I should set a guard of the best troops in Plassenburg about the Red Tower, and carry them all, Helene, my father, and old Hanne, to a safe place till Prince Karl and I had made an end. With our stark veterans swarming in Thorn, that would easily be done. And so the plan abode in the imagination of the heart.

We were soon out on the darksome, unguarded road, and after that I steered chiefly by the lights of the palace behind me, Dessauer saying no word, but riding like a man-at-arms behind me.

We had reached the crown of the green hill up which the path to the Wolfmark winds—the path by which, doubtless, Helene had travelled the night of the duel.

As I came to the summit, mounting the steepest part slowly, I was aware of a figure dark against the sky, no more apparent than a blacker patch of night where all was dark. It was in shape a horseman sitting his steed on the crest of the hill.

Instantly I drew my pistol, in which I had become expert.

"Your name and business?" cried I to the shape on the hill-side. For, indeed, none had any right to be abroad so near the city of Plassenburg, armed cap-a-pie, at that time of the night. And for a moment the thought flashed upon me that the tales we had heard might, after all, be true, and the armies of the Wolfmark nearer than we dreamed of.

"Hugo—von Dessauer!" cried a voice well known and ever dear to me—the voice of my master, the Prince Karl.

"The Prince!" cried I. "My lord, what do you here? This is madness! You, who should be within the walls of the palace, with the guards watching three deep about you! What would come to the State of Plassenburg if we wanted you?"

"Oh," said he, lightly, falling in beside us naturally, "you and von Dessauer in dual control would be a singular improvement on the present head of the State. You, Hugo, would keep the soldiers to their work, and von Dessauer could look to the treasury."

"But who would look to us and be a gracious and beloved master to us?" said I. "My Prince, we must instantly return and put you in safety!"

"Indeed, that will you not. By God's truth, if I am not to come all the way to the city of Thorn with you, I will at least convoy you to the edges of the Mark. It is so dull being month by month at ease within the castle, and not nearly so much fun as it used to be when I was a poor captain of a free company under the old Prince. Young rattling blades like Dessauer and yourself make no allowance for the distractions of an aged and gouty Prince."

Within myself I felt some amusement stir. It was almost exactly what the Princess, his wife, had alleged as a reason for her wanderings. I could not help marvelling why these two had not found out their great affinity to one another. But now I see that this very likeness of nature was the first cause of their lack of agreement. Like may, indeed, draw to like, as the saw hath it. But in the things of love like and like agree not well together. Fair desires dark, stout and stark desire slender, slow desires quick, severe desires gay (though often secretly). And so the world goes on, and in another generation sprung from these desirings once more dark desireth fair and fair dark.

There I am at it again. Oh, but I, Hugo Gottfried, am the wise man when I set out of my disquisitions. I could new-make all the saws of the world, set instances to them, and never breathe myself.

"Nay," said the Prince, "all is safe set within and without, thanks to my brave commander and wise Chancellor, and these things can e'en bide till I go back to them. Consider that I am but a captain of horse going a-wooing and needing to talk gayly for good comradeship by the road. Call me the Captain Millerson."

So Captain Millerson rode with Herr Doctor Schmidt and his servant Johann. And the merry time the three of us had till we arrived at the borders of the Mark.

I have not time nor yet space (though a great deal of inclination) to tell of the wondrous pranks we played the broad-haunched countrywomen we rallied (or rather whom Captain Millerson rallied, and who mostly gave as good as they got, or better, to that soldier's huge delight), the stout yeoman families in whose midst we went, and their opinion of the Prince. "A good man and a kindly," so the man said; "he has given us safe horse, fat cow, a quiet life. But yet the old was good too. The true race to reign is ever the anointed Prince."

"But he harried you. And worse, he let others plunder you. And that is not the fashion of Prince Karl, usurper though he be!" said the Prince.

"Nay," said the honest man, "usurper is he not—a God-sent boon to Plassenburg rather. We love him, would fight for him, all my six sons and I. Would we not, chickens?"

And the six sons rolled out a thunderous "Aye, fight—marry, that we would!" as they sat plaiting willow baskets and mending bows about the fire.

"But, alas! he is cursed with a mad wife, and after all, he is not of the ancient stock," said the ancient man, shaking his head.

And the Prince answered him as quickly, tapping his brow significantly with his forefinger: "Are not all wives a little touched? Or are you fortunate in your part of the country? Faith, we of the city will all come courting to the Tannenwald if you are better off."

"We are even as our neighbors!" cried the yeoman, shrugging his shoulders. "Maul, what sayeth thou? Here is a brisk lad that miscalls thy clan."

The goodwife came forward smiling, comely, and large of bone.

"Which?" said she, laconically.

The farmer pointed to the Prince. The matron took a good look at him.

"Well," she said, "he is the one that should know most about us. He has been married once or twice, and hath gotten certain things burned into him. As for this one," she went on, pointing to Dessauer, "he may be doctor of all the wisdoms, as ye say, but he has never compassed the mystery of a woman. And this limber young spark with the quick eyes, he is a bachelor also, but desires to be otherwise. I wot he has a pretty lass waiting for him somewhere."

"How knew you that, goodwife?" I cried, greatly astonished.

"Why, by the way you looked up when my daughter came dancing in. You were in your lost brown study, and then, seeing a pretty lass that most are glad to rest their eyes upon, you looked away disappointed or careless."

"And how knew you that I was of the ancient guild of the bachelors?" asked Dessauer.

"Why, by the way that you looked at the pot on the fire, and sniffed up the stew, and asked how long the dinner would be! The bachelor of years is ever uneasy about his meals, having little else to be uneasy about, and no wife to teach him how to be patient."

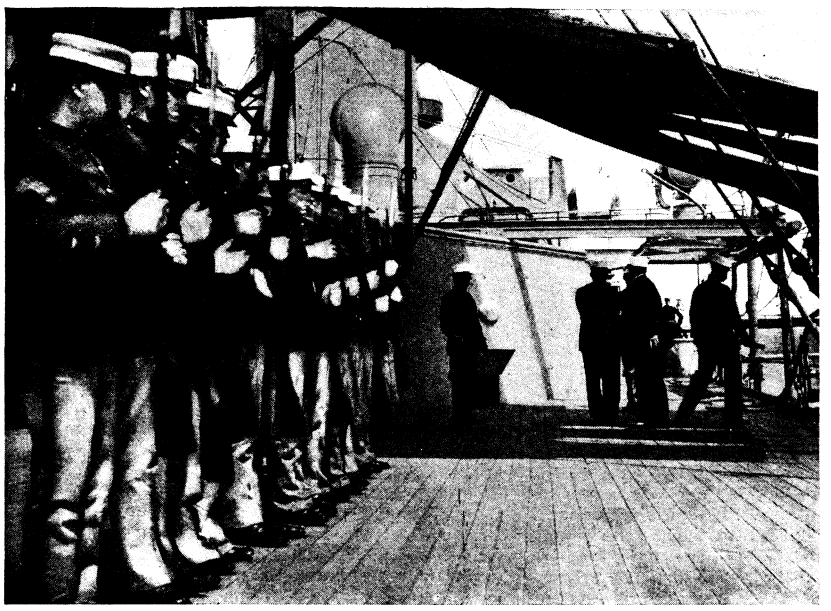
"And how," cried the Prince, in his turn, "knew you that I had been wedded once?"

"Or twice," said the woman, smiling. "Man, you cackle it like a hen on the rafters advertising her egg in the manger below. I knew it by the fashion ye had of hanging up your hat and scraping your feet—not after ye entered, like these other good, careless gentlemen, but with your knife, outside the door. I see it by your air of one that has been at once under authority and yet master of a house."

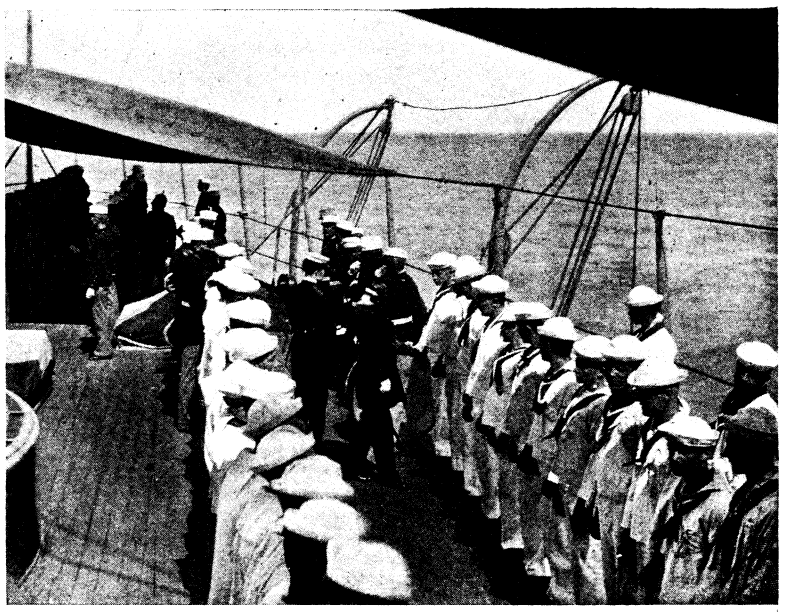
"Well done, goodwife!" cried the Prince. "Were I indeed in authority I would make you either Prime Minister or chief of my thief-catchers."

And so after that we went to bed.

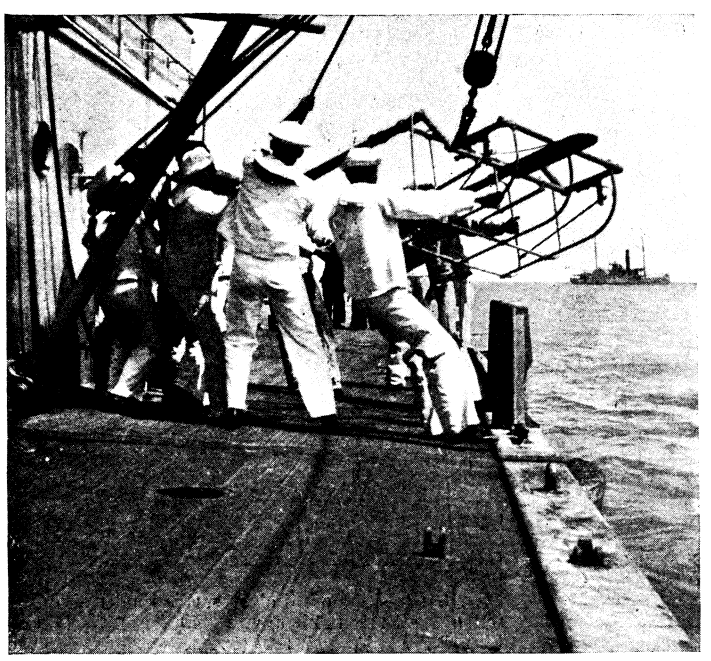
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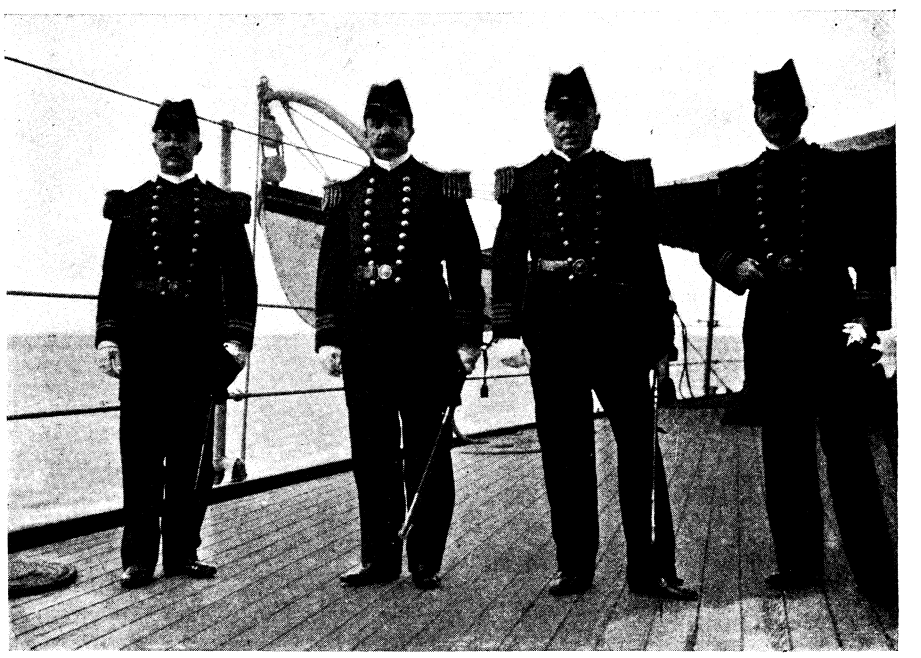
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "INDIANA" VISITS THE "NEW YORK."
Marine Guard coming to "Present Arms."



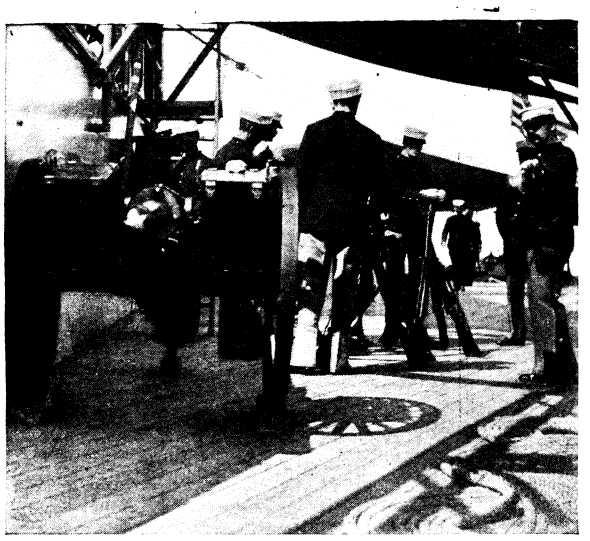
SECOND DIVISION AT QUARTERS.



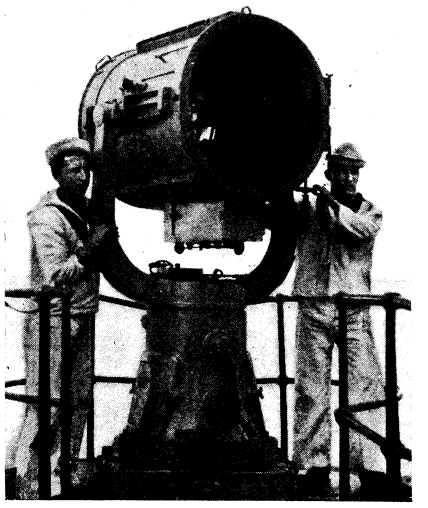
STRIPPING FOR ACTION.



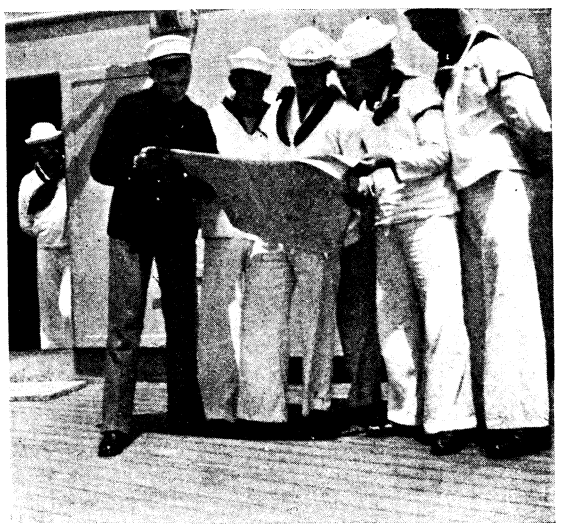
LIEUT. COFFIN. LIEUT.-COM. POTTER. CAPTAIN CHADWICK. LIEUT. MULLIGAN.



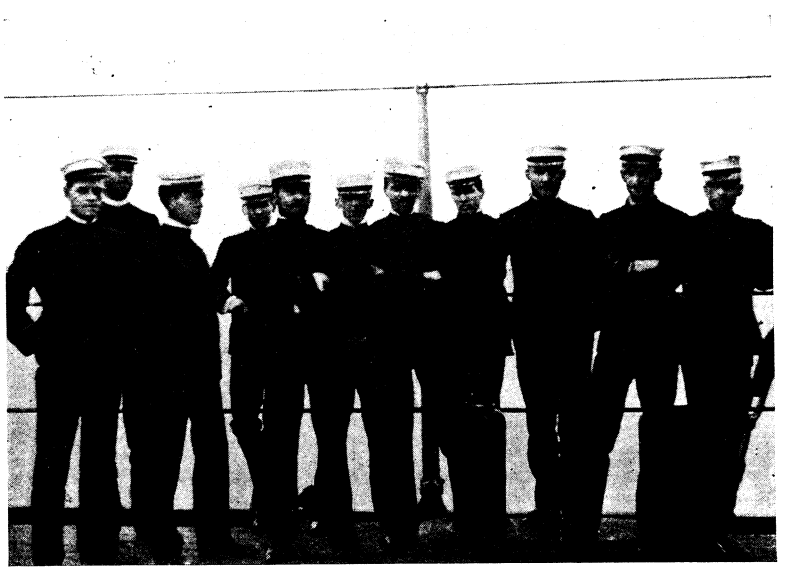
THREE-POUND FIELD-PIECE. GUARD UNSTACKING ARMS.



PORT SEARCH-LIGHT.



THE LATEST WAR NEWS.



JUNIOR OFFICERS.



GROUP OF CREW.

ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," AT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

WASHINGTON.

April 25, 1898.

WE have passed a stirring week. Warfare is now in progress between the United States and Spain not merely in a figure of speech, but actually. Morro Castle has opened fire upon our ships of war lying off Havana, and though the fire was not returned, it was only because Spanish marksmanship was so poor that our ships did not feel seriously endangered by the attack.

Besides this, our war-ships have been making prize captures of Spanish freight-carriers. One of those brought in is valued, ship and cargo together, at about a half million dollars.

The President has sent to Congress a message recommending a formal declaration of war, so that the status of our movement as a belligerent may be plainly defined. And Congress has adopted a joint resolution to this effect.

Secretary Sherman is about to retire from the head of the Department of State, owing to impaired health and the necessity for having a man in full physical and mental vigor for this position during the present international complications.

The struggle between the two chambers of Congress over the Cuban resolutions which was in progress last Monday ended at two o'clock Tuesday morning, when a compromise was reached by the adoption of the Senate's resolutions, omitting the clause recognizing the present insurgent "republic" as the lawful government of Cuba.

These resolutions were presented to the President on Tuesday afternoon, and considered by an adjourned meeting of the cabinet. It was decided then, as the House had meanwhile adjourned until the following day, and therefore could not receive at once the notice of the President's approval, to lay the whole matter over for the night. About half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning the President signed the resolutions, and at once had their text cabled to Minister Woodford at Madrid, with instructions to present to the Spanish government a note containing the demand of the United States for the withdrawal of the armed forces of Spain immediately from Cuba. The Spanish government was allowed until Saturday noon to make its answer.

The only notice taken at Madrid of this action was the presentation to Minister Woodford of his papers of safe-conduct. This occurred before he was able to present the ultimatum. He reminded the Spanish government that this was equivalent to a declaration of war on its part, and at once withdrew to Paris, leaving the affairs of the legation in the care of the British ambassador. His exit from Madrid was the signal for a noisy mob demonstration, though no violence was attempted upon the person of the minister.

Meanwhile, simultaneously with the issue of the ultimatum, a copy thereof was served upon the Spanish minister in Washington, who, by the hand of the same messenger, returned a note asking for his passport. It was furnished him without delay, and he took an early train for Canada, where it is supposed that he will spend some time, keeping in touch with matters here for the benefit of his home government.

On Wednesday the Spanish Cortes began its session at Madrid, and the Queen Regent delivered the speech from the throne in person. Referring to the headlong haste with which "a section of the people of the United States," seeing that the schemes of the plotters against the sovereignty of Spain were likely, through the successful operation of autonomy, to be frustrated by the free action of the people of Cuba, precipitated the present crisis, and to the probability that the Washington government would "yield to the blind current," she added:

"The supreme decision of Parliament will doubtless sanction the unalterable resolution of my government to defend our rights, whatever sacrifices may be imposed upon us in accomplishing this task. . . . Although a dark and gloomy future is before us, the difficulties are not beyond our powers. With our glorious army, navy, and united nation before foreign aggression, we trust in God that we shall overcome without stain on our honor the baseless and unjust attacks made upon us."

The speech was received with demonstrations of the greatest enthusiasm.

Immediately after the final passage through both Houses of Congress of the resolutions which made intervention in Cuba a certainty, orders were issued to every military department for the despatch of all the troops who could be spared to the rendezvous near the Gulf of Mexico, equipped for the coming campaign. Within a few hours about 16,000 armed men were on the move eastward and southward. The points chosen for their temporary occupation are Chickamauga Park, Tampa, Mobile, and New Orleans.

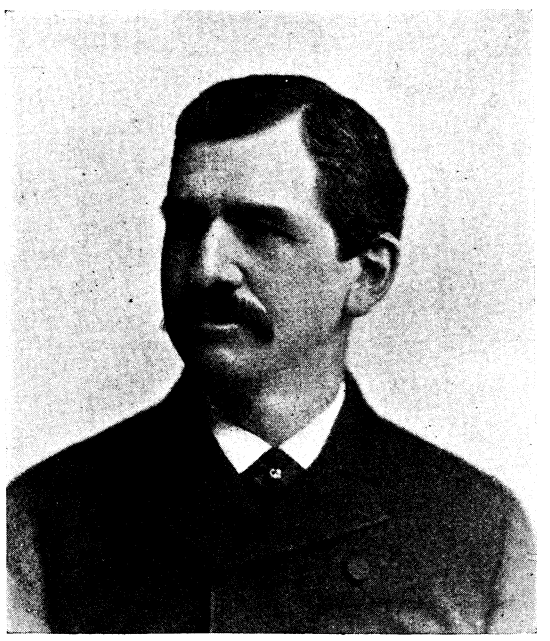
The Spanish war-ships *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which sailed mysteriously from Havana a few weeks ago, were reported on Tuesday as arriving at the Cape Verde rendezvous. On the following day news reached our Navy Department that the *Pelayo*, the most powerful battle-ship in the Spanish navy, had joined the fleet. A rumor was current immediately thereafter that the entire fleet gathered at the Cape Verde Islands had started westward, its destination unknown. At a special meeting of the cabinet, called on Thursday to consider the retirement of Minister Woodford from Madrid, it was decided to order the Key West squadron to sail. This was done at once.

The squadron which sailed on Friday morning proceeded first to Havana and blockaded the entrance to the harbor. At the same time the President issued a proclamation that the United States "have instituted and will maintain a blockade of the north coast of Cuba, including ports on said coast between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast." Neutral vessels which happened to be at any of these ports at the establishment of the blockade were given thirty days to clear. On Saturday enough war-ships were detached from the main squadron to make this proclamation effective as to all the coast covered by its terms. At the time of beginning the blockade of Havana the only Spanish naval vessel of any consequence in the harbor was the *Alfonso XII.*

The first shot actually fired in the war was sent across the bows of a 1700-ton Spanish merchant ship on Friday, from one of the guns on the gunboat *Nashville*, by order of Commander Maynard. The merchantman was the *Buena Ventura*, bound for Rotterdam, Holland, with a cargo of pine lumber from Pascagoula, Mississippi, valued at about $20,000. Her captain surrendered promptly, and was astonished when informed that a state of war already existed between his country and the United States. His crew, consisting of twenty-eight men, were taken over to the *Dolphin*, which was somewhat short of coal-passers, and set to work in the hold. Other small prize captures followed.

Representative Hull introduced in the House on Tuesday a bill providing for the temporary increase of the army in time of war. It was designated, to distinguish it from the Hull bill which was recommitted some time ago, the volunteer army bill. It proposed to divide the army in time of war into two organizations, the regular and volunteer, the latter to be maintained only during the existence or imminence of war, and to be raised only when Congress authorizes it. All the regimental and company officers of the volunteer army were to be appointed by the President upon the recommendation of the Governors of several States, subject to such examination as may be prescribed as a test of fitness. This was expected to do away with the objection raised against the first army bill by the enemies of the regular organization, but the House was not yet satisfied. One of the first things it did was to revise this provision, and confide the appointment of the officers of the volunteer army to the Governors themselves. With a few amendments, both House and Senate passed the bill in time to send it to the President on Friday afternoon, when it was considered at an adjourned cabinet meeting.

The next morning the President signed the bill and issued a proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, "the same to be apportioned, as far as practicable, among the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, according to population, and to serve for two years unless sooner discharged!" In order to avoid the unnecessary transaction of public business on Sunday, the notice of each State's apportionment was not sent out till to-day.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
The New Postmaster-General.

That afternoon Representative Dingley introduced in the House a bill "to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures," which contains the fruit of careful consideration by the Republican majority of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was at once referred to the full committee, which is expected to report it back in time to let it go over to the Senate and become a law before the end of the week, unless obstructed by debate. The bill provides for the issue of $500,000,000 worth of three-per-cent. bonds, and for the further issue, if necessary, of Treasury certificates to the extent of $100,000,000, bearing three per cent. interest, but payable within one year. To meet these extraordinary demands, a system of internal taxation is prescribed. The tax on beer is raised from $1 a barrel to $2; this is expected to provide $35,000,000 of revenue. Taxes of various sorts on tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., including a license fee to be paid by merchants and peddlers engaged in the trade, are expected to yield $25,000,000. A tonnage tax on vessels employed in foreign commerce is estimated at $2,000,000. A stamp tax on documents, telegrams, steamship tickets, etc., is down for $30,000,000; and another stamp tax on wines, mineral waters, proprietary medicines, perfumery, and other sundries is still indefinite. As a whole, the committee looks to the bill to yield between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year.

On Thursday, in the midst of all the excitement of the opening war, occurred the second break in President McKinley's cabinet. Postmaster-General Gary's resignation, and the appointment of Charles Emory Smith, of Pennsylvania, to succeed him, were announced without warning. Mr. Gary's retirement was attributed to the uncertain state of his health; but it has been an open secret from the first of the acute stage of the Cuban agitation that, while perfectly loyal to the President, he has set his face persistently against war, and in this regard has differed seriously with some of his fellow-cabinet-members.

Mr. Smith, the new Postmaster-General, will be remembered by the public at large for his service as minister to Russia under the Harrison administration. In the days of the Conkling régime in New York he was editor of the Albany *Journal*, and, at the Republican National Convention of 1876 and the State conventions for a number of years later, had the most active share in framing the party platforms. He left the *Journal* about 1880 to take the editorship of the Philadelphia *Press*, which has steadily improved and prospered under his control. It is now the chief mouth-piece of the anti-Quay Republicans of Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith is not only a clever editor and political strategist, but an orator of uncommon ability. His appointment decidedly strengthens the cabinet. He is a native of Connecticut, and fifty-six years old.

The government has chartered the four fine steamships of the American line—the *St. Paul*, the *St. Louis*, the *New York*, and the *Paris*—as cruisers for the auxiliary navy. Captain Sigsbee, who, since his return from the scene of the *Maine* disaster, has been acting as aide to the Secretary of the Navy, has been assigned to command the *St. Louis*. The *New York*, since she duplicated a name already belonging to one of the regular cruisers, has been rechristened the *Harvard*, and the *Paris*, owing to her foreign name, has been styled for naval purposes the *Yale*. The auxiliary navy has been further increased by the purchase of the crack steamer of the Ward line the *Yumuri*, and the Old Dominion steamer *Yorktown*. The famous war-ship *Nictheroy* has been bought of Brazil.

Rear-Admiral Sicard, who was relieved from command at Key West on account of ill health, has recovered enough to resume work, and has been assigned to duty at the Navy Department as chief naval adviser to the Secretary.

The Spanish consuls in the principal seaboard cities advertised last week that they would send out of the country, at the expense of the Madrid government, any Spanish subjects who preferred not to stay here after the outbreak of the war. Very few, and those generally laborers who had been unable to find employment here, availed themselves of the privilege. The largest embarkation was from New York, and numbered only twenty-five of the poorer class. A half-dozen cabin passengers sailed on the same steamer. The consul at Boston says that a number of Spaniards in that city expect to go a little later, but that he shall not leave the United States himself for some time.

It now appears unlikely that either Spain or the United States will resort to privateering during the coming war. Our Department of State has announced officially that we have no intention of doing so; and an intimation has been received here from London that if Spain attempts to issue letters of marque, the British government will interfere and compel her to desist. Spain will probably utilize her better class of merchant ships not as privateers, but as an auxiliary navy, thus relieving their operations of any taint of piracy.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

NAVIES OF SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

A RECENT issue of the *Scientific American* publishes a table giving details of the navies of the world, "prepared by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, United States army," and "corrected from the latest official reports on file at the War Department, December, 1897."

A summary of the "batteries" of the navies of Spain and the United States is given graphically herewith by means of two pairs of thermometers. By this it appears that Spain's naval armament is very much inferior to that of this country.

This summary includes all guns reported in the table referred to—that is, the total armament of battle-ships of the first, second, and third classes, vessels for coast defence, cruisers of all descriptions, and first-class gunboats.

On battle-ships of all classes, this report gives Spain but 86 guns, all told (46 heavy and 40 light), while it gives the United States 478, all told (154 heavy and 324 light).

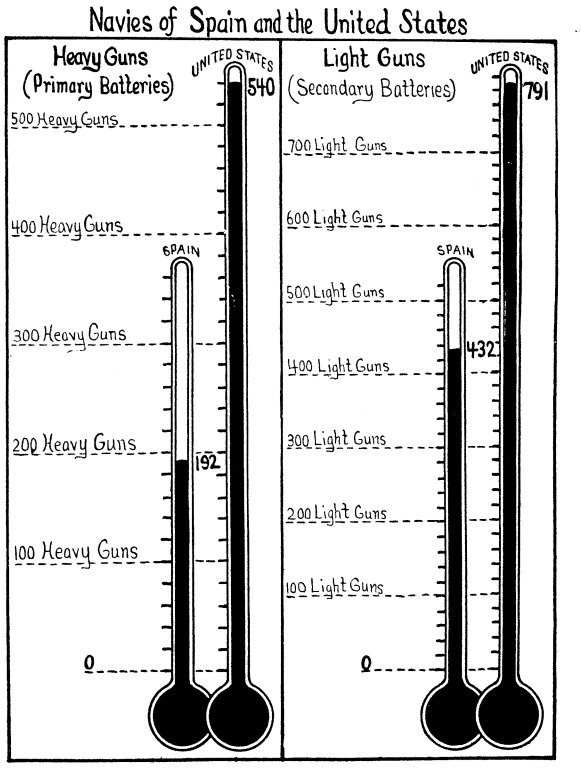
The vessels carrying these armaments number 40 in the Spanish navy, and 72 in that of this country. Of naval vessels of all other descriptions (namely, gunboats, second and third class, torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat-destroyers, hulks, and stationary vessels, subsidized vessels, and miscellaneous vessels) Spain has 123, and the United States 125. Of "obsolete vessels" the report gives Spain 59, and the United States 11.

While the "batteries" of heavy guns and light guns are the armaments depended upon for daytime naval fighting, there yet remains the modern and supposedly powerful equipment of torpedo-boats to be taken into account for night attack and foggy-weather operations and battle-smoke assault.

In this regard Spain's navy greatly outranks that of this country. The report summarizes 56 torpedo-boats for Spain, while it credits our own navy with but 21.

Should these little monsters prove as effectual as theory would make them appear, then Spain's naval equipment much more nearly balances that of this country.

These studies are of special interest at the present moment; and yet, if our present naval force be the true heritage of our naval ancestry, mere count of equipment measures but a fraction of our sea-fighting potency.





FO'C'S'LE BAND ON U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."

A LITANY OF THE FREE.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Himalaya's frosty shades,
From Cachmir's roselit glades,
Thy pure of heart and pure of breed,
We defied the iron-crested Mede
With the challenge of that fearless cry.
And the desert bloomed from the deathless seed
That Glory strews where heroes die.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

When Conquest's bloody hand
Had blasted the fertile land
We made the bitter and turbulent sea
The ward of our hope and trust in Thee
Against oppression's craven guiles.
And ocean hugged with stormy glee
Our daring empire of the isles.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

From Gades to Baltic our sails
Were the drums of mustering gales
That curdled and blanched the trembling veins
Of the tyrants who ravaged the fair domains
We won from the wilds of forest and shore.
What to us their sordid and sin-bred gains?
For Thou and Thy sea are our friends evermore!

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

Ye brought us to a land
On whose earth-circling strand
Wrong shall not nurse her viper brood,
Nor the weak and helpless be subdued
To bondage or awe of hand or mind,
While the leagues of the pathless deep include
This refuge and help of wronged mankind.

In Thine awful Court of Swords we plead!
O God of Battles, we cry to Thee!
From the cruel rule of lust and greed,
O God of our fathers, keep us free!

JOHN MALONE.

FLYING SQUADRON.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD U.S.S. "COLUMBIA,"
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA. *April 22.*

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S Flying Squadron is like its commander—ready for whatever may come. From the technical point of view it is a curious combination of ships, utterly lacking in homogeneity. The flag-ship *Brooklyn* is an armored cruiser, fit to fight almost anything afloat, and faster than any ship in the Spanish navy; the *Massachusetts* is a battle-ship of the first class, a match for any ship that sails under the red and yellow of Spain. The *Texas*, a lucky ship and a "happy" ship now that Captain "Jack" Philip has got her, is a battle-ship of the second class, faster than the *Massachusetts*, but not so heavily armed or armored, yet bound to do her share of whatever work is cut out, and with the new turret gear designed by Lieutenant Harseler, about four times as efficient as when first commissioned. The other two ships, the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, technically known as protected cruisers, are built not to fight war-ships, but to prey on the commerce of the enemy, and their safety lies in their amazing speed. They are the fastest war-ships afloat, and belong properly to a flying squadron.

But homogeneous or heterogeneous, the Flying Squadron is an aggregation of ships whose performance in this war will bear watching, and for two things—the character

(*Continued on page 429.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS is manufactured by C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

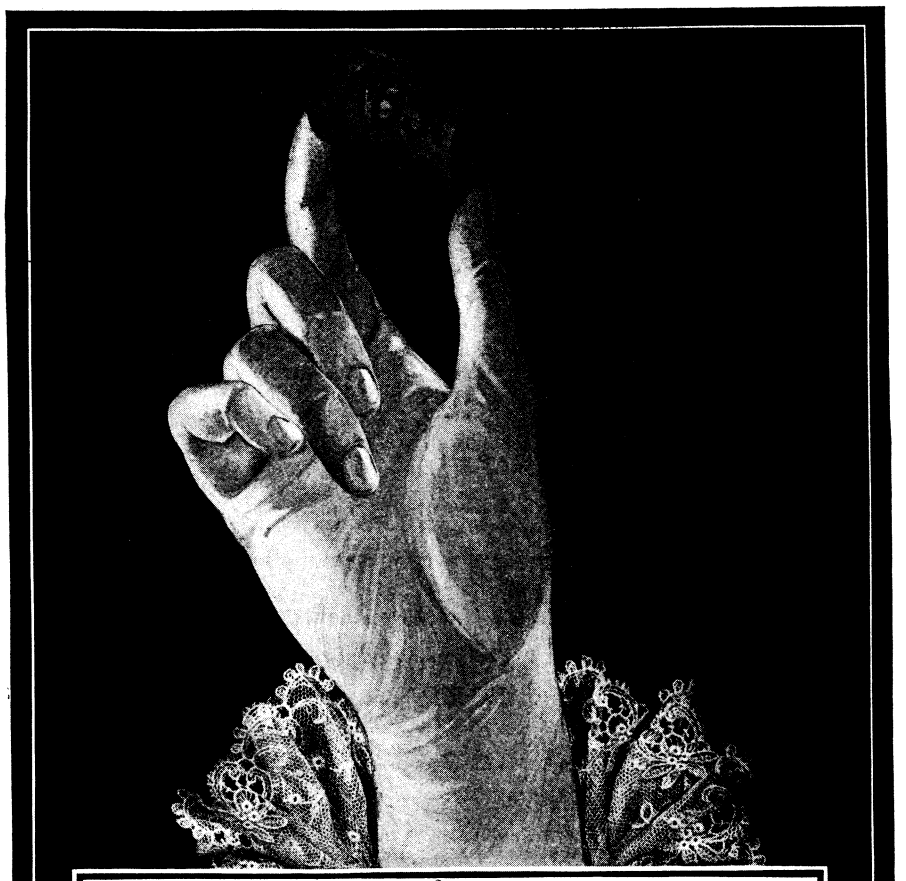
THE continuation of the spring opening of ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, still attracts wide attention. These displays are looked forward to from season to season with pleasant anticipations, not only by the large clientèle with whom this house is in favor, and who await the exhibition to decide finally what the style will be, but numerous women visit the display from an artistic point of view. Beautiful and elegant indeed are the imported and domestic costumes, wraps, and waists, as well as the exquisite materials that delight the beholder. The novelties in silks, mulls, bengalines, grenadines, gauzes, and other lovely fabrics are well worth the high praise they receive.

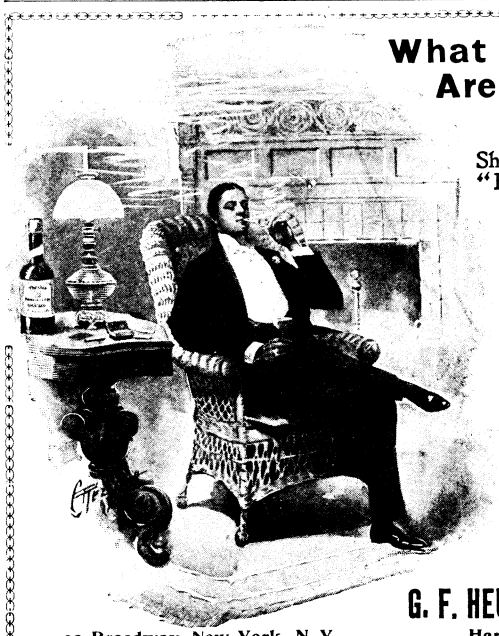
A stylish Paquin gown is of a lovely soft gray fabric, embroidered in bow-knot effect, of fluted ribbon of the same shade. The bodice is on the Russian-blouse style, with full vest of écru lace. Among the elegant evening toilets is a Raudnitz of black gauze, having the appearance of being inserted with lovely lace and woven with wide bias-effect tucks. The bodice is made in an indescribable pretty fashion, the garniture being turquoise taffeta, with edging of Cluny insertion and lace. One of the models from Sara Meyer is an exquisite gray brocade, with cream appliqued trimming forming an apron-like front. The back of the skirt has a most graceful arrangement with sash-like folds, and the bodice is composed of the silk decorated with fine plaitings of chiffon, lace, and mousseline de soie. A very handsome Worth gown is of spangled and appliqued black lace over white satin. The bodice is encircled with a turquoise velvet belt, and the garniture at the throat is of the same shade of velvet. A sash elaborately trimmed with narrow plaitings and ruffles of chiffon and jet form part of the decoration of the trimming of the skirt in the back.

On the second floor may also be found an infinitely large display of Paris lingerie, peignoirs, negligées, taffeta-silk petticoats, and beautiful silk waists. The Children's Department possesses unique attractions in the way of pretty frocks of every description, besides reefers and suits.—[*Adv.*]

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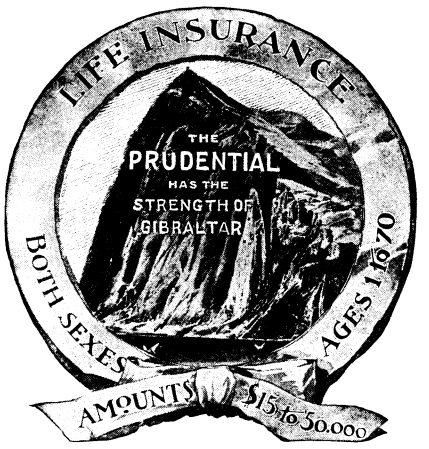
He writes, of course, from the point of view of a partisan, but he narrates unquestionable facts, and does not color his picture unduly. . . . The book is an important contribution to the history of the controversy.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

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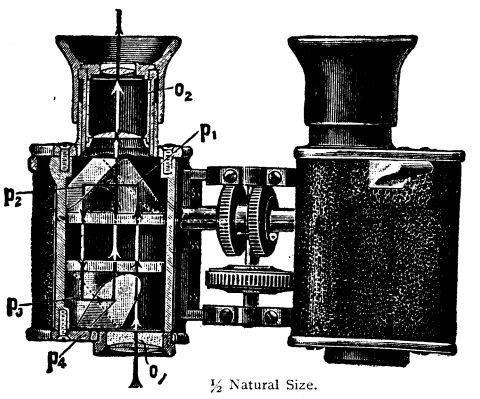
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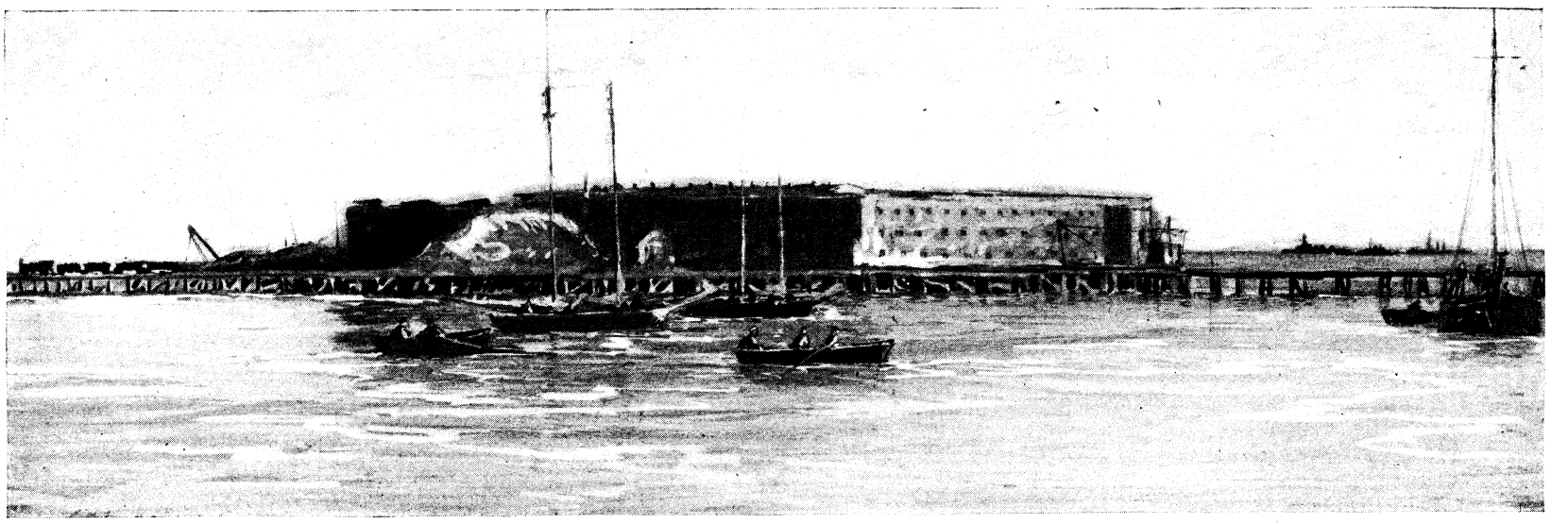
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KEY WEST—OLD FORT TAYLOR AND THE COAL-DOCK PIER.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

AMATEUR SPORT

For the present Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be in the field, as the chief correspondent of* Harper's Weekly, *in the war between the United States and Spain. Amateur Sport, accordingly, will necessarily receive somewhat less attention than usual, but contributions upon important topics connected with this department, including* Mr. Whitney's *articles on "Big-game Hunting," will be printed as often as the pressure of immediate news matter will permit.*

(*Continued from page 427.*)

of the officers and the temper of the men. No commander-in-chief of a squadron ever had a better or a finer set of officers to carry out his will than are gathered in these ships to follow the lead of Commodore Schley. From fighting "Jack" Philip, the senior captain, down through the list of commanders to Jewell of the *Minneapolis*, who has been wearing his eagle only a few months—Higginson, Sands, and Cook—they are alert, active, strong, self-reliant men, who have proved their worth and demonstrated their pluck.

The temper of the men is illustrated by two things. The ships have been here three weeks, close to many of the delights to Jacky's heart. There has been work all day, and every day, sometimes even on Sunday, with never a minute's shore leave, and yet there has been no sort of complaint. Never have men jumped into their work more willingly. Never have men worked harder or accomplished more. The flag-ship and the two battle-ships have been in commission more than a year, and their crews are drilled to a marvellous state of efficiency. The officers joined the two commerce-destroyers five weeks ago. Their crews are nearly two-thirds green men, some of whom have never been to sea before, and some of whom came to the ships after the cruisers joined the squadron. Yet in the little time they have had they have settled down like veterans, and this morning, when the call to "general quarters" was sounded on the *Columbia*, every gun and division was ready for battle in less than five minutes. It was wonderful work.

Willingness and adaptability always have been characteristics of the sailor-men in the United States navy. There is a third which has won many battles in the past, and will maintain its amazing efficiency in the future—that is straight shooting. I have seen the men of every ship in this squadron at target practice, and what they can do is a matter of fact and not of theory. It is wonderful and terrible. When the squadron was out for evolutions and drill, one morning was given to sub-calibre practice. In that work a small rifle is fitted into the breech of the large gun, and fired. The practice is in effect with the big guns, but the cost is so small that many rounds may be fired for the cost of one service charge. At that morning's sea-work the sea was what a landlubber would call rough. In the language of the sailor-men a "stiff breeze" was blowing. The targets were set at 800 and 1000 yards. To get elevation enough for the small rifles to carry that far the big guns were aimed as if at targets 4000 yards or more away. With ships pitching and rolling, and targets bobbing up and down, the gunners displayed an accuracy of aim and judgment which will make it extremely uncomfortable for an enemy's ship, and almost impossible for a torpedo-boat to live long enough to endanger one of the ships. Not a shot fell far from the mark, and many struck the targets. Every man in the gun crews took his turn at the firing, and the poorer marksmen were kept at it. It was a convincing demonstration of the truth of the old saying that "the best defence against an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire of your own." These fellows will take care of their own fire, and it will be fast and deadly in its accuracy. How they can shoot!

Every day of the waiting has added to the efficiency of the ships. Every drill has increased the certainty of victory. Two of the elements of victory are contempt for the enemy and reliance on self. Both of these the men of the Flying Squadron have. Not that they underestimate Spanish prowess; they despise Spanish tactics and treachery, and they are confident that if it comes to a naval engagement, the fight will not be long. Liberty and freedom are words to conjure with, but, for the men of the squadron, "Remember the *Maine!*" is a battle-cry that can lead to but one result. There is a lowering of the voice, a compressing of the lips, when the great disaster in Havana Harbor comes up in the talk, that shows what the hearts of the bluejackets feel. The *Maine* is the call with the men, whatever Congress may resolve or oratory may declare, and a bitter penalty Spain will pay before our men get full satisfaction for the murder of their comrades. It was the coxswain of the *Columbia's* launch who made this declaration of the feeling of the men: Some one called out to him,

"There will be no war; Spain will give up Cuba."

Like a pistol-shot came the answer, "Will she give back our bluejackets?"

It has been a weary wait in some ways. It is not easy to go about one's work with the contingency of war hanging in an unknown balance. But the officers have borne themselves well, and their wives have shown the cheerfulness and courage that befit women whose husbands are about to go to war. It seems now as if the call could not be delayed for long. When it does come, it will find a ready response, and one worthy the history and tradition of the American navy. It is a beautiful thing to see how men and officers love and reverence the flag. This afternoon a merchantman was passed by one of the war-ships, and dipped her ensign. It happened that on the cruiser the men were very busy, and no one saw the salute for a minute or so. The man who had dipped his flag stood holding it in his hand, waiting for the war-ship's response. The officer of the deck caught sight of him.

"Jump aft there," he shouted to a sailor-man, "and dip that ensign! My God! here's a man standing with the American flag in his hand, and no one to answer him!"

In mess-room, quarters, and on deck, among officers and men, the talk is of the war and our part in it. No one knows when we shall go, or what we shall be sent to do, but with unfaltering confidence, and with resolute willingness and determination to do the best that in them lies for the nation and the flag, the officers and the men of the Flying Squadron calmly await the call to action. For some of them perhaps it will be the last call. A shotted hammock in a tropic sea may be their station in their last watch and division bill, but they're ready for the quick beat, and God will take care of the rest.

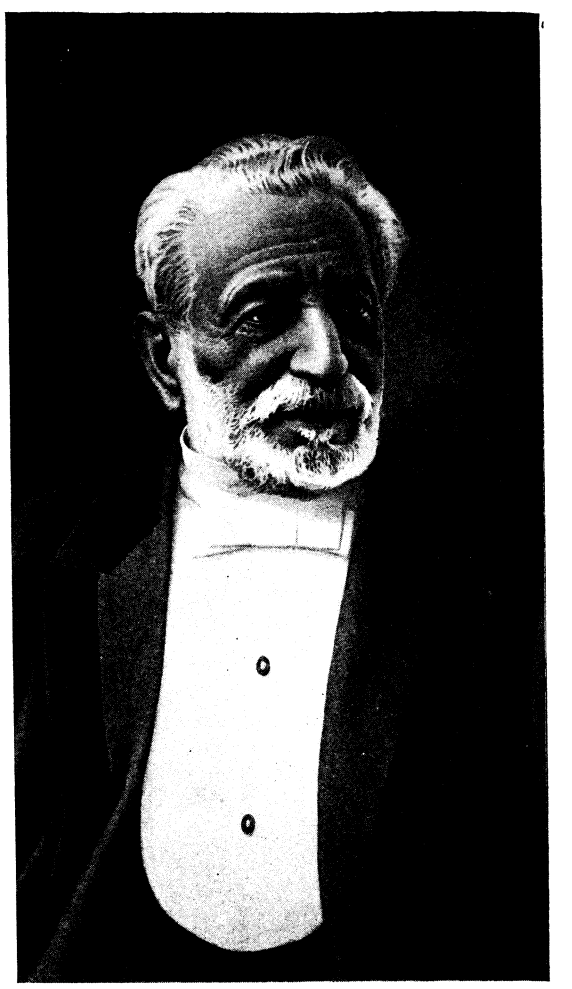
Oscar King Davis.



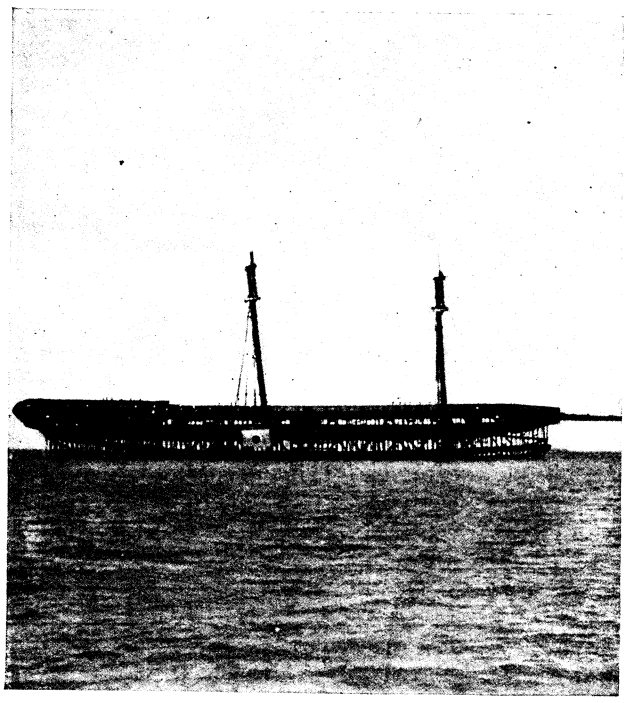
DON ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.



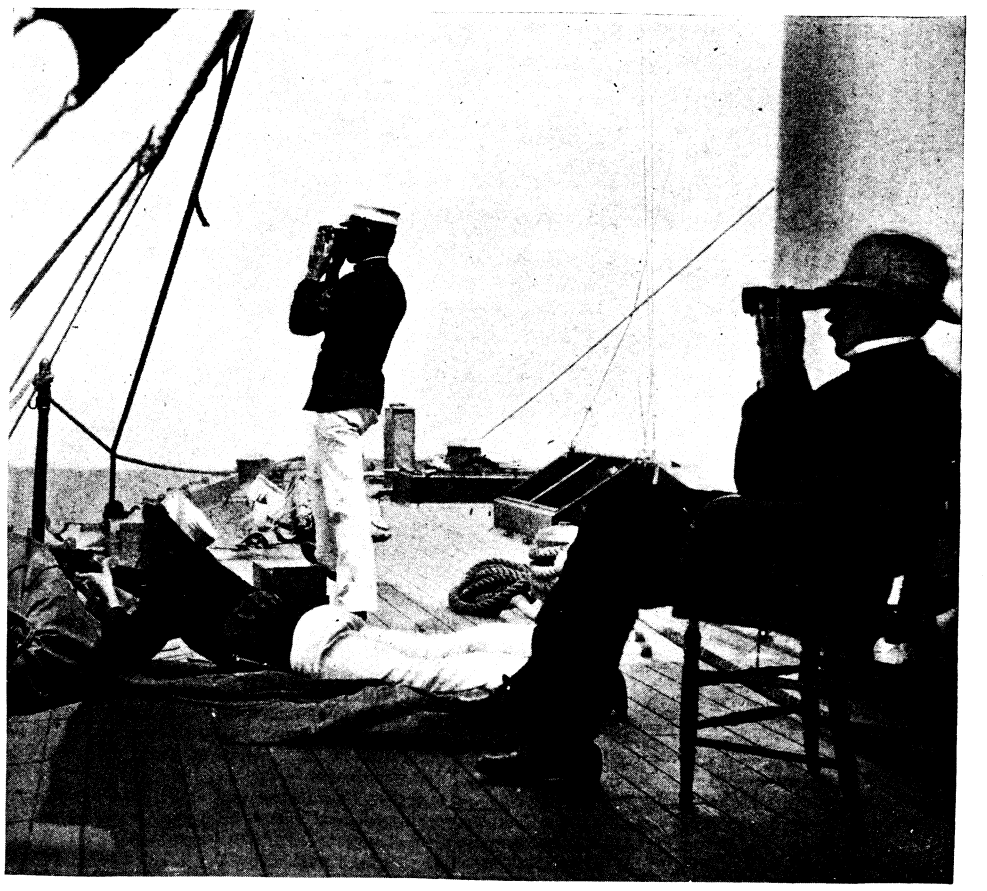
THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.



PRAXEDES MATEO SAGASTA, PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

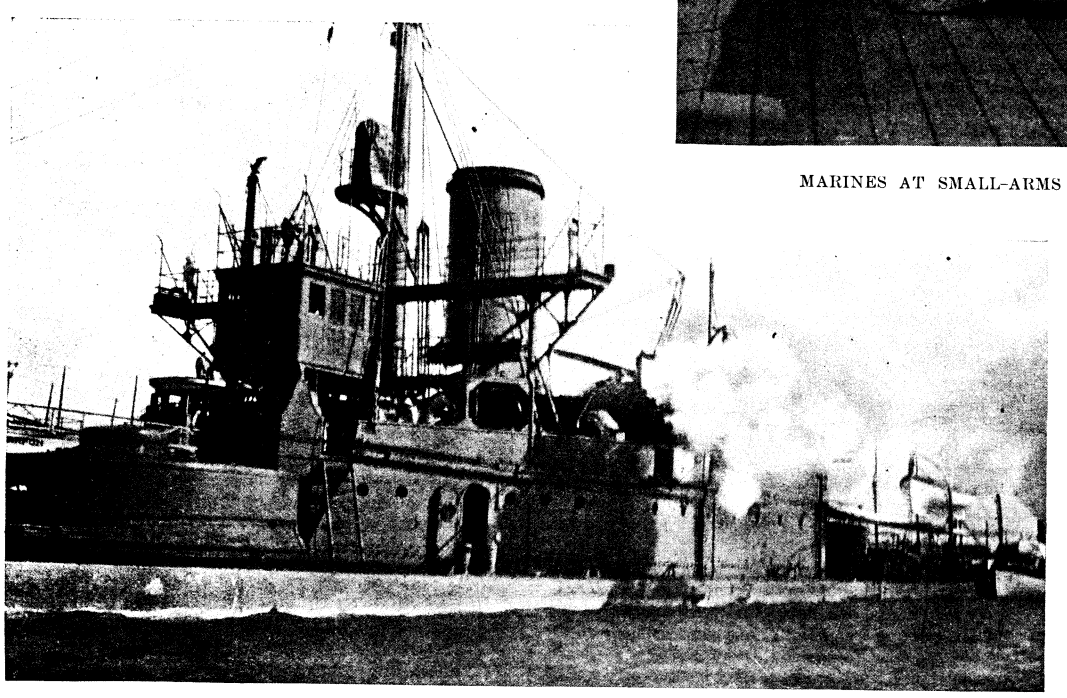


OLD HULK USED AS TARGET BY "MARBLEHEAD."

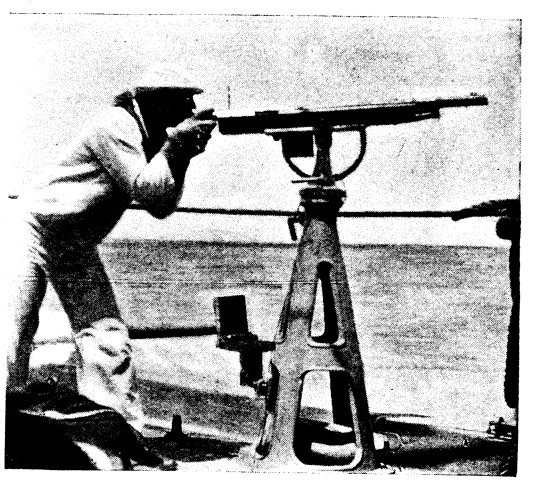


Commander McCalla.

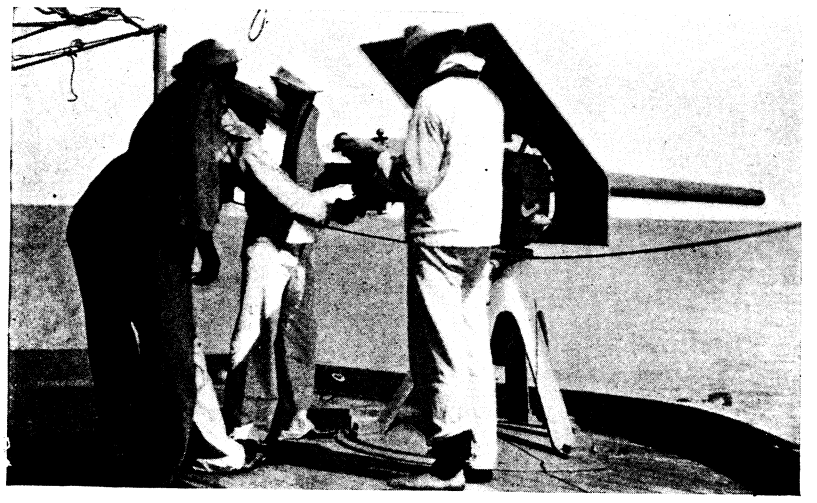
MARINES AT SMALL-ARMS TARGET-PRACTICE, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



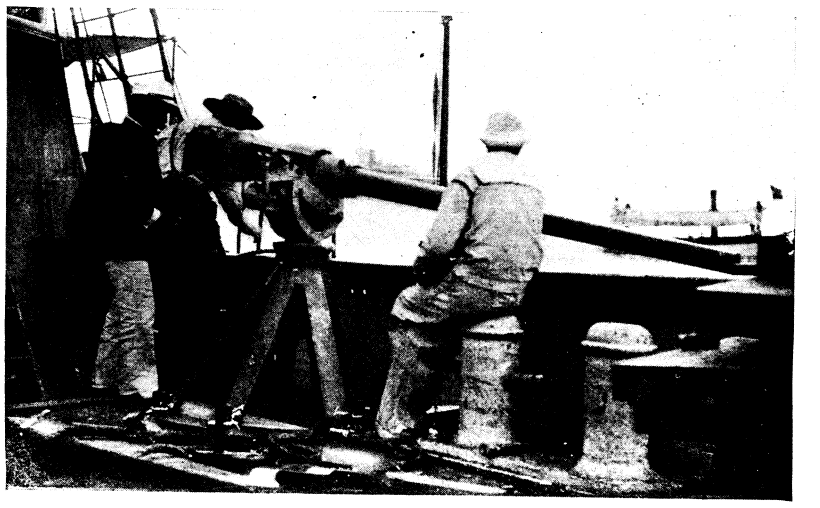
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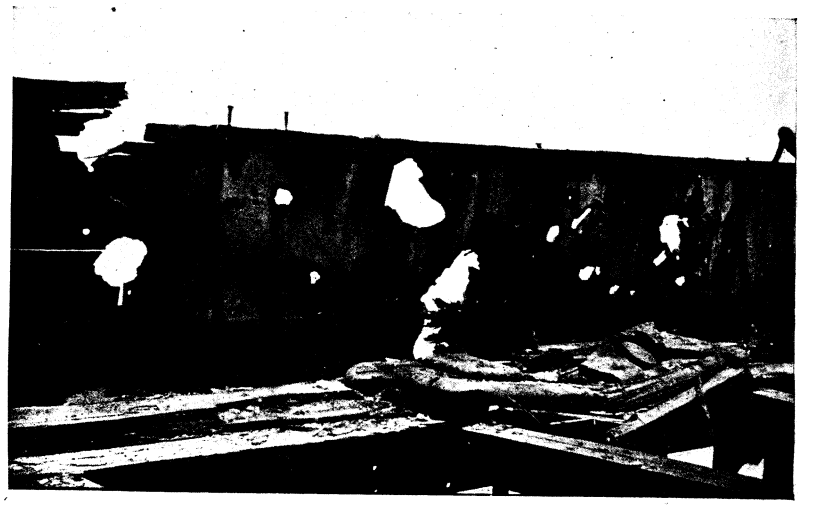
SIX-POUNDER RAPID-FIRE GUN, U. S. S. "MARBLEHEAD."



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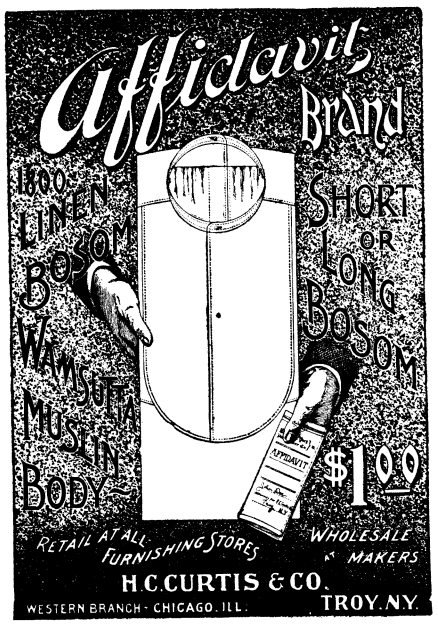
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VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



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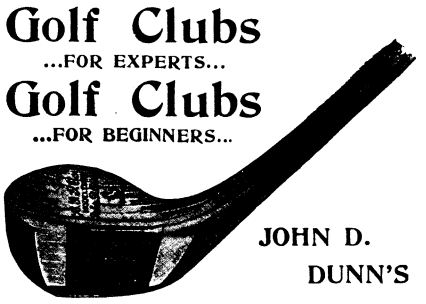
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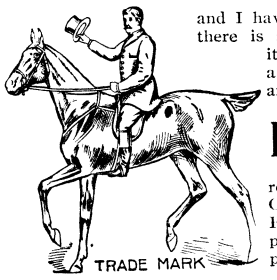
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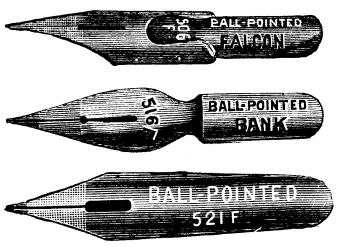
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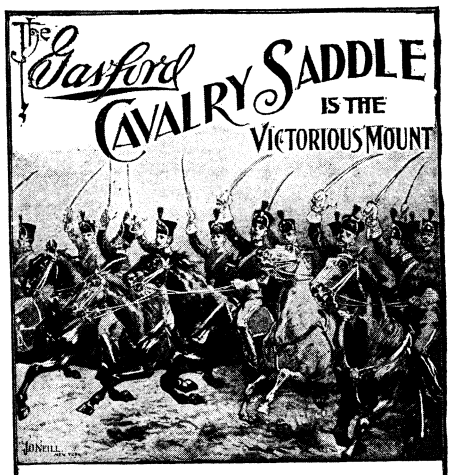
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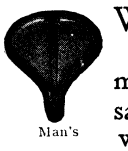
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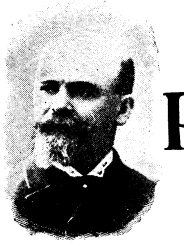
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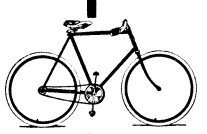
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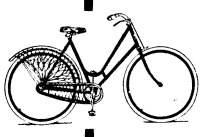
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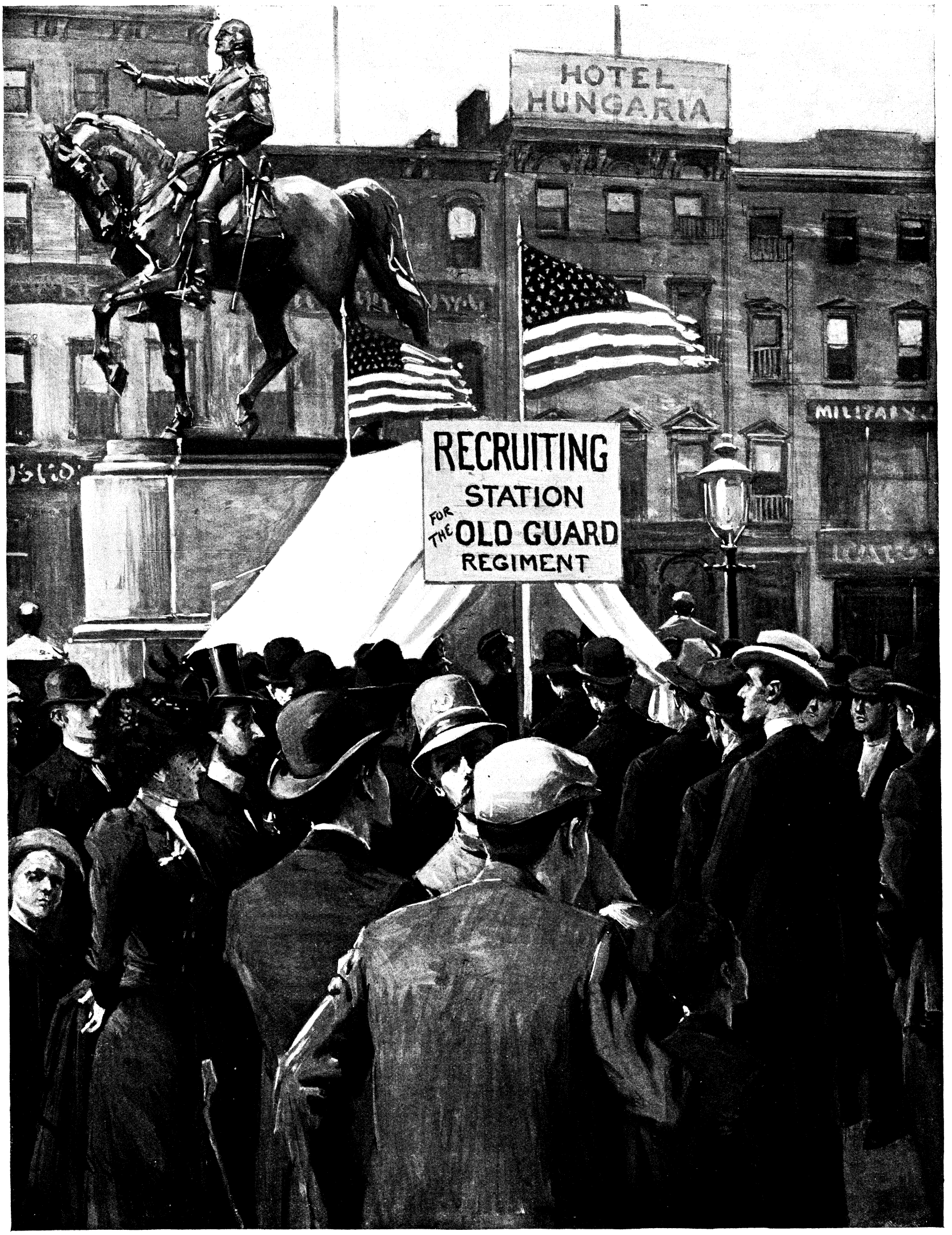
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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RECRUITING FOR THE WAR IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 7, 1898

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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to War.*

THERE is a good deal of regret expressed by some of the newspapers that the war was begun, on our part, by an assault on the commerce of Spain, while Spain, in declaring war, has announced that American vessels in Spanish harbors may have thirty days during which they may depart in safety. The right to capture merchant property on the high seas is one of the remaining barbarisms of war; but while its existence may be regretted, the officers who participate in these captures are not to be blamed; on the contrary, they would have been derelict in their duty if they had refrained from making them. Notwithstanding the contention that war had not begun because it had not been formally declared by Congress, it is a fact that a state of war existed at the time of making the first capture, and that according to our formal declaration. Hostile acts are not excusable because of a declaration of war, but because of the fact of war. The first hostile step was taken by this government in ordering Spain out of her own territory, under pain of being ejected by force of arms if she refused to go voluntarily. The issue was joined when Spain accepted the alternative and handed Minister WOODFORD his passports. War then existed, and although Congress subsequently, at the request of the President, made a formal declaration, we think that no admiralty court would hesitate to hold that without that declaration the United States and Spain were actually belligerents. It was proper that Spain, in declaring war, should give due notice to the vessels within her ports. On our part, the President has granted a month for the departure of Spanish vessels from our own ports. But as to vessels upon the high seas, they become the proper objects of capture immediately on the breaking out of hostilities, and therefore the officers of the American fleets were bound to take every Spanish merchant-man that came in their way, and to search every neutral vessel for contraband of war.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT deserves a good deal of respect from his countrymen, even of those who, like ourselves, differ from his well-known and conscientiously held opinion that the crime of war is a public virtue. If Congress had been as self-contained and dignified as Mr. ROOSEVELT has apparently been in the preliminary days before the war, it would have gone into the conflict in a dignified and gentlemanly way, and not after the fashion of a scolding and screaming termagant. Having got through with the duties of preparation, Mr. ROOSEVELT now proposes to practise what he has always preached, and he is going to war, it is said, as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of rough-riding cowboys and New York policemen. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a man of courage and intelligence, notwithstanding his perverted moral point of view of war, and he will know how to lead a cavalry regiment into action with dash and skill. Differ from him as we may, when war comes we know that we can pin our faith to him, and we know that he has nothing but the honor and welfare of his country in his mind and heart. If he goes to war, we sincerely trust that he will come back safely to a career of peaceful usefulness, thoroughly cured of his haunting bellicose chimeras.

THE corrupt gang which dominates the Democratic party of Chicago has won a signal victory, under the leadership of POWERS, in the formation of the committees of the Board of Aldermen, so that, notwithstanding what was supposed to have been the recent triumph of the reform party, POWERS, "Hinky Dink," and "Bath-House" JOHN are still in control of the city of Chicago, and are still friends and supporters of Mayor CARTER HARRISON. As Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS pointed out in his article on "Wide Open Chicago," published not long since in the WEEKLY, all this corruption in Chicago municipal politics is encouraged by men like CARTER HARRISON as an aid to the silver cause. The rabble is being held together under the leadership of the ruffians for the purpose of promoting the interests of the present Democratic national organization, and therefore for the furtherance of the silver cause. That they will be aided in their design by the complications arising out of the financial legislation, and the attempts at financial legislation, due to the war, goes without saying. It also transpires that there is to be a combination between the Cook County Democrats and Tammany Hall of New York. These two precious bodies of plundering patriots unite with the design of dictating the candidates and the policy of the Democratic party in 1900. This is a consideration which sound-money Republicans and Democrats should bear in mind in considering possible financial legislation.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S retirement from the Department of State calls for some recognition of the debt that is due him from the country for his public services in the past. For more than forty years he has been a distinguished public figure; he served the country well during the war from 1861 to 1865, and while his conduct has been sometimes marked by eccentricity, which is apparently a family trait, it may be said of him, on the whole, that in his retirement the country says "good-by" to a faithful public servant, and to one whose political methods have been oftener those of a statesman than of a mere politician. Taking his career as a whole, too, he has been an able representative of sound-money views, and, as Secretary of the Treasury, he showed marked ability as a finance minister. We cannot say this, however, without qualification, because, at the bottom, Mr. SHERMAN is in favor of government paper money, and his speeches and actions have often encouraged the inflationists and greenbackers; but, as we have already said, his career as a financial minister was, on the whole, helpful to the government. He has been in recent years a kind of link with a past when men were elected to the Senate of the United States because they had distinguished themselves in the public service, and because they possessed the traits and abilities of statesmanship. When we think of this we realize all the more the sadness and tragedy of the closing days of Mr. SHERMAN'S public life. He has lived to see the public service degraded and seats in the Senate become mainly a question of bargain and sale. He has seen the body of which he once had the right to be proud, degraded and despised, and himself at last the victim of a political bargain, in pursuance of which one of the new-time Senators succeeded him, the failing of his mental powers through old age making him an easy assenter to the bargain. Mr. SHERMAN ought to have resigned his place in the cabinet long ago, because he has been unable to perform its duties, his intellectual vagaries not only having made him pitiable, but having endangered the welfare of the government. He ought not, in fact, to have been appointed to the office, and the country must be glad at last that he has gone, and that the duties of his place have been given over to younger and stronger hands.

WE are glad to see, from the report of the Ways and Means Committee accompanying the revenue bill, that the truth respecting the financial condition of the Treasury has at last been told. It will be recollected that when the bill granting the fund of $50,000,000 to the President, to be used at his discretion, was before the House of Representatives, Mr. CANNON, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, announced, with what we then thought to be an undue degree of boastfulness, that the money was in the Treasury, and that, unlike any other nation on earth, we could make such an appropriation from funds in hand. As a matter of fact, the money was in the Treasury, but it was the remains of a loan secured by Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. DINGLEY now says that, taking out all the unavailable money from the cash balance, we had only $65,000,000, exclusive of the greenback redemption fund, at the time when the $50,000,000 appropriation was made, and that as a working balance of $40,000,000 is essential for the current operations of the government, the Treasury was really $25,000,000 short of the $50,000,000 called for by the emergency appropriation. Now we have that $25,000,000 to make up, also a probable deficit arising from the excess of ordinary expenditures over receipts of from $35,000,000 to $50,000,000 to provide against, besides the cost of the maintenance of the war, which, if the war continue for a year, will certainly amount to $500,000,000. It would be wise for Congress to anticipate the necessity of an increase of the revenues by at least $600,000,000. If the estimates of the Ways and Means Committee are correct, $90,000,000 of this increase is to be obtained from the restoration of old-time war internal-revenue taxation. In addition, an issue of $500,000,000 of ten-twenty three-per-cent. coin bonds is authorized. Naturally this meets with opposition from the Democrats and Populists, who are strong enough, apparently, in the Senate to give the government a good deal of trouble in its endeavor to find the money essential to the proper conduct of the war. They are already opposing any proposition that authorizes the issue of bonds, and insisting upon more silver currency and more greenbacks. In other words, the men who had most to do with bringing on the war intend to embarrass the government to the full extent of their capacity for evil, in its effort to secure the means to carry on the war. But do what they will, they cannot blind the country now to the fact that the government absolutely needs the money called for by the proposed bond issue, and that it is essential to sell the bonds, or else the government must a good deal more than double its revenue by taxation. At least, we trust that this is the alternative, and that the Republican House of Representatives will never agree to the issue of any more non-interest-bearing debt, or to the creation of any more silver currency.

A SHORT AND ENERGETIC WAR.

NOW that war is actually upon us, it is to be hoped that it will be short and the triumph of the United States complete. The war, so far as the United States is concerned, is peculiar. It is almost incredible that we should reap any advantage from it. Congress and the President have solemnly assured the world that we have no ulterior design of conquest or of territorial aggrandizement. We do not go to war for Cuba. We do not state this in the belief that we need to give assurance of our honesty of purpose. The world must accept that in the end, and our venomous German critics, who turn from entrenching their position in stolen Kiao-chau to rail at American greed, will doubtless eventually be compelled to swallow their grossly insolent words. It is quite possible that some of our politicians think that Cuba will be quietly made part of the United States after the war is over, but that they will find themselves mistaken none know better than the intelligent among the Jingoes. The plain fact is that Congress could not have declared war for the sake of conquest. The country would not have permitted it. Not only is there likely to be no acquisition of territory, but there will be no indemnity demanded, unless piratical acts by Spain make reprisal in the Philippines necessary. But we are not inclined to ask for money, or other material indemnity, in a war which has been undertaken for the sole purpose of driving a mediæval and barbarous survival out of the western hemisphere. Moreover, Spain is not likely to be able to respond in money damages. She is already exhausted by the Cuban insurrection, and the present struggle will enormously increase her burdens. She will be ruined by the war, as her last two ministers to this country have confessed, and this country will certainly not be so ungenerous as to drive her deeper in the mire than it must in order to gain good security for the future, nor overheap the too abundant measure of her sufferings.

We will probably lose every dollar expended for the conduct of the war, and we can gain no recompense for the money, for the loss of business, for the injuries that will be inflicted on our carrying trade, for all the material damage, and for all the moral sequences of war, the last being its most disastrous accompaniments. A short war will be merciful, then, to our own people. Although the whole nation is willing to pay all that is necessary for the victory that must be ours, no matter how long the war may last, it is not fair to compel it to pay more than is absolutely necessary. The war will ruin many—let it not ruin too many. Every day increases the social demoralization of the country, and more of glory than has ever yet been won in war would be essential to compensate for the degradation that attends a long conflict.

Another important reason why the war should

be short lies in the attitude of Europe. Whether we care, or do not care, for the opinions of "abroad," we must recognize and care for stubborn facts. We have already alluded to the attitude of Germany. We have not heard one friendly word from that country, from which so many hundreds of thousands of our foreign-born citizens have emigrated for the purpose of finding here a refuge from the tyranny of militarism there. France is unfriendly, and the newspapers of Paris, to the number of fifty or more, are denouncing us for the outrage which they allege we are committing against Spain. Only two or three French newspapers, chiefly socialistic, favor the United States in this struggle. Austria supports the daughter of her imperial house, now the Queen Regent of Spain. One Russian newspaper has spoken in our favor; but Russia is allied with France, and is just now on the verge of bad terms with England, our only European friend. Italy is with Austria and Germany. We have no doubt of the sincerity of the friendship of England. We believe, too, that there is much of sentiment in it, although the assertion is also doubtless true that England is seeking an alliance mainly in aid of material interests. We hope it is true, for an alliance based on sentiment, with no element of mutual material advantage, would not be of long duration. All that we can ask or expect of our English friends now, however, is strict neutrality. We not only expect nothing but this, but we would not like to be offered anything more.

Unfriendly Europe is looking on this contest with much hopeful interest. It is important for us, as the London *Spectator* points out, that we should at once establish the fact that we are a first-rate naval power—that is, that our officers and men are of the first quality. It has been the custom to believe, at least to say, that this country is safe from European aggression because no European power desires to make war on us, fearing the consequences on account of our enormous resources. We are now in a position to demonstrate whether this fear is justified by our character, whether we possess the military character and ability to make our resources tell in war. If we cannot drive the fleets of Spain off the seas at once, the prestige that has grown up about us will be lost, and unfriendly Europe will be pleased to believe that a quarrel with the great republic will not be, after all, such a serious affair for a first-class power as has been supposed. It will not do to lose our prestige in the eyes of Europe. The mere humiliation would be almost unendurable; but, more than that, the danger to our future peace and prosperity would be thereby greatly enhanced.

Besides, unfriendly Europe would rejoice for an excuse for justifiable intervention in behalf of Spain. It would be very foolish to overlook or underestimate the significance of the report that the Continental powers intend to hold us to a strict accountability if, in exercising our right to search neutral vessels for contraband of war, we exceed in the slightest degree our powers under the law of nations. Our tempers will be often tried, and our naval officers will be often exasperated, by objections interposed by unfriendly Europe to the manner in which neutrals have been treated by our war-ships. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that France would enjoy uniting even with Germany to compel us to stop the war against Spain, but both those nations would like to have us defeated, and the longer the war lasts, the more likely are they to find an occasion for intervention —that is, for attempting to save Spain and to humiliate us. When that time comes we shall undoubtedly have the help of England, but we would have already lost our prestige as a first-class power; and, besides, we surely do not desire to embroil the world because of our own incompetency to defeat a power like Spain in a very short time.

For three reasons—to save as much as possible of the terrible cost, which must all be borne by us; to maintain our place in the world for the safeguarding of our future welfare; and to prevent any possible complication with unfriendly Europe, as well as the further spread of war—the war should be short. And to this end naval and military enterprise should not be hampered. Civilian generals and colonels must be discouraged. Congress should relinquish, if it can, its custom of commanding the forces. The war should be quick and energetic if it is to be conclusive.

PARTISANSHIP AND THE WAR.

AT a public dinner in New York the other day Judge HOWLAND gave vigorous expression to the disgust with which serious people regard the recent performance of Congress. It was the manner, or rather the unmannerliness, of Congress in entering upon the war that gave color to the opinion which prevails throughout Europe that it is on our part a mere war of conquest. A great nation bent upon unselfishly redressing, in the interest of humanity, an evil that has become intolerable, should not enter upon its mission with the demeanor of a bar-room bully.

But having brought on the war, there was some reason to expect that Congress would take measures to conduct it vigorously. It was the business of Congress to provide for the war what MILTON calls "its two main sinews, iron and gold," and to provide these in the promptest and most efficient way. The unanimous vote of fifty millions for national defence was the first and the last exhibition of the patriotism which has no taint of personal or party selfishness.

We pointed out last week the good that "the friends of silver" might do by acquiescing, as a war measure, in the borrowing of money by the government on the most favorable terms. The debates show how, so far from welcoming the opportunity, the friends of silver thought the occasion opportune for the revival of all their abandoned schemes, from "coining the seigniorage" to the unlimited issue of greenbacks. Though they were promptly voted down in the House, they are not to be dealt with so summarily in the Senate. It would be a grotesque and painful spectacle if old Mr. STEWART of Nevada had to be removed, either by a sergeant-at-arms or a provost marshal, in order that a war of his own earnest seeking might peaceably proceed.

Concerning the military provision for the war the game of politics has been as unscrupulously played as concerning the financial preparations. It is perfectly evident that the Constitution and the laws do not contemplate any means of carrying on a foreign war except the regular army and navy. When, two years and more ago, the Jingoes in Congress tried to force the hand of President CLEVELAND, as they have since tried to force the hand of President MCKINLEY, the question how they were to support the action they favored might have occurred to them, and would have occurred to responsible men. They knew that the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans, and, much more, of the independence of Cuba, would be regarded by Spain as an unfriendly act, and that the latter might be resented by a declaration of war. The first resolution for the recognition of the Republic of Cuba ought to have been accompanied by a bill to increase the army to 100,000 men. If that had been done, we should now be in possession of a trained and equipped force which might accomplish the object of expelling Spain from Cuba before the beginning of the Cuban rainy season.

Not only was this not done, but when the war actually came, and found us ill prepared for defence, and not prepared at all for offensive operations, the very men who had done their utmost to bring it on refused to provide for carrying it on in the cheapest and most efficient way. As the issue of a gold bond seemed to nullify the free-silver plank of the Chicago platform, so the enlargement of a force which had been and might again be used to preserve public order seemed to threaten the free-riot plank of the same instrument. The Military Committee of the House reported a sensible bill for the increase of the army, and the various elements of ignorance, silliness, and disorder in the House prevented its passage. In its place there was reported and passed a bill for the organization of a volunteer army, which has proved to be so confused and clumsy as to be almost unworkable, and under which it is certain that we shall get no trustworthy re-enforcements to the army for six months. Meanwhile we have assumed the task of driving fifty or sixty thousand Spanish soldiers out of Cuba with an effective army of less than twenty thousand men.

Such is the manner in which a foreign war brings us all together and sinks patriotism in politics. It ought to be said that the Democrats have not been alone in putting their party before their country. Mr. GROSVENOR of Ohio made an indiscreet remark about this being "a Republican war," by which, it appears, he did not mean what he seemed to mean, but which sorely needed to be explained away. And Mr. DINGLEY could not even bring in a bill for additional taxation without prefacing it with some irrelevant and absurd apologetics for his deficit-producing tariff. But, perhaps partly because they were in opposition, partly because they allowed themselves to be led by a statesman of the calibre of Mr. BAILEY of Texas, but mainly because they have been consistently in the wrong, the Democrats have suffered far more in public estimation than their opponents. They have opened a generous credit for the Republicans with the American people. For many years the political capital of each party has been the mistakes of the other. But it is scarcely conceivable that the administration can make so many and so grievous mistakes in what remains of its life as to incline any sober-minded person to transfer his support to the Democratic party as at present constituted and led.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, April 11.—Message of the President on Cuba, recommending that he have power to intervene forcibly without "recognizing at this time the independence of the present insurgent government." The issue left with Congress.

Wednesday, April 13.—The House passed a resolution directing the President to intervene in Cuba at once, and authorizing him to use the land and naval forces of the United States to stop the war.

Saturday, April 16.—The Senate passed a joint resolution, as a substitute for the House resolution, declaring the island to be free, recognizing the republic, demanding relinquishment of authority in Cuba by Spain, and withdrawal of Spanish forces; directing the President to call out the militia in addition to regular land and naval forces, and, finally, disclaiming any intention to annex the island.

Monday, April 18.—Memorandum of Spain to the powers—practically an appeal.

Tuesday, April 19.—Senate resolution adopted by the House, with the proviso recognizing the republic of Cuba stricken out. Both Houses agreed to the report in this form. Speech of Prime-Minister Sagasta in the Senate Chamber, Madrid—"We prefer to ruin ourselves and be abandoned by all, rather than" let Cuba go.

Wednesday, April 20.—Ultimatum to Spain, cabled at 11 A. M.—a formal demand that Spain at once (*i. e.*, before the hour of noon, April 23) relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

President signed Cuban joint resolutions at 11.24.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the Spanish minister, was notified. He at once requested his passports.

At the opening of the Cortes, the meeting of which had been advanced four days, a speech from the throne by the Queen Regent, invoking the support of the Spanish people.

Thursday, April 21.—Secretary Sherman's despatch delivered to General Woodford, the American minister at Madrid. Immediately after the despatch had been placed in his hands General Woodford received a note from the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him that diplomatic relations no longer existed between the United States and Spain. General Woodford placed the American legation and all American interests and citizens in Spain in the care of the British embassy.

The President directed the Secretary of the Navy to order the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron to proceed without delay to Cuban waters to blockade Havana and other ports of the island.

Saturday, April 23.—President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers.

Chairman Dingley introduced the war revenue bill in the House.

Monday, April 25.—Formal declaration of war recommended by the President, and a bill "declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain," passed by both Houses.

Secretary-of-State John Sherman resigned.

The Secretary of War, R. A. Alger, sent despatches to the Governors of States and Territories calling for the troops authorized by the President's proclamation.

Tuesday, April 26.—An additional circular note to the powers was issued by Spain, characterizing the conduct of General Fitzhugh Lee as "execrable," and predicting that the island of Cuba will not be declared pacified until "it is ready for annexation."

Questioned as to the Spanish government's attitude in regard to privateering, Premier Sagasta made an evasive reply.

A despatch states that Commodore Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron, has been ordered to await definite instructions before attacking Manila.

The President by proclamation reaffirmed the intention of this government to "adhere to the Declaration of Paris," and defined the rights and privileges of Spanish ships in American waters.

Wednesday, April 27.—First action of the war: The *New York*, *Puritan*, and *Cincinnati* bombarded and silenced the forts at Matanzas.

Commodore Dewey's squadron sailed from Mirs Bay for Manila at two o'clock in the afternoon.

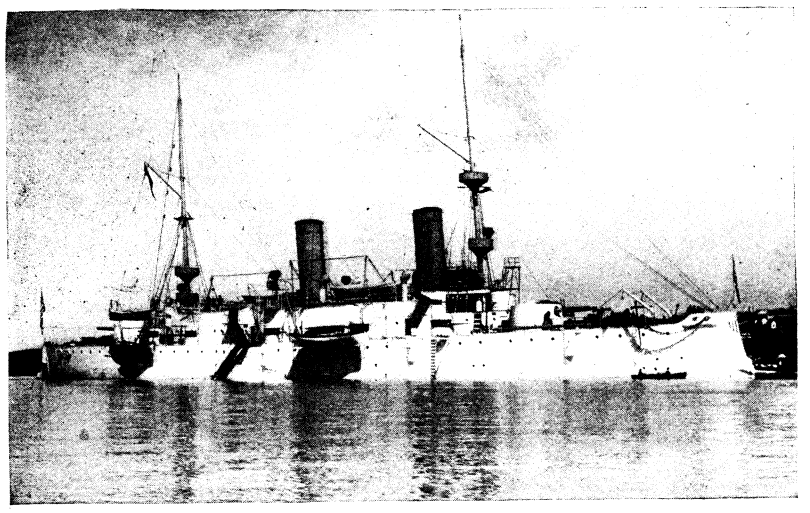
Friday, April 29.—A despatch from Lisbon says that the *Official Gazette* to-day published the neutrality decree of Portugal. (Other governments that in the course of this week declared neutrality: Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Colombia, Mexico, Russia, France, Korea, Argentine Republic, Japan, and Uruguay.)

A Spanish squadron, comprising the cruisers *María Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, *and Cristobal Colon*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton*, *Terror*, and *Furor*, sailed from Cape Verde Islands this morning. Its destination not known.

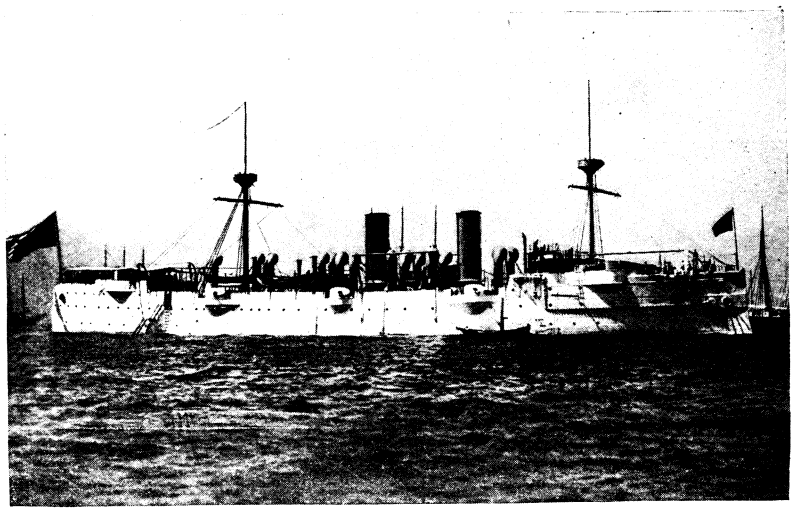
Near Port Cabañas, Cuba, the *New York* fired on and dispersed a company of Spanish cavalry.

Saturday, April 30.—Two noteworthy arrivals: The steamer *Paris*, which sailed after the outbreak of hostilities, reached her pier in New York; the battle-ship *Oregon* arrived at Rio Janeiro from San Francisco.

Sunday, May 1.—Victory for American fleet off Manila.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "OLYMPIA"—1ST RATE, 5870 TONS.



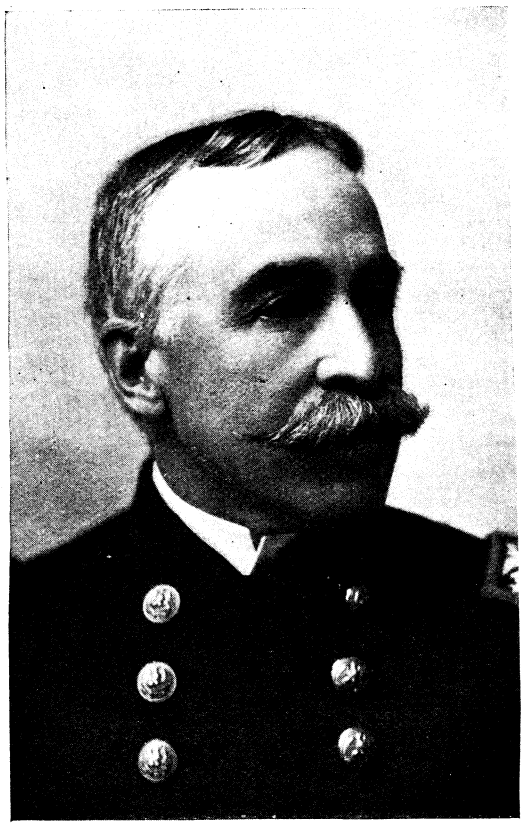
U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE"—2D RATE, 4413 TONS.

OUR FLEET AND SPAIN'S IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE vessels in Commodore Dewey's fleet consist of the cruisers *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Baltimore*, and *Boston*, and the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel*. The revenue-cutter *McCulloch* and two transports complete the list. The cruisers and gunboats are capable of the sharpest kind of fighting, and are armed with modern high-power guns, most of them being of the quick-firing kind.

Spain has in her fleet only these vessels capable of modern naval fighting, cruisers *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Velasco*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and a dozen or more gunboats, most of which are about as large as good-sized tugs, and made of iron and wood, with antiquated guns, complete her fleet. The total tonnage of our fighting cruisers and gunboats amounts to 19,098 tons. The total tonnage of Spain's real fighting-ships amounts to 8722 tons. Our high-power guns outmatch the high-power guns on the Spanish ships more than four to one. Moreover, our guns are comparatively new, while most of those on the Spanish vessels are of a type now discarded in naval warfare. As to the men behind the guns, the performance at the bombardment of Matanzas is an indication as to the merits of the respective abilities of the men of our forces and those of Spain.

The *Reina Cristina* is the only formidable vessel of the Spanish fleet, but her guns are of the old-fashioned Hontoria design. She was finished in 1887, and is the most modern of the fleet. Her tonnage is 3090, and she is just about a match, other things being equal, for our *Raleigh* of 3183 tons. Our *Olympia*, one of the most splendid of our ships, is of 5870 tons, and there is no worthy antagonist for her in Spain's fleet. The *Boston* is of 3000 tons; the *Baltimore*, 4413 tons; the *Concord*, 1710 tons; the *Petrel*, 892 tons. Spain's *Castilla*, built of wood, is of 3342 tons; *Velasco*, iron, 1139 tons; *Don Juan de Austria*, iron, 1152 tons. A glance shows the superiority in fighting abilities of our ships: our ships are modern, and Spain's make a miscellaneous collection of steel, iron, and wooden craft.



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.
Photograph by Bell.

But as to Spain's gunboats? Only one of the fleet in the Orient is worthy of a place in the naval annuals, and she is of 528 tons—the *General Leyo*. There are two other gunboats of about 500 tons—*El Cano* and *Marques del Duero*. Among the other gunboats are such vessels as the *Paragua*, *Callao*, *Samar*, *Pampagna*, and *Arayat*. These average about 140 tons each; all of them are of slow speed. Spain, according to naval strategists, is completely outclassed in the Philippines by the United States.

CHICKAMAUGA.

I.

AUTUMN, 1863.

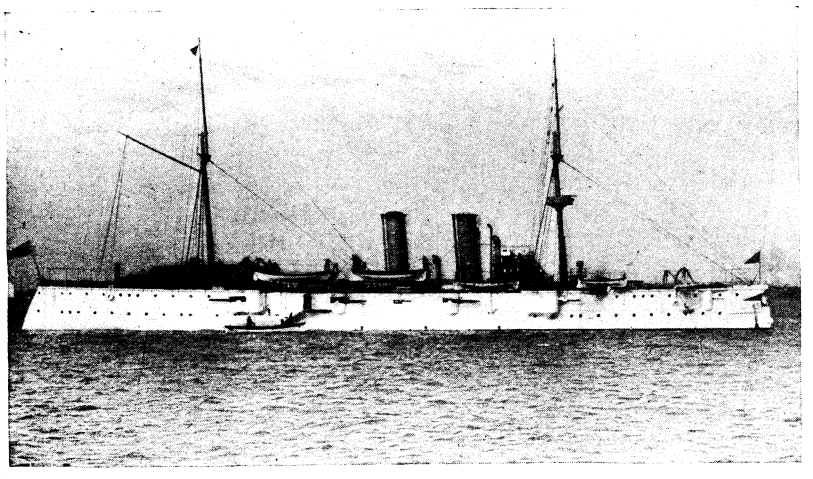
FROM shuddering trees the painted leaves
Strew redder dyes of crimsoned sod;
And brave men lie in ghastly sheaves,
As whirled there by the wrath of God.
Gray vapors hum with wings of death,
Whose roll-call speeds its fierce alarms;
And life sighs, "Here!" with parting breath
Where bleeding thousands ground their arms.
For brothers face each other's steel,
Grim suitors in the last appeal.

II.

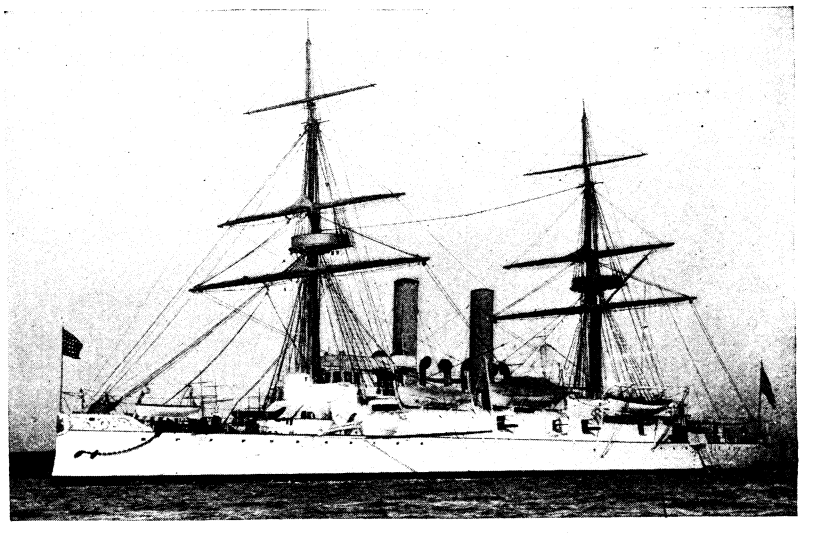
SPRING, 1898.

From laughing leas the bugles sing,
More shrill than bird to nesting mate.
O'er tented slopes the war-notes ring,
And time again the tramp of fate.
Bright oriflamme of liberty,
Our bannered blazon flaunts the sky,
And hails the "sun-burst" in the sea,
A gallant people's anguished cry.
Now brothers touch in common weal
To right that foreign wrong with steel.

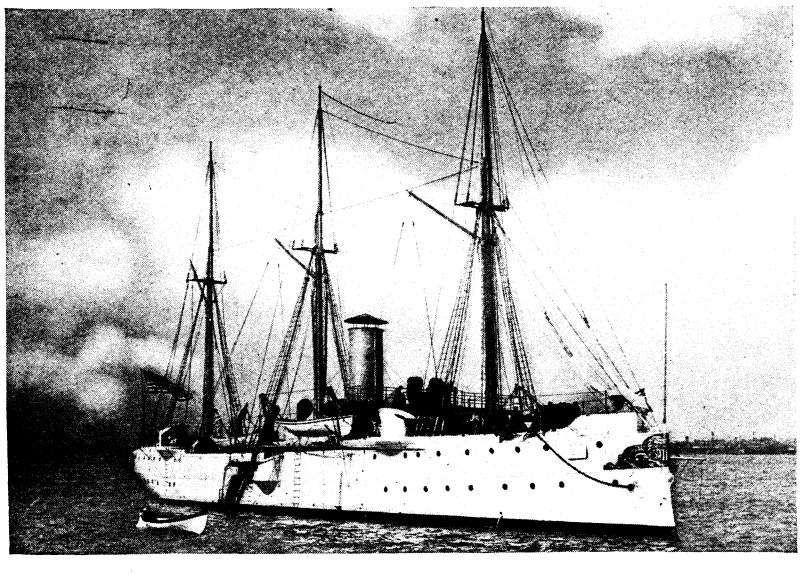
G. T. FERRIS.



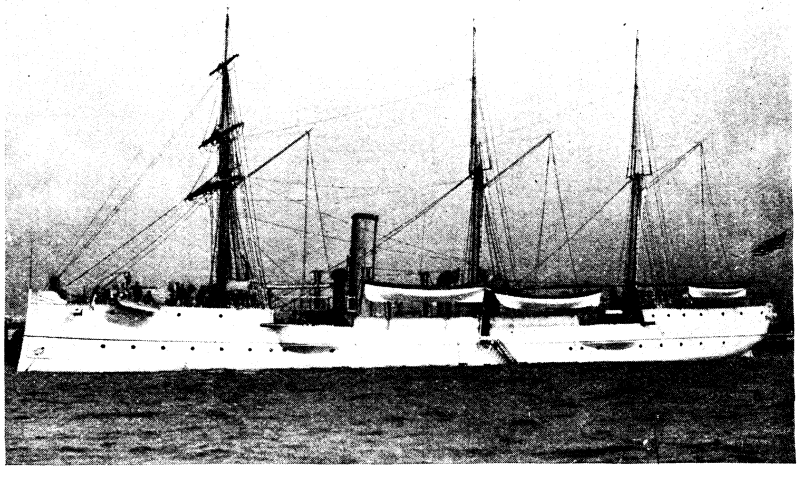
U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "RALEIGH"—2D RATE, 3213 TONS.



U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER "BOSTON"—2D RATE, 3000 TONS.



U. S. GUNBOAT "CONCORD"—3D RATE, 1710 TONS.
Copyright, 1891, by J. S. Johnston.



U. S. GUNBOAT "PETREL"—4TH RATE, 892 TONS.

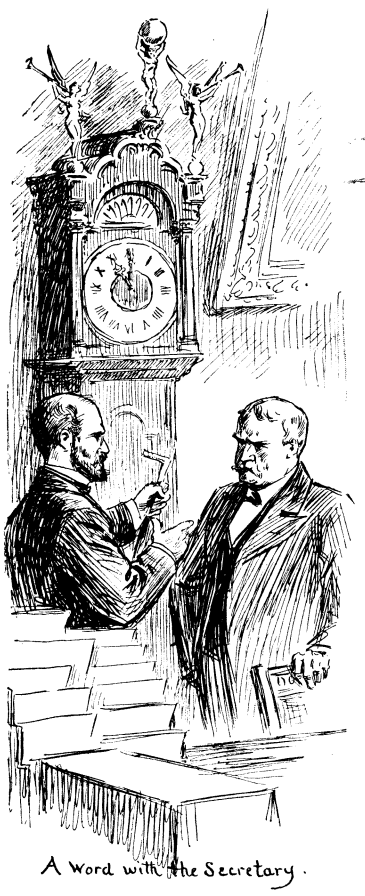
THE ASIATIC SQUADRON.

U. S. NAVAL VESSELS IN COMMODORE DEWEY'S EXPEDITION TO SPAIN'S POSSESSIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.


A Humble Visitor.


Messenger-boys Waiting on the Stairs


Waiting to see the Secretary


A Word with the Secretary.



Mr. Roosevelt's Office

W. A. Rogers.

WASHINGTON—ACTIVITY IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CHICAGO paper says that the current type of Uncle Sam which all the picture-makers use is not characteristic of anything American, and wants it replaced by a new and contemporaneous conception. It complains that the cartoonists represent the figure that should typify American courage, energy, and enterprise as "a long, thin-legged, hollow-chested, straggle-bearded nondescript," with trousers half up to his knees, and attended by a disreputable turkey-buzzard. There is some basis for the complaint, but the hope for modernizing Uncle Sam must be faint even among persons who would like to see it done. The figure is historically reminiscent, even though it fails in most respects of being contemporaneously representative. There used to be many Uncle Sams in New England, and the type is by no means extinct there even now.

The second trial of Mate Bram of the barkentine *Herbert Fuller* ended in Boston on April 21 with a verdict of "guilty, but without capital punishment." The jury was out eleven hours. Nine were for conviction, three for acquittal, and the verdict as found was a compromise. The trial was under the Federal law, which has recently been changed to admit such verdicts as the one found, which would not be admissible under the State law of Massachusetts. The result has been very much discussed, and great fault found with it. The trial lasted five weeks, and is believed to have been the longest criminal trial ever held in Massachusetts. There may be another one, as Bram's counsel calls the verdict "a cowardly compromise in a capital case," and may take further action.

The great surplus of food for current thought and conversation, and the need of exchanging ideas and information, have quickened all the social instincts. People have to get together and talk about the war. The newspapers keep filling up our minds, and the need of a vent is imperative. A piece in one of the New York newspapers the other day described the condition of things in a big downtown office building. It is infested with lawyers, but none of them was doing any work. All of them were gathered in groups, talking about "the war." It is pretty much so everywhere. Work is not absolutely at a standstill. Beer, dry-goods, and groceries are still sold; the street cars run; letters are brought and sent; doctors are as busy as ever. Not all working-people can stop to talk as long as the downtown lawyers, who feel, no doubt, that discussion of the situation is a professional duty, to be thoroughly attended to, and perhaps charged for; but just as much time as any live person can spare from business and newspaper-reading goes nowadays to war talk. Women talk war just as much as men, though from a slightly different stand-point. Husbands come home and get war talk gleaned by their wives in sorties into the social world, as, for example: "Mrs. Blank said: 'You know my boy is in it. He belongs to the Naval Reserves. I said good-by to him three times yesterday. A telegram came for him before he was up. We embraced and parted, and he rushed away, but got home again at one o'clock. Another telegram came at half past two, and we parted again. He got back at six, and finally left at half past eight. The nervous strain of all this parting is pretty serious. When he got back on Monday from the *Nahant,* he had to soak for an hour in a bath-tub before he was clean enough to recognize, and his clothes had to be boiled.'"

The uncertainty about the prospects of the National Guard is a great promoter of anxiety and consequent discourse. All the organized militia bodies include men who ought to stay at home and look after their families. Nothing but the most strenuous necessity could warrant some of these men in going to war, yet if the National Guard regiments are ordered away in bodies under their own officers, or enlist as organizations, it will be very hard for such men to reconcile themselves to staying at home. Discussion of their case greatly increases the volume of domestic war talk.

These must be anxious times, too, in families that have grown sons in colleges. The colleges are stirred everywhere, and all seem to have organized companies of students, who drill industriously. From many colleges already come reports of students who have gone off to enlist. Every lad who suffers from the idiosyncrasy known as "sporting blood" wants to go. Not all of them will go at once. Most college men are still under parental control, and won't enlist without a home endorsement. Then, too, there is a pretty general feeling that this first call for troops will be met by men who are "aching to go," and who are so situated that they can get away without very grievous sacrifice, and without imperilling the welfare of others. The sense of duty that drives men in civil life to offer themselves at any sacrifice of personal advantage or obligation is hardly operative yet. The necessities of the case are as yet not strenuous enough to call it into action, but it is latent, and thousands of men who are not eager are ready to go whenever it shall seem that their turn has come.

No gentleman who is familiarly known to the American public has a bigger endowment of the element of "sporting blood" mentioned above than Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, so there is nothing unexpected in the news that he has resigned his office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy and will take the field at the head of a cohort of cowboys and ranchmen gathered from the border of the Rocky Mountains. No doubt active service in the field will be a good deal more agreeable to a man of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent temperament than administrative work in Washington, yet the popular conception of his usefulness in his present place is such that his resolution to change his job is regretted. He says, however, that the work of naval preparation to which he has devoted himself is finished, and that he has earned his release; and that, moreover, he has talked so much war talk in the last fifteen years that he simply *must* get out his weapons and go with the troops. No doubt everything that could be said to convince him of the error of this attitude has already been said, and there is nothing left but to impress upon him the superior wholesomeness of boiled water and the importance of dry feet.

It is good to hear that Admiral Erben is in active service again, and in charge of our coast defences. It was suggested, when that doughty officer asked to be retired, that his valuable services would still be available in case of war. The recall of Captain Mahan is also interesting, if true. When he started abroad, a month or two ago, doubt was expressed about his staying long, and it was reported that he shared it himself to the extent of changing his plans so as to make provision against an unexpected return. It is reported that he is to be a member of the Strategy Board, from which Mr. Roosevelt is about to retire, and of which Admirals Sicard and Walker are members.

The severe financial pressure under which Mr. John Jacob Astor must habitually labor seems not to have availed to squeeze the patriotism out of him, or even to compress his feelings as an American into a condition of mere receptiveness. Capital is proverbially timid, and we are used to the expectation that even if it does not hang back in troublous times, it will go very slow, and emulate the caution of an elephant crossing an unfamiliar bridge. But this characteristic of accumulations is not illustrated in Mr. Astor's case. He has pitched in, if not absolutely for all he is worth, at least with very commendable fervor and alacrity. He has offered his yacht to the government, is transporting troops free over sundry railroads which he owns, is fitting out, or desires to fit out, a battery of artillery at his own cost, and has applied to be appointed on the staff of the first military commander who leads an expedition to Cuba. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Astor is a pretty good patriot, and something more than an orderly passenger on the American ship of state.

Here is a picture of Mr. John F. Carroll, vice-chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall, and head of the Tammany organization during the absence in Europe of Mr. Richard Croker:



JOHN F. CARROLL.

Mr. Carroll's political history is the record of a long and active association with Tammany Hall. It began twenty-five years ago, in what was the Twentieth (now the Twenty-second) Assembly District, where he was associated with Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck, who is now Mayor of New York. He became the Tammany leader in his district, which under his leadership became a Tammany stronghold. In 1879 Justice Smyth appointed him clerk of the grand jury. He was subsequently made clerk of the Seventh District Civil Court, and still later clerk of the Court of Special Sessions. In 1891 the judges of the Court of General Sessions chose him to be clerk of that court, which place he now holds, conjointly with that of clerk of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court. These last appointments took him somewhat out of active politics, but his voice has continued to be influential in Tammany counsels. As executive member of the Twenty-ninth Assembly District, in which he now lives, he is the friend and companion of Mr. Croker, whose chief adviser he was in the campaign last fall. He has recently been elected a sachem of Tammany—a rank which it is doubtless proper that a temporary head of the organization should enjoy.

The statement in a recent issue of the WEEKLY that the Massachusetts Legislature had determined to refer the question of who shall vote for Harvard overseers to the graduates who vote at present was premature. After much discussion the bill failed to pass. The Massachusetts Senate voted on April 15 to refer the matter to the next General Court, but final action seems not yet to have been taken.

The new names bestowed upon two of the American line steamships which have been chartered by the government seem not to have given entire satisfaction in all quarters. The *St. Paul* and *St. Louis* will keep the names they have, but the *New York* is now the *Harvard* and the *Paris* is to be the *Yale*. The *Army and Navy Journal* considers that these are deplorable names to fight under, and thinks that a chance was lost to honor some of our naval heroes—Bainbridge, Hull, Lawrence, or Paul Jones. But as the new names are only for temporary use, the matter seems of no very vital moment. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and doubtless it will be found that it takes more than a pacific designation to quell the martial ardor of a cruiser.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Let us not mourn if some things are done in this heat of war preparation which some time we may smile to recall.

Yale has issued a call for four million dollars—not to buy cruisers or put itself in a state of defence, but simply to qualify it for the more thorough prosecution of the business of education. President Dwight in his annual report names this round sum as about what Yale will need within the next six or seven years, and reports that the corporation has matured a scheme for finding it. He wants a big university hall, to cost $500,000, and sums ranging from $60,000 to $500,000 for the Divinity School, the Law School, the Medical School, a professorship of architecture, the musical department, the graduate department, the academic department, the Scientific School, a pension fund, an addition to the university funds, and the library. It is proposed that at least $1,500,000 of this money shall be raised before the bicentennial celebration in October, 1901, and that part of it shall be put to immediate use to build the big university hall, which it would be so particularly convenient to have in time for the celebration. What Yale seriously undertakes is very apt to be accomplished sooner or later. There are very long pockets in the garments of some Yale graduates, and very enthusiastic sentiments in Yale bosoms, and though the present summer seems not likely to be a favorable time to raise funds, whenever the Yale extortioners set themselves seriously to their task we shall doubtless see imposing results.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, which has shown so freely of late the strength of its convictions as to the inexpediency of alcoholic beverages, shows some signs of a disposition to develop an analogous opposition to tobacco. The General Assembly of 1870 voted that "the use of tobacco was demoralizing in its tendency, and should be discountenanced by all who profess the Christian name." In 1879 the assembly resolved that "no student addicted to tobacco in any form be granted aid by the board," and it has thrice reaffirmed this resolution. An extension of the same principle is contemplated in the form of a resolution to be offered at the General Assembly which meets at Omaha on May 24, directing that no minister who uses tobacco shall engage in home mission work as a beneficiary of home mission funds, and that no one who uses tobacco shall be employed by the General Assembly or Board of Home Missions in administrative or clerical capacity and paid out of home mission funds. "Millions for missions, but not one cent for tobacco," seems to express a sentiment that will be pretty strong in the assembly, though perhaps not strong enough to dominate it.

A great many people doubt the expediency of using tobacco, but a great many others find it, on the whole, a servant so useful that its advantages make up for its drawbacks. That the use of it is demoralizing in its tendency may be true, but whether the demoralizing tendency is serious enough to call for special legislation by the assembly is another question. A majority of mankind would probably admit that the world would apparently be better off without rum, but there would be by no means a like concurrence of opinion that it would be better off without tobacco.

The objection to all unnecessary restraint of the liberty of adult human beings must obtain in considerable measure, even when the individuals are Presbyterian mission-workers. If the laborer is worthy of the hire that the mission funds afford, it would seem as if he should be competent to determine how much of his pay, if any, he shall spend for tobacco. However, the brethren are entirely within their province in making conditions about the expenditure of mission funds, and if the sentiment against tobacco is strong enough in the assembly to secure the passage of the resolution proposed, it is doubtless correspondingly strong among the class of Presbyterians from which the mission-workers are recruited.

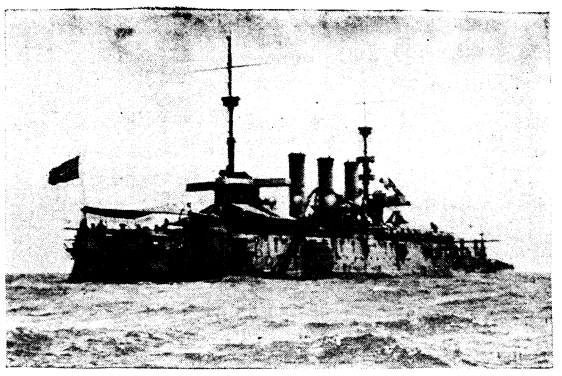
Persons who have sympathy to spare after feeling for the Cuban reconcentrados, Spain, ourselves, and all sufferers by war, pestilence, and famine, are invited to bestow some of their surplus on persons of an adventurous disposition who went months ago to the Klondike under the impression that there would be more excitement, peril, discomfort, and general devilment up there this spring than anywhere else on earth. How these restless enthusiasts will feel when they discover that war has been hatched in the tropics in their absence is something for the imaginative to try to picture. The men who are Klondikers for business reasons will doubtless be thankful that a counter-attraction has developed to draw off the crowd that threatened to swarm all over the new gold country, but those who went largely for sport or in search of material for stories will grieve and worry. There is something exhilarating in being on the spot of earth that all the world is looking at, but to have toiled and starved and frozen and fought to reach that spot, and then to find all the world looking another way, is very like the sarcasm of destiny.

A newspaper writer, who describes Admiral Sampson as he appeared at Key West, says of him,

> His ordinary walk is rather slow and methodical, but he can play a lively game at lawn-tennis when he chooses, and his strokes are quick and accurate.

What will our football friends, who have lauded their favorite game as a great school for warriors, say to this suggestion, that the man on whose fighting abilities the country especially relies has been used to buttress his fortitude with practice in so mild a sport as innocuous lawn-tennis?

Mr. Chapman's picture of the *New York*, in the WEEKLY for April 23, has moved a number of readers and observers to remonstrate against the representation of a war-ship with her bridge and wheel-house over her quarter-deck facing aft. One remonstrant, less polite than his brethren, and who signs himself "a well-wisher and one who dislikes fakes," declares that pictures like the one in question hold the WEEKLY up to ridicule. Now the WEEKLY is human, and errors get into it in spite of constant effort to keep them out, but such uncommon pains is taken to make its naval war pictures true and accurate that a critic who thinks he finds a blunder in them should make very sure that he is right. Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, who drew that picture of the *New York*, knows a good deal about ships, and how they look and what belongs on them, and, besides, was on the spot, and doubtless had the *New York* before him. The reason he put



U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

that bridge and chart-house where he did is because they belong there. The *New York* at present has these conveniences at both ends, as appears in the photograph herewith. When one bridge and chart-house are carried away in a fight, it is often handy to have another. So if any one is to be held up to ridicule on account of that picture, it must be neither the artist nor the WEEKLY, but whoever placed them on the ship.

It seems that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has either got back to earth from Cape Town, or is on the way. It is well. These are times when every contemporaneous person feels a strong personal need of being where he can see what is going on and supervise the making of history.

Some interesting and useful results are expected as a consequence of the unwillingness of Americans, who had planned to spend the summer abroad, to carry out their intentions. A great deal of money will be spent at home which would have been spent in Europe; some persons who really needed the experience will learn that, after all, this is not such a bad country to spend the summer in, and perhaps the profuse Americans will be missed enough in Europe to bring about a warmer appreciation of their useful qualities. If absence makes the Gallic heart grow somewhat fonder, it will certainly do no harm.

The considerations which are keeping Americans at home seem to be largely considerations of sentiment. Going to England in a British steamer is as safe this summer as it ever was, and more than commonly interesting, because of the chances of seeing war-ships and, maybe, a sea-fight on the way. But folks don't like to leave home until they learn more about what's going to happen, and to whom, and when. They want to be more sure than they are as yet that they will find Uncle Sam's country here when they get back. E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

April 16, 1898.

MANY things combine at the present juncture to unite all white men who speak the English language. There is scarcely a feature in the political situation of the civilized world that does not tend to increase the mutual sympathies of the United States and Great Britain. America is on the brink of war with an ancient enemy of Britain. It is three hundred and ten years since the ancestors of the American people with British blood in their veins encountered a Spanish armada. Breathless interest is felt in the opening scenes of the great drama about to be played by American seamen and soldiers. The feeling of the people is strongly and intensely in favor of the United States. There is reason to believe that the British Admiralty was approached by the officer of the United States navy accredited for the purpose of obtaining desirable additions to your navy, with the view of buying a second-class cruiser from the British government. Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, after consulting his naval advisers, found himself unable to accede to the request—if it was actually made. There is no manner of doubt that the British navy is decidedly short of cruisers. Some authorities place the deficiency as high as one hundred vessels of that class. Still, a golden opportunity was lost of proving to the American people that, notwithstanding our family disputes in times of peace, the smell of gunpowder is sufficient to convince them that blood is thicker than water. Other means, however, will be found of indirectly furthering American interests, and although these means are not so immediately visible to the eye of the man in the street, they are none the less effective for the purpose of helping the objects of the United States and hindering the plans of Spain.

I write plainly upon this matter, because it is well that the American people should understand that there is no party in this country, as there was thirty-four years ago, either openly or secretly desirous of injuring the American republic. English sympathy with the United States has risen to a higher point than it has touched for years. Such sympathy for Spain as exists is for the under dog—an under dog without merits. It would be a thousand pities to spoil the healthier state of feeling that now exists between the two countries by an ill-judged effort to force on an offensive and defensive alliance. On the other hand, there is much that may be done to ripen an Anglo-Saxon alliance based on the principle of keeping the sea open as a wide common for all mankind, and secondly, of resisting the attack of foreign powers on any one of the English-speaking peoples. No alliance or agreement of any kind is worth much that does not promote the material interests of both the signatories. An Anglo-American understanding would undoubtedly do so, and would constitute the best peace society the world has yet seen. The European powers do not love you. The American union represents freedom, and freedom is abhorrent to military despotisms. That great power is sobering in its effect on healthy minds is shown in the gallant efforts of President McKinley to avoid hostilities. One result of this policy is to convert Englishmen, whose enthusiasm for the States may have been diminished by the tail-twisting process to which John Bull has been subjected at various times, into earnest supporters of an Anglo-American understanding. You may not want our help—but it is ready when you need it. No British government would stand a week that showed sympathy for Spain.

Mr. E. J. Phelps's letter to ex-Governor Morton on the Cuban situation has produced an extraordinary impression. The courage of such an appeal to the best intelligence and character of the nation, written at a moment of crisis, is profoundly appreciated. All the English papers devote the principal portion of their columns to the American and Spanish question, although there are other matters of the highest importance affecting the interests and the stability of British rule in various parts of the world clamoring for attention.

The battle on the Atbara, where General Kitchener has crowned the edifice of many years of labor by a crushing defeat of the Dervish forces, has come just at the right time for Britain. The triumph of Russian diplomacy in the Far East, the cynical and contemptuous action of Russia in seizing Port Arthur in the teeth of the British intimation that the territorial integrity of China was one of the highest of British interests, was followed by an immediate change of policy on the part of the cabinet. The reversion to Wei-hai-wei, when the Japanese leave it, is considered by the best naval experts to be a satisfactory answer to the Russian seizure of Port Arthur. The Gulf of Pe-chi-li will now be dominated by a British fleet. With a safe harbor and a secondary naval base within reach, British influence at Peking will be maintained, and the trade of the world with China will thus be assured against the exclusion menaced by Russia and France. Sir Charles Dilke, whose authority on foreign affairs is second to that of no member of the House of Commons, informs me that the question of garrison for Wei-hai-wei is one of the highest importance. From ten to eighteen thousand men would be required for the garrison. Britain has not ten to eighteen thousand men to spare, and the assumption, generally, is that arrangements with Japan are, or will be made, for the quartering of sufficient troops in the new Gibraltar Britain has acquired in the China seas. With Japanese troops and the British navy the post would be impregnable.

The victory on the Atbara has had another effect. The German Emperor, who has been unable to pay his annual visit to Cowes ever since his memorable telegram to President Kruger, has descended from the fence, and has fired off telegraphic congratulations to the Queen, to Lord Cromer, and to the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener. Probably these congratulations are as much the result of impulse as his telegram to Kruger. His Majesty's lively temperament and journalistic methods notwithstanding, the approach of better relations between England and Germany are to be welcomed, as an understanding between the three Protestant powers—Great Britain, the United States, and Germany—would make for righteousness, peace, industry, liberty, and law all over the world. Although the immediate danger of hostilities breaking out in the Far East has passed away, close attention is being given to the means that would be adopted for maintaining her interests by Great Britain against two great naval powers. It would only be under conditions of extraordinary pressure that England would adopt the extreme course of closing the Suez Canal, but in view of the danger to our Asiatic possessions, it is interesting to consider the effects of so doing on the various nations concerned. Strategically the principal sufferer would be Russia. United States interests would scarcely be affected, and therefore the risk of injury to a friend while dealing a blow at an enemy would be reduced to a minimum. Russian re-enforcements of men and material are despatched from Odessa to Vladivostok in the vessels of her volunteer fleet. When the Suez Canal is closed, and until the railway is complete, Russian troops and munitions of war must go round the Cape of Good Hope, and run the gauntlet of British cruisers at half a dozen places on the voyage. The Russian fleet in the Far East would therefore be dependent for success on local supplies of coal and the materials of war, while the waste of men after heavy fleet engagements could not be repaired. Furthermore, if the Suez Canal were closed, France would have but one egress from the Mediterranean, and that under the guns of Gibraltar and the British fleet. These results constitute an immense advantage to England, as coaling stations between Portsmouth and Hong-kong are stored with coal, and adequately defended. By closing the canal any possible re-enforcements to our enemies' fleets would be delayed for at least two months, with every reasonable chance of destroying them on the way out.

Owing to the Easter holidays, every one has been out of town, the majority apparently resorting to golf for recreation and relief from the binding interest of affairs. At Littlehampton, one of our finer sea-side links, I saw the Secretary of State for India playing as eagerly as though Chitral did not exist, and the Afridi campaign had been conceived and carried out with the strategy of Napoleon and the economy of Kitchener. Golf is beginning to play a serious part in politics, and the fact of the First Lord of the Treasury's handicap having been reduced to eight has suggested to some jocose members of Parliament, profoundly dissatisfied with the present conduct of foreign affairs, the advisability of submitting the following resolution to the House of Commons:

"That in the opinion of this House the handicap of eight, accorded to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, implies a degree of proficiency in the game of golf inconsistent with proper devotion to the interests of the public service."

It is probable that any such motion would be ruled out of order, for the English people like their rulers to participate in the amusements and exercises popular with the nation. Lord Rosebery gained rather than lost by his successes on the turf. Lord Palmerston's love of racing endeared him to a large body of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Chamberlain's abstention from any form of exercise is rather a hinderance than a help to his career. Lord Salisbury suffers under the same disability, carriage exercise being the only form of athletics in which the Prime Minister has indulged for many years, though he is reported to have wandered round the links at Hatfield under the tutelage of his brilliant nephew. The experiment, however, was not so successful as to warrant its repetition. Mr. Balfour is declared by one professional golfer to be so good at the game that if he would only shake himself free from the entanglements of politics, and devote himself to the game, he would stand a fair chance of becoming amateur champion.

The first night of the "Conquerors," at St. James Theatre on April 14, was a remarkable incident in the history of the drama. There is no occasion to say anything about the play, as it is far better known in New York than in London. The play, however, though interesting to lovers of melodrama, shocked and disgusted a large number of people. At the scene where *Yvonne de Grand Pré* throws the wine into the face of *von Rodeck*, a loud voice, with a strong foreign accent, echoed through the house, shouting, "This is disgraceful!" The audience did not resent this statement of opinion in regard to the presentation of German officers on the English stage. The figures were seen dimly through the darkness to be leaving the house. At the end of the second act there were further strong expressions of approval and disapproval, the general feeling being, as far as it could be gathered between the acts, that the Lord Chamberlain should never have licensed the play. One gentleman, whose name is a guarantee of the sobriety of his judgment and the ripeness of his experience in stage matters, was strongly expressing the opinion that the Duke of Fife, who was present in the royal box, should have left the theatre after the first act. The play seems destined to have a tremendous run, partly because it is wicked, and partly because the world is tired of problem plays, and seems to hanker after melodrama served hot with spices. When the Spanish cachucha was danced in the third act, American sympathizers in the gallery hissed and boohed to show their antipathy to the hereditary foe of the Anglo-Saxon race. All this is good business for Mr. Paul Potter and Mr. Alexander. The Potterization of Guy de Maupassant is interesting without being elevating, as the apotheosis of an unmitigated cad touches the sympathies of nobody who is not himself devoid of the elements of good taste.

While coming storms and the looming of great events occupy men's minds almost to the exclusion of individual interests, the dying statesman at Hawarden is not forgotten. A friend who has recently been Mr. Gladstone's guest tells me that his condition is most pathetic. Although able to join the family circle at table, he often relapses into silence, and leaning his head on his hands, bears the gnawing pain, which is now his constant companion, with characteristic dignity and patience. Incessant pain has weakened the action of the heart. The suffering may be prolonged for months, or the end may come at any moment. Mr. Gladstone has taken his last farewell of many of his oldest friends. My informant tells me that his own parting with the great statesman was impressive to the last degree. Mr. Gladstone, taking him by the hand, solemnly blessed him, and then said, "We shall never meet again in this world." The one object of the medical men is now to reduce suffering, but the nature of the disease is such that increase of pain is inevitable. That the passing of the Grand Old Man is touching the heart of the nation is shown by the number of resolutions of sympathy passed at Tory meetings and forwarded to Hawarden by men who have been for the whole of their lives Mr. Gladstone's most relentless opponents. The sympathy of former foes is understood to be specially grateful to the dying statesman. ARNOLD WHITE.

SPANISH LOSSES IN CUBA.

[The following article comes to us from an official source which we are not at liberty to disclose.—EDITOR.]

SOME idea of the losses suffered by the Spanish regular troops during the present insurrection in Cuba may be formed from the following figures:

Between March 1, 1895, and March 1, 1897, Spain sent to Cuba 10 generals, 615 field and 6222 subaltern officers, and 180,435 soldiers. To these must be added the 12,000 officers and men forming the regular Cuban establishment at the outbreak of the insurrection, making a total of nearly 200,000. Of these 1 general, 7 field and 53 subaltern officers, and 1314 men were killed in battle, 1 general, 6 field and 55 subaltern officers, and 704 men died of wounds, while 463 officers and 8164 men were wounded and presumably recovered. The losses caused by the enemy are then small, being but little more than five per cent. of the total present for duty. The case is altered, however, in the matter of disease: 318 officers and 13,000 men died of yellow fever, while 127 officers and about 40,000 men succumbed to other maladies.

A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* of October 16, 1897, gives the following rates of loss per thousand:

Killed or died of wounds	10.7
Died of yellow fever	66.0
Died of other diseases	201.3
Sent home (sick and wounded)	143.0

As all the sick and wounded, however, have not been sent back to Spain, the number of these left behind must be taken into account in estimating the total losses of the Spaniards. While this number cannot be accurately determined, yet there is reason for believing that it cannot fall far short of 20,000. Accepting this estimate, we have a total rate of loss of 521 per thousand for the two years considered; or, of the 200,000 constituting the regular Spanish forces in Cuba, but 96,000, in round numbers, were left to bear arms on March 1, 1897.

These numbers have more than academic interest for us just at present; for if we may assume the foregoing ratio of loss to hold good from March 1, 1897, to March 1, 1898, then, after adding the re-enforcements sent out during the year ended March 25, 1898, there cannot be in Cuba to-day more than 100,000 regular Spanish troops able to bear arms. It is probable that the number is somewhat less than this, but the assumption of 100,000 gives us a small factor of safety in estimating the number of men we shall need in order to overcome Spanish resistance on land in the island.

It must be recollected that the foregoing figures are only approximately correct, as there is ground for the belief that the Spanish medical returns have purposely misstated, if not understated, the losses of the Spanish army in Cuba. But for that very reason we may feel tolerably sure that the results here given are not in excess of the truth.

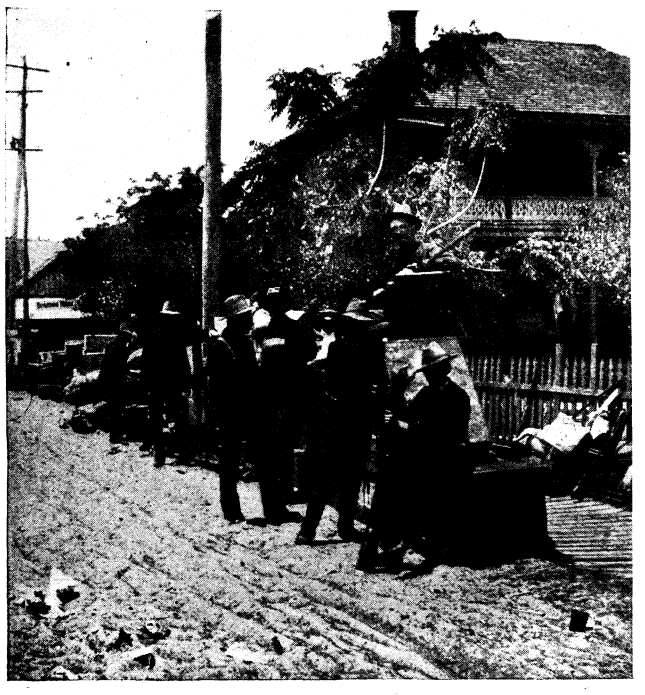


PARADE OF CUBANS WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT CONGRESS HAD DECLARED CUBA FREE.

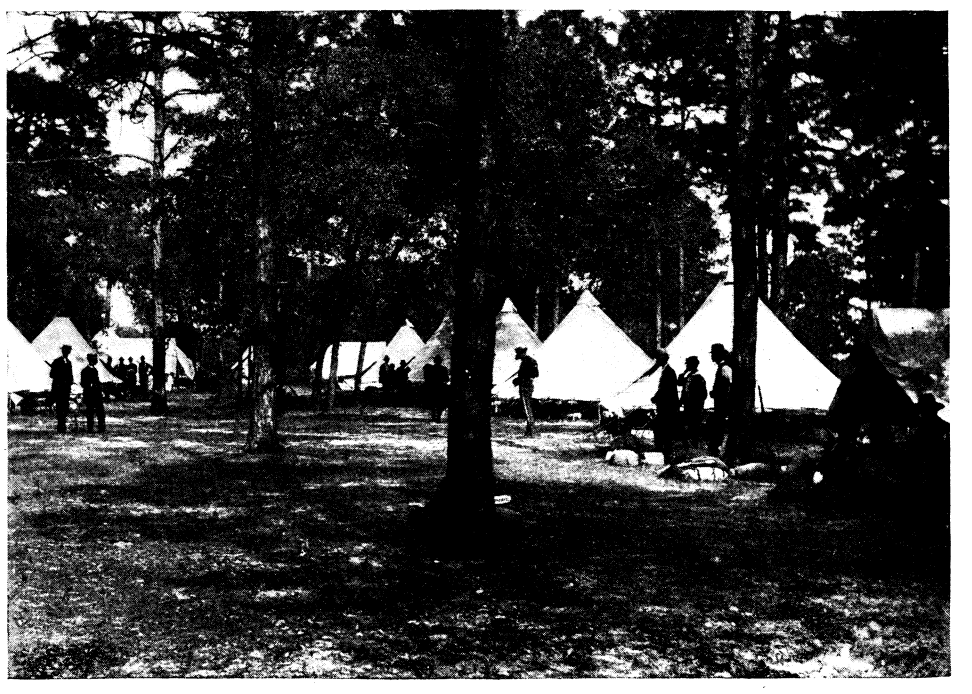


25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) CLEANING UP ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

LIVELY TIMES AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA.



CAMP BAGGAGE AND EQUIPAGE OF THE 6TH U. S. INFANTRY.

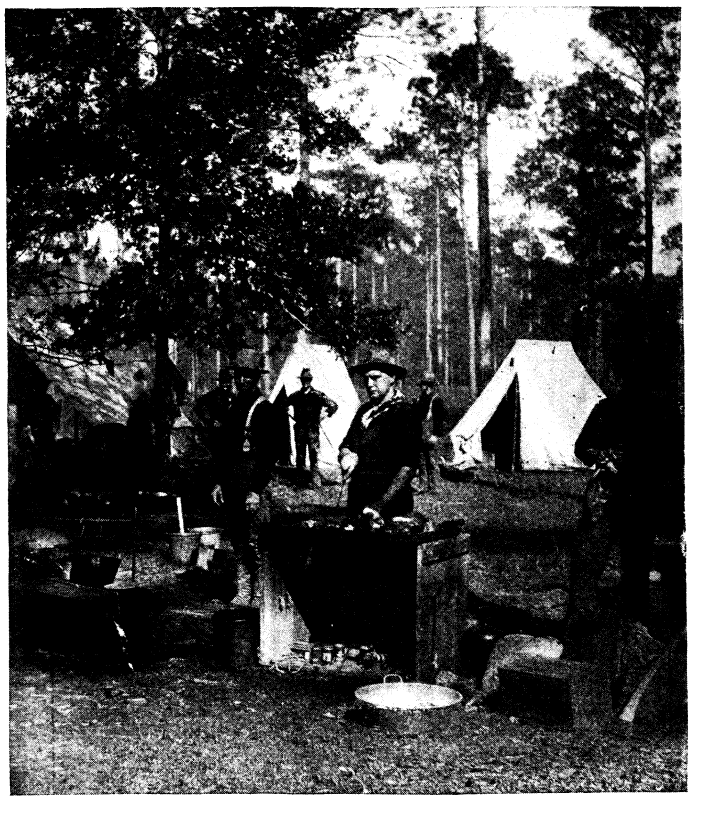


13TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP.

WITH THE TROOPS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



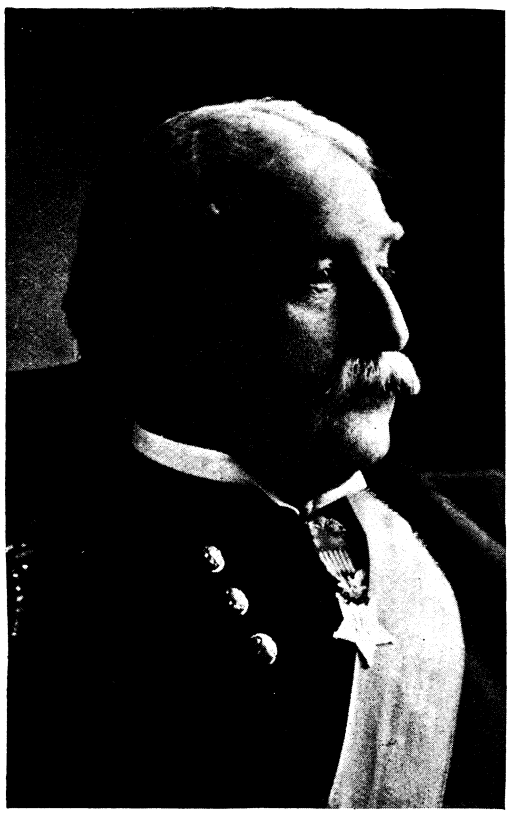
ARMY WAGONS.



A COMPANY KITCHEN.

BITS OF ARMY LIFE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT KEY WEST, TAMPA, AND MOBILE.



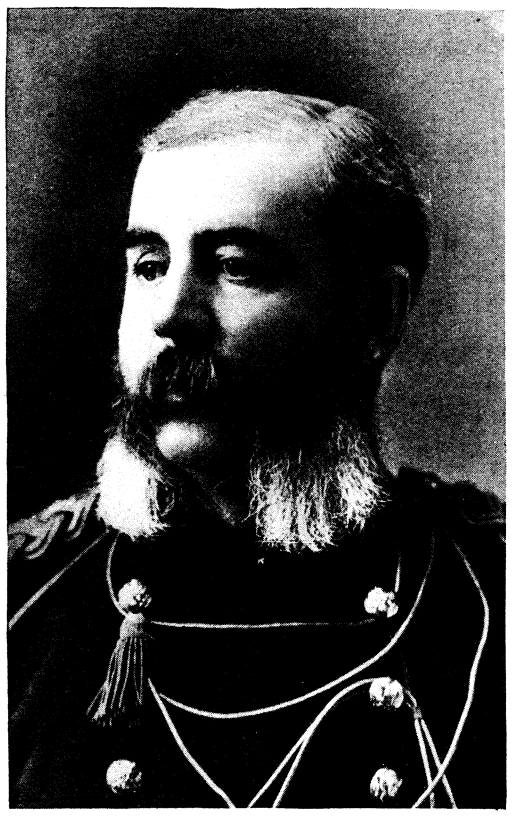
MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.
Photograph by Bell.



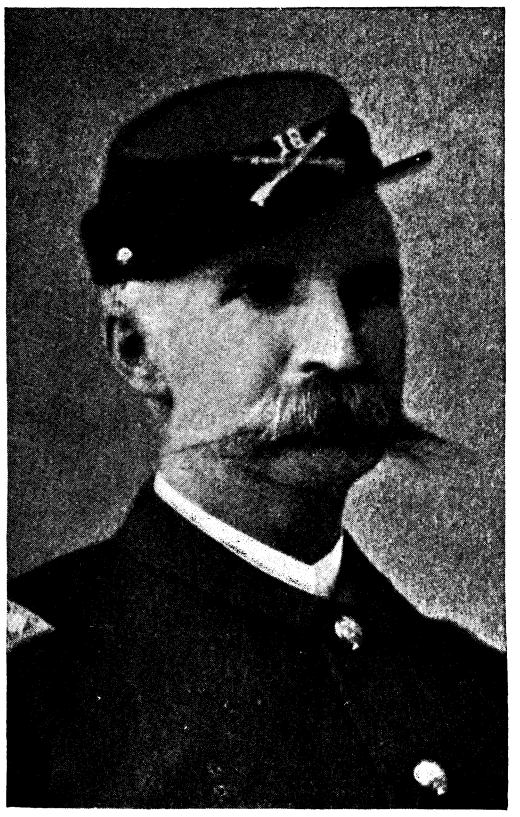
MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.



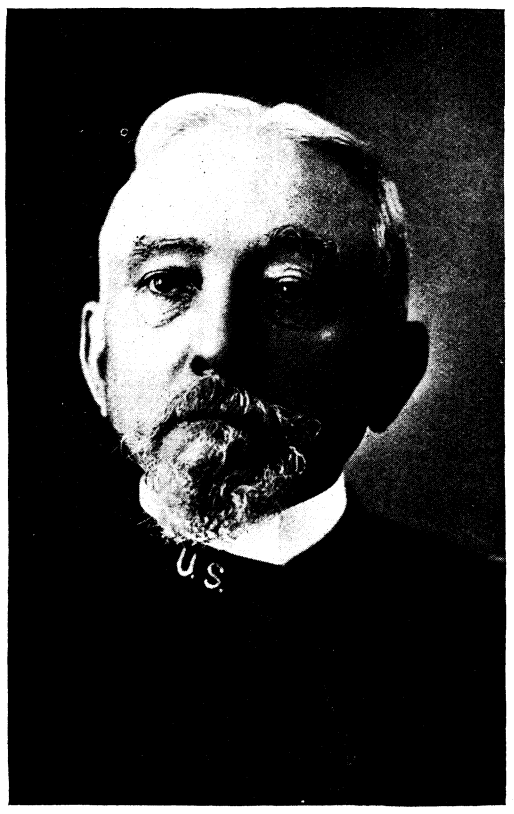
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A.



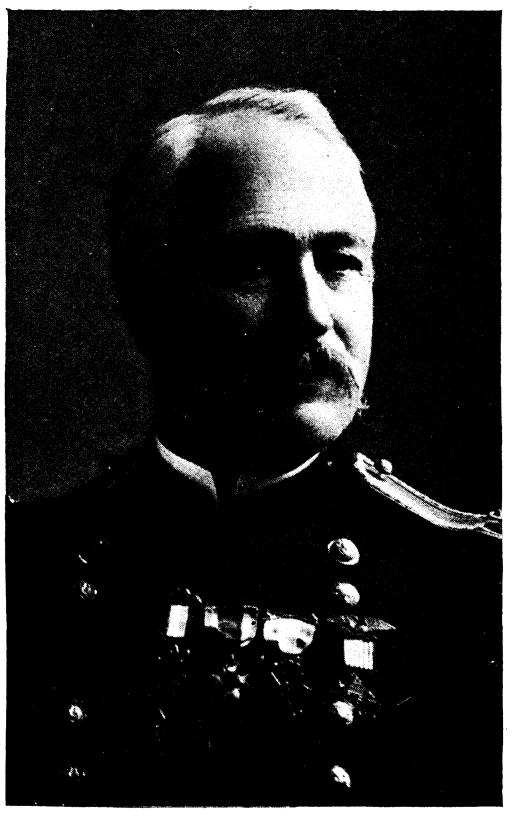
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM M. GRAHAM, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S.A.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM, U.S.A.

COMMANDING GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



CALISTHENIC DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY (COLORED) AT CHICKAMAUGA.



SKIRMISH DRILL OF 25TH U. S. INFANTRY AT CHICKAMAUGA.



3D U. S. CAVALRY, CHICKAMAUGA—LIEUT. SUPLEE'S HORSE "BABE."



WAITING FOR BREAKFAST—BATTERY D, 5TH U. S. ARTILLERY, JUST ARRIVED IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



12TH U. S. INFANTRY MARCHING FROM RAILROAD TO CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.



SHOEING A MULE—3D U. S. ARTILLERY, CHICKAMAUGA.



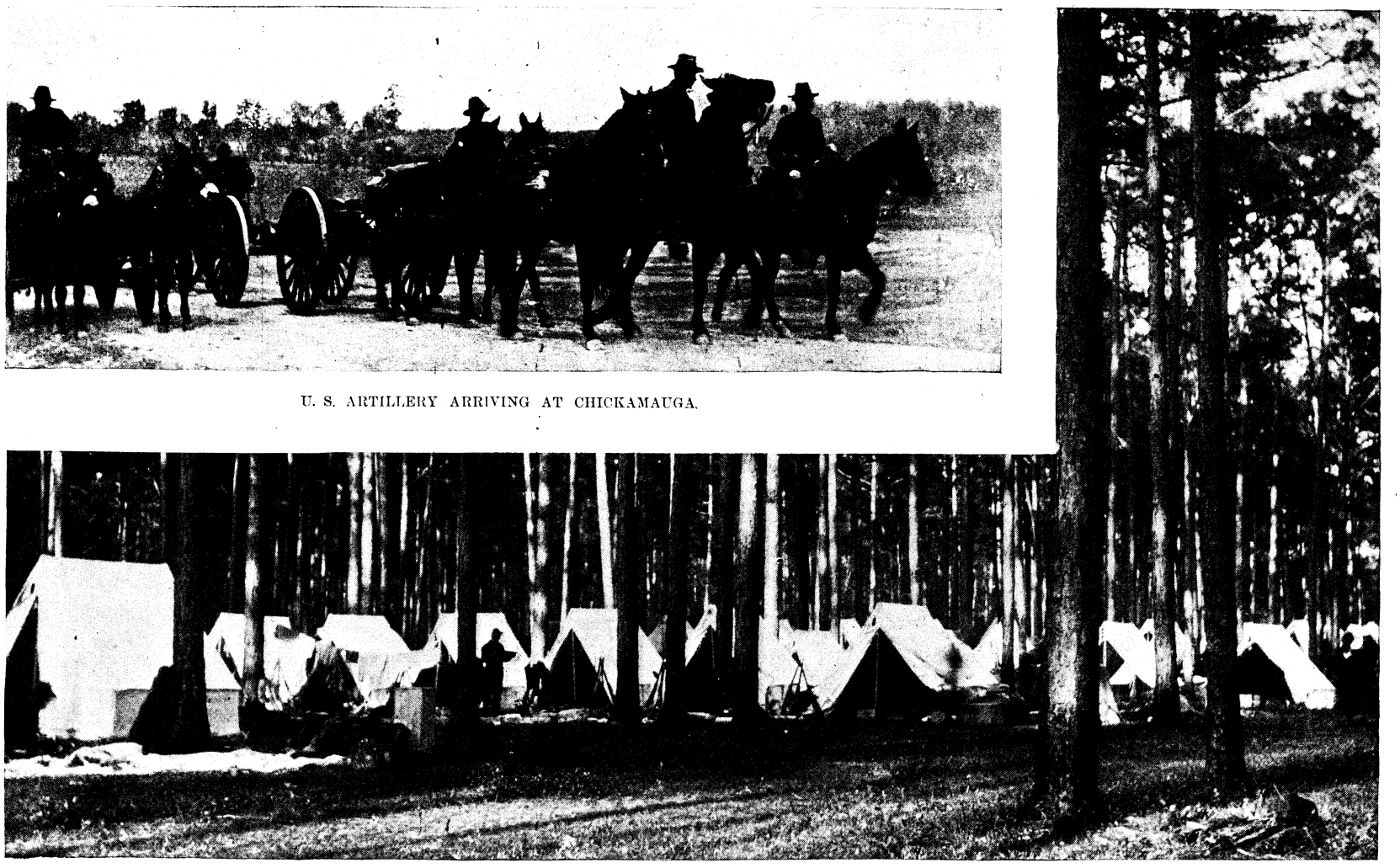
18TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.



3D U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA AND NEW ORLEANS.

U. S. ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT CHICKAMAUGA.



20TH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

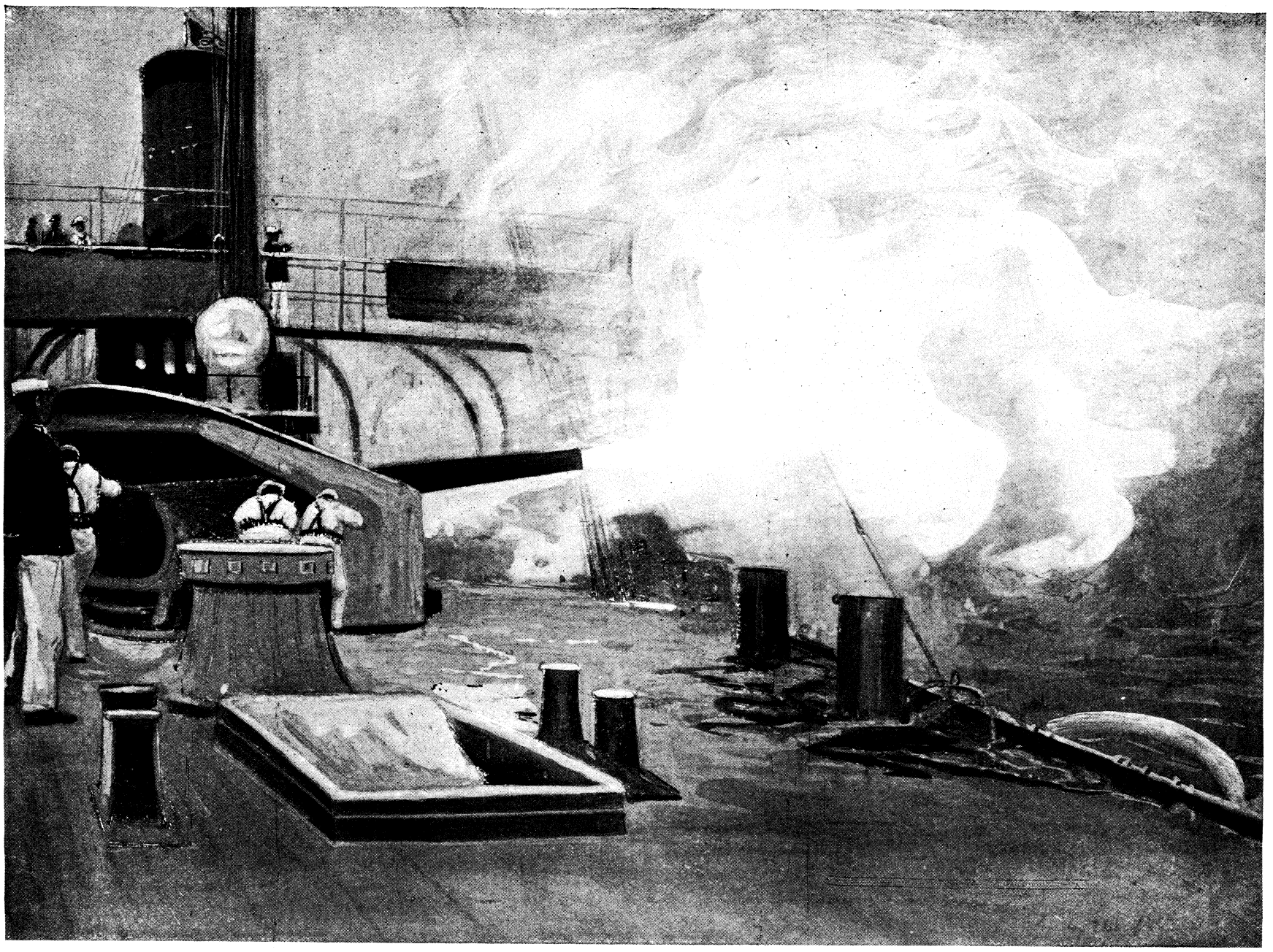


3D U. S. CAVALRY AT ROSSVILLE GAP, ON ITS WAY TO CHICKAMAUGA.



1ST BATTALION, 11TH U. S. INFANTRY, AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—U. S. REGULARS IN CAMP AT MOBILE AND CHICKAMAUGA.

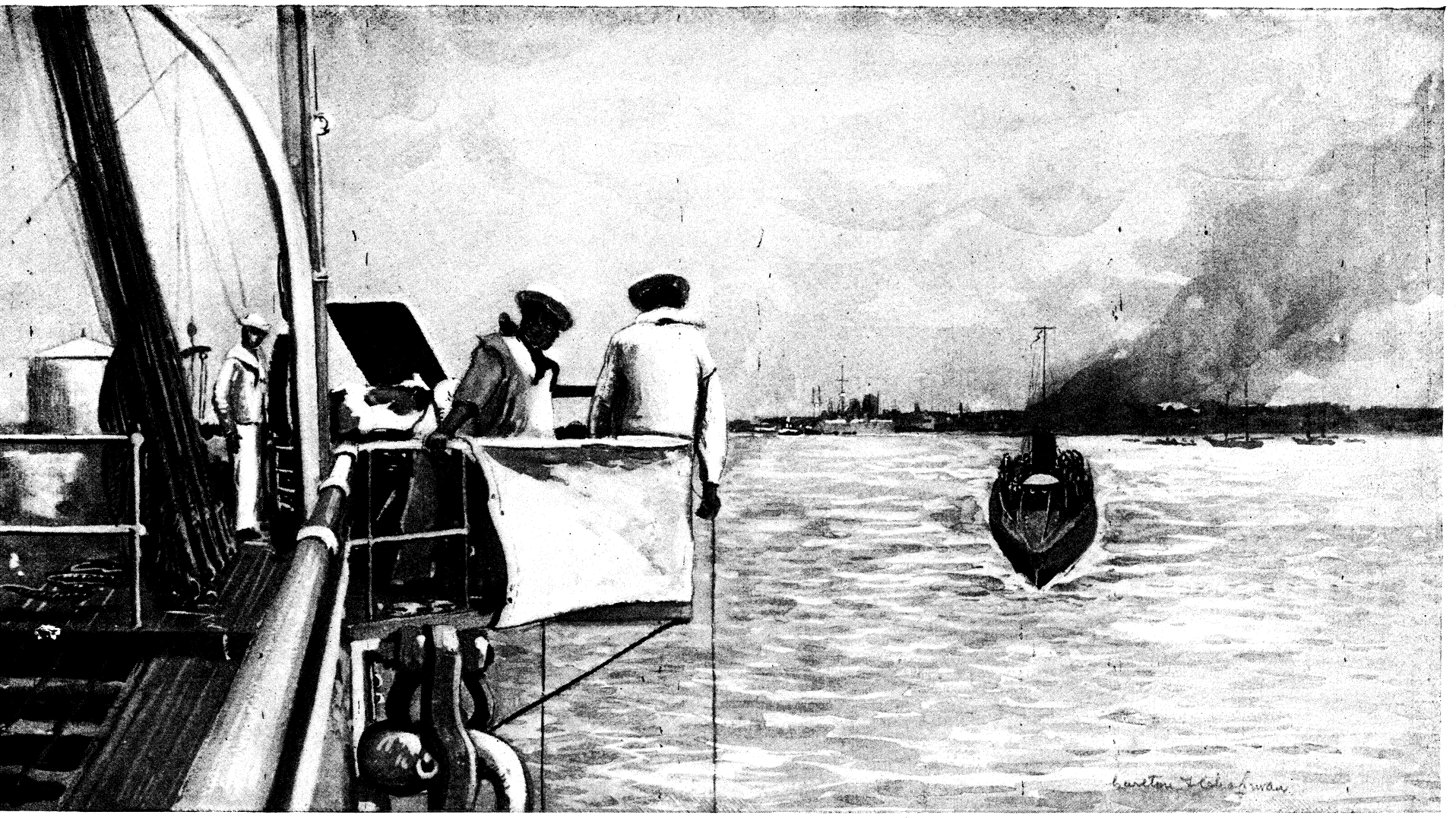


TARGET PRACTICE—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" FIRING A SIX-INCH GUN.



MORNING WORK ON THE WAR-SHIPS.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.—Dr



HEAVING THE LEAD—A U. S. CRUISER COMING INTO KEY WEST HARBOR.
The Harbor of Key West has many Shoal Places.



ON THE NIGHT PATROL—U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" OVERHAULING A SUSPICIOUS STEAMER.

-Drawings by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK RIDERS.

THE next day we jogged along, and many were our advices and admonitions to the Prince to return. For we were now on the borders, and from indications which met us on the journeying we knew that the Black Riders were out. For in one place we came to a burned cottage and the tracks of driven cattle; in another, to a dead forest guide, with his green coat all splashed in splotches of dark crimson—a sight which made the Prince clinch his hands and swear. And this also kept him pretty silent for the rest of the day.

It was about evening of this second day, and we had come to the top of a little swell of hills, when suddenly beneath us we heard the crackling of timbers, and saw the pale, almost invisible flames beginning to devour a thriving farm-house at our feet. There were swarms of men in dark armor about it, running here and there, clapping brushwood to hay-ricks and byre doors.

"The Black Riders of Duke Casimir!" I cried. "Down among the bushes, and let them not see us! We must go back. If they so much as saw the Prince they would slay us, every one."

But ere we had time to flee, half a dozen of their scouts came near us, and observing our horses, they raised a cry. There was nothing for it but the spurs on the heels of our boots. So across the smooth, well-turfed country we had it, and in spite of our beasts' weariness we made good running. And while we fled, I considered how to serve the Prince.

"There is a monastery near by," said I, "and the Abbot is a good friend of ours. Let us, if possible, gain that shelter, and cast ourselves on the kindness of the good Abbot Tobias."

"Aye," said the Prince, urging his horse to speed; "but will we ever get there?"

Then I called myself all the stupid-heads in the world because I had not refused to go a foot with the Prince on such a mad venture, that put our future and that of the Princedom of Plassenburg in such peril.

But there at last were the gray walls and high towers of the Abbey of Wolgast. Our pursuers were not in sight, so we rode in at the gate, and cast our bridles to a lay brother of the order, crying imperiously for instant audience of the Abbot.

As soon as my friend Tobias saw us he threw up his hands in a rapture of welcome. But I soon had him advertised of our great danger. He went directly to the window of his chamber of reception and looked out on the court-yard.

"Ring the abbey bell for full service," he commanded. "Throw open the outer gates and great doors, and lead these horses to the secret crypt beneath the mortuary chapel."

For the Abbot Tobias was a man of the readiest resource, and in other circumstances would have made a good soldier.

He hurried us off to the robing-rooms, and made us put on monastic and priestly garments over our several apparels. Never, God wot, had I expected that I should be transformed into a rope-girt praying clerk. But so it was. I was given a square black cap and a brown robe, and sent to join the lay brethren. For my hair was thick on top, and there was no time to tonsure it.

Now, Dessauer being bald and quite practicable as to his topknot, they endued him with the full dress of a monk. But at that time I saw not what was done with the Prince. For my conductor, a laughing, frolicsome lad came for me and carried me off, telling me all the while that he hoped we should lodge together. There were, he whispered, certain very fair and pleasant maids just over the wall, which you could climb easily enough by the branches of the pear-tree that grew contiguous at the south corner.

As we hurried towards the chapel, the monks were streaming out of their cells in great consternation, grumbling like soldiers at an unexpected parade.

"What hath gotten into our old man?" said one. "Hath he overeaten at mid-day refection, and so cannot sleep, that he cannot let honest men have greater peace than himself?"

"What folly!" cried another. "As if we had not prayers enough, without cheating the Almighty by knocking him up at uncanonical hours."

"And the choir summoned, and full choral service, no less. Not even a respectable Saint's day—no true Churchman, indeed, but some Greek fellow," quoth a third.

Nevertheless, obediently they made their way as the bell clanged, and the throng filed into their places reverently enough. It was a pleasant sight. I came unobtrusively at the back, among the rustling and nudging lay brethren. In other circumstances it would have amused me to see the grave faces they turned towards the altar, and to hear all the while the scuffling as they trod on one another's toes, trying whose skin was the tenderest or whose sandal soles were the thickest. One or two even tried conclusions with me, but once only. For the first who adventured got a stamp from my riding-boot, which caused him to squeal like a stuck pig, and but for the first waking thunder of the organ might have gotten him a month's penance in addition. So after that my toes were left severely alone among the lay brethren.

Then came the high procession, in which the monks and all stood up. First there were the incense-bearers and acolytes, then officers whose names, not being convent-bred nor yet greatly given to church-going, I did not know. Then after them came two men who walked together, at the sight of whom the jaws of the monks dropped, and they stood so infinitely astonished that no power was left to them. For instead of one, two mitred abbots entered in full canonical attire—golden mitre, and green golden-headed staff, red embroidered robes lined with green. These two paced solemnly in abreast, and sat down upon twin thrones.

"The Abbot of St. Omer!" whispered one of the lay brothers, naming one of the most famous abbeys in Europe, and the word flew round like lightning. Whether he had been instructed or not what to say, I do not know. But, at all events, I saw the news run round the circle of the choir, overleap the boundary stall, and even reach the officiating priests, who inclined an eager ear to catch it, and passed the word one to another in the intervals of the chanted sentences.

Then the news was drowned in the thunder of the anthem, and the organ dominating all. Everything was strange to me, but most strange the practice of the lay brothers, who chanted indeed bravely in tune, but who (for the words set in the chorals) substituted other sentiments of a kind not usually found in service-books.

"He looks a stout and be-e-e-fy o-o-old fel-low, don't you think? Glory, glo-o-ry. Takes his meals well, likes his qu-a-a-art of Rhenish or his Burgundy to swell his jolly paunch. A-a-a-men!"

Or, as it might be: "Are you coming—are you coming o-o-out to-night? There will be-ee good compan-ee-ee. Dancing and deray—lots of girls; no proud churls. Ten by the clock, when the doors all lock. As it was in the beginning, is now, ever shall be, world without end, A-a-a-men!"

These were, of course, only the lay brothers, and I hope the friars were better. I decided, however, that, for the sake of my respect for religion, I should ask Dessauer. Because I saw even the Abbot Tobias lean smilingly over to Abbot Prince Karl, and I marvelled what they spoke about. Not that I had long to wonder, for through the open door of the chapel there streamed a dismal host of invaders of the Wolfmark—black Hussars of Death, in dark armor, with white skeletons painted over them, all charnel-house ribs and bones in hideous and ridiculous array, which was one of Duke Casimir's devices to frighten children, and no doubt these scarecrows frightened many of these. Specially when these villanous companies were recruited from all the wild bandits of the Mark, and never punished for any atrocity, but, on the contrary, rather encouraged, in order to spread the terror of their name.

Yet, when they came rushing in, even the cavaliers of death were daunted by the sight which met them. And as the solemn service proceeded, amid the thunder of the great organ pressing, throbbing the roof, and reverberating along the floor, hands stole to heads, helmets were lifted, and fear of Holy Church stirred in many a wicked and outcast heart. Some of the foremost, with their blades half-drawn, appeared to waver whether or no they should stay the service with the bloody sword.

But as the monks calmly chanted, and the solemn responses were given, a stillness stole over the vociferous babble within the great open doors.

Higher and higher the voices of the choir mounted, breaking away to heaven. Awe sat on every fierce face, and when the Abbot arose to pronounce the benediction the other stood up beside him, and the Hussars of Death knelt awe-stricken before the two mitred dignitaries of the Church.

Without a murmur they rose and slunk away, without so much as searching the abbey, and so departed on their errands, leaving us safe and unharmed.

Then, when the three of us were again united in the private rooms of the Abbot Tobias, that hearty ecclesiast shook us all by the hand, and said: "Good friends, we are well out of that. Nay, no thanks. My monks are not a bit the worse of a little additional exercise to keep them humble and lean. Nor is God the less well pleased that we have sought him in time of need, as Prince and Abbot, as well as soldier and peasant, require."

These being the only words of genuine piety I had heard within the walls of the monastery, I thought more of the Abbot Tobias that he was not ashamed to speak them before Prince and Councillor of State, as well as before a rough soldier like myself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FLAG ON THE RED TOWER.

IT took us all our powers of persuasion with the Prince to induce him to depart homeward on the morrow, under the escort of a dozen sturdy and well-armed lanzknechte attached to the monastery. But the thing was done at last.

"And remember," said our Karl, as he embraced us, "that if ye return not on the eighth day at eventide the forces of Plassenburg will e'en be battering on the gates of Thorn by the hour of dusk. I am not going to have my farms burnt, my peasants disembowelled and cast to the blood-hounds, my women ravished in their kindly home-steadings. God wot! the cup of Duke Casimir hath been brimming this many a day, and we will give him a deep draught to drink when we set it to his lips."

Thereupon we bade our dear and brave master a respectful adieu. Karl Miller's-Son he might be, but, for all that, he was every inch a king—a right royal man, whom I would rather serve than the Kaiser himself.

And after he had gone from us a little way, he turned again and waved his hand, crying: "On the eighth day, mind you, friends of mine—unless ye wish me to come asking for you at the gates of Thorn, with some din and the spilling of some blood."

The worthy Abbot Tobias gave us a paper to the Bishop Peter, now restored to his bishopric of Thorn, and in some measure dwelling at peace with the Duke Casimir since that ruler's reconciliation with Holy Church. In this paper it was set forth that the most learned Doctor of Law, Leonard Schmidt, and his servant Johann, were on their way to Ratisbon to dispute concerning the Practice of Law and Reason with another most learned Doctor of the Empire, and that, desiring to remain a day or two in Thorn, they were by the Abbot Tobias of Wolgast commended to his kind hospitality.

For indeed the inns of Germany, and especially of the North, were not at that time such as wise and learned men could readily submit to, neither abide in, to be herded with dull, landward peasants, and all the gutter-knaves of the town.

Of the remainder of our journey I need not speak, seeing that more than once I have had to tell of that journey from Thorn to Plassenburg. It is sufficient that by evening the dark, frowning mass of the Wolfsberg lay before us, each tower black against the sky. For even the new portions which Casimir had builded were of intention blackened with soot, mingled with the plaster and mortar, so that it should be of one piece of grim terror with the rest of the building.

"After all, it is not strange," said I to the Councillor—for when there was no one in sight or very near I rode with him instead of behind him—"that the man who shakes at every breeze among the aspens should take such pains to create the fiction and shadow of terror about him, when the substance and reality are dominant all the time in his own bosom."

Since we had come within the distressed and depopulated territory of the Wolfmark we had not spoken to any soul. Indeed, except a few poor peasant folk, burnt black with the sun, scuttling from den to den at the sight of mounted men, we had not seen any living creatures. The cruelty which had marked the reign of the Black Duke seemed to have afflicted the very face of the country with a visible curse.

But the day of deliverance was at hand.

As we came nearer to Thorn there was the Red Tower, at first dimly apparent, then prominent, then commanding, rising higher than all the buildings of the Wolfsberg. How many days had I not looked down from those windows! And my father was even now up there in his grim garret, his heart stirring calm and kindly within him, in spite of all the atmosphere of blood in which he had moved, as untouched as though he had been a gardener working among the flowers of the parterre. Also the block was there, and against it the Red Axe was leaning.

Then I called to mind the prophecy of the Lady Ysolinde that I should return to take up my father's dreadful trade. And I smiled thereat. For I thought that now I came in other circumstances—aye, even though riding in at the tail of the learned Doctor Schmidt, with my shaven and chestnut-stained face, my flowing hair cropped to the roots as in the manner of the servant tribe; yet, for all that, was I not the virtual military commander of the Plassenburg and the right hand of the Prince, whose forces would soon be clamoring against the walls of Thorn, and bringing down the hateful tyranny of the Black Duke Casimir?

"What is that?" said I, pointing to a standard of immense size which drooped from the Red Tower. It had been hanging limp about the staff, and till now we had not observed it. But as we went toiling up to the Weiss Thor, and the last links of road lengthened themselves indefinitely out before us in their own familiar manner, suddenly a waft of hot wind from the sun-beaten plain of the Wolfmark blew out an immense flag, which spread itself, fluttered feebly, and died down again flat against the pole.

"Nay," said the Doctor, "that I cannot tell. Surely you should know the customs of your own city better than I!"

For the heat had made the High Chancellor a little snappish, as well as the length of the way.

"Never in my time have I seen such a thing float above the Red Tower," I made answer. "Can it be a flag of pestilence?"

It seemed a likely thing enough. Cities were often made desolate in a few days by the plague; the people running to the hills; silence all about the gates. These might well betoken the presence of a foe to which the army of Plassenburg would seem as a friend.

As we rode under the Arch of the White Gate of Thorn, we were stopped to be examined. We gave our names, and the Doctor showed his letters of authorization from a dozen learned universities. The Black Hussar who examined our credentials was of a taciturn disposition, and evidently no scholar. For he studied the parchments intently upside down, and appeared to have an idea that the contents were best investigated by smelling the seals.

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"To the house of the learned and venerable Bishop of Thorn!" said the Doctor Schmidt.

So the Hussar, having finally approved of the quality of the scholastic wax, called a subordinate, and bade him guide us to the house of Bishop Peter.

In an instant we were in the familiar streets—narrow, sunken, and indescribably dirty, as they now appeared to me. For I had been accustomed to the wider, airier spaces, and the bickering rivulets which ran down most of the steeper streets of Plassenburg, and which made it one of the cleanest towns of the world. So that the ancient and unreformed filth and wretchedness of Thorn appealed to me as they had never done before.

There were evidences too of the terror in which the inhabitants had long lived. The houses of the rich burghers were sadly dilapidated. No man thought it worth while to spend a pot of paint on a house which might be knocked about his ears that very night if the Duke conceived there was money or gear to be found within the walls of it.

Here and there the same black flag appeared.

I asked the reason of it from our guide.

"Is it that the plague is in the city?"

"The plague has, indeed, been in the city, yes! But that is not the reason of the flag."

"And what then is the meaning of the black flag?" said I.

"Ye are strangers indeed!" answered the man. "Did you not know that the great Duke Casimir is dead, and that the black flag flies for him, and must fly on the Wolfsberg till his successor be crowned?"

"And who is his successor?" said I.

"Who but young Otho, the worst of the Wolf's litter. But perhaps you are his friend."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"THERE, ALONE IN THE CENTRE, ATTIRED IN WHITE, THE CENTRE OF EYES, I BEHELD—HELENE."

He turned with a keen look, like one who has been accustomed to deliver himself in company where he is sure of sympathy, and who suddenly has to consider his words in society the tone of which he is not sure of.

"Nay," said I, "we are travelling strangers, and know nothing of your politics. But this Duke Otho, wherefore has he not been crowned?"

"Because," said the man, "the Duke Casimir, they say, hath been foully murdered, and that by the witchcraft of a woman. So, by our laws, till the murderer is punished, the young Duke may not be crowned."

By this time we were at the entering in of the long, dull, mass of building, which during most of my boyhood had stood unoccupied, owing to the quarrel between Bishop Peter and the Duke. Our guide led us unchallenged into the quadrangle, and then abruptly left, without pausing to bid us good-day, or even deigning to accept the modest gratuity which my master, the learned doctor, had ready for him.

As for me, I stood holding the horses, and looking about for any of my own quality who might show me the way to the stables.

Presently a long, lean, lathy youth slouched out of one of the gloomy entries. He stood amazed at the sight of me. I went to him to ask where I might bestow the horses, now standing weary-footed, hanging their heads after the long journey and the toil of the final ascent from the plain.

"Will you fight, outlander?" were the first words of my lathy friend from the entry. He seemed to have been drawn up recently from a period of detention in some deep draw-well, and to have the mould of the stones still upon him.

"Why," said I, "of course I will fight, and that gladly, if you will find me a man to fight with."

"I will fight you myself," he said, swelling himself. "For the end of this candle I will fight half a dozen such Baltic sausages as you be."

"Like enough," said I, "all in good time. But in the mean time show me the stables, that I may put up my master's horses."

"What know I about you or your master's horses?" cried the Lad of Lath. "And pray why should I show the way to Bishop Peter's good stables to every wastrel that comes in off the street and asks the freedom of our house? For aught I know you may come to steal corn. Though if that be so, Lord love you, you have come to the wrong place."

"Come, stable-master," said I, placably, "let me see a corner and a wisp of straw, and I will ease the poor beasts. That will not harm the Bishop Peter, whom my master has gone to visit. He is a friend of his, a man learned in ecclesiastical affairs, who comes to hold disputations with the Bishop—"

"Disputations—what be those? Anything with money at the end of them? If so, he will be a welcome guest at this house. There is very little money at the tail of anything in this town."

I thought I would try the effect of a broad silver piece, at the same time giving the lad the information that disputations were kinds of fights with the tongues of men instead of with their fists.

The silver sweetened his face like a charm. He seized me by the hand.

"My name," he said, "is Peter of the Pigs. I am not stable-master, but feed the grouting piglings. And yet, in a way, I am indeed stable-master. For the Bishop hath no horses, since the Duke took them away to mount his cavalry for the raids into Plassenburg. So Peter of the Pigs looks after all about the yard; and precious little there is to look after, except one's own legs getting longer and leaner every day."

"And where is the Bishop this afternoon?" I asked.

"Where should he be," cried Peter of the Pigs, "but at the trial of the witch-woman in the Hall of Justice? It must be a rare sight. They say she is to be tortured, and that they want a new executioner to do it."

"Why," said I, struck to the heart with his words, "what is the matter with the old one?"

"Oh," said the lad, "he is mortal sick abed. He had an accident, or some one stuck a dagger into him—no great matter if he had stuck it through him, or cloven him to the chin with his own Red Axe."

CHAPTER XL.

THE TRIAL OF THE WITCH.

AT this point came my master back, looking exceedingly disconsolate. A monk accompanied him.

"The Bishop," he said, "is gone forth of his house. He is in attendance at the trial of a woman for witchcraft, one whom some of the city folk hold to be a saint. But the young Duke and others swear that she is a witch, and hath murdered the Duke. Haste thee with the horses, sirrah, and attend me to the Hall of Justice. I have sent a messenger forward with my credentials to the Bishop Peter."

So to the corner of the yard I went and rubbed down the horses with a wisp of straw, which Peter of the Pigs brought me, and which smelled of his charges too. Then, with another piece of money in his hand, I sent him out to the nearest corn-chandler's to buy some corn for our beasts, the which I gave them, and stood by them till I saw them eat it. For in such a poverty-stricken place, and with a gentleman of the capacity of Master Peter of the Pigs, one that is in any way fond of his horses cannot be too careful.

This done, I announced myself to my master as ready to accompany him.

Then through the streets of Thorn, all strangely empty, we took our way. Women were leaning out of windows; every head turned castleward up the street.

They hardly deigned a glance at my master or at myself, but continued to gaze. And as each passenger came down the street from the direction of the Wolfsberg they cried questions at him, so that he ran the gauntlet of a dropping fire of shrill queries.

"What are they doing to the sweet saint yonder?"

"Hath she been put to the question?"

"Who could be executioner in such a case as this? A man would be sent to hell-fire for daring to lay hand on her."

The popular sympathies ran clearly with the accused, which is not, as our old Hanne had reason to remember, the rule in trials for witchcraft.

Soon we were passing the gate of the Red Tower. It was barred and closed. The windows of my father's house looked barrenly down, like the eye-holes of skulls. I saw the window from which I used to gaze wistfully down upon the children who would not play with me, but spat upon the tower when they saw me looking at their play and pipings upon the streets.

There above was the window of my father's garret, with the edge of the black flag blowing out above it.

The streetward door of the Judgment Hall was open and a great crowd of people stood about, silent, anxious, respectful. Some of them talked in low tones, and whenever there was a word passed out of the door, through which men looked ten deep, it scattered all about like a wave which comes into a sea-cave by a narrow entrance, and then widens out till it breaks gently in the wide inner hall.

"She is not to be tortured; only the Hereditary Executioner may do that. They have threatened the old woman. She has confessed all!"

So ran the words about the crowd, and ever and anon one would detach himself from the bridge, elbowing his way out, and then speed down the long street, crying the latest tidings of the trial.

It was manifestly impossible for us to obtain entrance by this door. So we looked about for another.

Then I minded me of the private passage which led from the court-yard which I knew so well. We skirted the crowd, with our attendant following, till we came to the side door which led directly into the Hall of Judgment behind the judges' high seats.

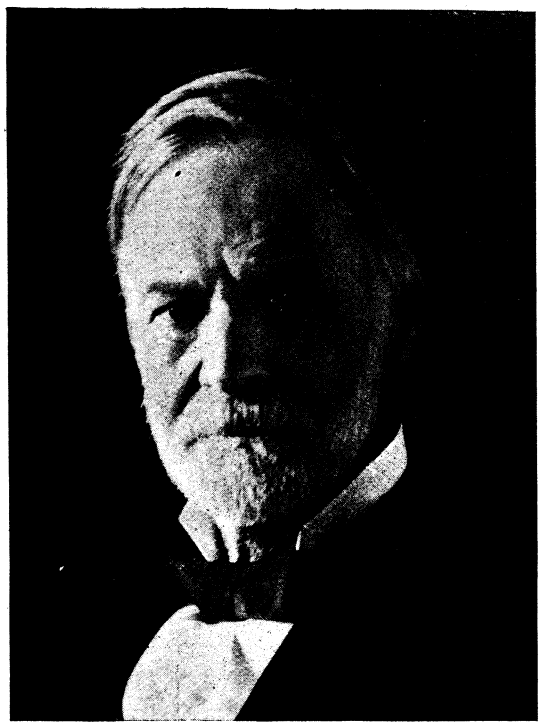
It was the way by which many a time I had seen my father enter, either in his dress of black or in that of red. And I was always glad when I saw him put on the scarlet, because I knew that then the worst was over for some poor tortured soul.

But when my master proposed that the attendant of the Bishop should carry a letter into the hall to his master to inform him that we waited without, the man trembled in every limb, and the hair of his head shocked itself up in sheer terror.

"I cannot—I dare not!" he cried. "It is the place of torture—of the engines—the estrappado—the water-drop—the leg-crushers!"

And at this point the vision of what was contained within the fatal door became so appalling to him that he picked up his skirts and fled, looking over his shoulder all the while to make sure that the Red Axe was not after him full tilt.

So Dessauer and I were left standing. And if the mat-



HON. JOHN SHERMAN,
Retiring Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]

ter had been less serious, it would have been comical to see us thus deserted.

"Bishop Peter of Thorn seems a prelate somewhat difficult of approach," said the Councillor. "I wonder if we shall ever lay any salt on his tail?"

"Let us risk it and go in," said I. "We are putting all our cards on the table, at any rate. And we can see all that is to be seen. If there is any risk of von Reuss penetrating our disguises, it is as well to gulp and get it over at once, rather than suck gingerly at it till the fear of death chills our marrow."

"Go on, then," he said. "There is naught to be gained by standing here as a butt for the eyes of evil-doers."

So I opened the door carefully, and with a trembling heart. The hum of a great assembly breathed upon us in a hushed chaos of sound. The warm, stifling atmosphere, heavy with a thousand respirations, the sound of a voice speaking loud and clear, the thunder of continuous heels on the paved floor, the voices of the ushers crying "Silentium" at intervals—these all came suddenly upon us as we shut out the air and sunshine and went into the Hall of Judgment.

We could not see the full assembly at first. We stood, as I had supposed, directly behind the judges' rostrum. Only the corners of the vast crowd which covered the floor and filled the galleries could be seen—a blur of white faces, all bent towards one point. But at the corner, not far from us, a tall, spare, gray-headed ecclesiastic was speaking.

We stood still, in order that we might not interrupt by entering till he had finished.

What was our surprise when we heard his words!

"My Lord Duke," he was saying, "it is fortunate for the elucidation of this great mystery that I have this moment received word concerning a most learned and notable jurisconsult, a Doctor of the Law, wise in controversy, and specially skilled in such cases, who has even now arrived in the city of Thorn on his way to the Emperor at Ratisbon, where he is to dispute for the honor of truth and our holy religion.

"His name is the Learned, Venerable, and Reverend Doctor Schmidt, and I trust that we of the city and faculty of the Wolfmark shall have the honor of welcoming him as so distinguished a man deserves."

The pattern of the Bishop's speech is one that does not vary while the world lasts.

"Lord, they have made me a Doctor of Theology as well!" whispered the Councillor to me. I gave him a little push.

"Now is your time," said I, "the hour and the Doctor."

I lifted the skirt of his long black robe. He took hold of his marvellous beard, a triumph of the disguiser's art, and we stepped forward. I could hardly conceal a smile.

We had come in the very nick of time.

I have a vague remembrance of my master bowing this way and that. I seem to see the wise men of the law, the judges, the priests and lictors, rising and bowing in acknowledgment. I heard the hush of a thousand people, all craning their necks to look round the heads of their neighbors, and the hum of whispered comment. It was a surprising sight, this great trial—the gloomy hall, black with age and deeds of darkness, lit by the rays of sunlight falling through windows of red glass, the faces of men flecked as with blood where the evening sunlight streamed luridly upon them.

In the midst there was a clear foursquare space. A lictor, with a bundle of rods, stood at each corner. I looked, and there, alone in the centre, attired in white, the centre of eyes, I beheld—Helene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

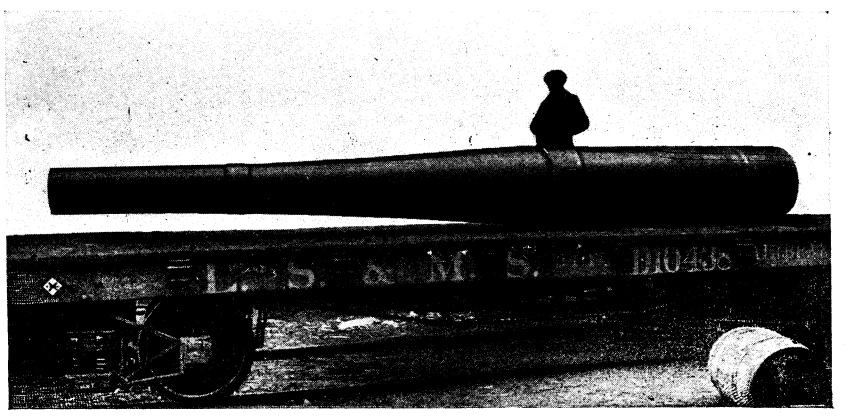
DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN.

THE Board of Ordnance and Fortification inspected, at the Otis Steel Company's works in Cleveland, recently, a new type of gun, the invention of Dr. R. J. Gatling. The gun is to be rifled at the Washington Navy Yard, and then sent to Sandy Hook to be tested. Dr. Gatling believes that his gun will show a resistance to the force of powder explosion and to the friction of the gases and the projectile even greater than that of the built-up gun; while his gun can be made in much less time, and is sixty per cent. cheaper than the built-up gun.

The weakness of the built-up gun Dr. Gatling finds in the joints between the hoops as they are shrunk on the tube. The built-up gun is in eleven pieces. The wire-wound gun, which is highly commended by ordnance authorities, is in nearly three hundred pieces. Dr. Gatling's gun is in one piece. It is cast, not forged, and the secret of its resistance is said to be in the alloy used, the method of making the cast, and the process of tempering. Experiments in recent years with cast-steel alloys have shown that they are capable of high degrees of resistance.

Dr. Gatling preserves a great part of his process a secret. He has not patented it yet. He expects to take out patents in Europe and America whenever the tests of the new gun have been completed successfully. The character of the alloy he uses is not known. He has a ladle of peculiar construction to receive the molten metal from the furnace. The metal enters at a tangent, and takes a rotary motion, which expels the air and gases, and makes the mass homogeneous before it passes into the mould. In the mould it is put under weights, but it is not subjected to the great hydraulic pressure which is used on the castings for the built-up guns. The casting is solid. It is turned down and bored out in the usual way. When tempered, it is cooled from within by a blast of air—a process which is expected to give it the resistance from the outside toward the bore which is obtained in the built-up gun by shrinking the hoops and jacket on the tube. The mandrel process is another of Dr. Gatling's secrets.

The one-piece gun, which is to be finished at Washington soon, was ordered by the government. Congress appropriated $40,000 to pay for it, and, because of Dr. Gatling's standing as an inventor, made the extraordinary provision that he should have the right to change the specifications as often as he chose. G. G. B.



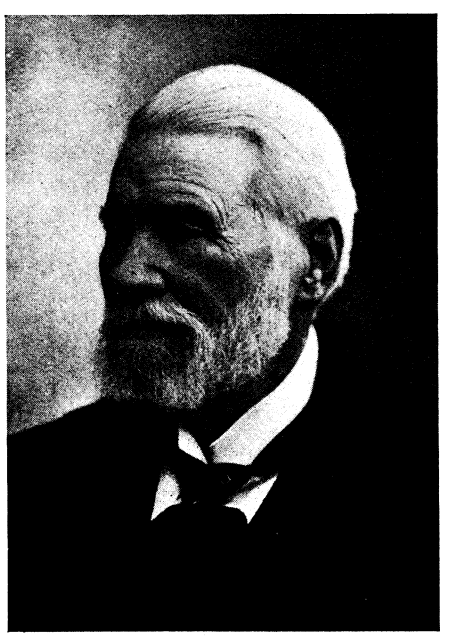
DR. GATLING'S NEW GUN—CAST IN ONE PIECE.

THE PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.

THE contention persisted in by the Spanish authorities that the explosion which wrecked and sunk the battle-ship *Maine* in Havana Harbor was internal and not external to the hull of the vessel, is absolutely refuted by the condition in which the débris of the wreck was found and still remains.

The examination before the court of inquiry in regard to this was most detailed and minute, and the conclusion established by the evidence was positive. The most important witness upon the condition of the wreck was Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, of the United States steamer *Fern*, who was constantly on duty upon the *Maine* during the operations of the divers, noting and verifying the results of their examination. He directed and supervised their action, questioned them closely upon what they found beneath the surface of the water, noted the results in detail each day, and made drawings as the material afforded data.

Ensign Powelson's examination occupied the part of several days, at considerable intervals, during the sessions of the court, while the work of the divers was still going on, and not only was he closely questioned, but the divers themselves were examined minutely. The condition of the wreck being established, Commander G. A. Converse, of the cruiser *Montgomery*, an expert of large experience upon submarine mines and torpedoes and the effect of explosives, was carefully examined upon the nature of the explosion that could produce such an effect.



DR. RICHARD JORDAN GATLING,
Inventor of the Gatling Gun, at the Age of Eighty.

To understand clearly the descriptions and illustrations proving the character and effect of the explosion, one must know that the frames of the ship's hull, from three to four feet apart, are numbered from the bow back, and are fastened to the keel at the bottom. The keel was broken at frame 17 and forced upward, so that the keel-plates are sharply bent. It is considerably back of this break that the chief mass of tangled débris is found. Here the forward magazines were placed, below the protective deck, above which was the main-deck, and the effect of the explosion upon those decks, as described in the findings of the court of inquiry, is attributed to a partial explosion of the powder-magazines.

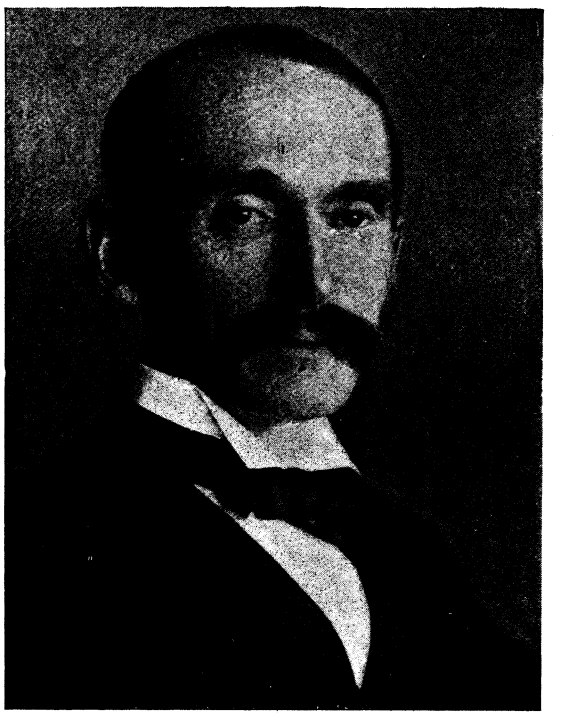
The area of this effect was from frame 30 to frame 41; but the break of the keel, and the forcing upward of the bottom plates, was considerably forward of this. From a point 6 feet above the keel, and 11½ feet from the middle of the ship on the port side at frame 17, the outer shell of the hull, which is made of comparatively thin plating, was bent upward and inward, so that the plates formed an inverted V (Λ), with the apex thrust 4 feet above the surface of the water, or 34 feet above where that part of the plates would be if the vessel had merely sunk to the bottom.

The after-wing or flap of this inverted V, which was 15 feet wide by 32 feet long, stretching from frame 25 to frame 17, where the breach was made, was "doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plate extending forward."

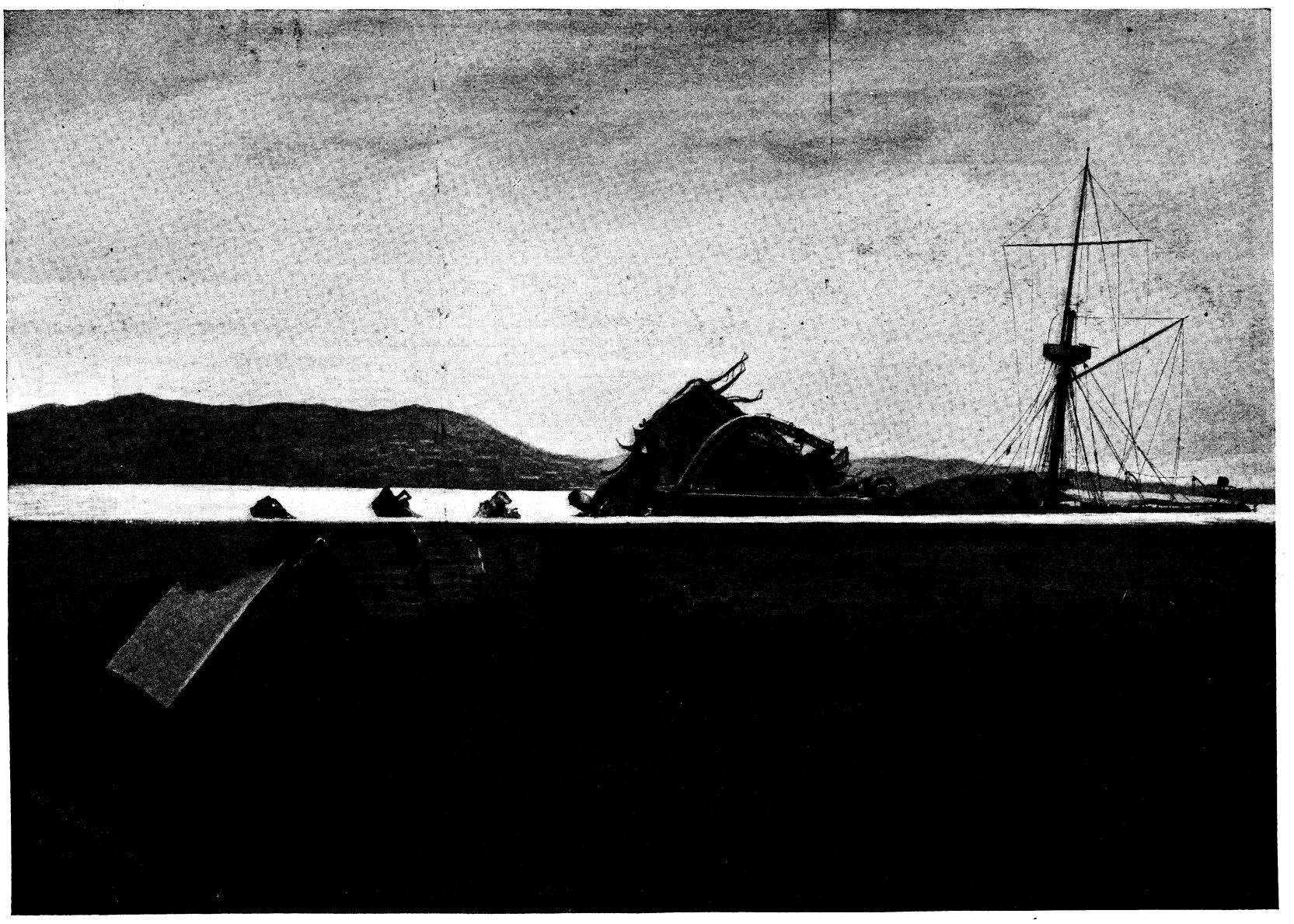
It seems clear enough to the inexpert mind, from the description derived from the findings of the court and based upon detailed evidence, that this effect could not possibly be produced by an explosion inside the vessel, and that it must necessarily have been caused by an explosion below the bottom of the vessel near the point at which the break is found, and from which the bottom plating was driven upward with such force. But the members of the court of inquiry proceeded with the utmost caution, and did not rely upon their own inferences. They placed sketches and drawings of this part of the wreck before Commander Converse and asked him what kind of an explosion would produce the result.

The commander said that, in his opinion, "it could be produced by the explosion of a submarine mine containing a large amount of the lower explosives—gunpowder, or similar—not in contact with the ship, but some distance below it, perhaps on the bottom." Being asked whether the keel and plates at and near frame 18 could have been so distorted by an internal explosion, he said that he did not think they could, and that he had never seen anything in all his experience that would lead him to believe that it was "possible to produce the effect indicated by any explosion within the interior of the ship in that immediate vicinity." The indications were, he said, that "an under-water explosion produced the conditions there."

It was the actual condition of this part of the wreck, established beyond all possibility of doubt by irrefragable evidence, that induced the opinion of the court that the effect at the point described "could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship," and sustained the finding that the "*Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." No denial or protest can wipe out the testimony of the mangled remains of the battle-ship itself.



HON. WILLIAM R. DAY,
The New Secretary of State.—[See Page 434.]



THE "MAINE," SHOWING POSITION OF BOTTOM PLATES AND KEEL, AFFORDING PROOF OF EXTERNAL EXPLOSION.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

SKETCHES IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

[See Illustration on Page 437.]

Washington, while celebrated afar as a city of magnificent distances, is in reality a compact place, so far as the official side of it is concerned.

It is only a step, for instance, from the White House to the great granite building in which the Navy, State, and War departments are situated, and the Secretary of the Navy can look out from his windows over the President's lawn.

The visitor to the Navy Department is shown into a large room, where he may sink himself in a huge leather chair and watch the expert private secretary sift out from the other visitors those who have real business with the Secretary. People come there with all kinds of craft for sale, from a row-boat up, devices to offer, axes to grind; and many seafaring men are there, offering their services to the government. One old skipper, who sat with his legs straight out in front of him because they were made of seasoned timber and would not bend, looked as though he might like to lose an arm or two piloting war-ships.

Leading out to the left are the rooms of the Assistant Secretary. Here Mr. Roosevelt was winding up his affairs in the department, and preparing for his anticipated departure to the seat of active war. Occasionally a big bronze-faced fellow would drop in to see him, and such unmarinerlike questions as "Can you ride a horse?" would fall from the lips of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Roosevelt's desk, which appears in the illustration, is interesting from the fact that it was built for Assistant-Secretary Fox during Gideon Wells's time. It is ornamented with carvings in relief of Monitors, cannon, etc., and is piled high with papers and maps.

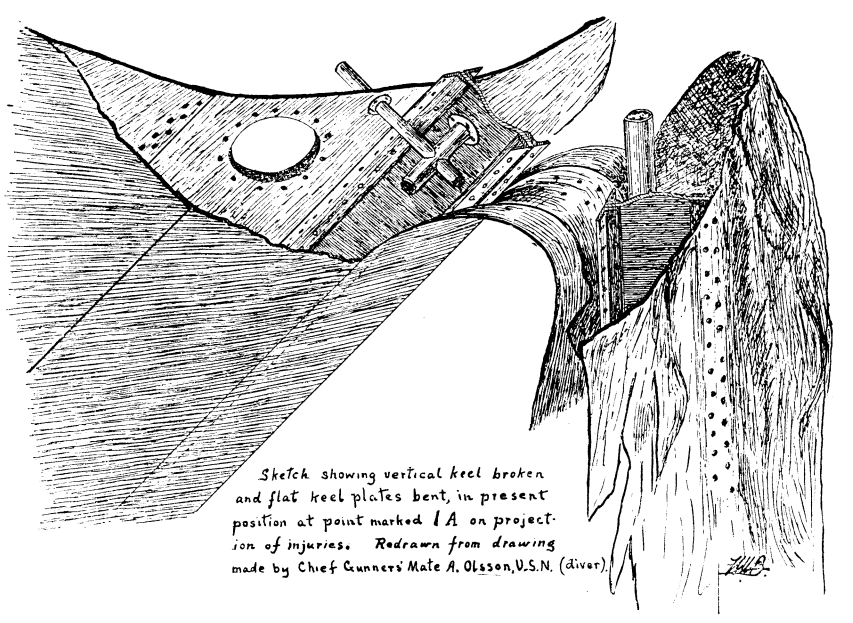
One has only to look at that desk to read the character of the man behind it. His restless energy, flying off in all directions, yet persistent, is shown in his surroundings as well as in his actions.

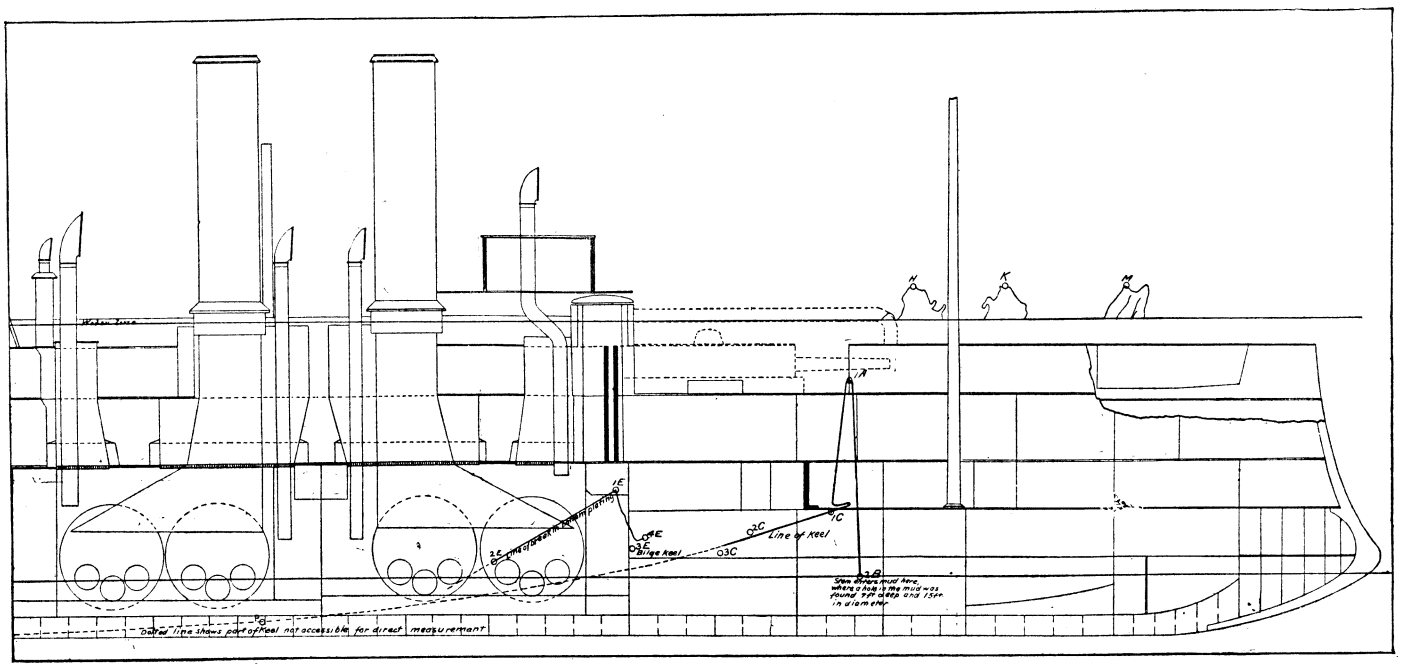
It would hardly seem necessary for a man who does most of his office-work on his feet to go to the front to find active service; he renders that to the government wherever it puts him.

If the visitor succeeds in passing Secretary Long's picket-line he will find the Secretary calmly seated in a room that differs as much from Mr. Roosevelt's as a New England farm-house does from a Western ranch. Not a paper out of its pigeon-hole except the one on which the Secretary is immediately engaged. Out in the corridors and on the stairways messenger-boys are waiting or skurrying out to their bicycles. Newsgatherers, Senators, retired naval officers, even an occasional old Jacky are to be seen pouring in and out in a constant stream.

Altogether, the Navy Department is a busy place in these days.

W. A. R.





PROJECTION SHOWING PRESENT POSITION OF BOW AND KEEL OF THE "MAINE."
Redrawn by Naval-Cadet H. C. Mustin from Draft made by Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, from Data obtained by him under direction of the Court of Inquiry.

THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

DESPATCH-BOAT "KANAPAHA."
FROM HAVANA TO KEY WEST, *Saturday, April 23.*

AFTER weeks of waiting and many false rumors of war and of peace, a few lines came on Thursday afternoon which created more excitement and hurrying about and to and fro than Key West has seen for many a day, if ever. The "rocking-chair fleet," that have been discussing the situation and giving opinions, and taking it easy meanwhile for so long, were awakened as by magic, and there was a wild rush to pack up and be off. "On to Havana!" was the cry, and in half an hour the hotel had been emptied of newspaper men and navy officers, while launches and cutters were pulling and puffing from ships to the landing with unwonted vigor. Soon the greater part of the ships were pouring out black smoke from their funnels and hoisting up boats preparatory to getting under way.

We were the first despatch-boat to leave, and went out to the flag-ship to learn, if possible, when the fleet would move; and about midnight half of them began moving out, so we immediately followed and went out, anchoring near the flag-ship to wait further movement.

It was a beautiful night, with every star shining brightly in the calm sky, and the sea seemed to forget its usual habits around here, and lapped gently by; while the ships flashed their search-lights and opened and shut their red and white signal-lights, saying lots of things one could not understand. Morning came, and at daylight we were moving out, the *New York* (flag-ship) leading the way, and the torpedo-boats and light cruisers guarding the ends of the line.

Soon after six o'clock a strange steamer appeared, bound up the coast and crossing the bows of the fleet. The little *Nashville* started after her, and when she showed Spanish colors spurted up to her, firing a blank shot at first, to which the Spaniard paid no attention, only ran the harder; but a six-pound solid shot beautifully fired across his bows, and skipping the water for a mile beyond him, changed the views of the captain, and the Spanish flag came down on the run and the engines reversed instanter. This was the first shot of the war, and we were fortunately close at hand to see the whole thing. The *Nashville* ran close up to her prize, and a boarding party took possession. She proved to be the *Buena Ventura*, with a deck-load of lumber and a general cargo. Ensign Magruder, with a prize crew, took charge of her, and the *Nashville* convoyed her capture into Key West. The fleet were keeping right on all this time, except for the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, which stood by the *Nashville* for a time, and then scurried off after the rest. Key West was seventeen miles away, but we decided to run in and report events, so back we went, sending a boat ashore with despatches, and starting off immediately to rejoin the fleet, which we did not see anything of, however, nor any signs of life in the breezy run across the Gulf, until about 5 P. M., when we came up with the *Cincinnati*, which had just stopped the Norwegian bark *Jomf Ruland*, bound out from Havana. Lieutenant Craven boarded her, and after ascertaining her cargo and destination, allowed her to proceed. The fleet by this time was in full sight, and we were looked over by a nimble torpedo-boat off in the distance, which satisfied herself very soon that we were all right. The *Porter* was seen pouring out black smoke as she hurried off after a sail on the dim horizon. In half an hour we joined the fleet cruising slowly about off the city of Havana, whose lights could be plainly seen. We made out the lights of a steamer coming out, and the *Wilmington* and torpedo-boat *Ericsson* promptly put after her and brought her to. She proved to be the German steamer *Remus*, and was allowed to proceed.

As the darkness deepened the ships were lost entirely in the gloom, and except for the occasional flashing of signal-lights, nothing could be seen; and as we clung to the bridge railing as the steamer rolled in the choppy Gulf seas, the city lights, only a few miles away, seemed quite cheerful. Did the Havanese know they were blockaded? Apparently not until later in the evening, for about eleven o'clock Morro light suddenly went out, and a number of heavy guns were fired, eight shots in all, and perhaps at us, as we were the nearest vessel in to the shore.

We were not able to find the flag-ship among the others, and much speculation ensued as to her whereabouts. This morning, however, she was back among the fleet, which are rolling and pitching about at a great rate, especially the *Wilmington*, that can roll faster and further than any ship in the navy, except her twin, the *Helena*.

After some delay we managed to communicate with the *New York*, and learned that she had chased the Spanish liner *Pedro* the evening before, and after a hot run of nearly forty miles, brought her to off Matanzas. She was promptly confiscated, and put in charge of Lieutenant Capehart and a prize crew of four marines and eight sailors, and taken into Key West. The *Ericsson*, Lieutenant Usher, captured a Spanish coasting-schooner early this morning, and she is jumping about now at the stern of the *Cincinnati*.

It seems to be the intention now to blockade the island, and so far as could be learned the blockading squadrons will be divided as follows:

Off Havana will be the *New York, Iowa, Wilmington, Helena, Dolphin, Mayflower, Vesuvius, Ericsson*, and *Porter*. Off Mariel will be the *Nashville, Castine*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come. Off Matanzas will be the *Amphitrite, Cincinnati, Du Pont, Winslow*, and some auxiliary cruisers to come later. Off Cardenas, the *Newport, Machias, Cushing, Foote*, and auxiliaries. A special squadron, whose destination is not as yet known, will consist of the *Indiana, Marblehead, Detroit*, and *Mangrove*, which has recently been turned over from the Treasury Department, and refitted and armed as a small cruiser. Most of the ships are on the ground or within a few hours of steaming of their stations. This still leaves the *Puritan* and *Terror* as reserve vessels. The *Puritan* arrived off Havana as we were leaving. The *Terror* is still at Key West.

Too much praise cannot be given to the torpedo officers and men. They never seem to rest, and for nervy and skilful work one such day and night as has passed on the blockade proves their mettle. We may look for exciting events in the near future, and ships and men are ready for what may come.

AT SEA, *Sunday morning, April 24.*

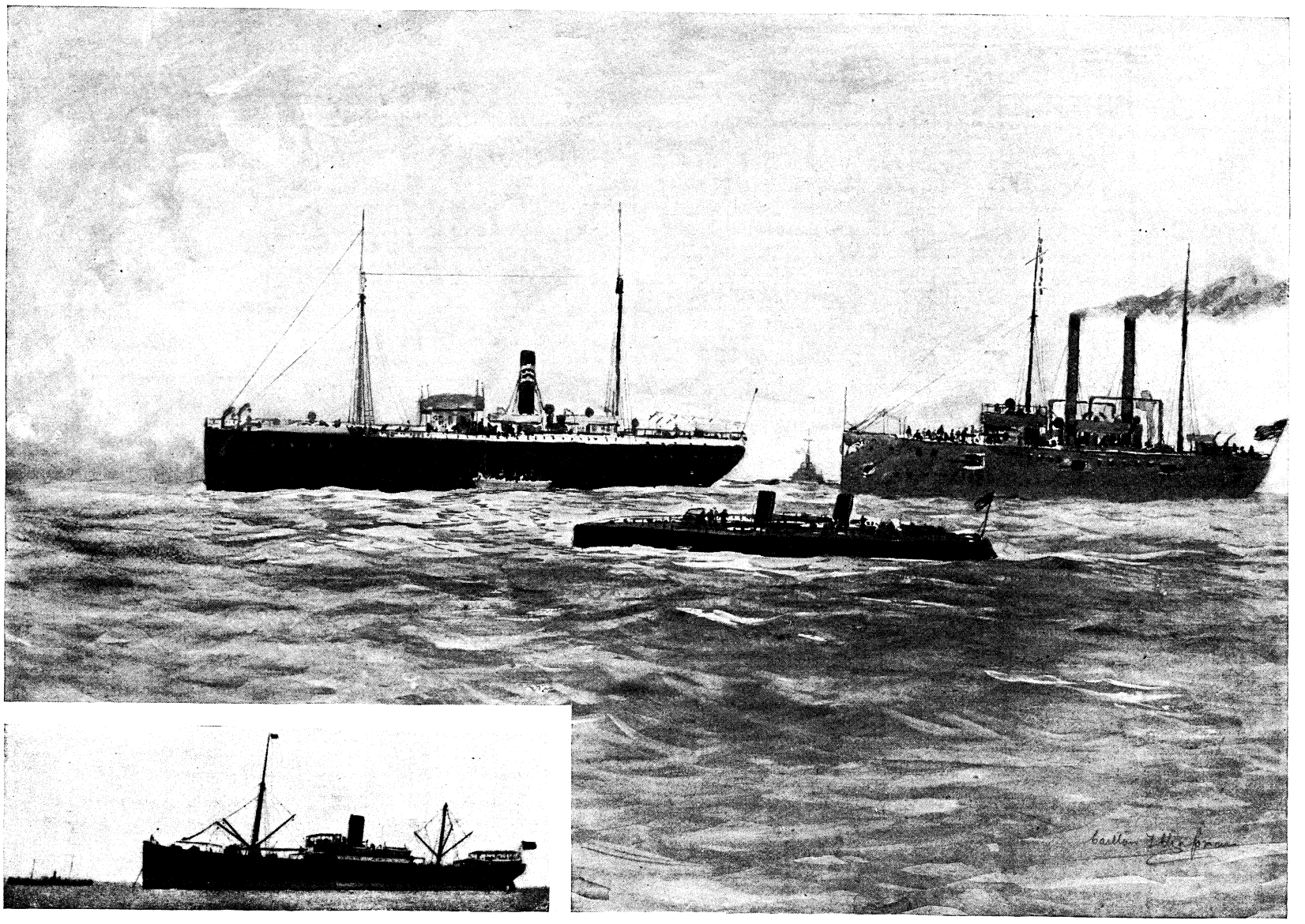
YESTERDAY, as we were about leaving the fleet for Key West, signals were shown from the flag-ship ordering the division of the squadron for Mariel, Cardenas, and Matanzas, as reported yesterday. All were under way and moving in an extended line, the ships to the eastward being the *New York, Cincinnati, Wilmington*, and *Marblehead*. The *Cincinnati* being some distance in advance, was seen to turn suddenly, signalling a chase, and, later, the strange vessel to be a man-of-war. Full speed was ordered, the crews called to quarters, and the entire squadron was soon in full pursuit. The *Cincinnati* was the first to come up with the stranger, followed closely by the *Marblehead, New York*, and *Wilmington*. She proved to be an Italian cruiser, instead of a Spaniard, and proceeded on her way. The torpedo-boat *Porter*, Lieutenant Fremont, soon afterward took a Spanish coasting schooner loaded with 100 tons of sugar, and sent her into Key West. This morning early the torpedo-boat *Cushing* and gunboat *Wilmington* picked up two more schooners; one of them, the *Candida*, had a deck-load of charcoal in bags, and was brought up in tow of the *Wilmington;* the other capture had not arrived near enough to be ascertained when we left, following in the wake of the *New York*, which, just at this time, seven o'clock A.M., had made out a large merchant-steamer coming up at full speed, followed by the *Detroit*. A gun from the *New York* brought her to at once, when it was discovered that she was already in possession of Ensign Hurley H. Christy and a prize crew of sixteen men from the *Detroit*. We went alongside and found her to be the fine steamer *Catalina*, of Cadiz, bound from New Orleans to Havana and Spanish ports, with a general cargo in her hold, and a special cargo on her promenade deck of eighty crates of chickens, that, being American, cackled joyously from under the awnings, while the blue-jackets and marines walking the deck smiled cheerfully with visions of chicken dinners and prize-money, and the late captain looked gloomily at us from the bridge he could no longer command.

The *Catalina* is a fine steamer of about 5000 tons, and easily valued at a half-million dollars. She was first sighted about 3 A. M., and brought to twelve miles northwest from Morro Castle.

The fleet now off Havana are the *New York, Indiana, Marblehead, Wilmington, Mangrove*, and the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Cushing*, cruising up and down about twelve miles off Morro light, the hills and valleys showing beautifully blue in the morning light.

AT SEA, *Monday night, April 25, 1898.*

THIS morning at five o'clock we came up with the ships again, and followed the *New York* on a run to the eastward half-way to Matanzas. We hoped the expected troop-ship from Porto Rico might be the chase, but it proved to be of no importance, and at nine o'clock we were again off Havana, where the *Hornet* and *Eagle*, auxiliary cruisers, arrived and joined the fleet. They brought over some sailors and marines from the prize crews of the captured steamers at Key West, who reported on board the flag-ship. The *Helena* came over soon after, having re-coaled at Key West after her long run to the south, where she picked up the fine Spanish steamer *Miguel Joval*, of 5500 tons, and brought her into port Sunday morning. Soon after noon, the *New York* moving in toward the land, we ran some distance farther in to have a better look at a small fort which appeared on the top of a high hill a half-mile back from the shore. As we kept steadily on, wondering if the place was deserted, a few soldiers came out, and while we were expecting that they would fire at us, the entire garrison decamped, a dozen or more galloping off on horseback, while the balance dropped out of



SPANISH SHIP "PEDRO," CAPTURED BY U.S.S. "NEW YORK," APRIL 22.

CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH STEAMER "BUENA VENTURA," BY THE U.S. GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE," 17 MILES OFF KEY WEST, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

sight over the hill. We had a good look at the place, which seemed to be a well built and planned fortification on the sun-baked hill side, with a straight road leading up, and some beautiful palms and mango-trees near the shore, the green water shoaling up to a white sandy beach. Promptly on turning away, the soldiers came back on the hill-top; but as they supposed us an armed vessel, they were quite as much afraid of us as we might have been of them.

During the afternoon the *Wilmington* came up with a captured schooner loaded with raw sugar.

Soon after six o'clock, Morro Castle being in plain sight, a steamer was seen coming out, which we immediately started after. The *New York*, the only ship of the fleet close at hand, did not seem to notice her, and we had caught up with the stranger, which flew the British flag, and had a lot of people on board, who waved to us, but they would not answer our hail, and kept on at a high speed. The *New York* was then seen to be coming up with a great wave at her bows, so we ranged alongside and awaited developments. Soon a blank shot was fired from the *New York*, and then a solid shot whistled across the water. The English captain, apparently, did not want to stop, and a third shot was fired so near that it had the desired effect, and the *Lucienne* of London came to a stop. We inquired for news from Havana, and there was a great chattering in Spanish from a crowd of passengers, who furnished us with some copies of *La Lucha* of to-day's issue. After being boarded and notified officially of the blockade, the *Lucienne* proceeded on her way, giving an unwilling salute in token of her objection to being stopped.

I give you some extracts from the paper of this date, showing the state of feeling and latest news in Havana:

(From *La Lucha*, Havana, April 25.)

FALSE NEWS.

All rumors that have recently circulated in regard to a possible bombardment of this city are without foundation, and we will advise our readers promptly when a bombardment is likely to occur. The enemy in sight, the blockade follows. There they are.

They continue to-day within range of our batteries—which it is impossible for them to pass—these monstrous battle-ships, these enormous "baby whales" which McKinley has sent us in order to deprive us of sustenance, and in the belief that they will throw us into a panic, without knowing that their presence there fills us with enthusiasm, gives us courage, incites us to the combat. If they have not done us violence, it is only because the desired instant has not arrived, because they have not put themselves in the desired position to start the ball rolling. They decide to please us for once, these satellites of "Uncle Sam"; they shoot over our fortresses, where there are 1000 cannon and 100,000 rifles to confound the foreign invader, under the title of conqueror, as if we were living in the fifteenth century; pretend to precipitately carry off this possession which we hold with so good a title.

The enemy's squadron which we have in sight is composed, according to information which we have, of the following ships: *Indiana*, *Brooklyn*, *Raleigh*, and *New York*, all armored; three torpedo-boat-destroyers, and three torpedo-boats; besides a hospital-ship, another merchant ship (according to the Associated Press), and two yachts.

GENERAL BLANCO.

Yesterday afternoon General Blanco in his coach of state, accompanied by his Adjutant, Colonel Higrera, and his chief of staff, General Louis N. Depando, and by his Adjutant Captain Don Francisco, visited all the shore batteries and minutely inspected the fortifications.

THE BLOCKADE IS BROKEN.

The steamer *Avilies* coming from Baracoa, Sagua de Tanamo, and Nuevitas, and the steamer *Cosma de Herera* coming from Sagua la Grande, arrived at this port without news, and without seeing anything of importance in their respective voyages. Both ships, knowing about the blockade established by the American squadron, came with all the precaution which the case demanded, hugging the coast like sticking-plaster, preferring running aground to being captured. It is worthy of notice that these two ships, being of much less speed than they ought to have, and which it is supposed that the American war-ships have, there is no doubt that they have broken the blockade which the Americans have undertaken to establish. Worthy of all praise are the captains of these two ships, like all of the captains of the ships of the celebrated Companie de Sobrinos de Herera. They know every hand of our northern coast, and they have an elevated conception of duty, and of the superior valor, civic and personal, needed to make a front to everybody. (*Para hacer frente á todo.*) They never shirk danger, and threats never fill them with terror; they are Spaniards, and they are good patriots.

THE TROOPS.

The troops were ready for duty at the posts to which they were assigned, and which they occupied on Friday night; but there was no necessity for their services during the day or night of Saturday.

The corps of volunteers, with equal enthusiasm and faith in the triumph of the cause which they defend, abandoned in great numbers, for the good of their country, some their labors, others their families, and the greater part of them their situations.

THE SQUADRON.

All day Saturday the American squadron was seen at a great distance from the port—eight ships could be seen with the naked eye.

REMOVED THEMSELVES.

As the night was falling the squadron moved away until lost to sight.

MORRO CASTLE.

The quarters of the signal operators and lookouts are now concealed from the enemy. The lantern is burning as usual, but it illuminates the harbor only.

CLOUDY.

Dense clouds obscured the horizon on Sunday morning, but at eight o'clock they began to disperse, and there was seen on the horizon one ship alone of great size—certainly the largest of the American squadron.

IN DARKNESS.

None of the lamps located at the foot of the streets of San Lazaro were lighted on the nights of Saturday and Sunday.

Also the electric lights in the parks and at the foot of Vedado were left unlighted.

GENERAL AVOALIS.

This valiant officer does not cease to give orders nor to visit the points from which an invincible resistance will be made to the enemy.

FROM PORTO RICO.

We are assured that nothing new has occurred in Porto Rico, and that no American squadron has appeared there, in spite of reports from New York.

TWO CHIEFS.

In spite of occupying two important civic posts in this community, the well-appreciated señores Garcia del Gado and Mendizabal, Lieutenant-Colonel and comandante of infantry, asked the government to accept their services. The General-in-Chief acceded to such patriotism, and already they are in command of forces of the army outside this capital.

CAPTURED SHIPS.

The Spanish ship *Pedro*, which left this port Friday afternoon *en route* to Santiago de Cuba, has been seized by the American squadron; also the coasting-schooner *Matilde*, loaded with sugar, from Sierra Morena.

GERMAN SCHOONERS.

Two American ships of war seized, at Cayo Français, two German schooners which were discharging charcoal, but released them a few minutes later.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

NO OTHER SO GOOD.

THE social life of the present century creates conditions of motherhood which many times prevent the natural supply of food for infants. No so-called infant food equals the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

ONE keep-well is worth a dozen get-betters. ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS keeps you well while you're getting better. ABBOTT'S—the old original genuine.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

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If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

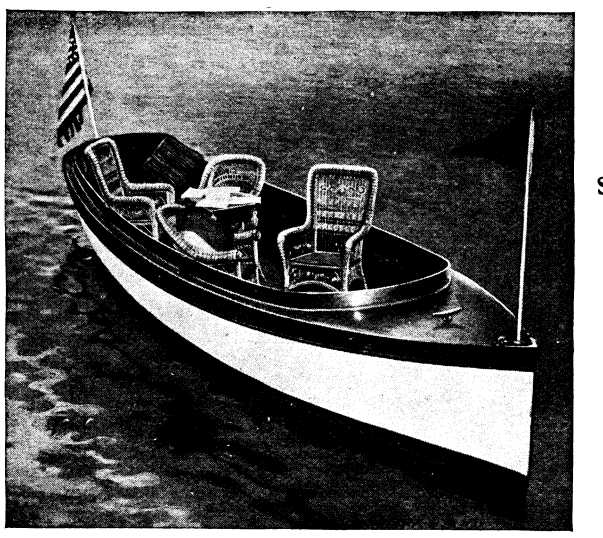
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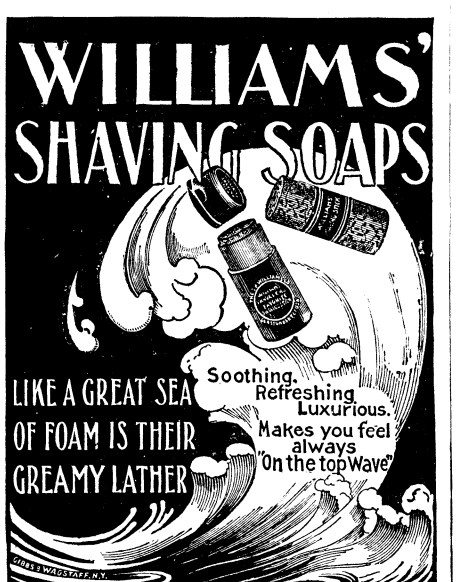
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We shall have a great many special things to tell about during the next few weeks, and it may be well to have some matters perfectly understood between us.

It's a hard thing to fully appreciate a bargain without seeing the goods. About the only standard of judgment you have is the reduction from the "regular price." But there is probably no phrase in all advertising so much abused as that. It is so easy to tack on a few cents or dollars to the regular figures, and then announce the reduction with a flourish of trumpets. Exaggeration is so easy that the truthful advertisement sometimes sounds commonplace. And what we want you to understand (if you do not already understand it), is that our news stories are written *literally and truthfully*.

When we say "Half-Price," we mean one-half the figures at which we ourselves would sell the goods under ordinary conditions. "Regular price" is *our own* regular price.

Now we'd like you to send to us for practical examples of this policy. We are selling Silks (50c. to $1.00 a yard), Dress Goods, and Handkerchiefs at figures much below the regular prices.

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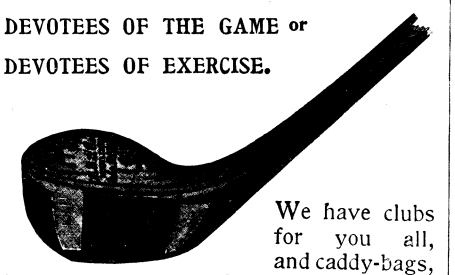
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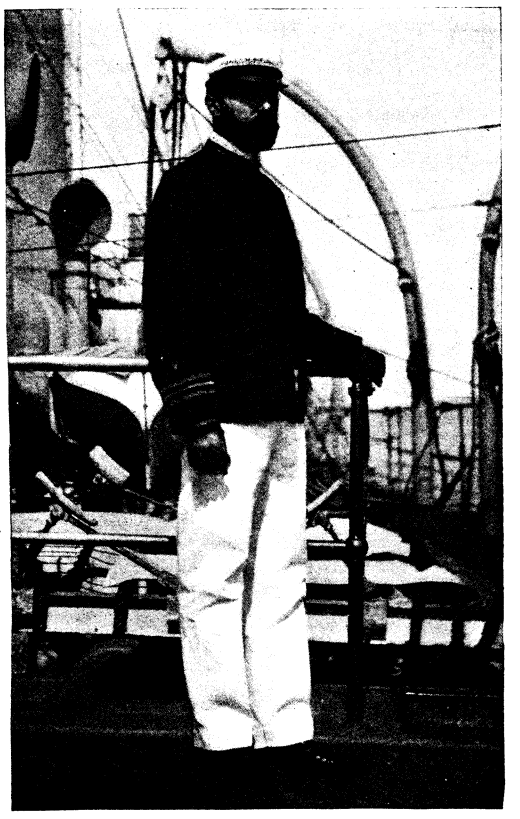
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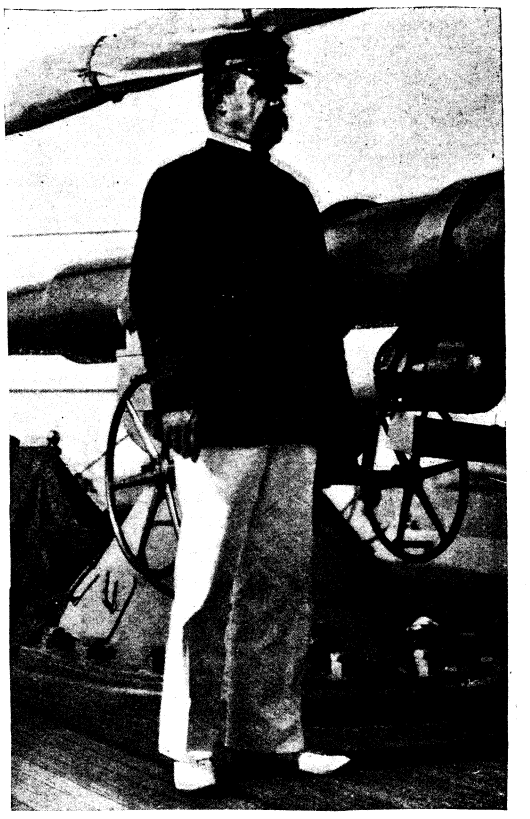
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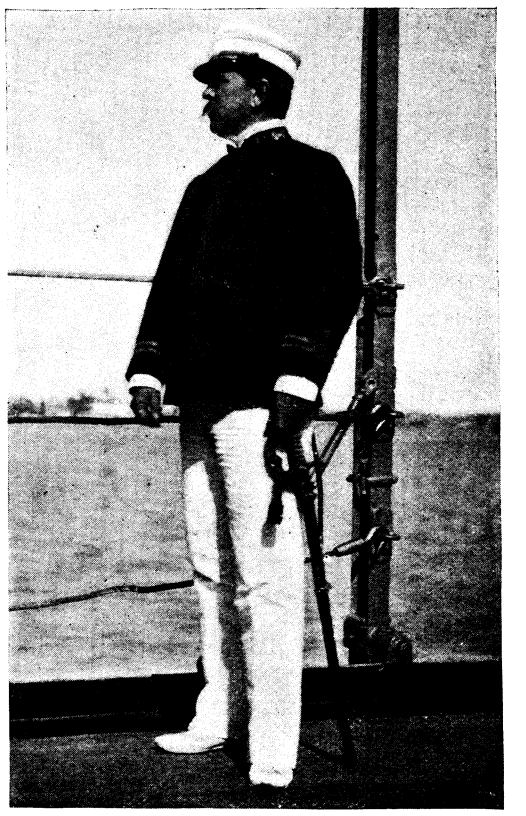
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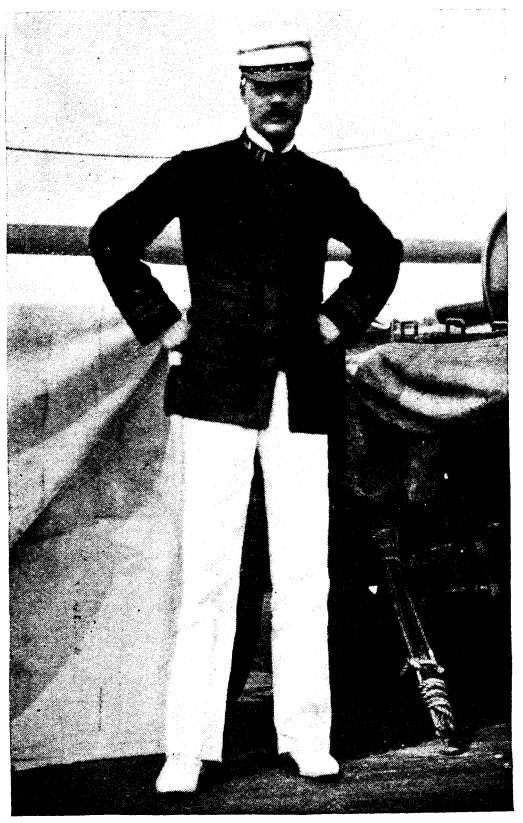
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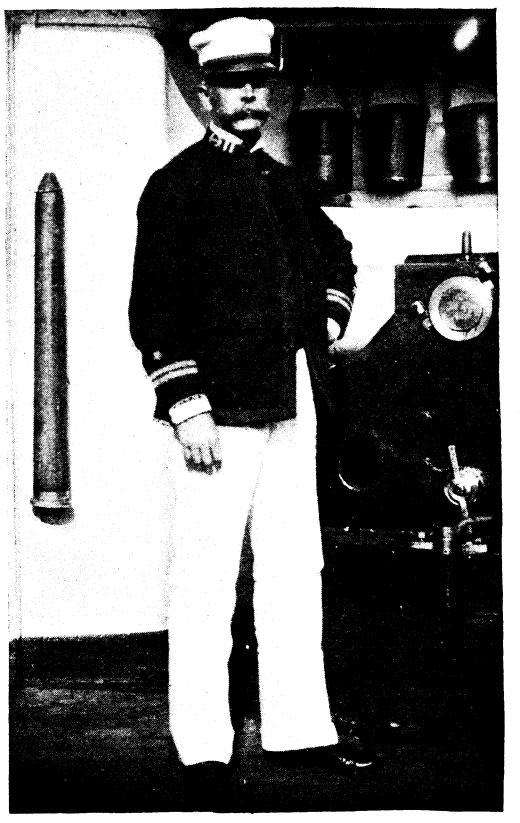
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EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSELS WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WASHINGTON.

May 2, 1898.

As these lines are written, the cable brings from unofficial but usually trustworthy sources a statement that Commodore Dewey, after demolishing the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the harbor of Manila, is shelling the shore defences of the city. It is further said that the British consul has gone out to the flag-ship to ascertain from the commodore the best terms he is willing to make for the capitulation of Manila. This mission, it is supposed, was undertaken ostensibly in behalf of the foreign residents in Manila, though winked at by the Spanish Governor-General, who foresees further disaster if resistance is needlessly prolonged, but who is willing to save the national pride by any subterfuge which will throw the main responsibility for surrender upon other than Spanish soldiers. The news has set Washington wild with excitement.

Not a little amusement has been caused in Washington by the discovery that Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza, a naval attaché of the late Spanish legation, had taken offence at the testimony given by Captain Sigsbee and Consul-General Lee concerning the *Maine* disaster, considering it a gross reflection upon the honor of the Spanish navy, and had challenged both gentlemen to mortal combat. The challenge sent to Captain Sigsbee reached his address after he had left Washington to take charge of his ship, and was opened by a member of his family, who, thinking it an excellent joke, pasted it in the household scrap-book. What became of the one addressed to General Lee is not known. As the period of eight days within which the challenged parties were to answer has passed, both of them are now doubtless posted as poltroons, after the most approved Spanish version of the code.

The third change in President McKinley's cabinet, foreshadowed in my letter of last week, occurred on April 26, when the President nominated William R. Day, of Ohio, for Secretary of State, to succeed John Sherman, resigned. Mr. Day's place as Assistant Secretary has been filled by the appointment of John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy in Columbia University, New York. The choice of Professor Moore is an extraordinary compliment, and thoroughly well merited. He is a Democrat who served as an Assistant Secretary under Mr. Bayard during the first Cleveland administration.

On the same day the President issued a proclamation declaring that Spanish vessels in our ports will be allowed in our waters until May 21 inclusive for loading and departing. Spanish ships met at sea will be permitted to continue their voyage if loaded before that time in the United States. Spanish vessels bound for this country which sailed prior to April 21 are to be exempt from capture, and allowed to discharge their cargoes. A neutral flag is to protect an enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

A bill introduced simultaneously in the House by Mr. Hull of Iowa and in the Senate by Mr. Hawley of Connecticut, for the reorganization of the regular army and the increase of its strength to 60,000 men in time of war, became a law on Tuesday. The Dingley bill to issue emergency bonds and raise revenue for carrying on the war was antagonized in the House by a substitute offered by the Democrats, proposing the levy of a tax of three per cent. on all incomes in excess of $2000, and to coin the seigniorage on the balance of the silver bullion purchased by the Treasury under the Sherman act. The income tax, it was suggested, would assure $100,000,000 a year, and the seigniorage would coin $42,000,000. The substitute was defeated by a strict party vote, and, after a debate lasting until Friday, the bill was passed by the House substantially as reported, by a vote of 181 to 131.

At the cabinet meeting on Friday, Secretary Gage explained his plan for making the new bond issue popular. Applications will be received at the 23,000 money-order post-offices, as well as at the national banks, and straw bidding will be shut out by requiring a deposit of two or three per cent. of the amount subscribed in each bid. It is proposed to distribute payments on the bonds over four monthly instalments, so as to prevent any disturbance of the money market; and the amount taken out of circulation will be very speedily put back by expenditures on the army and navy.

The War Department has chartered eight large steamers, of an average capacity of about 2000 tons, and able to carry from 500 to 1200 passengers each. These are the *Olivette* and the *Florida* of the Plant Line; the Southern Pacific Company's *Aransas;* the New York and Texas Company's *Comal* and *Malamo;* The Merchants' and Mariners' vessels, the *Alleghany* and the *Berkshire*, and the *Decatur Miller*. The price paid for these vessels is from $10,000 to $15,000 for the thirty days for which they are to be engaged. They will be used to transport troops for the first land invasion of Cuba, which is shortly to be made under General Shafter to establish a base of supplies on the Cuban coast, and carry arms, munitions, and food to the insurgent army, with which arrangements are to be made for military co-operation.

The government is keeping a very strict watch upon private correspondence between this country and Spain and Cuba. All letters for Spain are stopped at the New York post-office, through which they must pass in getting out of this country Postmasters everywhere have been warned by the Postmaster-General to seize letters addressed to either Spain or Cuba, and turn them over to the commandant of the nearest army post, who is to open and read them.

With the telegraph similar precautions have been taken. No private cipher messages, or messages consisting of a single word, or messages written in other languages than French, German, and English, are permitted to pass between the United States and any part of the West Indies.

Captain W. J. Lloyd, a telegraphic expert commissioned to assist in the work of equipping a large captive balloon to be used by the Navy Department in following the movement of Spanish war-ships, has procured in Chicago a generator capable of producing from 350,000 to 400,000 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours. It is the only one of its kind in the United States, and will be shipped to Governors Island at once. The balloon will rise to the height of 2500 feet, and will be held by a wire cable, which will be used also for telegraphic purposes. It is calculated that on a clear day, with powerful glasses, it will be possible to scan the horizon from the balloon for a radius of fifty or sixty miles.

Finally, the government has arranged for the purchase of several hundred homing pigeons, trained to make long journeys in quick time. They will be used in connection with the signal service. Francis E. Leupp.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Daybreak at Cumberland Gap, where the Kentucky feudsmen are rallying to the call of a mountain Congressman; thence slowly, like a wounded snake, between the hills and through a snow-storm of blossoming dogwood, to hear in civilization at Knoxville that screech of triumph over the capture of a pile of lumber, and to pray that, if somebody be decreed a sound and just thrashing, we shall give it with dignity and in silence. Knoxville had some cause, to be sure. Captain Maynard was a Knoxville man. And yet not all of that city was jubilant; one citizen was pointed out to me who was not happy. He was the owner of the lumber, also, oddly enough, a Knoxville man.

Swiftly, then, through stations thronged with eager countrymen, into river valley and lowland, and at sunset into the glory of a Southern spring, and—Chickamauga! Chickamauga, where certain gallant Americans once fiercely fought certain other gallant Americans forward and back over some six thousand acres of creek-bottom and wooded hills, and where Uncle Sam to-day is pitching tents for his war-children—children, too, of those old enemies, but ready now to fight together, and as near shoulder to shoulder as the modern line of battle will allow.

That night in Chattanooga: on the streets gray slouched hats everywhere—hats with little brass crosses that were not symbols of religion, crossed rifles, crossed sabres, tiny crossed cannon; men with the red cross of the hospital service on their sleeves; troopers with big pistols and belts of big gleaming cartridges; soldiers white and black; soldiers everywhere, some swaggering and ogling and loud of voice, but nearly all quiet, orderly, well-behaved.

Thronging the hotel lobbies, the officers in uniform—the same slouched hats, but severely plain; the same symbols, but braided on the coat collar in gold; the same legs, but striped with yellow, with white, and with red; the gray veterans of horse, of infantry, of artillery; company officers in from the Western service, quiet young men with strong bronzed faces and keen eyes, renewing old friendships and swapping experiences on the plains. Subalterns down to the last graduating class from West Point, eager young fellows with slim waists, and nothing to swap yet other than memories of the old school on the Hudson. And none garrulous of their senior officers save in loyal praise, and none other than modest and beautifully reticent about their own past deeds, and the deeds to be done in the war with Spain. Sunday there was a general movement to Chickamauga from General Brooke down—from town and hotel to tents in the old camping-ground; and Sunday was a vast local holiday for a swarm of curious civilians to the same spot; for hundreds of miles around: on train, farm-wagon, spring-wagon, buggy, horseback, foot; on bicycle, in open landau, carriage, cart; in express-wagons, baggage-wagons, omnibuses; in barges with projecting additions and other land craft beyond classification or description. And the people! Rich whites, whites well-to-do, and poor white trash; good country folks, valley-farmers, farmers from spurs and table-lands; subjects from the "Kingdom of Dude"; Craddock's mountaineers and Harris's crackers; darkies, and the motley feminine horde that the soldier draws the world over—all moving along a road between Lookout on the right and Missionary Ridge on the left, and interspersed here and there with a clanking troop of horse or a rumbling battery—all anxious to look upon these long-neglected war-children who seem now in a fair way to come to their own at last. And the darkies—how they flocked and how they stared at their soldier brethren with pathetic worship, unspeakable admiration, and, now and then, with a resentment that was most curious! And how these dusky sons of Mars drank deep into their broad nostrils the incense thus wafted them from hedge and highway!

All day troops were arriving and all day little villages of canvas were springing out of the green earth—old-fashioned army tents for the officers and marked by fluttering guidons; conical walled tents, a modification of the Sibley tent, that holds sixteen men of infantry or sixteen troopers lying like the spokes of a wheel, and with heads out like a covey of partridges; and "cunning little" shelter tents—"dog tents," as the soldiers call them—all of them laid out in streets, which, in the camp of the trooper, were distinguished by a row of horses tethered to a long rope that runs from stake to stake in front of the white wigwams—an idea, I understand, that was borrowed from the Indians.

Cannon and caisson took position at the northern end of the park under Majors Lancaster and Dillenbeck, of the Fourth Artillery and the First, respectively; the infantry gathered on the southern limits under Colonel Burt of the Twenty-fifth and Colonel Bates of the Second; while the cavalry, under Colonel Sumner of the Sixth and Colonel Henry of the Tenth, took the middle ground between. At least this seemed at first to be the broad plan of encampment. Later arrivals of infantry and cavalry took very many exceptions in favor of better ground. Sunday was a day of rest. Monday everybody got ready for work. Tuesday everybody tried to keep dry. Work began in earnest Wednesday. John Fox, Jr.

THE WAR DREAMS.

At the place far from Washington where the gray, stripped war-ships swing on the tide, and toward which the troop-trains hurry, there is no thought of peace. The shore is a dusty, smelly bit of sandy coral, and the houses in this town are built like snare-drums; they are dismal thoroughly, and the sun makes men sweat, and wish to God they were somewhere else.

But the men in the blue uniforms are young, and Madame Beaulieu, who keeps the restaurant, strives to please, so it came to pass that I attended one of these happy-go-lucky banquets. The others were artillery officers, men from off the ships, with a little sprinkle of cavalry and infantry just for salt. They were brothers, and yellow-jack—hellish heat—bullets, and the possibility of getting mixed up in a mass of exploding iron had been discounted long back in their schoolboy days perhaps. Yet they are not without sentiment, and are not even callous to all these, as will be seen, though men are different and do not think alike—less, even, when they dream.

"Do you know, I had a dream last night," said a naval officer.

"So did I."

"So did I," was chorussed by the others.

"Well, well!" I said. "Tell your dreams. Mr. H——, begin."

"Oh, it was nothing much. I dreamed that I was rich and old, and had a soft stomach, and I very much did not want to die. It was a curious sort of feeling, this very old and rich business, since I am neither, nor even now do I want to die, which part was true in my dream.

"I thought I was standing on the bluffs overlooking the Nile. I saw people skating, when suddenly numbers of hippopotamuses — great masses of them — broke up through the ice and began swallowing the people. This was awfully real to me. I even saw Mac there go down one big throat as easily as a cocktail. Then they came at me in a solid wall. I was crazed with fear — I fled. I could not run; but coming suddenly on a pile of old railroad iron, I quickly made a bicycle out of two car-wheels, and flew. A young hippo more agile than the rest made himself a bike also, and we scorched on over the desert. My strength failed; I despaired and screamed—then I woke up. Begad, this waiting and waiting in this fleet is surely doing things to me!"

The audience laughed, guyed, and said let's have some more dreams, and other things. This dream followed the other things, and he who told it was an artilleryman:

"My instincts got tangled up with one of those Key West shrimp salads, I reckon; but war has no terrors for a man who has been through my last midnight battle. I dreamed I was superintending two big 12-inch guns which were firing on an enemy's fleet. I do not know where this was. We got out of shot, but we seemed to have plenty of powder. The fleet kept coming on, and I had to do something, so I put an old superannuated sergeant in the gun. He pleaded, but I said he was old, the case was urgent, it did not matter how one died for his country, etc.—so we put the dear old sergeant in the gun and fired him at the fleet. Then the battle became hot. I loaded soldiers in the guns and fired them out to sea, until I had no more soldiers. Then I began firing citizens. I ran out of citizens. But there were Congressmen around somewhere there in my dreams, and though they made speeches of protest to me under the five-minute rule, I promptly loaded them in, and touched them off in their turn. The fleet was pretty hard-looking by this time, but still in the ring. I could see the foreign sailors picking pieces of Congressmen from around the breech-blocks, and the officers were brushing their clothes with their handkerchiefs. I was about to give up, when I thought of the Key West shrimp salad. One walked conveniently up to me, and I loaded her in. With a last convulsive yank I pulled the lock-string, and the fleet was gone with my dream."

"How do cavalrymen dream, Mr. B——?" was asked of a yellow-leg.

"Oh, our dreams are all strictly professional, too. I was out with my troop, being drilled by a big fat officer on an enormous horse. He was very red-faced, and crazy with rage at us. He yelled like one of those siren-whistles out there in the fleet.

"He said we were cowards and would not fight. So he had a stout picket-fence made, about six feet high, and then, forming us in line, he said no cavalry was any good which could be stopped by any obstacle. Mind you, he yelled it at us like the siren. He said the Spaniards would not pay any attention to such cowards. Then he gave the order to charge, and we flew into the fence. We rode at the fence pell-mell—into it dashed our horses, while we sabred and shouted. Behind us now came the big colonel—very big he was now, with great red wings—saying, above all the din, 'You shall never come back—you shall never come back!' and I was squeezed tighter and tighter by him up to this fence until I awoke; and now I have changed my cocktail to a plain vermouth."

When appealed to, the infantry officer tapped the table with his knife thoughtfully: "My dream was not so tragic; it was a moral strain; but I suffered greatly while it lasted. Somehow I was in command of a company of raw recruits, and was in some trenches which we were constructing under fire. My recruits were not like soldiers—they were not young men. They were past middle age, mostly fat, and many had white side whiskers after the fashion of the funny papers when they draw banker types. I had a man shot, and the recruits all got around me; they were pleading and crying to be allowed to go home.

"Now I never had anything in the world but my pay, and am pretty well satisfied as men go in the world, but I suppose the American does not breathe who is averse to possessing great wealth himself; so when one man said he would give me $1,000,000 in gold if I would let him go, I stopped to think. Here is where I suffered so keenly. I wanted the million, but I did not want to let him go.

"Then these men came up, one after the other, and offered me varying sums of money to be allowed to run away—and specious arguments in favor of the same. I was now in agony. D—n it! that company was worth nearly a hundred million dollars to me if I would let them take themselves off. I held out, but the strain was horrible. Then they began to offer me their daughters—they each had photographs of the most beautiful American girls—dozens and dozens of American girls, each one of which was a 'peach.' Say, fellows, I could stand the millions. I never did 'gig' on the money, but I took the photographs, said, 'Give me your girls, and pull your freight!' and my company disappeared instantly. Do you blame a man stationed in Key West for it—do you, fellows?"

"Not by a d——d sight!" sang the company, on its feet.

"Well, you old marine, what did you dream?"

"My digestion is so good that my dreams have no red fire in them. I seldom do dream; but last night, it seems to me, I recall having a wee bit of a dream. I don't know that I can describe it, but I was looking very intently at a wet spot on the breast of a blue uniform coat. I thought they were tears—woman's tears. I don't know whether it was a dream or whether I really did see it."

"Oh, d—n your dreams!" said the Doctor. "What is that bloody old Congress doing from last reports?"

Frederic Remington.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
In Diseases of Women.

The late J. Marion Sims, M.D., LL.D., *The Father of Gynæcology, a short while before his death, wrote:*

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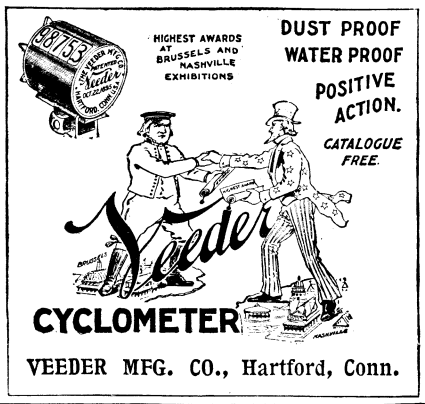
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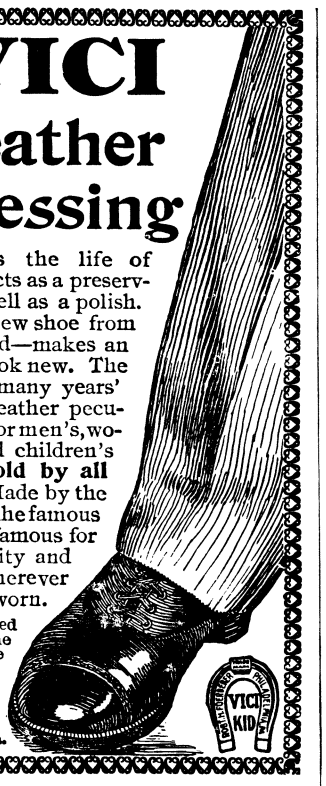
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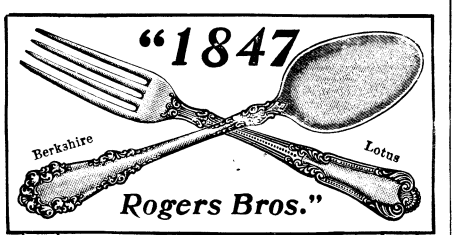
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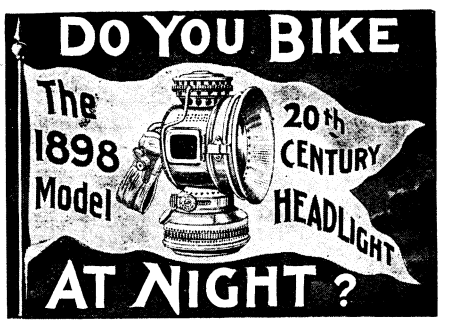
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34th Annual Statement
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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$1,994,465.31
Cash on hand and in bank,	1,355,412.83
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,906,610.72
Interest accrued but not due,	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security,	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums,	299,990.19
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	228,448.75
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds,	4,664,205.75
Bank stocks,	1,064,047.00
Other stocks and bonds,	1,449,455.00
Total Assets,	**$22,868,994.16**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,365,817.22
Present value, Instalment Life Policies,	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	299,066,30
Losses unadjusted,	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance,	25,330,58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Total Liabilities,	**$19,146,359.04**
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	**$3,722,635.12**
Surplus to Stockholders,	**$2,722,635.12**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	**$91,882,210.00**
New Life Insurance written in 1897,	**14,507,249.00**
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**1,235,585.39**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**13,150,350.57**

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897,	**15,611**
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	**307,990**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**$1,381,906.81**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**21,210,095.96**
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897,	**$2,617,492.20**
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	**34,360,446.53**

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary.
JOHN E MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

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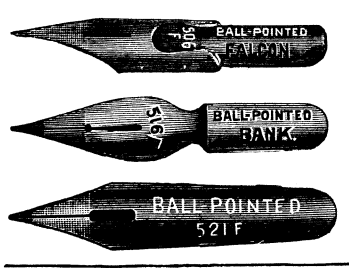


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2160.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

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See Biographical Sketch on Page 474.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 14, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
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CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, beginning next week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

IF one is to judge of French sentiment touching the United States from the Paris journals, the conclusion is inevitable that the traditional friendship between the two republics is of the hollowest sort. More than that, it is apparently clear that the people of France, republicans though they may call themselves, are more the friends of a mediæval monarchy whose cruelty and barbarism have shocked the civilized world than they are of the only republic, except Switzerland, which has yet attained a stable position in the world. For it must be remembered that chief among the political problems of France is still that of the continued existence of the republic. The French newspapers, however, do not necessarily represent French, or even Parisian, public sentiment. They are owned by money-lenders, and controlled by the owners of Spanish bonds; they are vile and venal, and are the models of the yellowest of our own yellow journals. Hardly a word that appears in them is trustworthy. But beyond these sensational newspapers there seems to be in France an antipathy to this country which needs explanation. Probably it is felt, as it is manifested, by those who are offended by the native bad manners of a democracy; and this feeling against bad manners is exaggerated in Paris, because the manners of democratic France are as much worse than the manners of democratic America as it is possible to conceive. The truth is probably that dignified and intelligent Frenchmen have come to hate democracy generally, by reason of the antics of French socialists and other French democrats. Therefore some intelligent and reputable papers like the *Temps* break out against us in vilification, and even some officers of the navy indulge in criticisms of our own service, because they do not like to believe that the navy of a democratic power can be a strong one.

THE victory which was gained by the Asiatic squadron, under the command of Commodore DEWEY, over the Spanish fleet at Manila on the 1st of May was to have been expected—that is, a victory was to have been expected, because our fleet was not only much heavier than the Spanish fleet, both in tonnage and in arms, but, as all the world knows outside of Spain and France, our men are individually better gunners, while our officers have a very much larger intelligence and training than the officers of the Spanish navy. Commodore DEWEY'S victory, however, will go down in history as one of the most brilliant that was ever achieved by the American navy. With characteristic American self-respect, and faith in himself and in his ships and *personnel*, he went into a dangerous harbor in the darkness of the night, navigated its shallows successfully, engaged there in a contest against the Spanish fleet and forts, and by hard and brilliant fighting, described in the French papers as "fierce," annihilated the fleet and silenced the forts. It is a victory of which every American will be proud, and one which will make the name of Commodore DEWEY a familiar household word, like the names of DECATUR, HULL, PREBLE, and FARRAGUT. We cannot refrain from republishing the glowing and deserved tribute paid by a British naval officer of distinction to Commodore DEWEY and his officers and men. Vice-Admiral COLOMB said:

> I doubt if there ever was such an extraordinary illustration of the influence of sea power. A superior fleet has attacked and beaten a Spanish fleet supported by batteries, and, it now appears, it passed those batteries and has taken up an unassailable position off Manila.
>
> The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which DEWEY has shed upon the American navy.

"WHAT will be done with the Philippine Islands?" is a proposition which we are beginning to discuss, a little prematurely, perhaps. During the remainder of the war our occupation of the islands will be purely military, and their future ownership will depend entirely upon the terms fixed in the treaty of peace by which the war will be terminated. Whether they shall be ours or not, it may not be unwise to consider in advance the question as to whether they shall again be Spain's. As we have already said, we are not seeking territory or gains of any material kind in this war. If the war is to go on in the spirit in which it was begun, we must come out of it with clean hands in this respect. But every nation going into war in a just cause has a right to demand and to exact security for the future. That our cause is a just one must now be assumed by every American. The war must be conducted upon that theory. So far as the cost of a reasonable resistance by Spain is concerned, we do not believe that this country is desirous of exacting indemnity for it; but if there is to be any "last ditch" about Spain's resistance, if her honor is not to be satisfied until she has put us to an enormous expense and has practically driven our commerce off the seas, then we may well think of insisting upon a material indemnity, and upon a valuable security against the future. If the Philippines are ours to do with as we will, we sincerely hope that they will not be retained as a colony of this country, because we have no machinery for colonial government, and any attempt to provide one will immeasurably increase the problems of our politics, and indefinitely postpone the carrying out of the reforms at home which demand the undivided attention of our public men. But it may be quite the part of wisdom to dispose of the Philippines in such a way that they will fall into the hands of a power friendly to the United States, which, in turn, will pay for them a sum sufficient to recompense us for some of the expenditures of the war.

MR. MCKINLEY is having the same experience with ambitious politicians who want to command troops that LINCOLN had thirty-seven years ago, but he is meeting his problem better. Certainly the appointment of Generals LEE, WHEELER, WILSON, and SEWELL cannot be criticised on the score of their lack of military experience. They are all old and tried soldiers with excellent records, while General LEE'S services in Cuba made his commission almost inevitable. The appointment of these old officers, and the promotion of a number of regular officers to major and brigadier generalships in the volunteer service, are in accordance with Mr. MCKINLEY'S declaration that political and social influences are not to control in the selection of commanding officers for the forces in the field, but that experience and skill are to govern. On the other hand, the disposition manifested in some States to insist that officers of the regular army shall not command any part of the volunteer forces is distinctly hostile to the interests of the country. The United States has a body of well-trained and educated officers, taught at West Point to command troops, experienced in their trade, so far as experience can be obtained in time of peace, while some of them have had experience in actual conflict. The older officers of the regular army should be put in command of troops, and no one should be put in charge of a brigade or of a division who has not had military training. If the government is not to utilize our regular army officers in this way, why are West Point and a regular army organization maintained? The efforts of leading politicians to secure commands of troops, because they are influential in their neighborhoods and States, are not patriotic efforts in the true sense of the term. They are efforts to gain distinction for those who have not earned it, and whose appointments as brigadier and major generals would be a serious detriment to the army and country.

THE effect of the victory of Commodore DEWEY upon the Spanish people seems extraordinary to American and English minds, but it is, after all, not astonishing when the character and vast ignorance of the race are considered. The Spanish people felt confident of their ability to defeat us wherever and whenever they met us. Notwithstanding the inferiority of their navy, the disorder of their army and of their finances, their contempt for the United States as a power, based as it is upon profound ignorance of us, is supreme. Therefore they have gone mad over their defeat. They are threatening the government of the Queen Regent and the King, and it is very clear that the Spanish government is nearly as much in danger from the madness of the Spanish populace as from the fleets and armies of the United States. It is evident that the present dynasty is doomed. The little King will never reign. His mother and he, if they escape with their lives, will have to retire to Austria, his mother's country, and Spain will be ruled either by Don CARLOS or by the Socialists. Immediately this is most unfortunate, but it is evident, however, that if Spain is ever to secure a stable government, and the prosperity that its natural resources warrant, there must be first a general crash. It is a great pity that there is such a total lack of common-sense and common prudence in the Spanish character. People who are capable of thinking and reasoning clearly would, in the situation in which the Spaniards now find themselves, yield and stop the war; but the Spaniards insist upon being killed and destroyed after certain heroic or mock-heroic death-throes, with the result of threatening a drawn-out war with the United States and continued danger that hostilities will break out in Europe.

GOVERNOR BLACK, as we have already stated, has done unusually well at this session of the Legislature, and we are glad to welcome any sign that he gives of a desire to break the old partnership between CROKER and PLATT. It was with great pleasure that we learned of his permitting the ELDRIDGE railroad bill to fail for lack of his signature. This railroad bill was passed in the interests of the surface railroads of New York and vicinity, and against the interests of the community. It permitted the laying of four tracks in Amsterdam Avenue. It revived a number of dead charters in the suburbs, and, more than all, it changed the law of evidence so that, if it had become a law, the companies would not have been obliged to show their privileges in defence of the charge that they were invading the streets without right. The burden of proof was thrown upon the property-owners, and, generally, the bill provided large and liberal facilities for street-grabbing by surface railroads, and for the overthrow of safeguards which the new charter is supposed to have thrown about the streets of the greater city. In permitting this bill to die, Governor BLACK has not only performed a service to the city of New York, but has struck a blow at the bosses, who live mainly upon their power to sell just such favors as were contemplated by this measure to corporations that are willing to buy them.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE "OPEN DOOR."

IT seems to be thought that we are facing new international problems, and that the republic of WASHINGTON is about to abandon or qualify permanently the advice of WASHINGTON as to its proper relations with the rest of the world. Whether this be true or not, we are at this moment engaged in a war which is actually in conflict with our historical and traditionary attitude; which, if not directly opposed to the MONROE doctrine, is, in fact, contrary to the intent and meaning of the framers and expounders of that doctrine, because, at least, of our interference in the domestic affairs of another and friendly country. Whether that interference is justifiable on other grounds is another question which has been settled. We are at war in order to put an end to cruelty and barbarity practised by Spain upon her colonists in Cuba, and there is nothing for Americans to do but to struggle harmoniously and vigorously for the accomplishment of that. The question whether or not we shall henceforth, and partly in consequence of this step, adopt new relations to the world is one that is pressing upon us. Mr. OLNEY has asserted that we must abandon our deliberately chosen isolation; that we must bear our part and perform the duties that devolve upon us as one of the leading members of the family of nations; that the world has changed since WASHINGTON'S day, and that one of the most important changes, as bearing upon the question of our proper international attitude, is the enormous growth of the United States—a fact which meets an argument that was of great force in determining WASHINGTON to advise his countrymen against entangling alliances.

It is somewhat difficult to follow those who advise us to take an active and aggressive part in the business of the world, because all of them, including Mr. OLNEY and Captain MAHAN, are indefinite. They talk from out the shadows of what they vaguely call our international duties, or, when they are most practical, they dwell upon the necessity of protecting our commercial interests. They are difficult to comprehend; but what is evident is that a strong and promising effort is being made

to tempt the United States into that family of nations which for nearly a generation have been arming themselves against a possible conflict—a conflict which is perhaps being stirred up by the war now in progress between ourselves and Spain. This, at least, is clear, and it is also clear that if we yield to the temptation we must enter the family as the friend of Great Britain. This consideration makes the temptation very attractive to a good many sensible American minds that are not at all moved by sentiment, but that recognize that Great Britain is our only European friend in the present emergency; that all the other Continental powers are bitterly hostile to us; and that the interests of the United States and Great Britain are practically the same.

Before we go further in the direction in which we are possibly starting, it will be well to consider in its true light the proposition that is made to the country. There is no danger, of course, that we shall make an alliance with Great Britain because the two peoples are of the same race, or because they speak the same language, or because their notions touching civil liberty are the same. A good deal could be written and said to show that, substantially, we are not of the same race, and that a very large percentage of our population speak English with an accent, or come from parents who do not, or who did not, speak it at all. And this may be entirely consistent, on the other hand, with the fact that the dominating influence here is American of the kind that receives its inspiration from English ancestry and English history. Being that, whatever alliance we may make with Great Britain will be for the advancement of our own interests, in consideration of what we may do for the advancement of the interests of Great Britain. And this is as it should be. No other alliance would be real or mutually beneficial. We are invited, then, into the family of nations—that is, of nations having probable belligerent relations—as the ally of Great Britain for the promotion of commerce and for the extension of the principles of free trade. We are to help maintain the policy of the "open door," a policy which is now peculiarly British, and in behalf of which Sir Michael Hicks Beach has said that England would contend in China to the point of incurring war.

To this point in our history we have been consistent in the maintenance of our isolation. We have refused to participate either in the burdens and responsibilites or in the profits and privileges of free international intercourse. Our policy has been to make war upon the very commerce and the very principle which we are now asked to help maintain and extend. Even in the existing emergency, when we are actually engaged in an international conflict, and when English public men and London newspapers are inviting us to contend for the "open door," our House of Representatives has passed a bill emphasizing its hostility to commerce by increasing the tonnage tax on foreign shipping—a tax that will, of course, bear most heavily upon the shipping of Great Britain. As is well known, the Weekly does not favor the closed door, and we believe that the time is coming, and that it has even now begun its approach, when the policy of the "open door" will be as vital to the interests of our manufacturers as it is to those of our farmers and of the manufacturers of Great Britain. Having deliberately chosen, however, the policy of the closed door, we are asked to protest with all our force and vigor against the application of that policy by Russia, France, and Germany to China. We are asked to be the ally of the power against which we erect the barriers of custom-houses, in order that the erection of European barriers in Asia may be prevented. We believe that nothing would so conduce to our greatness as a nation and our prosperity as a people than the abandonment of our commercial isolation, and we do not believe that such abandonment would necessarily be followed by a plunge into hostilities, or by the adoption by this country of a colonial policy for the proper conduct of which this country is eminently unfit. On the contrary, we believe that an alliance between Great Britain and the United States in defence of the policy of the "open door" would make for the peace of the world, and that the expansion and spread of the free-trade policy would render unnecessary the further extension of the colonial policy which has cost Great Britain so much, but which can now be made of such enormous value to the English-speaking peoples, and to the world, if the proffered opportunity is taken advantage of.

The question for this country to decide is, is it ready for all this? The main accomplishment is to be the spread of commerce, its larger liberty, and the destruction of the shackles which have been placed upon it by us and by the Continental nations of Europe, against whose operations in China we are asked to contend as the ally of Great Britain. If we are to join in a crusade for the "open door," shall we not first open our own door? Our isolation, be it remembered, is not confined to our aloofness from the territorial and colonial quarrels of the rest of the world. We isolate ourselves from friendly commercial intercourse. Before we engage, then, in an undertaking which will unite us with other countries and other powers in armed conflicts, shall we not give evidence of our willingness to welcome to our ports the merchant-ships of other countries whose ports, in turn, we would like to have thrown open to our own merchant marine? Are we ready for this wider intercourse? Are we prepared to do our full part for the maintenance of the "open door"? Until we are so prepared, is it not a contradiction in terms to suggest that we have duties to perform for the protection of a friendly intercourse which we reject? Are we really thinking of an alliance with Great Britain in order to force her policy upon China against a policy which we preserve at home? If we are to change our course, let us change it logically, and let us not be struggling for the "open door" in China while we are forging new bolts for our own closed door in America.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Monday, May 2.—A despatch from Manila this morning confirms the news of the naval battle received last night from Spanish sources. Commodore Dewey's squadron entered Manila Bay, and at five o'clock yesterday morning the vessels took up their positions in line of battle. The forts opened fire on our ships at long range. The Spanish war-ships anchored off Cavité, the fortified arsenal in Manila Harbor, immediately followed with their heavy guns. The flag-ship *Olympia* then signalled the rest of the American fleet to close in, and for thirty minutes the guns of all calibres were used. Next, withdrawing his vessels beyond the range of the smaller guns, Dewey poured shells from his big guns upon the Spaniards during a little more than a quarter of an hour. The enemy, though greatly weakened, continued to reply. Dewey therefore closed in again, and the rapid, incessant cannonading was renewed. The Spanish vessels were silenced, one of them sinking, and three, including Admiral Montojo's flag-ship, the *Reina Cristina*, catching fire, Admiral Montojo transferred his flag to the *Isla de Cuba*. Then the land batteries, under a still fiercer bombardment, were also silenced in their turn. Our loss was —none killed, and but six wounded, and our ships escaped serious injury. The Spaniards fought bravely, losing two commanders and having seven hundred men killed or wounded. All their war-ships, eleven in number, were destroyed. Demanding the surrender of the city and fortifications, and being met by refusal, Dewey notified Captain-General Augusti that a bombardment of the city would begin at 11.30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Communication with Manila has been interrupted by the cutting of the cable at a point about forty miles from shore, and no further news of the fleet is expected before the end of the week.

A despatch from Madrid reports a significant utterance in the House of Deputies on Saturday. Señor Silvela, in the course of a speech which has made a profound impression, declared that, as the Cuban problem was now reduced to a question of honor for the Spanish arms, it behooved the ministers to decide when honor had been satisfied.

Tuesday, May 3.—Spanish Cortes reassembled. The opening session was marked by scenes of great excitement. In the Chamber of Deputies Señor Salmeron, Republican leader, demanded of the government an explanation of the defeat in the Philippines. He declared it would be "necessary to establish the responsibility attaching to the crown." Prime-Minister Sagasta, replying, appealed to the House to sink partisanship. Carlists and Republicans were violent, threatening Sagasta and insulting the ministers. Further disorder in the evening. Admiral Bermejo, Minister of Marine, was howled down by Republican members.

Wednesday, May 4.—The vessels of Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet—the flag-ship *New York*, the battle-ships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the Monitor *Puritan*, the cruisers *Cincinnati*, *Detroit*, and *Marblehead*, and the torpedo-gunboat *Mayflower*, which have been taking on a full supply of coal at Key West, sailed this morning.

President McKinley sent to Congress a long list of army nominations, including the names of Fitzhugh Lee, Representative Wheeler of Alabama, J. H. Wilson of Delaware, and Senator Sewell of New Jersey — all civilians, and all to be major-generals.

Reports of riot and disorder are received from many places in Spain.

Cuban Parliament inaugurated in Havana by Captain-General Blanco with much pomp and enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Autonomists.

Lord Salisbury addressed the annual meeting of the Primrose League in London. Weak states, he observed, were becoming weaker, and the strong states stronger; and he pointed out, as an inevitable result of that process, that the "living nations" would gradually encroach upon the territory of "dying states." The reference in the phrase "dying states" was taken to include both Spain and China, and was hotly resented at Madrid.

Thursday, May 5.— Disturbances caused by the high price and scarcity of food in the Spanish provinces.

Saturday, May 7.—Despatch from Commodore Dewey received, *viâ* Hong-kong: "Squadron uninjured; only few men were slightly wounded." Sent from Manila by the *Hugh McCulloch*.

Commodore Dewey reports that he destroyed six Spanish cruisers, three gunboats, one armored transport, and one other vessel.

It was he who cut the cable. He has everything under his control, but wants more men. Thanks of the American people cabled by the President.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *May 5, 1898.*

Perhaps the word will have been received before this letter meets the public eye. Certainly such is the devoted wish of all those whose residence at Tampa is a matter of circumstance rather than of choice. Not that Tampa is intolerable, but it is so wearisome. It has attractions, even though they appeal more to those seeking absolute rest and a persistent sun. To those of us who have come booked and eager for the exhilaration of warfare, which we were led to believe was to begin at once, the inaction of the present and the uncertainty of the future that envelop this sunbaked rendezvous are wellnigh insufferable. Nor have we civilians even the poor consolation of an immediate environment that is warlike. The camp of the infantry is about three miles from the hotel, while the artillery and cavalry are at Port Tampa, nine miles away.

Here, at the hotel, where are quartered Generals Shafter and Wade, their staffs, and the mighty army of war-correspondents, there is nothing during the day to suggest that the United States and Spain are at war.

The only warlike sound within my hearing during the day is the type-writer in the Adjutant-General's office, which is the room adjoining mine. There is always the click, click, click, even late into the night, and occasionally the muffled voices of line-officers, who have come to pay their respects to the general commanding, and linger to pump his aide of any information obtainable on the proposed invasion of Cuba.

But at night one might, only for the absence of women, fancy one's self at Old Point Comfort. There are the halls, and the office, and the bar, filled as you remember them, with officers in uniform; you recognize the same gray heads, reciting the stories of their valorous deeds to awestruck civilians and envious second-lieutenants just escaped from West Point. Here comes an artillery officer whose presence of mind and cool nerve once saved battery so-and-so; and there, just going through the door, is a cavalry captain who, on a certain occasion, kept his troops from being swallowed up out West; and all around you re-echoes the old familiar salutation, "Well, here's how."

Upstairs on the veranda a regimental band is playing—a good band too, and Tampa seems to have sent all its Cuban men and women to applaud the alternative rendition of national and Cuban airs. It is the hour of the Cuban maiden and the American officer. Whether or not they speak in a common tongue is immaterial. *Cuba libre* is the introductory note, and the band and the insinuating semi-tropical air do the rest. If our inclinations lie in the way of ingratiation with the gentler sex, and you have no brass buttons on your coat, you might as well be in Jersey City or in Madrid. It matters not what the civilian has done, it is enough that he is a civilian. The supreme concern here is not what a man has done, but what he expects to do.

The life here changes not from day to day as we wait for the word to move. There is the repeated visit to the several camps in the vague hope that something new may develop, and yet with the full conviction that only from Washington may anything new be expected. The only people here who seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves are the Cubans. They appear able to extract more excitement out of boredom than any people I have yet fallen among. If you were not irremediably convinced that Havana is three hundred and fifty miles from here, you might be led into believing that a Cuban force was to march against the Spaniards on the outskirts of Tampa.

The Cuban is the only warlike figure on the otherwise immediate pastoral landscape, and is therefore something of a diversion. In groups of two, three, a dozen, or more he is to be found all over the town, sometimes standing on the sidewalk corners denouncing Spain and deflecting pedestrian travel into the heat and dust of the middle of the street, sometimes riding up and down the half-dozen blocks of the main thoroughfare, exhibiting his new insurgent uniform and his indifference to the stares of the Cuban girls on the sidewalks. If you tramp through the ankle-deep sand to the outskirts of the town, where the cigar manufacturers are clustered, you will find fewer individuals parading and blocking the streets, but a greater number of flags, Old Glory above the Cuban, nailed to the gate-posts and the veranda pillars.

When night falls the hotel becomes the common rendezvous. Cuban women come over and sing "La Paloma" and other songs of a more or less Latin extraction, while the volunteers render Gomez invaluable service on the veranda, just the other side of the military band, where the girls sit, or vanquish Blanco and all the Spanish hosts down below where Scotch or rye or Bourbon is served to belligerents or pacificos with equal promptitude—provided they have the price.

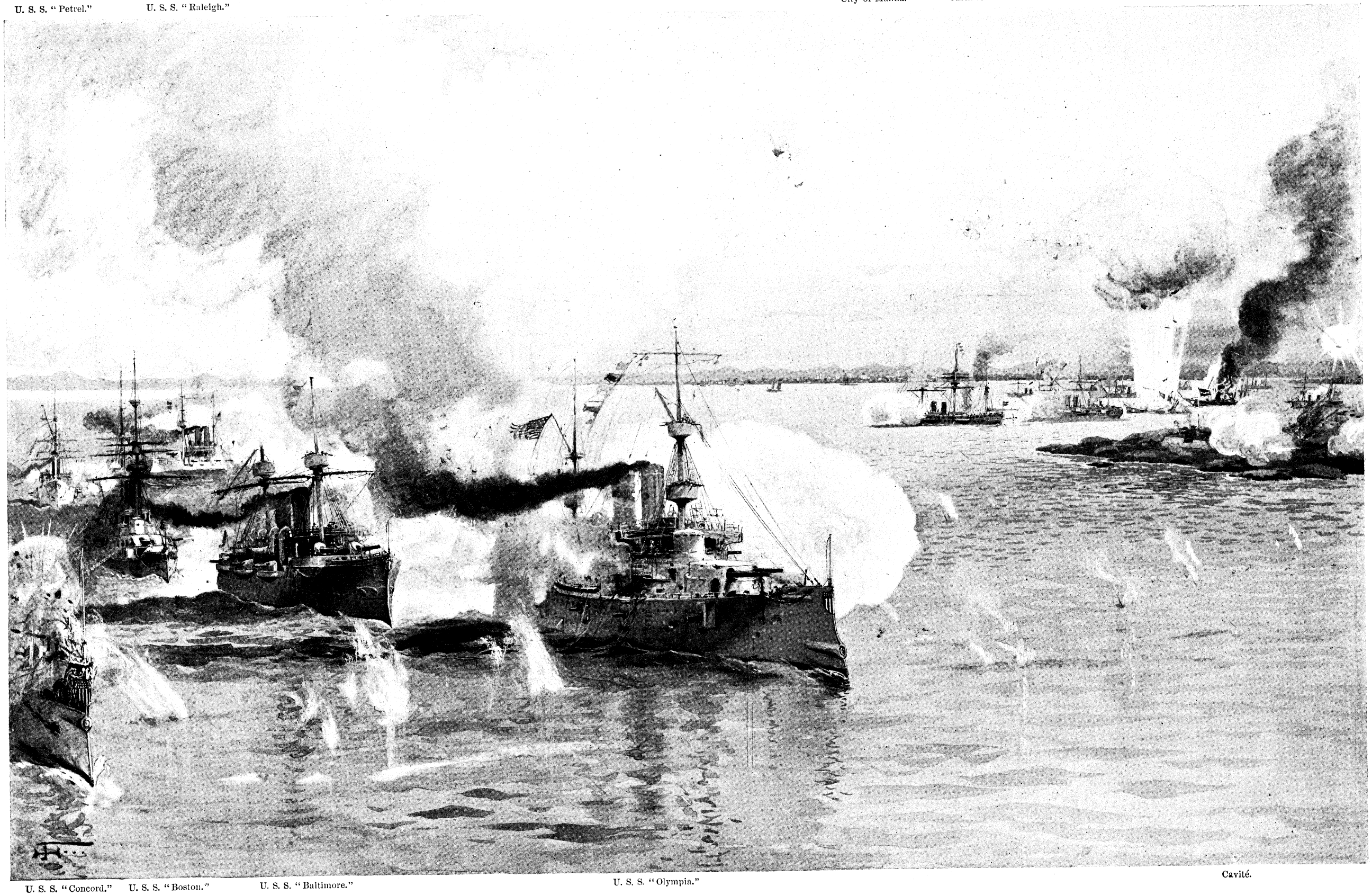
As for Tampa, the town, it has never seen such prosperous days. Franklin, the main, and, in fact, the only street of consequence, is thronged early and late and at all time. Those who have no business obstruct the wooden sidewalks while they discuss the good luck of those that have. Meantime a stream of local idlers of both sexes wanders from bulletin-board to news-stand, and from news stand to soda-water fountain. None is so lowly as to be hailed less than a major, and one need but listen to the modest statements advanced at the many corner lyceums to realize what an abundance of military genius is wasting its life here among the orange-groves and the sand-fleas of Florida unappreciated by the War Department.

But all this is from the superficial and more or less facetious view point. There is another and a more serious side to the agitation of Tampa. As in all commotions, the greatest tumult is on the surface. Looking upon Tampa town, one might if unaccustomed to such scenes reasonably expect to find the military camps in a literal whirl of preparation, of drilling, of manœuvring, and, in leisure moments, of discussion. But as a matter of fact, the camps are the most quiet and undisturbed places in this vicinity—next to the immediate surroundings of the hotel —where Mr. Plant's pet peacock is resting its voice.

As I have said, there are two camps—one for the infantry and one for the artillery and cavalry. If you visit

(*Continued on page 474.*)

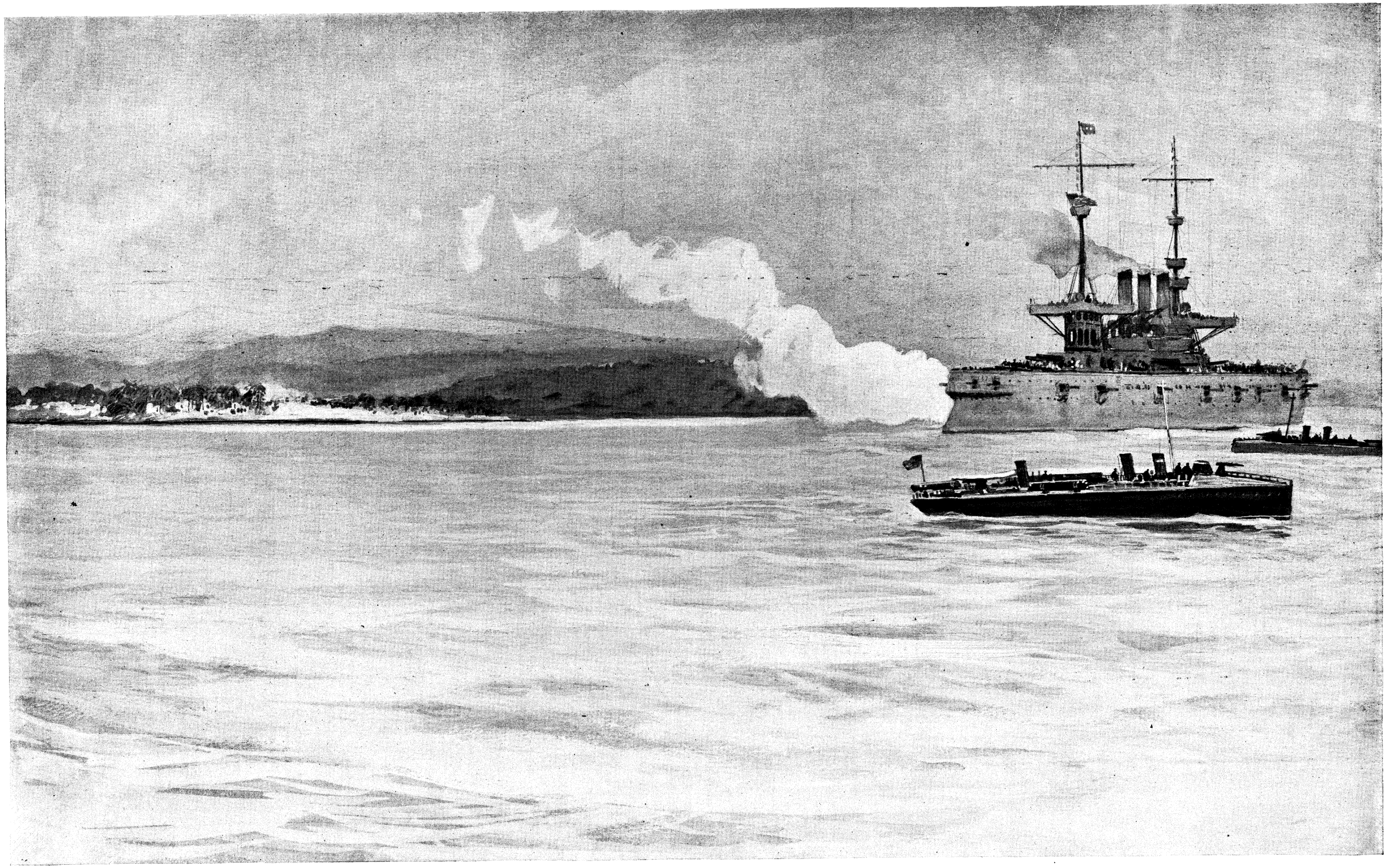
U. S. S. "Petrel." U. S. S. "Raleigh." City of Manila. "Castilla." "Reina Christina." "Don Juan de Austria."



U. S. S. "Concord." U. S. S. "Boston." U. S. S. "Baltimore." U. S. S. "Olympia." Cavité.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CONFLICT TELEGRAPHED FROM MANILA AND HONG-KONG.—[SEE PAGE 459.]



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE U. S. ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK," FIRING ON A COAST-GUARD OF SPANISH CAVALRY, OFF CABAÑAS, APRIL 29.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

WIGWAGS FROM THE BLOCKADE.



Modern war is supposed to be rapid, and we Americans think "time is money," but this war seems to be the murder of time, the slow torture of opportunity.

For seven long days and nights I have been steaming up and down on the battle-ship *Iowa*, ten miles off the harbor of Havana. Nothing happened. The *Mayflower* got on the land side of a British tramp and warned her off, and a poor Spanish fishing-schooner from Progreso, loaded with rotting fish, was boarded by a boat's crew from us. When the captain saw the becutlassed and bepistolled "tars" he became badly rattled, and told the truth about himself. A Spaniard has to be surprised into doing this. He had been many days out, his ice was gone, and his fish were "high." He wanted to make Havana, telling the boarding-officer that the people of Havana were very hungry. He had been boarded five times off the coast by our people; so the lieutenant—who had just gotten out of bed, by-the-way—told him to take his cargo of odors out into the open sea, and not to come back again.

The appalling sameness of this pacing up and down before Havana works on the nerves of every one, from Captain to cook's police. We are neglected; no one comes to see us. All the Key West trolley-boats run to the Admiral's flag, and we know nothing of the outside. We speculate on the Flying Squadron, the *Oregon*, the army, and the Spanish. I have an impression that I was not caught young enough to develop a love of the sea, which the slow passage of each day re-enforces. I have formed a habit of damning the army for its procrastination, but in my heart of hearts I yearn for it. I want to hear a "shave-tail" bawl; I want to get some dust in my throat; I want to kick the dewy grass, to see a sentry pace in the moonlight, and to talk the language of my tribe. I resist it; I suppress myself; but my homely old first love comes to haunt me, waking and sleeping—yes, even when I look at this mountain of war material, this epitome of modern science, with its gay white officers, who talk of London, Paris, China, and Africa in one breath. Oh, I know I shall fall on the neck of the first old "dough-boy" or "yellow-leg" I see, and I don't care if he is making bread at the time!

The Morro light has been extinguished, but two powerful searches flash back and forth across the sky. "Good things to sail by," as the navigator says. "We can put them out when the time comes." Another purpose they serve is that "Jackie" has something to swear at as he lies by his loaded gun—something definite, something material, to swear at. Also, two small gunboats developed a habit of running out of the harbor—not very far, and with the utmost caution, like a boy who tantalizes a chained bear. And at places in the town arises smoke.

"What is it?" asks the captain of marines.

"Big tobacco-factories working over-time for us," replies Doctor Crandell.

I was taken down into the machinery of the ship. I thought to find in it some human interest. Through mile after mile of underground passages I crawled and scrambled and climbed amid wheels going this way and rods plunging that, with little electric lights to make holes in the darkness. Men stood about in the overpowering blasts of heat, sweating and greasy and streaked with black—grave, serious persons of superhuman intelligence—men who have succumbed to modern science, which is modern life. Daisies and trees and the play of sunlight mean nothing to these—they know when all three are useful, which is enough. They pulled the levers, opened and shut cocks, showered coal into the roaring white hells under the boilers; hither and yon they wandered, bestowing motherlike attentions on rod and pipe. I talked at them, but they developed nothing except preoccupied professionalism. I believe they fairly worship this throbbing mass of mysterious iron; I believe they love this bewildering power which they control. Its problems entrance them; but it simply stuns me. At last when I stood on deck I had no other impression but that of my own feebleness, and, as I have said, felt rather stunned than stimulated. Imagine a square acre of delicate machinery plunging and whirling and spitting, with men crawling about in its demon folds! It is not for me to tell you more.

Don't waste your sympathy on these men belowdecks—they will not thank you; they will not even understand you. They are "modern"—are better off than "Jackie" and his poor wandering soul—they love their iron baby, so leave them alone with their joy. Modern science does not concern itself about death.

The *Iowa* will never be lost to the nation for want of care. By night there are dozens of trained eyes straining into the darkness, the searches are ready to flash, and the watch on deck lies close about its shotted guns. Not a light shows from the loom of the great battle-ship. Captain Evans sits most of the time on a perch upon the bridge, forty feet above the water-line. I have seen him come down to his breakfast at eight bells with his suspenders hanging down behind, indicating that he had been jumped out during the night.

The executive officer, Mr. Rogers, like the machinery down below, never sleeps. Wander where I would about the ship, I could not sit a few moments before Mr. Rogers would flit by, rapid and ghostlike—a word here, an order there, and eyes for everybody and everything. Behind, in hot pursuit, came stringing along dozens of men hunting for Mr. Rogers; and this never seemed to let up—midnight and mid-day all the same. The thought of what it must be is simply horrible. He has my sympathy—nervous prostration will be his reward—yet I greatly fear the poor man is so perverted, so dehumanized, as positively to like his life and work.

Naval officers are very span in their graceful uniforms, so one is struck when at "quarters" the officers commanding the turrets appear in their "dungaree," spotted and soiled. The *Iowa* has six turrets, each in charge of an officer responsible for its guns and hoisting-gear, delicate and complicated. In each turret is painted, in a sort of Sam Weller writing, "Remember the *Maine*." The gun-captains and turret-men acquire a strange interest and pride in their charges, hanging about them constantly.

Two gun-captains in the forward turret used to sit on the great brown barrels of the 12-inch rifles just outside the posts, guarding them with jealous care; for it is a "Jackie" trick to look sharply after his little spot on shipboard, and to promptly fly into any stranger who defiles it in any way. At times these two men popped back into their holes like prairie-dogs. It was their hope and their home, that dismal old box of tricks, and it may be their grave. I was going to die with them there, though I resolutely refused to live with them. However, the *Iowa* is unsinkable and unlickable, and the hardware on the forward turret is fifteen inches thick, which is why I put my brand on it. So good luck to Lieutenant Van Duzer and his merry men!

"Jackie," the prevailing thing on a man-of-war, I fail to comprehend fully. He is a strong-visaged, unlicked cub, who grumbles and bawls and fights. He is simple, handy, humorous, and kind to strangers, as I can testify. The nearest he ever comes to a martial appearance is when he lines up at quarters to answer "Here!" to his name, and there is just where he doesn't martialize at all. He comes barefooted, hat on fifty ways, trousers rolled up or down, and everything blowing wide. He scratches his head or stands on one foot in a ragged line, which grins at the spectators in cheerful heedlessness, and he looks very much gratified when it is all over. His hope is for a bang-up sea-fight, or two roaring days of shore liberty, when he can "tear up the peach" with all the force of his reckless muscularity.

The marine, or sea-soldier, has succumbed to modern conditions, and now fights a gun the same as a sailor-man. He manages to retain his straight-backed discipline, but is overworked in his twofold capacity. This "soldier and sailor too" is a most interesting man to talk to, and I wish I could tell some of his stories. He marches into the interior of China or Korea to pull a minister out of the fire—thirty or forty of him against a million savages, but he gets his man. He lies in a jungle hut on the isthmus or a "dobie" house on the West Coast while the microbes and the "dogoes" rage.

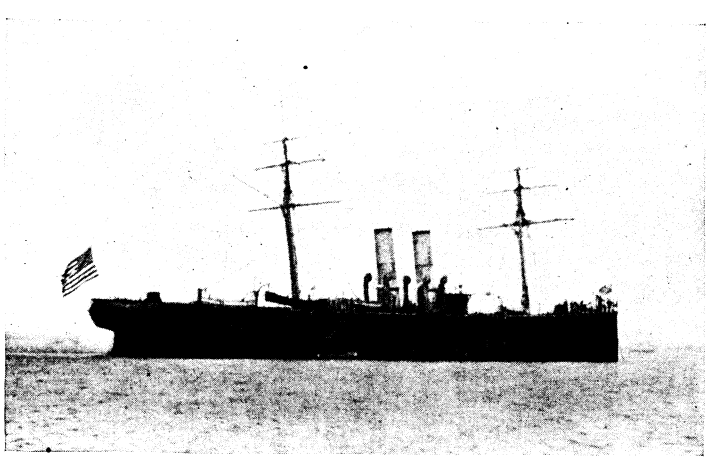
But it's all horribly alike to me, so I managed to desert. The *Cushing*, torpedero, ran under our lee one fine morning, and I sneaked on board, bound for the flag-ship—the half-way station between us and Cayo Hueso. We plunged and bucked about in the roaring waves of the Gulf, and I nearly had the breakfast shaken out of me. I assure you that I was mighty glad to find the lee of the big cruiser *New York*.

On board I found that the flag-ship had had some good sport the day previous shelling some working parties in Matanzas. Mr. Zogbaum and Richard Harding Davis had seen it all, note-book in hand. I was stiff with jealousy; but it takes more than one fight to make a war—so here is hoping!

Frederic Remington.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is a pity to be grown up in war-times. The years of indiscretion are at a premium just now. See how the college boys enjoy our present distressful complications! It is the only war any one of them has ever seen, and they are all prompt to make the most of it. Mature persons who overhear the war talk of students are impressed by its enthusiasm, not to say ferocity. How the college boys drill! How ready they are to contemplate the idea of enlisting! How disregardful they are of the hazard of leaving their livers on a foreign shore! How they holler when there is victory! Staid persons who celebrated the battle of Manila by taking a second cup of coffee for breakfast as they read the newspaper ought to be sorry that they were not at New Haven, where, the paper says, the Yale students, roused from sleep by the cries of newsboys, tumbled out of bed by hundreds, and, clad in pajamas and night-shirts, swarmed about the college-yard, and thence to the city common, where, still scantily draped, they frantically supervised the firing of a salute from a one-pounder, under control of an officer of the Connecticut Naval Reserve. That was the way to feel about Dewey's victory; but grown-ups, worse luck, don't feel like that about anything.

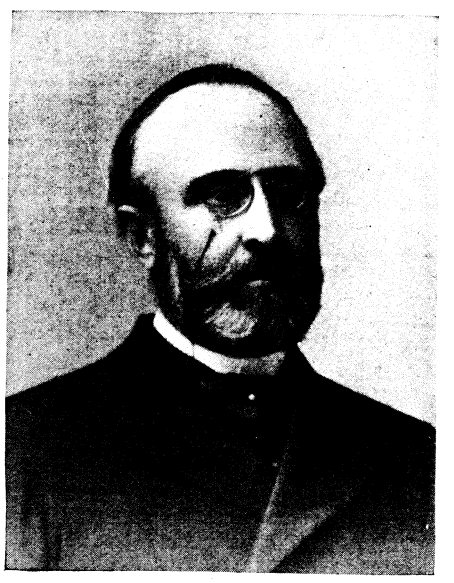


U. S. CRUISER "TOPEKA," FORMERLY "DIOGENES," BUILT FOR PERUVIAN NAVY.

Señor Silvela, whose portrait graces this page, is the member of the Spanish Cortes whose speech, made in the Cortes on April 30, has been widely discussed, and has been a basis for hope of the early conclusion of the war. He said he thought that war with the United States was only a question of honor; that Spain, by granting autonomy in Cuba, had given up all her rights there that were worth anything; that the army and navy would certainly defend her honor heroically, but that it was the duty of the Cortes to interfere the moment the duel had gone far enough for honor to be satisfied. Commodore Dewey's victory, following close upon the disclosure of these wise sentiments, seems to give the occasion for action in the Cortes in accordance with their spirit. There is no sign of it yet, however, for all the news from Spain is of extreme confusion and the substitution of emotion for common-sense.

Señor Silvela, as his portrait shows him, will not seem to the Weekly's readers to look like a Spaniard. He looks like a man of discernment and well-balanced faculties, and quite as much like a New-Englander, or any other species of enlightened American, as Mr. Dingley does, or Mr. Boutelle, or Mr. Lodge.

Our other Spanish contemporaries, whose pictures are here given, are all good-looking men. Admiral Villamil, who commands the Spanish torpedo squadron, looks less



SEÑOR SILVELA,
Spanish Conservative Leader.

like an American than Señor Silvela, but the outside of him is certainly ingratiating, whatever sentiments his mind may harbor. As for Admiral Cervera, who commands the Cape Verde squadron, we must all hope that, whatever scrape his ships may get into, no serious personal disaster may overtake a sea-dog so benevolent and cheery.

In the absence of details of Commodore Dewey's fight, no American naval officers are known as yet to have had a severer experience since the war began than Lieutenant J. J. Knapp and Assistant-Surgeon Henry La Motte, who brought the *Topeka* from Falmouth, England, to New York. They were the only naval officers aboard the vessel. They had very bad weather, bad coal, and a mutinous crew, and, besides, ran the risk of being captured by Spanish cruisers. The *Topeka* left Falmouth April 19, and reached New York on the morning of May 1, with her two officers pretty nearly on their last legs from anxiety, effort, and loss of sleep.

The *Topeka*, whose portrait is here given, was formerly the *Diogenes*, and was built in England for Peru in 1883. Peru failed to pay for her, and she was bought for the United States on April 3. She is 250 feet long, 35 feet in extreme breadth, and draws 21 feet 9 inches, and Lieutenant Knapp thinks she can make 18 knots. She is now getting ready for war, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

As to those two bridges on the *New York*, about which there was a note in the last issue of the Weekly, the opinion is advanced by a person who assumes to have knowledge of the ways and ends of war-ships that only flag-ships have two bridges, and that the duplication is not so much to provide against the destruction of one of them in battle as to afford separate stamping-grounds for the captain of the ship and the admiral of the fleet, both of whom need to know what is going on, and each of whom has his own business to transact.

Of all periodicals, the one that is enjoying our war most is the London *Saturday Review*, which is taking this opportunity to free its mind about the Americans in general and those who have put up this fight in particular. If all the London weeklies were of this disposition we would not like it, but the *Review* so nearly has a London monopoly of that sort of censure that its deliverances promote the gayety of American readers.

In the present status of British sentiment our war news must be superlatively diverting to the average British reader. It is all about

things in which he takes the liveliest interest—war-ships, naval battles, and the management of concerns far from home. He must hug himself every morning to think that all this entertainment is provided for him without cost to himself, and that he and his are not responsible for the working out of all the complicated problems that must result from "intervention." To see Brother Jonathan bite off a huge chunk of international responsibility and proceed to masticate it—what could be more interesting than that to John Bull, who is eternally doing, or threatening to do, the same sort of thing himself, and suffering consequent indigestion in some part of his comprehensive system.

In so far as a mere civilian can understand the conditions under which some regiments of the National Guard have gone to war, their enlistment has been so contrived that the men of those regiments who wanted to go have gone and those who felt constrained to stay at home have been able to stay at home without embarrassment. What confirms this impression is that while outcries of disappointment abound from valorous persons who yearned to enlist and couldn't, there is no considerable volume of lamentation from the friends of soldiers who ought not to have gone. The complaint about the war just now, so far as soldiering is concerned, is that the supply isn't nearly equal to the demand. If another naval victory, such as at this writing is looked for, should bring the whole disturbance to an end, it would strain the resources of the country to provide adequate solace for about a hundred thousand thwarted heroes.

Let us hope that Commodore Dewey will withhold his consent absolutely from the use of his portrait for advertising patent medicines. He hails from Vermont, as we have all recently learned, and Vermont of course is proud of him. But she is sensitive about the use of her great men's pictures by advertisers. The portrait of her Governor, Josiah Grout, has lately figured in the newspapers in connection with a patent medicine, and there is reason to believe (as lately set forth in the *Evening Post*) that Vermont has not liked it. Of course it would be worth a good deal to a patent-medicine man to print Commodore Dewey's portrait with the statement, "I took your pills at Manila," or, "Admiral Montojo was much helped by the use of your nerve remedy after our fight." But that would not do. Vermont would not like it.

Vermont, by-the-way, is cutting a considerable figure in this war. If one man contributed more than any other to bring it on, it was her Senator Proctor, who went to Cuba and made a report. At this writing the man who has struck the hardest blow in it is her Commodore Dewey.

Commodore Dewey is the second, or perhaps the third, man whom we have lately seen jump into an enormous publicity in a single day. The first was Bryan, whom



ADMIRAL VILLAMIL, SPANISH NAVY.
Commanding the Torpedo Squadron.

millions of Americans had never heard of when he was nominated at Chicago. The other was Robert Fitzsimmons. But, after all, Fitzsimmons's rise was not so precipitous; for though he was world-famous the instant time was called on the prostrate Corbett, he was very well known before. Before the fight at Manila not one American in fifty could have told who commanded the Pacific squadron. Within twenty-four hours that same officer was perhaps the best-known person in the world. After all, for advertising purposes it is hard to find anything more promptly effectual than war.

Charles H. Allen, of Lowell, Massachusetts, who succeeds Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a graduate of Amherst of the class of 1869, and a personal friend of long standing of Secretary Long. He is fifty years old, and though of experience as a man of business, is understood to have no special knowledge of naval concerns. He has served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the State Senate, was a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, and was, later, an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Roosevelt, at last accounts, had left Washington, after closing relations with the Navy Department, and rounding up recruits for his regiment of mounted riflemen. As the situation is represented in the papers, the rounding-up process consisted chiefly in heading applicants off, but out of hundreds of volunteers from New York and elsewhere in the East who offered, about twenty-five have been accepted and will join the regiment at San Antonio, whither Colonel Wood had already gone to look after its organization. The regiment is to be recruited chiefly from the far West—New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and the adjacent districts—but report says that the troopers are being selected with great care, and that none but docile and conscientious cowboys will be let into it. Colonel Wood and Mr. Roosevelt have no mind, it seems, to undertake the control of a collection of wild men, but want recruits who are not only active, efficient, and used to life out-of-doors, but also thoroughly amenable to discipline.

Another ambitious soldier, Mr. William Astor Chanler, who hunted elephants in Africa, and wrote a good book about it, recruited a regiment in New York, as newspaper-readers know, and was most anxious to go with it wherever the government willed. Sad to say, the quota of troops that New York was authorized to contribute was so limited that there is as yet no chance for Mr. Chanler's regiment, and now we hear that, baffled in his first purpose, he has associated with himself a dozen other adventurous spirits, who have been heard of at Tampa on their way to join the insurgent Cuban army, as members of the staff of General Lacret. In war as in peace, where there's a will, and sufficient pecuniary backing to it, there seems to be a way. A man who could lead an expedition into Central Africa and get back none the worse will probably find the climate of Cuba in the rainy season salubrious and even bracing.

One of the earliest war notes was the announcement of the purpose of General Lew. Wallace to take the field. It seems that he has tried faithfully to get a chance to fight again, but thus far admits disappointment. A letter from him to a friend in Detroit has been published, in which he says that, finding no prospects of getting an appointment as General, he tried to enlist as a private, and even offered $100 for a place in the ranks, but was told that men over forty-five years old could not be accepted. "In the addition to the argument of age against me," he writes, "it is my misfortune now to have been a Major-General."

It seems pretty rough on General Wallace that he is shut out from winning further military laurels; but doubtless, when we take up the cause of the Armenians and tackle Turkey, there will be a chance for him, for he has been to Turkey, and knows the Sultan and the roads.

The *Sun* remarks with displeasure on the attitude of certain Harvard professors towards the war, and the advice publicly given by some of them, notably by Professor C. E. Norton, to their students not to enlist, for the reason that "this is an inglorious war." Professor Norton is an old man, and the old men who find satisfaction in our war with Spain are pretty scarce. It is worth noting that another influential Harvard professor, whose special knowledge makes his opinions about the war somewhat weightier than Professor Norton's, is quoted in the papers as announcing that he started out with the impression that our new war was unnecessary and ill-advised, but that upon further investigation and further thought he has changed his mind. This gentleman is Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History. He finds that Spanish rule in Cuba has worried Uncle Sam off and on for nearly a century, that we have hindered Cuban freedom far more than we have helped it, and that we vetoed the likeliest attempt to get Cuba quit of Spain, because at that time it did not suit us to have the slaves in Cuba freed. Professor Hart thinks that on the whole we have been exceedingly forbearing. His investigations and conclusions are set forth at length in an article which will appear in the June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no criticism of the attitude of Harvard's president. On May 4 a meeting of students was called to take action about buying a stand of colors and some other present for the new cruiser *Harvard* (*neé Paris*). The meeting adjourned to the president's house, and Dr. Eliot, standing on his porch, said to his young men:

> In the present crisis I counsel you to act with certainty, moderation, and resolution, and I urge you all to show that kind of enthusiasm which lasts by the year, as befits Harvard men, and which is capable of enduring wounds, sickness, and death for our country.

Certainly those words have no uncertain sound.

Yale is to give her cruiser two Vicar-Maxim guns. What Harvard's gift will be is not at this writing determined.

The only college lads who find it at all easy to get a chance to fight seem to be those who are already members of some organization of the National Guard. Chances for the rest of them are hardly come by. It is reported that eighteen Princeton men out of fifty who wanted to go got into Battery A of Philadelphia. Yale's Light Artillery Company failed to convince Governor Cooke that it was needed; a squad of Harvard men, including three 'varsity oarsmen, a football coach, the President of the Weld Boat Club, the Senior class poet, an editor of the *Crimson*, and two members of the college nine, are understood to have gone to Texas, with intention of breaking into Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's cavalry regiment. Similar news items come from all the other colleges, the substance of the situation being that many feel called, but few are chosen.

Governor Pingree of Michigan protests against abuse of members of the State militia who don't volunteer. He says "the man who has a dependent family, mother, or sister should stay at home and take care of them. To volunteer is easy for the man, but hard on his dependent family. It takes more courage for a member of the National Guard to ask for his discharge than to volunteer." That is pretty sensible talk, and at the present stage of hostilities, there is nothing about it that conflicts with sincere patriotism.

One gentleman who seems to have succeeded in getting ready betimes for war is Mr. Joseph Leiter, whose adventures in the grain market of Chicago have furnished so much reading for buyers of newspapers. While the general public has not staid awake nights for fear that Mr. Leiter would lose some money, it has taken a benevolent



ADMIRAL CERVERA, SPANISH NAVY.
Commanding Cape Verde Fleet.

interest in his concerns, and has wanted to know how he was coming out. So far as the information distributed in the public prints may be trusted, it appears that he has come out, and come out considerably ahead. No authoritative report based on examination of his account-books has been published, but Chicago seems to have satisfied itself that he has sold out a large share of his wheat at prices which insured due remuneration for all the intellectual labor which his transactions involved. The report that he and his father now feel the need of recuperation and, when their labors are complete, will presently go on their travels to other continents is entirely credible, though assurance cannot here be given of its truth.

A Pennsylvania contemporary yields, somewhat indirectly, the idea that the dotted lines of the pattern-sheet supplement of HARPER'S BAZAR would give the Naval Strategy Board some excellent ideas for the courses of predatory cruisers. The country must use all its resources in times like these.

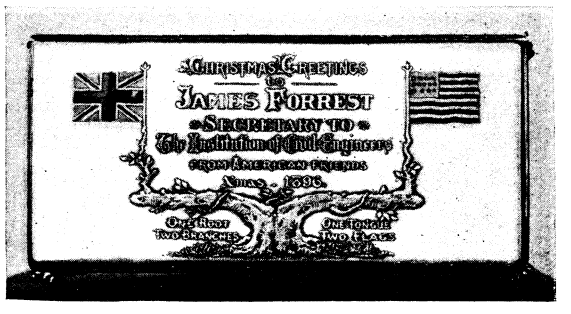
It may not be generally known that the relations between American and British civil engineers are particularly intimate and friendly. In 1889 the members of the three great American engineering societies, civil, mining, and mechanical, were invited by the civil engineer society of Great Britain to be its guests in England for a week. The invitation was accepted in such force that a steamer was chartered to carry the Americans to Liverpool. There their visit was made much of, and on the day they inspected the Liverpool docks the shipping in the harbor was decked in holiday flags in their honor. The whole entertainment was very handsomely carried out, and strongly impressed the American visitors.

The following year nearly five hundred English and German metallurgical engineers and ironmasters were entertained for a month in this country. Later the Chicago Fair brought these professional brethren together in large numbers, and since then many American railroad engineers and naval architects have attended gatherings of engineers in England.

An interesting memorial of the visit of the American engineers to England in 1889 is the silver casket which was sent a year ago Christmas to Mr. James Forrest, secretary of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, by some of his professional friends in this country who remembered his efforts to make their visit pleasant. The accompanying picture shows the casket and its inscription,

> "One root, two branches: one tongue, two flags."

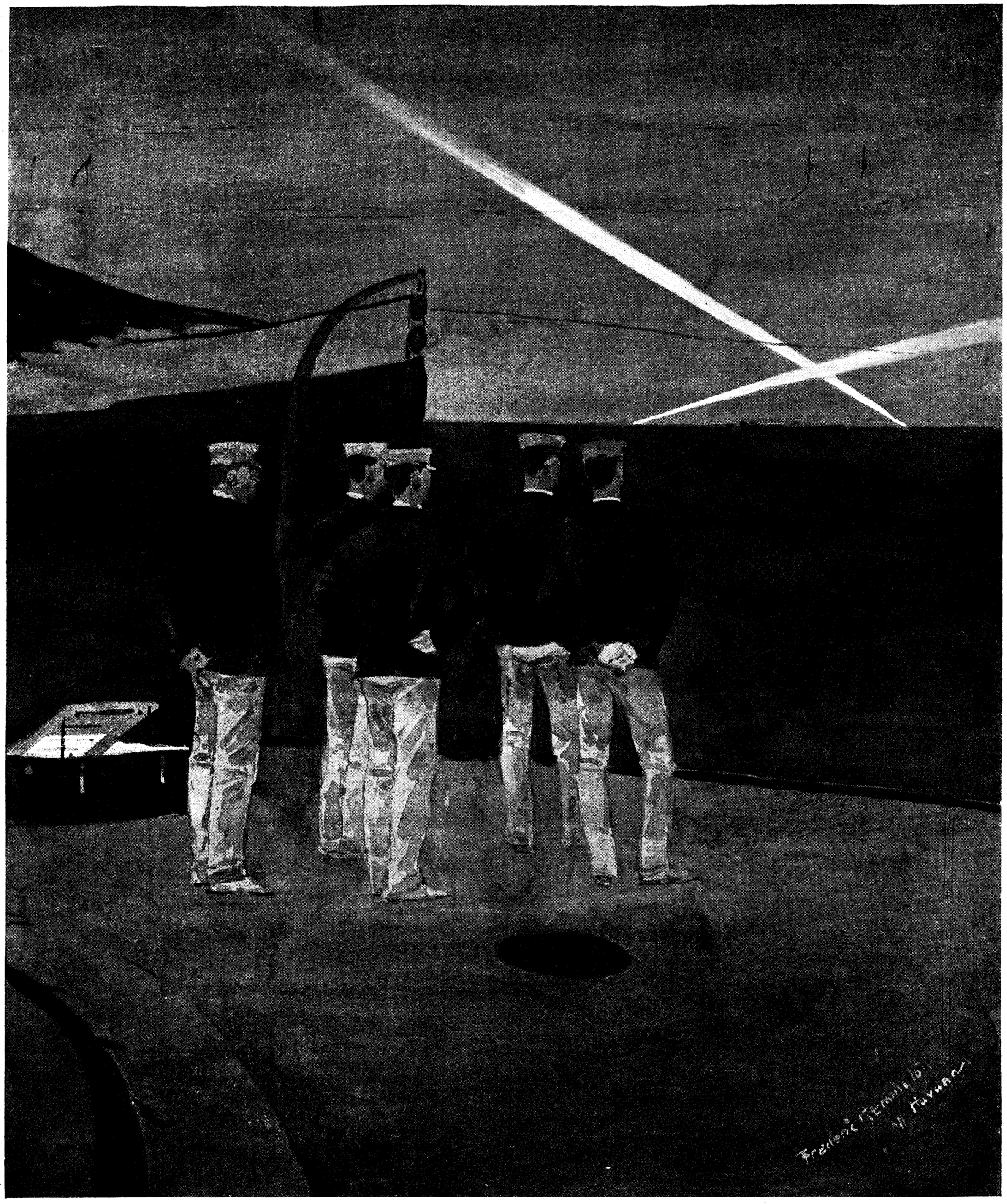
The inscription admirably expresses a sentiment which was never so strong or so general as it is to-day.



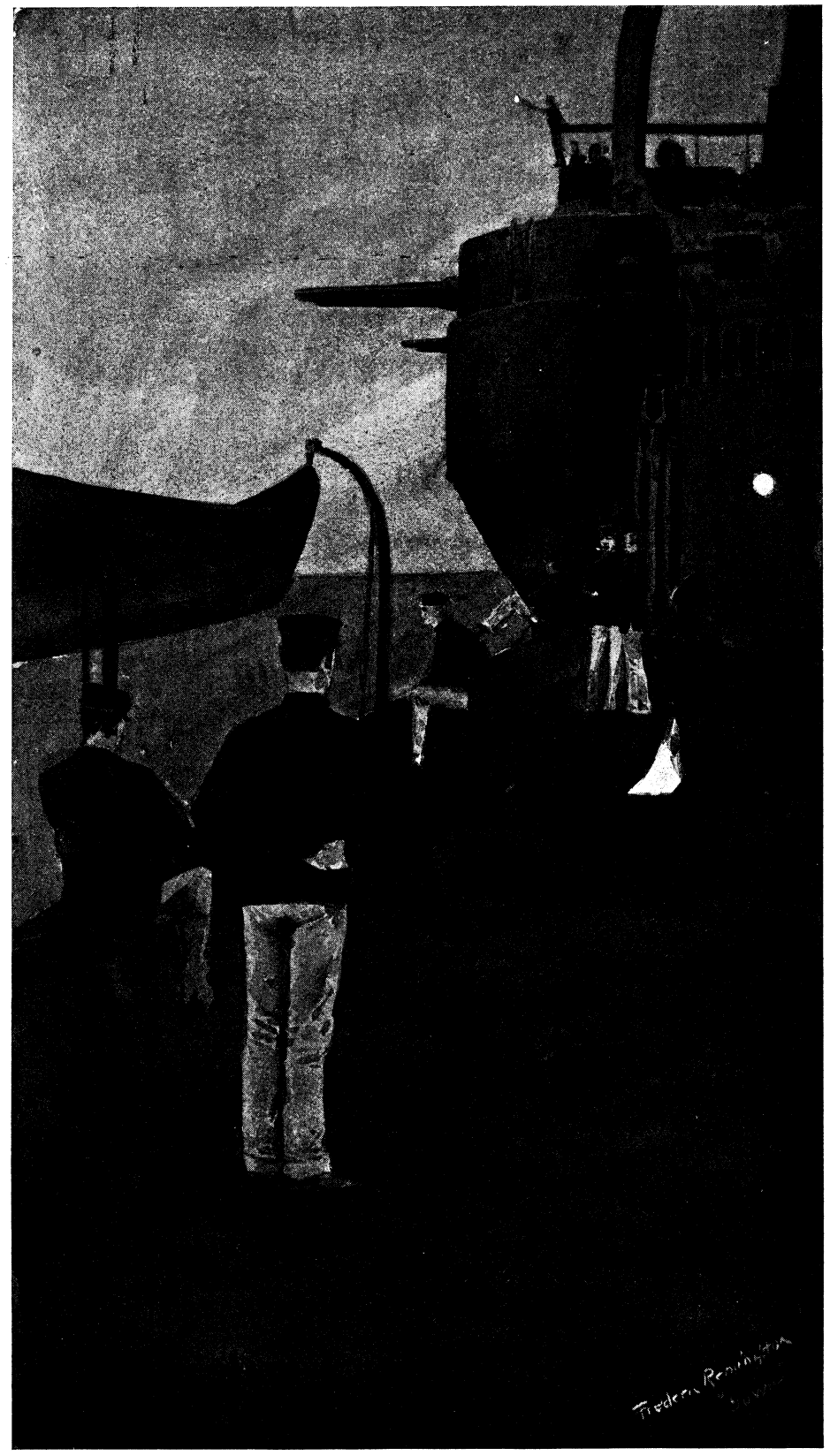
Engineers who apply for membership in Engineers' clubs usually send in with their applications a statement of the professional work which they have accomplished. A friend of the WEEKLY in Philadelphia says that the Philadelphia Engineers' Club lately admitted an applicant whose statement was brief enough to be worth noting. It was merely this:

> I have designed a concentrating plant and built a machine-shop, &c., &c. THOMAS A. EDISON.

The *etcæteras* are mighty comprehensive, as the WEEKLY's informant suggests. It was a case of "good wine needs no bush." E. S. MARTIN.



WATCHING THE BIG SEARCH-LIGHTS IN HAVANA.



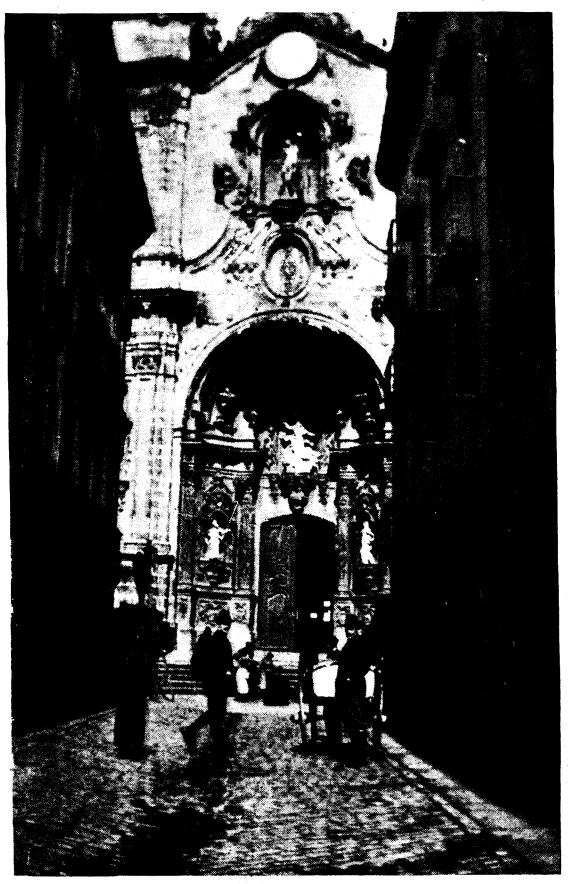
WIGWAGGING WITH A DARK LANTERN—AFTER-DECK.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET, ON BOARD THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."—Drawn by Frederic Remington, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

I.—ON THE SPANISH FRONTIER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



CATHEDRAL, SAN SEBASTIAN.

TOWARDS the middle of March, 1898, facts as well as newspapers hinted at a breach of the peace between Spain and the United States. By a happy coincidence my health required looking after, and what more natural than a trip through Spain on a bicycle. This I broached to two equally eager souls, with the result that within forty-eight hours from our first discussion of the plan three Yankees, with bikes of Yankee make, presented themselves to a gathering of Spanish frontier guards, local police, soldiers, railway officials, and officers of the Castilian customs, to say nothing of the usual gathering of citizens in cloaks thrown across their noses, who were mendicants, hidalgos, smugglers, or brigands.

For the future cyclist in Spain, let me mention that the formalities on entering that country are not vexatious—not so bad as in Russia. At the last station of France, Hendaye, we had a lead seal affixed to each of the machines. The chief of customs politely but forcibly pointed out to us that we must on no account remove that seal, for otherwise the machine would be taxed on returning across the French frontier.

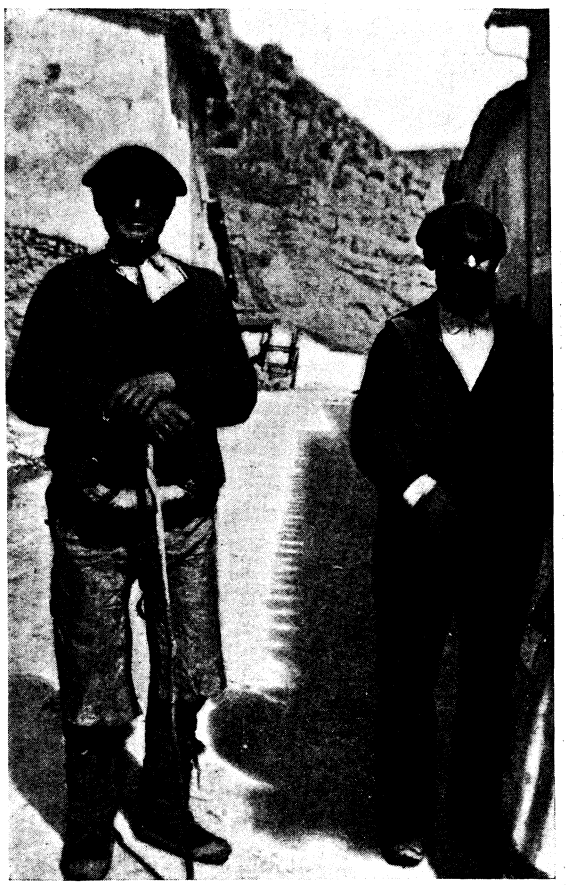
We promised cheerfully. At the time we did not anticipate that the first Spanish peasant who cleaned our bikes would carefully cut off this custom-house seal as an apparent nuisance.

Then the courtly Spanish official said he must tax our bikes according to law, just as though they were a commercial importation, but he hastened to add, smilingly, that this was a mere formality, because the amount we now paid would be refunded on taking our bikes out of the country. This seemed eminently reasonable, so we cheerfully handed over the amount, a few dollars on each machine, and proceeded to congratulate ourselves on the ease with which we had passed an ordeal which had been previously pictured to us as rather vexatious.

I may anticipate by remarking that we did not get our money refunded, because in order to do so the traveller must return by the same custom-house through which he originally entered the country. We were therefore mulcted on both frontiers; but it was well worth all we paid.

We were all anxious to spend the night in the frontier village of Irun, so as to be able to mount our wheels at the very first mile-stone from the frontier, and not miss one moment of Spanish road-side life. I made inquiries, therefore, of a highly respectable if not bishoplike looking Basque as to the inns of Irun, and was told with some warmth that they were very good, particularly the one at which he, the clerical-looking stranger, habitually stopped. I should have been more affected by the courtesy of this gentleman if I had not subsequently caught him in the act of winking at a companion, saying at the same time, "This means pesetas for me."

At Irun our newly made acquaintance was effusively useful. He carried our valises, bullied the porters, explained matters for us to the customs officers, and offered us many services, which would have been accepted as evidence of the proverbial courtesy of Spain had I not meanwhile learned that this amiable man was a professional tout between the two frontiers, living mostly by his wits at the expense of the helpless stranger.



BASQUE TYPES.

We had therefore little difficulty in persuading ourselves that, after all, a frontier town is never typical of a country, that the inns of Irun are vile, the population mostly lawless, and that we had better push on immediately to the next town, San Sebastian, which was only an hour or so further on, and which we could readily reach before bedtime. Without saying anything of my purpose to our officious friend, who was laboring fondly over our luggage in anticipation of a fat reward in the shape of his hotel bill, I purchased three tickets for San Sebastian, and left behind me on the platform of Irun a man who could not have looked sadder if he had received order to embark for Havana.

San Sebastian is the summer capital of the Spanish court and all the diplomatic world of Spain. It is so far from Madrid that the court generously makes the foreign diplomats guests of the nation during the hot season—that is to say, pays their board and lodging bills all the time it is absent from the capital. It is a most generous act, considering the state of the Spanish Treasury. Perhaps, however, the court is not altogether selfish in the matter, for Madrid in the hot months is as bad as San Antonio or Washington, and the government would rather go into bankruptcy any day than have to keep office-hours in the capital during August.

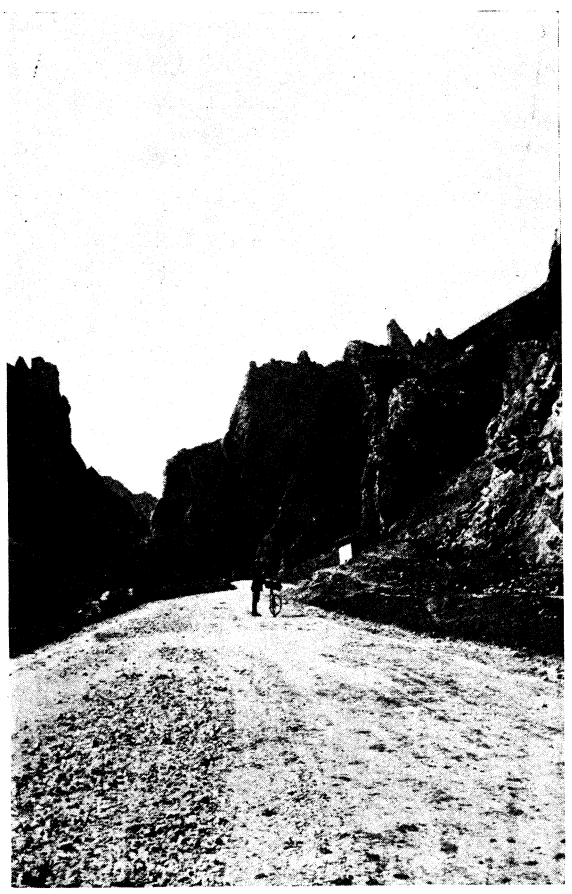
My first business, on waking up next morning in this pretty little seaport, was to climb up to the fort protecting the harbor, and see what sort of defences there were. The town played an important rôle in the early part of the century, when Wellington finally drove the forces of the great Napoleon beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed, hardly a town on the line of our bicycle ride but has been fought over, if not besieged and sacked, during the Napoleonic invasion.



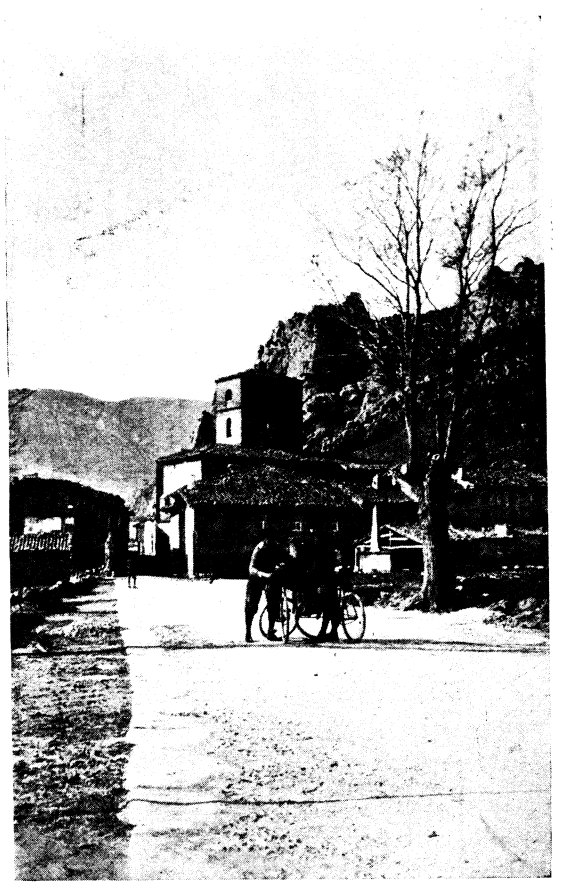
IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—FRIENDLY NATIVES.

We passed three sentries in our walk, were not challenged, and no notice was taken of the camera I carried in my hands. We were watched with some curiosity, which I attributed to the fact that my two melodious companions apostrophized the blue Atlantic by singing a duet that would have disarmed a Prussian gendarme. At any rate, I noted that the first battery, after leaving the town, consisted of six muzzle-loading guns of small calibre, perhaps three-inch. They were made in 1844, and I presume are used exclusively for saluting purposes. Further on I passed six modern breech-loading Krupps, which appeared to constitute all the artillery defence of this port. There were places prepared for six more pieces, excellent positions, from which the guns had been removed many years ago—perhaps they were needed in Cuba.

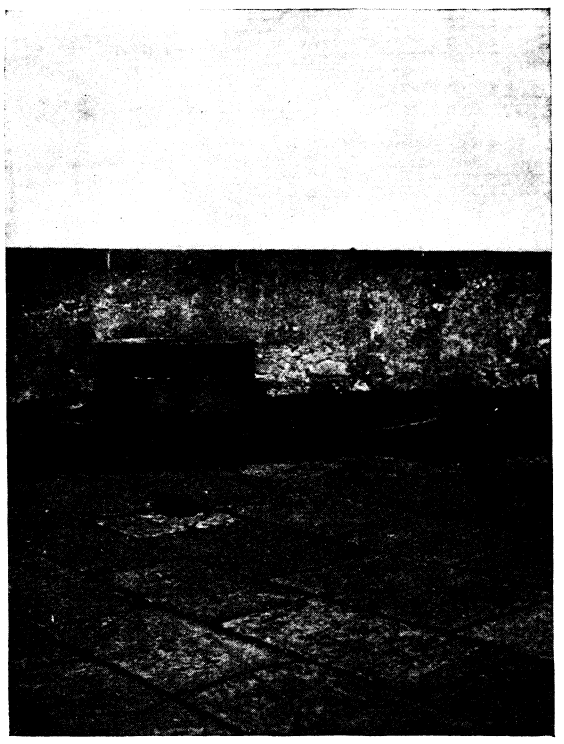
We passed many tablets marking the burial-places of British officers who had been killed here in the war with Napoleon—the chiselling was clean, as though done to-day. Hard by were some of the garrison washing clothes, with whom we exchanged good-day and inquired our way about. I took a photograph in one of the bastions of the vacant gun platform, not so much for the purpose of publishing this military novelty to a curious world, as to furnish an illustration of Spanish military indifference at a time when the American press was talking of war, when



HIGH-ROAD FROM TOLOSA TO VITORIA.



FIRST DAY IN SPAIN—MY TWO COMPANIONS.



THE DEFENCES OF SAN SEBASTIAN—NO GUNS ON THE PLATFORMS.

Spanish war-ships were under way ostensibly to head off an American move in the Antilles, and when one might reasonably have expected a rigorous exclusion of civilians from all fortified places. Had we acted near any military place of France or Russia as we did at San Sebastian we would have been brought before the military governor of the place, our camera would have been confiscated, our identity would have been established, and we might have regarded ourselves as lucky if nothing worse happened than being escorted across the frontier.

But how far our immunity sprang from proverbial governmental indifference, and how far from contempt of the enemy, I cannot say.

It was our next business to learn something about the road to Tolosa and beyond, and to get started on our journey. First we visited every shop in the town suspected of harboring a map. There was no such thing to be procured. We thought there must be some mistake, so we hunted up the president of the principal cycling club in the town, called, I believe, the Veloz Club Donostiarra. We were received with every token of goodwill, and shown the ample quarters of the fraternity. There were many ribbons and other trophies hung upon the walls, and we were assured that they indicated triumphs in the Spanish cycling world. The club has seventy-five members, but amongst them no names of Anglo-Saxon derivation. I counted fifty machines in excellent order, but nearly all of French and German make. There was not a single American amongst them, and only one or two English.

I asked if they did much touring. Oh yes, they were great tourists; they often went to Tolosa. I said we were bound across Spain by way of Madrid, and asked them if they could tell me where I could purchase a map. They could not. They regarded my question as they might have done a request for a chart to the moon. I asked about the Spanish Touring Club. Yes, it existed, but it had not yet published anything that could assist the cycling tourist. Then, in some discouragement of spirit, I asked if there was any member of the club who could give me some advice regarding the inns at the small places along our route, at least so far as the next large town. Oh yes, señor; we have a member who knows all the roads. So to him we went hopefully. He evidently was the proprietor of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquor, and soon disclosed the fact that he knew nothing of the roads beyond the immediate suburbs of the town. He was the chairman of the committee on roads, and consequently looked up to as an authority by those of the club whose touring ambition was limited to a run of an afternoon. He, however, politely referred us to the committee on geography, or some such comprehensive subject, who would surely tell everything about every part of Spain, for that was his hobby.

Still optimistic, we journeyed to his home. He was a cabinet-maker, and was at his office. He knew the high-road to Tolosa; but beyond the country of the Basques he knew nothing, nor of any one who did. The beginning of our venture was therefore discouraging enough. We could procure neither maps nor information as to where we might hope for sleeping quarters on the way. We were in the enemy's country, without guide, and with only our helplessness to commend us to the good offices of the inhabitants. Our bikes proved, after all, our best passports, for they were to the average Spaniard conclusive evidence that we were of the genus known all over Europe as the "mad Englishman."

My two companions were songsters and poets—they believed in a special providence for members of their craft. George Devoll sang tenor, while Edwin Isham was baritone. No Spaniard ever suspected them of being Yankee; for the American, to their mind, is a sordid, money-loving, swaggering monster, who hates music and all things elevating. Of course we could not lie about our nationality—at least not directly. At the same time it would have been unpleasant to have had our legal residence labelled upon us. We usually evaded a direct answer; or, better still, the tuneful duo lifted up a heavenly note or two. When pressed, however, I occasionally answered that Devoll was from Boston, of English extraction, and that Isham was from Dunkirk—not necessarily New York.

The man who caught us, however, and nearly spoilt our trip, was an English non-conformist parson on a Cook's ticket at Valladolid. He was communicative, and so was Edwin. We were off our guard in the public room of the inn, and part of the talk I recall was somewhat like this:

"Was the road bad? Well, I should smile!"

"Say, George, just get on to the garlic in this tortilla!"

"You can bet your sweet life that I mean to sleep to-night; and I'm going to hit the bolster P.D.Q."

"Yes; but what's the matter with a walk around the block first?"

And so the jargon rolled colloquially after a fashion heard nowhere in England, and cultivated most assiduously by the philologist of the Bowery. The Englishman listened for a while in a state of puzzled interest, then cautiously asked of the fluent tenor, "You are American, I believe?"

"You're right there—yes, sirreebob—" George was going on to say more, when a well-directed kick under the table checked the course of inconsiderate confession, and George stammered out something about some prehistoric ancestors, which, fortunately for his soul, was not completed, for the inquisitive Englishman found that he was late for the night express. We spent that evening quaking every time the door rattled. It was lucky for us that the Englishman was in a hurry.



IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY—CART WITH SOLID WHEELS.



BETWEEN TOLOSA AND VITORIA—OUR ESCORT.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Letter and Map from the Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson, *March 20.*

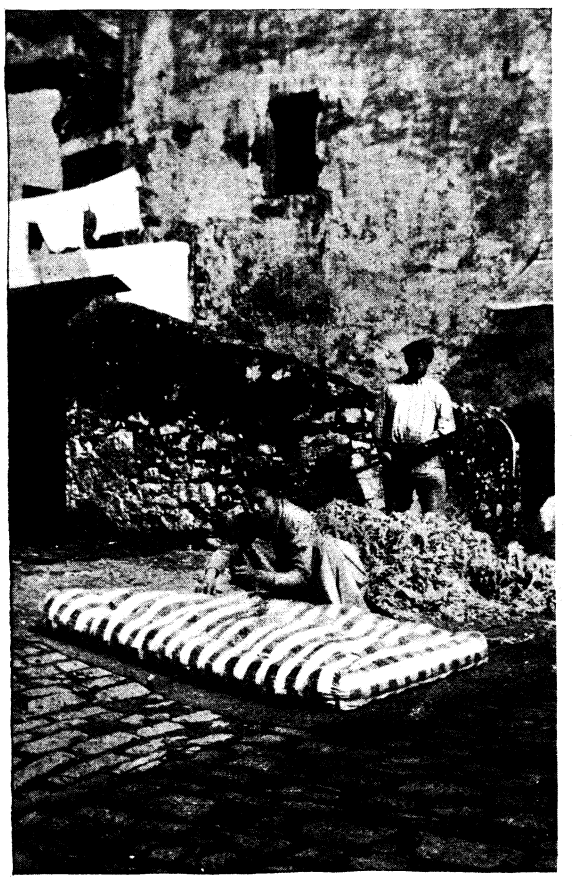
To-morrow morning the last dog-team starts that will probably reach the outside world, and with it goes the only sensational news of the winter. It is equalled only by the first strike of gold in the Bonanza "Moose Pasture," and later of the big nuggets on the steep hill-side along Skookum and Eldorado.

It was the tenderfoot, or "chee-chah-ko," as he is called, who on Bonanza had not the sense to stop at bed-rock, but kept right on down, and found the rich pay. So it is a chee-chah-ko who has sunk a hole thirty-eight feet deep on an island in the Yukon itself and found rich pay. Monte Cristo is now the name of the island, and it lies on the Yukon eighteen miles above Dawson.

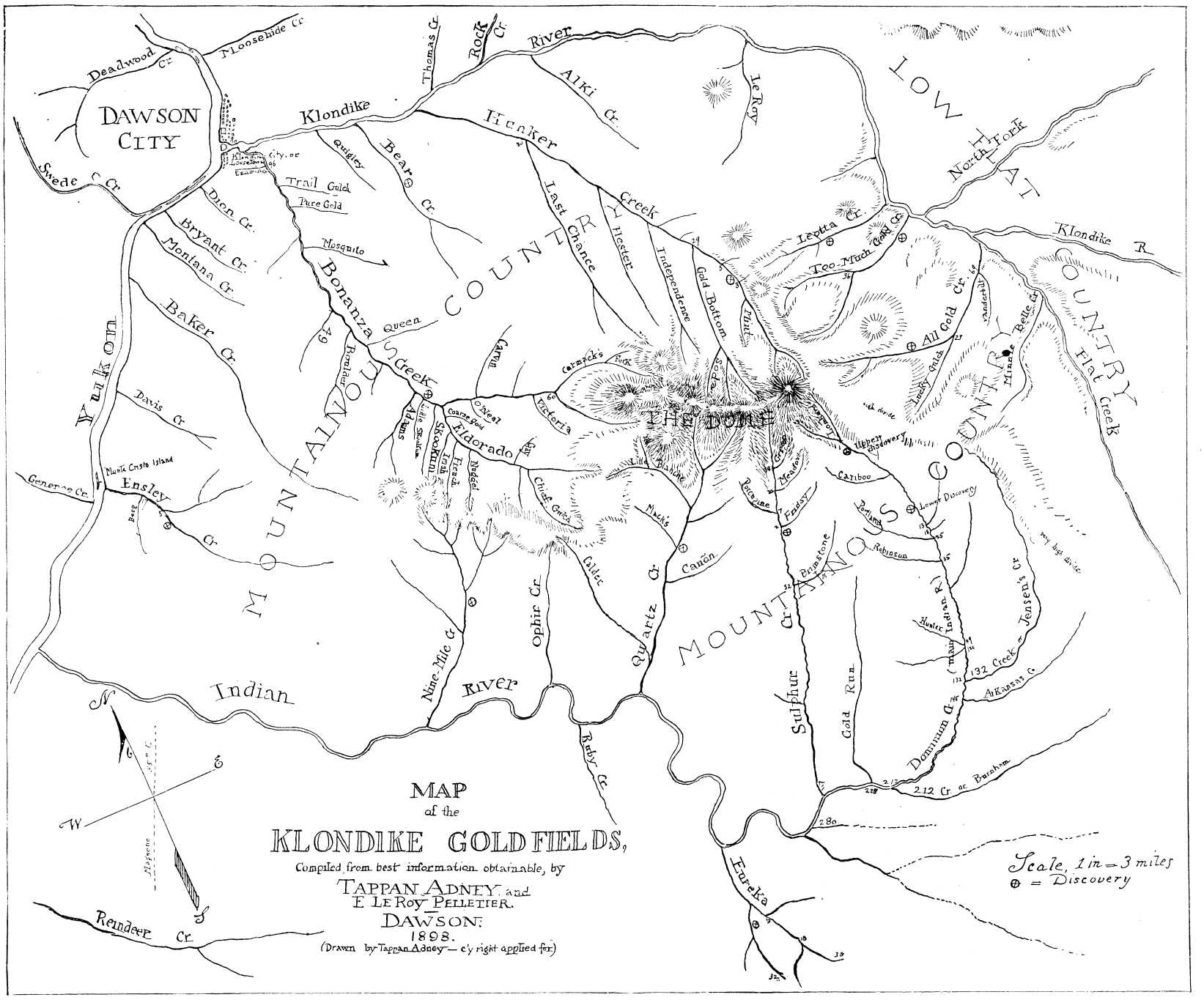
Two Norwegians went to work there in the winter cutting logs for the mills. They dug a hole in the ground to get dirt for the roof for their cabin. It occurred to them to pan out some dirt, and they found colors. They went deeper, and continued to find colors. There was nothing extraordinary in this. The banks of the Yukon and its long tributaries have long been known to contain gold, and they have afforded good pay both on Stewart River, and on Cassiar Bar in the Lewes. At the same time Dr. Bates of Portland, Oregon, and a third Norwegian, went to work, striking on a creek, as yet unnamed, close by. The four are partners. The Norwegians kept on boring until they had sunk thirty-eight feet, when they reached bed-rock. Here they made three "pans." The first contained $2 40; the second, $4 60; the third, $6 65. When they reached Dawson the Commissioner would not let them record. They then went to the office of Mr. Wade, the Crown Prosecutor, for advice. The Inspector of Mines, Mr. McGregor, was there then, and would not believe the story until affidavit was made. Thereupon the two officials went to the island personally to investigate for themselves. The Norwegians would not let them take off the dump, but insisted on making another boring. Then Wade and McGregor went down, picked up the earth, and at first pan found $8. Three hundred men started in a stampede, and the whole island is now staked off, two hundred feet being allowed clear across the river. To-morrow more will start for the scene of the find, prepared to sink a hole in the next island below, in accordance with a new ruling of the Commissioner that a hole must actually be sunk before a discovery can be recorded. The Yukon through its entire length is strewn with islands, and if the other holes turn out like the first, millions will be taken out of the river, for the width of the pay streak will be that of a great river, not that of a trickling brook like Eldorado. The width of the Monte Cristo is five or six hundred yards. The whole country seems underlaid with gold. Quartz is being discovered everywhere, some of which assays $80 to the ton, and in richness and quantity may equal the placer. Next summer it may be shown that from Eldorado along the divide parallel with the Bonanza the bed of an old river with gravel ninety feet thick and a mile wide will be traced, as some claim it has been, to within four miles of Dawson. The deposits of quartz gold found in the bench claims along Eldorado, cropping out on Bonanza at the Skookums, and cropping out in spots lower down, may have been sloughed from this river-bed. There are certainly at least three distinct deposits of placer gold here—that on the deep bed-rock of the creek, another on the present beds of the creeks where there is anything to hold it, and still another on the sides and tops of the hills. The wearing down of the hills has been enormous; the rounded domes and ridges are indicative of this. All mining experiences seem to be reversed in this land of surprises. It is the tenderfoot always, of course, doing the wrong thing, who blunders on the hidden wealth, verifying the old maxim that "Gold is where it is found."

There is a scarcity of money here that contrasts strangely with the enormous amount of wealth in the country. Men are working at good rates of wages, but their pay, like that of the mine-owners, lies frozen on the dumps, and will not be unlocked till spring. Money commands fifteen to twenty per cent. Bank-notes are at a premium. Gold-dust passes current in the stores at $17 to the ounce. Its coining value is about $15 to $19. It is received in large amounts at only $15 50. Exchange on New York at the N. A. T. Co. has been one-half of one per cent., with six per cent. until the 1st of July, because use is had of the money outside several months sooner than the return can reach Dawson. It is strongly advised that all who send money here send nothing but a certificate of deposit in a well-known New York bank, made payable to a person here. This certificate commands a premium.

The utmost confusion reigns in the office of the Gold



DOING OVER THE BED—SAN SEBASTIAN.



Commissioner. Recording at the rate of fifty a day claims from all parts, it has been a physical impossibility for him to determine facts of the utmost importance. The oath taken by the applicant states that gold has been found. Perjury has become a thing not given a second thought. A lady of presumed respectability recorded two claims as having been staked by herself the same day. One was twenty-five miles up Henderson Creek, the other was on Nine-Mile Creek, twenty-five miles up Indian River. The two claims were not less than eighty-five miles apart. She confessed to the perjury, and was forgiven to the extent of losing her claims, instead of forfeiting all her rights and acquisitions in the district, the extreme penalty for such flagrant violation of the laws. The Commissioner seems to have taken pity on those who, for instance, on stampedes like that at Rose-bud, staked out by candle-light, so that he now requires not the oath that gold was found, but affidavit to the effect that deponent has not, to the best of his knowledge, infringed on the rights of any other person.

The booming creeks have been gone over with tape measures and fractions without end staked out and recorded. In many cases no fractions existed. On Hunker a 180-foot fraction was recorded, and when a survey came to be made by the owner of the original claim, it proved to be 150 feet short itself. On Sulphur two fractions were recorded, and, on the Commissioner's certificate, sold. One claim proved, on investigation, to be all right, so the buyer did not go the two miles to the other. A hundred and fifty feet was supposed to be there. I myself measured the fraction, and it was a scant fifty. Likewise No. 31-above on Sulphur was left out in the stampede; but some one discovering the fact recorded it, sold it to Alex Macdonald for $3000, and left for Dyea. There was a similar case on Hunker. On Too-Much-Gold No. 4-below is staked out into the Klondike; but there is no No. 5-below recorded, showing that all some one wanted was a certificate, not a claim. It has been undoubtedly offered for sale outside. Single men have staked whole creeks and parts of creeks, given the numbers out to record for an interest, or sold the numbers at $15 or $20 each. Dominion Creek is in a hopeless tangle. The Commissioner, for some unknown reason, allowed two discoveries five miles apart. Staking began up and down. It met in the thirties, and some claims were recorded twice. Then the staking of fractions began, and continued until there were more holding claims on Dominion than there were claims on the whole creek. Thereupon the books were closed on fractions there until a survey can be made. According to the law, three days are allowed for the first ten miles, and a day for each additional ten miles from Dawson. A man who has been prospecting his claim starts to record. A stampeder, who has been watching, stakes the creek out, staking over the prospect holes, gets to Dawson, and records before the other arrives. The Commissioner receives the protest, and the claim is tied up until no one knows when. The same men, usually saloon rounders, have recorded again and again under different names, and the man with the protest goes about with his complaint to serve, and loses time, money, and patience—perhaps his claim as well—yet the law distinctly provides that continuous work on the claim is sufficient to hold it without record.

The Commissioner has honestly endeavored to punish those who have thus infracted the laws, but it is impossible to detect the offenders. The consequence is that the old miner, who has been accustomed to find out if he had anything before he recorded, has been obliged to record first and prospect afterwards, or else sit back in helpless bewilderment at the flood of speculative miners who have poured into the country hitherto regarded as his own, and who have introduced the new method of getting gold by the axe and pencil instead of by the pick and shovel.

The speculative craze seized the community, and thousands of claims were bonded and sent out to sell. Few had any faith in their success, knowing the small extent to which the creeks had been prospected. The conservative ones did not believe that men with any considerable amount of money to invest would do so without investigation in person or by trusted representatives. We did not even know whether we were longer subject of thought on the outside; but, with the arrival of the mail, report has come of sales at prices that are a surprise here, and the result has been that those who have been holding back have been getting aboard, and the last dog-teams have been taking out hundreds of claims, mostly on little known creeks, but some good properties. The result of the winter's prospecting, meagre as it has been, has been to compel us to doubt if there can be any such thing as wild-cat claims on Sulphur and Dominion. Some that went out first and were bonded at $1000, and regarded as distinctly "wild-cat," are now worth to-day $15,000 in here.

Attention perhaps should be called to a publication that has emanated from here, which it would be paying an extravagant compliment to mention it even by name. This sheet has been sent out for extended circulation on the outside. It purports to contain the only trustworthy information concerning the country, its mines, and the miners. It contains a scale chart of Bonanza and Eldorado, with pictures of claims and portraits of mine-owners. Those who are represented therein pay the sum of from $250 to $2000 each for the privilege of having their pictures printed, their biographies written up, and their claim marked in black on the map as being a rich claim. This may have remained a legitimate enterprise in which only the foolish would have invested, but the matter was laid before the successful miner in such a way that it amounted to virtual compulsion.

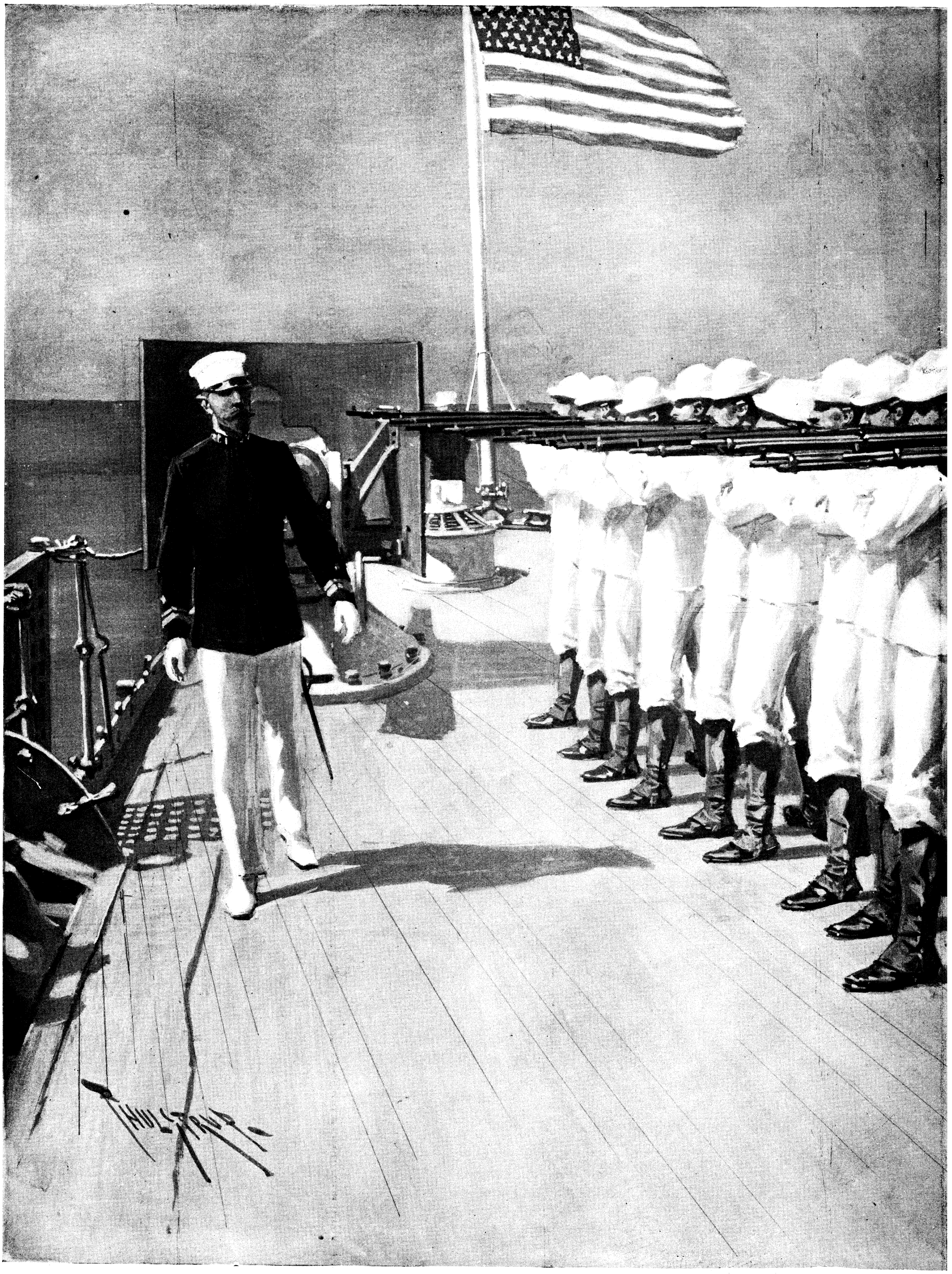
To the extent that it will be circulated, or rather to the extent that it will be credited, injury will be done to every other mine-owner in the community.

If reports are true, the Yukon River from here to the Passes is a line of villages and cabins. At the various points where the boats were nipped in the ice cabins were built, until now, at Tagish, Marsh Lake, the White Horse, Lake Labarge, Big and Little Salmon and Stewart rivers, there are regular villages. The Salmon rivers have been prospected, men have gone up Stewart River to McQuesten, while there has been more or less prospecting done at all points on the river. Mile after mile the stampeders have taken up creeks up and down the Yukon. Recent reports from Dominion had sent hundreds over there, with the result that new creeks ten or fifteen miles long have been staked out. The benches along lower Eldorado and Skookum are a perpetual surprise. The whole hill-side is a-smoke with the fires; big pans are the rule. Confidence in the country is increasing. Since the letter sent out yesterday* flour has dropped to $15 a sack, showing that the grub situation is relieved, but butter has reached $5 a pound, and is going up. There has been no little inconvenience, much disappointment, and even greater complaint in the inability of the Canadian government to get the mail here before February 26. A part only came down, the greater part remaining at Little Salmon, as far as it came by boat last fall.

Some came direct from Dyea. While not expecting even governments to overcome obstacles that private individuals cannot, I was inclined to blame the government either for a lack of zeal or for poor management. It was not until I saw the actual figures showing what it meant to make the trip that I was ready to modify my views materially. The hundred "Huskies" that were expected from the Hudson Bay Company did not arrive, and with the forty ill-sorted dogs at the command of the party that started in from the lakes, the proportion would stand about as follows: Every pound of food needed for men and dogs would have to be carried a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. No food could be relied upon on the route, much less at Dawson. Forty dogs, 100 lbs. of feed each day; forty men, 40 lbs. each day; total daily consumption, 140 lbs. Thirty days of travel (20 miles a day)+5 days rests = 35 days. Total food to be carried, 4900 lbs. Add stationery (for the new government), 400 lbs.; tents, 180 lbs.; cooking utensils, dishes, etc., 100 lbs.; men's personal baggage, 860 lbs.; total 6440 lbs. This divided among 40 dogs is 161 lbs. per dog. Not a pound of mail has been counted, and no provision made for return food from Dawson, where, according to the reports, there was starvation. When the 40 dogs arrived at Little Salmon a courier was sent into Dawson to ascertain if food could be had to take men and dogs back, and they had to wait until this courier returned before continuing on. When these figures are taken into account, the wonder is that they brought so much. A dog draws 300 lbs. on a smooth trail, but on a poor one 100 lbs. may be a load. What the trail really was may be inferred from the fact that one of the fastest outfits that left Dawson was seven days getting around Thirty-Mile River. Shore ice had frozen; the river fell, the ice broke down; the river rose, and new ice was formed above the other. Then the river dropped to a low level and remained open. A sloping ice-floe for a trail, a river on one side, and a precipitous bank on the other—such is winter travel on the Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

* The letter here referred to, together with ones written still earlier, were longer on the way than the one published herewith, and did not arrive until too late for publication in this number. They will be published in subsequent issues.—EDITOR.



WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET—DRILLING THE CREW OF U. S. S. "WILMINGTON" IN



IN THE LOADINGS AND FIRINGS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by James Burton.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GARRET OF THE RED TOWER.

I FELT my temples, my ears, my neck, tingling with cold. I seemed to have fallen into a sea of ice. I think I would have fallen and fainted, but at that moment my master sat down beside the Bishop, and I was left free to retire into a darksome corner, where I staggered against a beam, slimy with sweat, and hung over it with my hand clasping my brow, trying to think what had happened.

I do not know how long I remained in this position, nor yet when I came to myself. All was a dream to me, a nightmare of horrid whirlings and infinite oppressions. The faces of the folk that watched, the garmentry of the Bishop and his priests, the red robes of the young Duke and his successors, spun round me in hideous phantasmagoria.

At last I was conscious that a trumpet blew. Whereupon all rose up. The secretaries stacked their papers unconcernedly, with the feathers of their pens in their mouths. And then in the solemn silence which ensued the Duke and his judges filed out of the door, while the power of the Church, represented by Bishop Peter and his priests, went forth by another. Before I could realize the situation Helene had vanished down a trap-door in the floor.

My master accompanied Bishop Peter. As for me, I hardly knew what I did. I did not even stand up, till our conductor—he who had gone forward to announce us at the first—ran across to me, and plucking me by the arm from the beam on which I leaned, said, hurriedly: "Art dead or drunk, man, that thou riskest thine ears and thy neck? Stand up while the Judges and the new Duke go by!"

So, dazed and numb, I hent me up, and, lo! coming arm in arm towards me were Otho von Reuss and his newly appointed Chief Justice, who was but mine old friend Michael Texel. The Duke bent a searching look on me as I bowed low before him, but he saw only the tan of my skin and the close bristle of my hair. And so all passed on.

"Ho, blackamoor! thy master waits thee. Run if thou wouldst avoid the whipping-post!" cried another of the rout of servitors.

So, putting out a hand to stay myself, I staggered weakly after my master. I found him at the door, in talk with the confessor of the Bishop.

"And so," he was saying, "this girl was reared in the executioner's house. And she went away to a far country in order to learn the secrets of necromancy, it is not known where. I would see this Duke's Justicer. Does he dwell near by? What! in that very tower? It is of good omen. Let us go thither."

But the confessor excused himself, being in no wise desirous to visit the Red Axe, even in his turn of sickness. "I have business of the soul with Bishop Peter. I will speak with thee again at refection," he said, glancing up at the Red Tower with suspicious glances, as if he feared unseen ears might be listening, and that some of its fearful magic might even descend upon a man so notably holy as a Bishop's confessor.

Presently Dessauer and I were at the well-known door. I knocked, and listened, whereupon ensued silence. Again, and then when the echoes ceased there was once more a great silence in the tower.

I heard the blood-hounds of Duke Casimir howl. The indigo shadow of the Hall of Justice stretched across and touched the Red Tower with an ominous finger.

"Let us go in," said I. And pushing the unresisting door, I began to climb the stone stairs. Each smoothed hollow and chipped edge was as familiar to me as my name. Indeed, much more so, for I was now passing under a false one. I climbed in a dazed way, up and up. There on my left was the sitting-room. It had been searched high and low, escritoires rudely tossed down, aumries rifled, household stuff, grain, white linen, bottles, all cast about and huddled together as the searchers had left them.

Then above was the little room where Helene used to sleep. Here the wrack was indescribable—every hiding-place rifled, her pretty bedquilt lying across the doorway trampled and soiled, her dainty white clothing, some she had worn at Plassenburg, and even of the tiny dresses of her childhood, all torn and confused. And in the midst, what affected me more than everything else, a tiny puppet of wood my father had hewn her with his knife, and which she had dressed as a queen with red ribbons and crown of tinsel. Ah, so long ago—and in such happy days.

"Father!" I called loudly. "Father!"

But in this I forgot myself. There might have been enemies lurking anywhere in the house of pain and disaster.

My own room came next, and the way out upon the roof, but we tried not these. There remained only the garret of my father. I climbed up, with Dessauer behind me, and pushed the door open.

Then I stood in the entering-in, looking for the first time for years on the face of my father.

He lay on his couch, his head bound about with a napkin. The dark wisp of hair which rose like a cock's comb sticking through the stained cloth was no longer blue-black, but of iron gray splashed and brindled with pure white. His eyes were open and shining, cavernous and solemn, above his fallen-in cheeks. It was like looking into the secrets of another world. That which he had so often caused other eyes to see he was now to see for himself. The hand which lay—mere skin, muscle, and bone—on the counterpane had guided many to the door of the mysteries. Now it was to push the arras aside, for the Death-Justicer of the Mark was to go before the Judge of all the earth.

My father lay gazing at me with deep mournful eyes. So sad they seemed that it was as if nothing in heaven or earth, neither joy nor sorrow, life nor death, could have power to change their expression of immeasurable sadness.

I entered, and my companion followed.

"There is none with you here?" I said to my father, going to the bedside.

He started at the voice, and looked even eagerly up. But his eyes dulled and deadened again as he fell back.

"I did but dream," he muttered, sadly.

"You have no one with you here, Gottfried Gottfried?" said I again; for in a matter of life and death it was as well to make sure.

He set his hand to his brow, as if trying to think.

"Who should be with me—except all these?" he answered, very solemnly. And swept his hand about the room as if he saw strange shapes standing in rows about the walls. "I wish," he went on, almost querulously, "whoever you are, you would tell these people to keep their hands down. They point at me, and thrust their dripping heads forward, holding them like lanterns in their hands."

He turned away to the back of the bed; and then, as if he saw something there worse than all the rest, faced about again quickly, saying, with some pathetic intonation of his lost childhood, "There is no need for them to point so at me, is there?"

"Father!" said I, gently touching his cheek with my hand as I used to do.

"Ah! what is that?" he said. "Did some one call me father? Let me go! I tell you, let me go! She needs me. They are torturing her. I must go to her!"

"Father," I said again, putting him gently back, "it is I; your own son Hugo—come back to speak with you, to help, if it may be—to die for the Little Playmate if need be."

"Hugo—Hugo!" he said, "my little lad, my pretty boy?"

He pushed me back to look at me, eagerly, wistfully—and then thrust me sharply away.

"Bah!" he said, "you lie! What need to lie to a dying man? My Hugo had yellow hair and a skin like lilies. Yours is dark—"

"Father," said I, "I am here disguised. Help is coming, sure and strong, if we can only wait a little and delay the trial. But tell me all. Speak to me freely if you love your daughter Helene—your daughter and my love."

He sat up now, and motioned me to come nearer. I set a pillow to his back, and went and kneeled by the bed as I used to do at good-night time when I said my Paternoster.

Then for the first time he knew me.

"Say it!" he commanded, in his old voice.

So, though with the stress of wars and other things I had mostly forgotten, yet I said not only that, but the Prayer of Childhood he had taught me. And then I kissed him as I used to do when I bade him good-night.

"Yes," he said, softly, "it is true, after all. You are mine own only son. Hugo—I am glad you have come to see your father before he dies."

I told him how I had come, and brought Dessauer forward, introducing him as one great in the kingdom where I was, and to whom I was much beholden. He shook him by the hand, and again looked at me.

"Now, father," said I, "we have no long time to bide with you, lest the new Duke come upon us. We must hie us back to our lodging with the Bishop Peter, lest we be missed."

My father smiled.

"Ye will live but sparely there!" said he.

"Tell us how you came to this," said I, "and, if you can, why Helene, our little Helene, stands so terribly accused."

My father paused a long time before he began to answer.

"It is not easy for me to tell you all," he said. "I know and I have the words. But somehow, when I try to fit the words to the thing, they run asunder and will not mix, like water and oil. But see, Hugo, here is an elixir of rare value. Drop a drop or two on my tongue if ye see me wander. It will bring me back for a time."

CHAPTER XLII.

PRINCESS PLAYMATE.

THEN began my father to tell the tale, slowly, with many a pause and interruption, now searching for words, now racked with pain, all of which I need not imitate, and shall leave out. But the substance of his tale was to this effect:

"After you had left us the Dukedom went from bad to worse—no peace, no rest, no money. Duke Casimir took less and less of my advice, but began again his old horrors, plundering, killing, living by terror and in terror. He threatened Torgau. He attacked Plassenburg. He stirred up hornets' nests everywhere. He made himself at home the common mark for every assassin.

"Then suddenly came his nephew back, and almost immediately he grew great in favor with him. Uncle and nephew drank together. They paraded the terraces together. I was nevermore sent for save to do my duty. Otho von Reuss rode abroad at the head of the Black Horsemen.

"But at the same time, to my great joy, arrived the Little Playmate back to me. She was safer with me, she said. So that, having her, I needed naught else. She came with good news of you, making the journey not alone, for two men of the Princess's retinue brought her to the city gates."

"The Princess!" I cried. "Aye, I thought so. I judged that it was the Princess who sent her back."

Dessauer motioned with his hand. He saw that it was dangerous to throw my father off the track. And, indeed, this was proved at once, for my unfortunate interruption set my father's mind to the wandering, till finally I had to drop certain drops of the red liquid on his tongue. These, indeed, had a marvellous effect upon him. He sat up instantly, his eyes flashing the old light, and began to speak rapidly and to clear purport, even as he used to do in the old days when Duke Casimir would come striding across the yard at all hours of the night and day to consult his Justicer.

"What was I telling?" he went on. "Yes, I remember—of the home-coming of Helene under honorable escort. And she was beautiful—but all her race were beautiful—all the women of them, at any rate. But that is another matter.

"Then, as she went across the yard one day to meet me at the door of the hall as I came out, who should see her but the Count Otho von Reuss. And she turned from him like a queen and took hold of my arm, clasping it strongly. Then he looked at us both, and his look was the evil-doer's look. Oh, I know it. Who knows that look, if not I? And so we passed within. But my Helene was quivering and much afraid, nestling to me—aye, to me, old Gottfried Gottfried—like a frightened dove.

"After this she went not out into the court-yard or city, save with me by her side, and Otho von Reuss lingered about, watching like a wolf about the sheepfold. For he was in high favor with Duke Casimir, and had already equal place with him on the bed of justice.

"Then there came a night, lightning peeping and blazing, alternate blue and white—God's face and the devil's, time about, staring in at the lattice. I lay alone in my chamber. But I was not asleep. As you know, I do not often sleep. But I lay awake and thought and thought. The lightning showed me faces I had not seen for thirty years, and forms I remembered, black against eternity. But all at once, in a certain after-clap of silence that followed the roaring thunder, I heard a voice call to me.

"'My father—my father!' it cried.

"It was like a soul in danger of damnation calling God.

"I rose and went, clad as I was in the red of mine office (for that day I had done the final grace more than once). I ran down the stairs to the room of my little Helene.

"The lightning showed me my lamb crouched in the corner, her lips open, white, squared with horror; her arms extended, as though to push some monstrous thing away. A black shape only I saw bending over her. Then came blackness of darkness again. And again my Helene's voice. Ah, God, I can hear it now, calling pitifully, like a woman hanging over hell and losing hold, 'Father—my father!'

"'I am here!' I cried, loudly, even as on the scaffold I cry the doom for which the people die.

"And the room lit up with a flame, white as the face of God as he passed by on Mount Sinai, flash on continuous flash. And there before me, with a countenance like a demon's, stood Otho von Reuss!"

I uttered a hoarse cry, but Dessauer again checked me. My father went on:

"Otho von Reuss it was—he saw me in my red apparel, and cried aloud with mighty fear. If God had given me mine axe in mine hand—well, Duke or no Duke, he had cried no more. But even as he turned and fled from the room, I seized him about the waist, and opening the window with my other hand, I cast him forth. And as he went down backwards, clutching at nothing, God looked again out of the skylights of heaven, and showed me the face of the devil, as Michael saw it when he hurled him shrieking into the pit.

"Then I went back and took in my arms my one ewe lamb.

"Many days (so they brought me word) Otho lay at the point of death, and Duke Casimir came not near me nor yet sent for me. But by that very circumstance I knew Otho had not revealed how his accident had befallen. Yet he but bided his time. And as he grew well, Duke Casimir grew ill. He waxed like a ghost, and one day he came here and sat on the bed as in old times.

"'I know my friends,' he said, 'good Red Axe of mine, friend of many years. I have had mine eyes blinded, but this morning there has come a mighty clearness, and from this day forth you and I shall stand face to face and see eye to eye again.

"Then, being athirst, he asked for something to drink. Which, when our sweet Helene had brought, he patted her cheek. 'A maid for a court—one among a thousand, a fair one!' he said; and passed away down the stairs, walking with his old steady tread.

"But even at the steps of the Hall of Justice he stumbled and fell. They carried him in, and there in the robing-chamber he lay unconscious for a week, and then died without speech.

"When he was dead, and ere he had been embalmed, there arose a clamor, first among the followers of Otho von Reuss, and after that among those of the Wolfsberg, who expected that they would be favored by the new Duke. It was first whispered, and then cried aloud, that the death of Duke Casimir had been by witchcraft and potions.

"Cunningly and with subtlety was spread the report how my daughter and I had worked upon Duke Casimir; how he had gone to our house, drunken a draught, and then died ere he could come to his own chamber. But I went on my way and heeded it not. For just then the plague, which had stricken the Duke first, stalked athwart the city unchecked, and all through it this Helene of ours was as the angel of God, coming and going by night and day among the streets and lanes of the town. And the common folk worshipped her. And so do unto this day.

"Now perhaps I did not heed this babble as I ought to have done. But there came one night—how long ago I have forgotten—and a clamor in the court-yard. The Black Riders, the worst of them, fiends incarnate that Otho had of late gathered about him, thundered upon us without, and presently burst in the door.

"I met them with mine axe at the stair-head, and for the better part of an hour I kept them at a distance. And some died and some were dismembered. For I am not a man to make mistakes. Then came Otho, limping from his fall, and shot me with a bolt from behind his men. And so they took my love and left me here to die. And the new Duke will not kill me, for he desires that I shall see her agony ere my own life is taken. For that alone the fiend keeps me in life.

"And that," said my father, feebly, "is all."

But just as he seemed to ebb away a wild fear startled him.

"No," he cried, "there is yet something more. Hugo, Hugo, keep me here a little! Hold me that my mind may not wander away among the spinning-wheels and the faces mopping and mowing. I have something yet to tell."

I held him up while Dessauer poured a drop or two of the potent liquid into his mouth. As before, it instantly revived him. The color came back to his cheeks.

"Quick, Hugo, lad!" he cried, "give me that black box

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"HER LIPS OPEN, SQUARED WITH HORROR; HER ARMS EXTENDED AS THOUGH TO PUSH SOME MONSTROUS THING AWAY."

which sits behind the block." I brought it, and from this he extracted a small key, which he gave me.

"Unlock the panel you see there in the wall," he said.

I looked, but could find none.

"The oaken knob!" he cried, sharply.

I could only see a rough knob in the wood-work, a little worm eaten. But in the centre one hole a little larger than the rest.

"Put in the key!" commanded my father, making as if he would come out of bed and hasten me himself.

I thrust in the key, indeed, but with no more faith than if I had been bidden to put it into a mouse-hole.

Nevertheless, it turned easy as thinking, and a little door swung open, cunningly fitted. Here were dresses, books, parchments.

"Bring all these to me," he said.

And I brought them carefully in my arms and laid them on the bed.

The eye of old Dessauer fell on something among them, and was instantly fascinated. It was a woman's waist-belt of thick bars of gold, laid three and three, crests and letters all over it.

The Chancellor put his hand forward for it, and my father allowed him to take it, following him, however, with a questioning eye.

Then Dessauer put his hand into his bosom and drew out a chain of gold—the necklace of the woodman, indeed—and laid the two side by side. He uttered a shrill cry as he did so.

"The belt of the Princess!" he cried—"the Princess of Plassenburg!"

And laying them one above the other, each bar group read thus: "Helena of Plassenburg."

With delight on his face, like that of a mathematician when his calculations work out truly, Dessauer reached out his hand for the papers, but my father stayed him.

"Who may you be that has a chain to match mine?" he asked, with his hand on Dessauer's wrist.

"I am the State's Chancellor of Plassenburg, and it needed but this to show me our true Princess."

"Here, then," said my father, "is more and better."

And he handed him the papers.

"It meets! It meets!" cried Dessauer, enthusiastically, as he glanced them over. "It is complete. It would stand probation in the Diet of the Emperor."

"But yet that will not prevent Helene Gottfried dying at the stake!" cried my father, sadly, and fell back on his bed.

We spent this heaviest of nights at the palace of Bishop Peter—Dessauer with the prelate; I, praise to the holy pyx, in the kitchen with the serving men and maids. Peter of the Pigs was there, but no more eager to fight. The lay brother who had gone with the letter, and the conductor who had run away from the dread door of the Hall of Justice, had returned, and had spread a favorable report of our courage.

Certainly the house of Peter the Bishop might be a poor one and scantily provendered, but there was little sign of it that night. For if the master went fasting and his guests lived on pulse (as they said in Thorn), certainly not so Bishop Peter's servants.

For there were pasties of larks, with sauce of butter and herbs. There were rabbits from the sand hills, and pigeons from the towers of the minster. The clear Rhenish vied with the more generous wine of Burgundy and the red juice of Assmanhauser. For me, as was natural, I ate little. I spoke not at all. But I looked so dangerous with my swarthy face and desperate eyes, I dare say, and I was so well armed, that the roisterers left me severely alone.

But I drank—Lord, what did I not drink that night! I poured down my gullet all and sundry that was given me. And to render them their dues, there was no lack and no inhospitality. But the strange thing of it was that though I am a man more than ordinarily temperate, that night I poured the Rhenish into me like water down a cistern-pipe, and felt it not. God forgive me, I wanted to make me drunken and forgetful, and, lo! it would not bite.

So I cursed their drink, and asked if they had no Lyons Water-of-Life, stark and mordant, or indeed anything that was not mere compound of whey and dirty water. Whereat they wondered, and held me thereafter in great respect as a good companion and approven drinker.

Then they brought me of the strong spirit of Dantzig, with curious little flakes of gold dancing in it. It was raw and strong, and I had good hopes of it. But I drank the Dantzig like spring-water, all there was of it, and though it had a taste singularly displeasing to me, it had no more effect than so much warm barley-brew for the palates of babes. Upon this I had great glory. For the card-players and the dicers actually left their games to see me drink. And I sat there and expounded the Levitical law and the wheels of the Prophet Ezekiel, the law succession of the empire and also the apostolic succession, all with surprising clearness and cogency of reasoning. So that before I had finished they required of me whether it was I or my master who was sent for to dispute before the Emperor.

Then I told them that the things I knew (that is, which the Hollands had put into my head) were but the commonest chamber sweepings of my master's learning, which I had picked up as I rode at his elbow. And this bred a mighty wondering what manner of man he might be who was so wise. And I think if I had gone on, Dessauer and I might both have found ourselves in the Bishop's prison, on suspicion of being the devil and one of his ministrants.

But suddenly, as with a kind of back stroke, all that I had drunken must have come upon me. The clearness of vision went from me like a candle that is blown out. I know not what happened after, save that I found myself upon my truckle-bed, with my leathern money-pouch clasped in my hand with surprising tightness, as if I had been mortally afraid that some one would mistake my satchel for his own pocket.

So in time the morrow came, and by all rules I ought to have had a racking headache. For I saw many of those that had been with me the night before pale of countenance and eating handfuls of baker's salt. So I judged that their anxiety and the turmoil of their hearts had not burned their liquor up, as had been the case with me.

Now it is small wonder that all my soul cried out for oblivion, till I should be able to do something for the Beloved—break her prison, hasten the troops from Plassenburg, or in some way save my love.

Hardly had I looked out the main door that morning, desiring to pass away the time till the trial should begin again, before I saw the Lubber Fiend smirking and becking across the way. He had squatted himself down on the side of the street opposite, looking over at the Bishop's palace.

He pointed at me with his finger.

"Your complexion runs down!" he said. "I know you. But go to the spring there by the stable, wash your face, and I shall know you better."

This was fair perdition, and nothing less. For one may stay the tongue of a scoundrel with money, or the expectation of it, until opportunity arrived to stop it with steel or prison masonry. But who shall halter the tongue of a fool?

Then, swift as one that sees his face in a glass, I bethought me of a plan.

"See!" I said; "do you desire gold, Lubber Fiend?"

He wagged his great head and shook his cabbage-leaf ears, till they made currents in the heavy air, to signify that he loved the touch of the yellow metal.

"See, then, Lubber," said I, "you shall have ten of these now, and ten more afterwards, if you will carry a letter to the Prince at Plassenburg, or meet him on the way."

"Not possible!" said he, shaking his head sadly; "little Missie has come to Thorn."

"But," said I, "little Missie would desire it; take letter to the Prince, good Jan, then Missie will be happy."

"Would she let poor Jan Lubberchen kiss her hand, think you?" he asked, looking up at me.

"Aye," said I, "kiss her cheek, maybe."

He danced excitedly from side to side.

"Jan will run—Jan will run all the way!" he cried.

So I pulled out a scrap of parchment and wrote a hasty message to the Prince, asking him, for the love of God and us, to set every soldier in Plassenburg on the march for Thorn, and to come on ahead himself with such a flying column as he could gather. No more I added, because I knew that my good master would need no more.

Then I went down with my messenger to the Weiss Thor, and with great fear I saw the idiot pass the house of Master Gerard. Then, at the outer gate, I gave him his ten golden coins, and watched him trot away briskly on the green winding road to Plassenburg.

"Mind," he called back to me, "kiss her cheek if Jan takes letter to the Prince."

And I promised it him without wincing. For by this time lying had now no more effect upon me than dram-drinking.

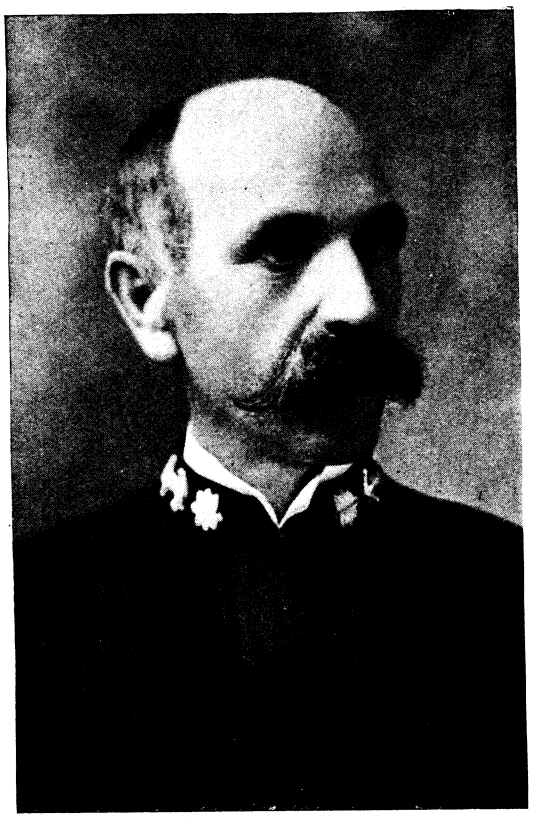
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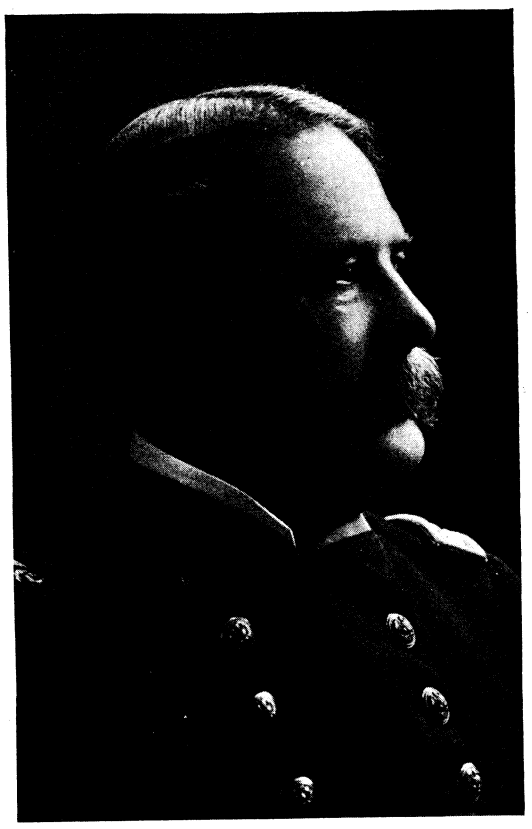
COMMANDER BENJAMIN P. LAMBERTON, U.S.N.,
Fleet Captain, Asiatic Squadron.



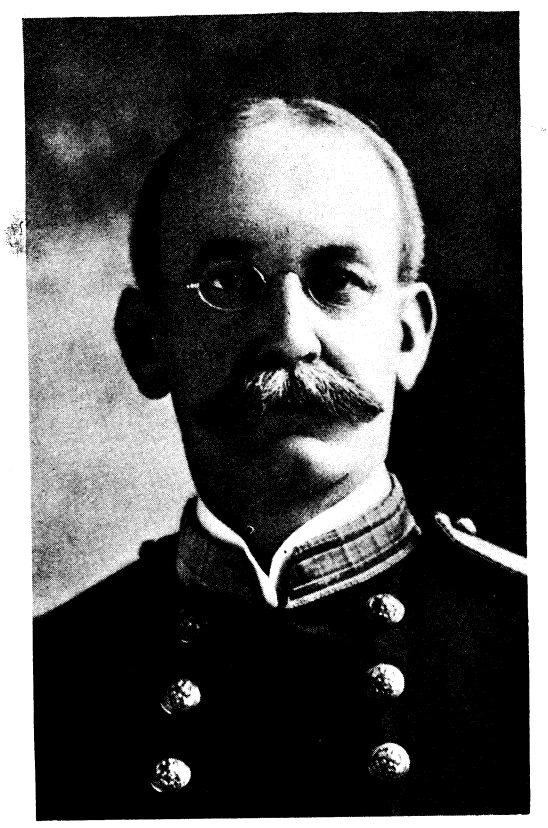
CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Olympia" (Protected Cruiser).



COMMANDER ASA WALKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Concord" (Gunboat).



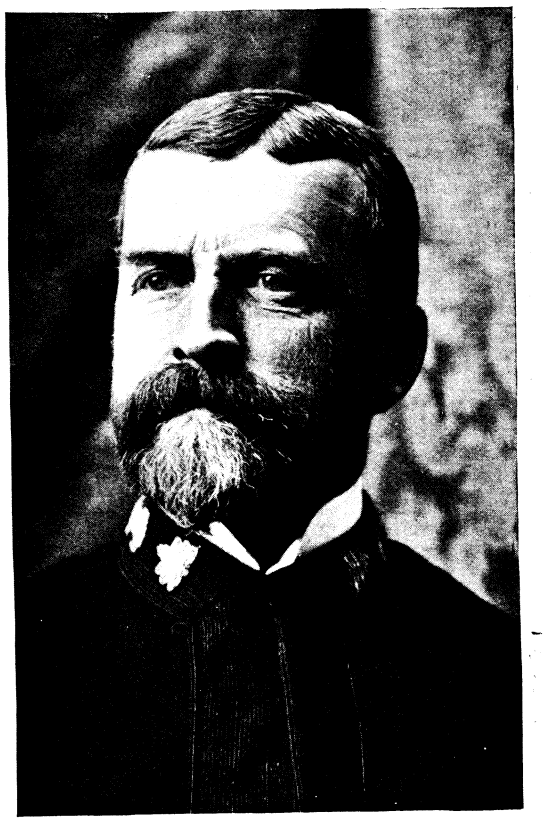
CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Oregon" (1st Class Battle-ship).



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Paul" (Auxiliary Cruiser).



CAPTAIN CHARLES S. COTTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Harvard" (Auxiliary Cruiser).

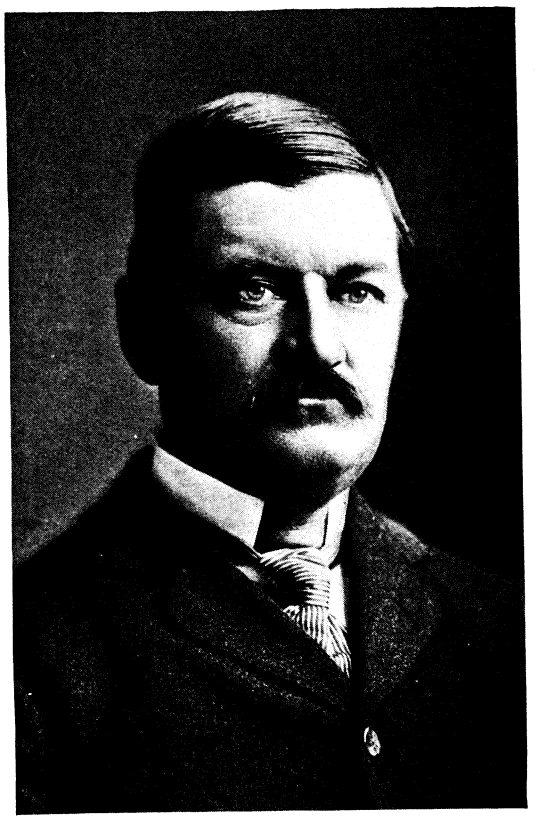


CAPTAIN CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "St. Louis" (Auxiliary Cruiser).

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COMMANDER GEORGE F. F. WILDE, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Katahdin" (Harbor-defence Ram).



LIEUT.-COM. JOHN E. PILLSBURY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Vesuvius" (Dynamite-Gun Vessel).

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FRANCIS DAY

READY FOR BATTLE.

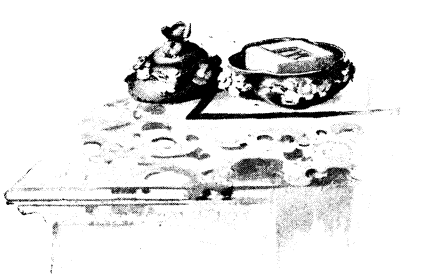
An Ivory Soap bath gives a sensation of increased vitality; a longing for activity and for exercise of the faculties; it is a fitting preparation for any battle of life.

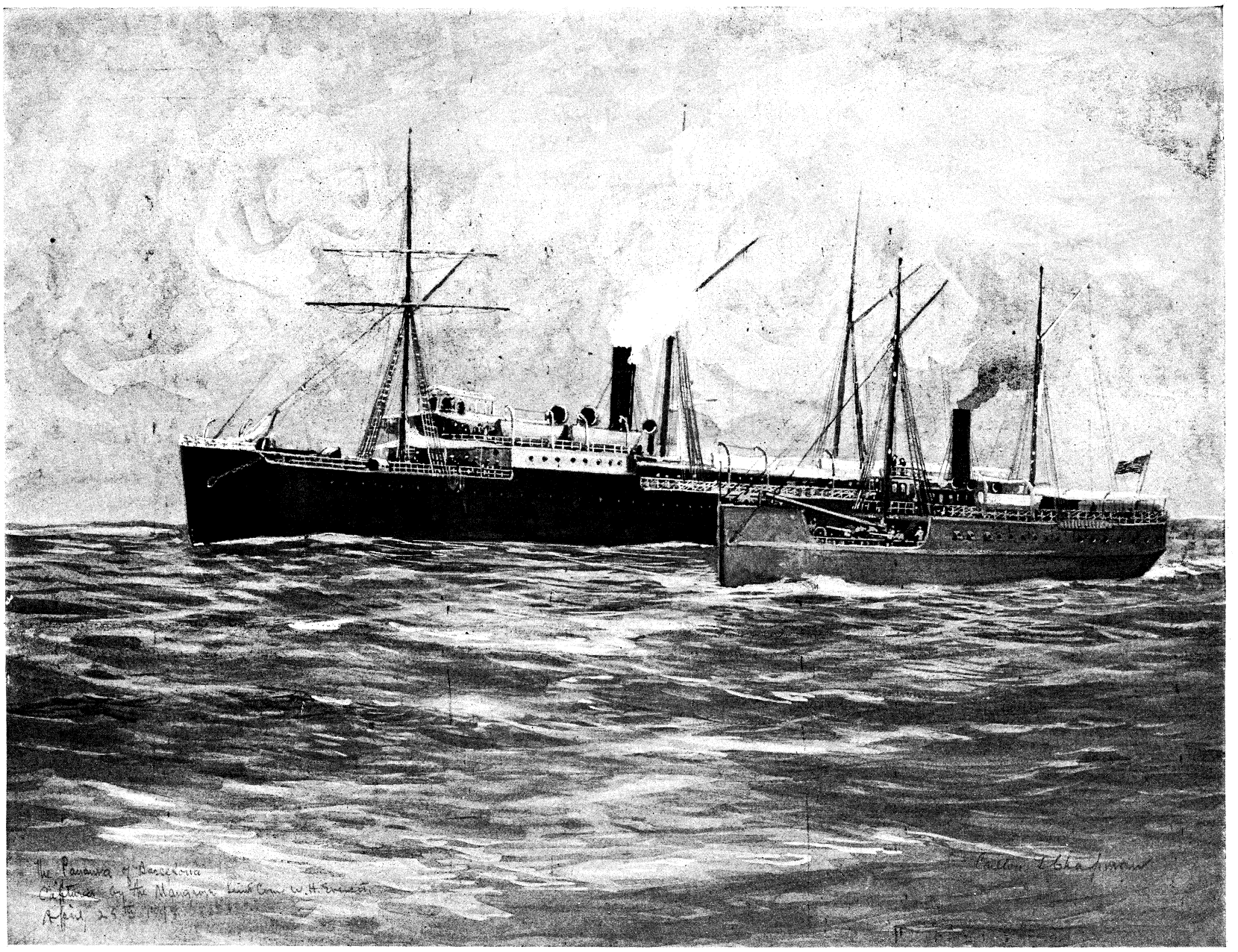
Every ingredient of Ivory Soap is sweet, clean and pure. No better materials go into the most expensive toilet soaps, and no soap is so pleasant to use; it has a rich creamy lather that is soothing to the skin as well as cleansing.

IT FLOATS.

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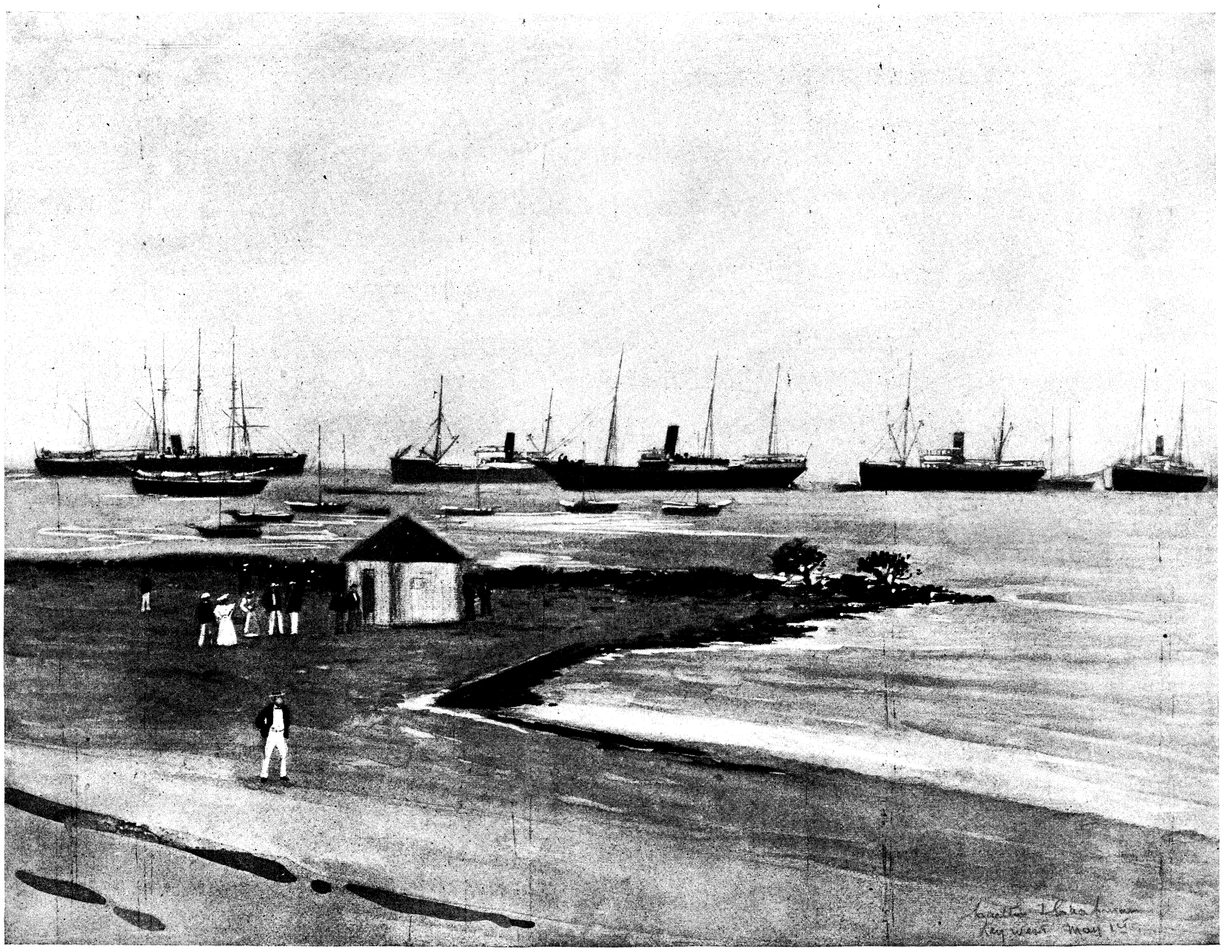
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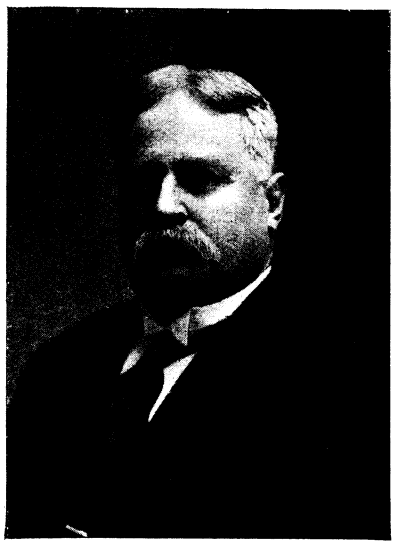
THE "MANGROVE" AND THE "PANAMA."

The little converted Light-House-Tender with which Lieut.-Com. W. H. Everett, U.S.N., captured the big Barcelona Liner.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]

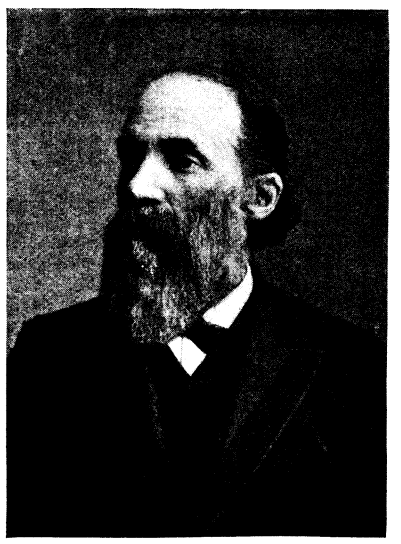


CAPTURED SPANISH VESSELS AT ANCHOR IN MAN-OF-WAR HARBOR, KEY WEST—VIEW FROM THE ESPLANADE NEAR THE U. S. ARMY BARRACKS.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with the Blockading Fleet.—[See Page 478.]



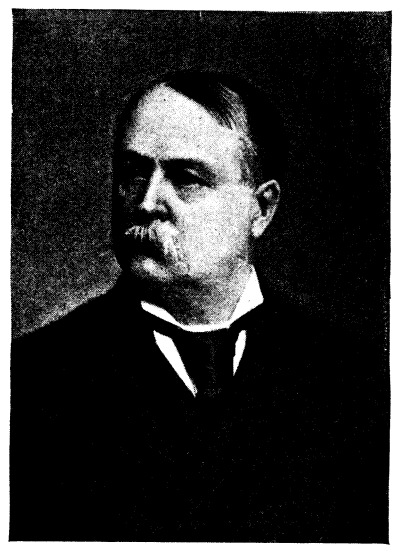
FITZHUGH LEE, OF VIRGINIA.



CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.



JAMES H. WILSON, OF DELAWARE.



U. S. SENATOR WILLIAM J. SEWELL, OF NEW JERSEY.

FOUR NEW MAJOR-GENERALS APPOINTED FROM CIVIL LIFE.—[See Page 478.]

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

(*Continued from page 459.*)

them early in the morning you will witness some of the cleverest work, in all three branches of the service, that you have yet seen, even though you have watched the infantry and cavalry of Germany and the artillery of France. My observations come with added interest to me, who have but just returned from the Continent with a previous idea based merely on what I had heard that our regulars were inferior to those of England, France, or Germany, in mere matter of drill and general tactical efficiency. I have been most delightfully surprised by what I have seen here as compared with what I saw on the Continent. Uncle Sam's soldiers at Tampa are equipped for business, and there is no comparison therefore between them as a spectacle of burnished accoutrements and the Continental soldiers whom I saw in exhibition drilling. But for alertness—for dash, speed, and accuracy in action—these United States troops seem to me to excel anything I have ever seen in that line. Alertness and dash, indeed, are their characteristic and, especially as compared with France and Germany, distinguishing features.

Between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon there is no drilling, and the soldiers are kept in camp, out of the sun and the manifold temptations of the town. After four there is more marching and drilling and inspection, while the regimental bands put martial spirit into the on-lookers, and the drum-major seems to be the most important individual in sight. The infantry are camped in one of those sandy stretches of scattered piny woods so plentiful throughout the South; the artillery and cavalry have the sand without the pines, though their location on the bay of Tampa gives them cooler nights. No place anywhere around Tampa is other than hot at night, not to mention the day.

A visit to these camps is a never-to-be-forgotten object-lesson in the business of war—which means the mere transportation of men, animals, fodder, the provision of rations, wood, water, etc. We are so prone to rattle off figures without appreciation of their meaning. There are in the infantry camp about 6500 men, and I am convinced that the average layman, viewing the spread of tents, the freighting outfits, and the stacks of fodder and provisions, would set down the number at not less than 15,000. So also the 1400 artillery and cavalry, whose camps adjoin, seem at least four or five times as many.

When the energy and money expended within the last few weeks to mobilize these men, and the further fact that it will take a fleet of about a dozen steamers, such as *Olivette*, to transport them to Cuba, are considered, some idea may be gleaned of what it means to move troops.

If the remaining six of the proposed fleet of ten transports were at Port Tampa, the army of invasion, or pacification, or whatever it may be called, could set sail within two days. There is an inlet twenty-two feet deep at Port Tampa, and long enough to accommodate certainly six to eight ships at a time, so that the actual loading would occupy comparatively little time. But only one at a time can coal and water. One would suppose that pending the arrival of the other transports those now here would be coaled and watered. But they float at anchor as unconcernedly as though laid up for the season. The balance of the fleet is reported due to-morrow, and perhaps we shall then see some activity in this direction. Everything else here is ready, and the troops and cattle are rationed up to June. There seems to have been much ostensible haste in the mobilization of this little army, but great leisure in the consummation of complementary details.

Two or three days ago the absorbing topic was where we are to land on Cuba; to-day all speculation is centred on when we are to start. It is idle to dwell on the subject here. New-Yorkers get more intelligence out of their morning papers than any correspondent from Tampa can give them while this masterly inactivity of the army continues. This campaign is being manipulated from Washington. It is fair to presume that General Shafter, who is in command here, has been taken into the confidence of the administration; but if so he guards the secret closely, for the officers here are as much in the dark concerning the immediate future as even the war-correspondents.

A handful of Cubans on a tug left Key West several days ago to make a landing and reach Gomez. About two hundred assorted sizes of Cubans, with two rifles among them, came up yesterday from Key West to join a Cuban regiment that is organizing here. Its departure is a standing announcement in the local morning paper. Some more Cuban patriots came down from New York two days ago, and they too are yet here.

It is a great thing for the shops and hotels of Tampa—this halting war policy.

There can be no conjecture on the fact that the administration's policy is a waiting one. President McKinley and General Miles too, if what I am told on good authority is correct, are disinclined to put troops into Cuba if Spain can be conquered without doing so. Evidently it is believed the war can be closed without the aid of the army, and if Spain's fleet is really heading for Cuban waters, or waters within reach of our ships, there will come a speedy end to hostilities. Such a defeat in Western waters as Spain received off Manila would probably be followed by the capitulation of Havana. That is obviously the opinion of the administration and of many others less competent to judge. On the other hand, I have talked with well-posted men who are recently from Cuba and familiar with the situation, and they affirm that Blanco will make as desperate a resistance as he can in order to achieve at least some personal glory out of an inglorious war. Certainly the Spanish troops will be between the devil and the deep sea, preferring to be killed fighting than to be shot (as they suppose they will be) when taken prisoners by us.

There is a continuous and strong tendency on the part of the press to underestimate the Spanish forces in Cuba. From all I can learn, after painstaking inquiry, there seems, on a conservative rating, to be upwards of 175,000, of whom 70,000 are regulars, 40,000 conscript men, who have served several years, and the balance volunteers. Some place these figures much higher. But the army is said to be poorly organized, underfed, and ill equipped for rapid mobilization or quick movement from one part of the island to another.

When we do land in Cuba undoubtedly these facts will be considered, and a point chosen accordingly. That is one reason why Matanzas has been viewed by so many as the prospective landing-point of the American force. The harbor is so situated as to facilitate co-operation between our troops and fleet, and equally important is the further fact that the town is quite a railroad centre, by holding which we could cut off communication between the Spanish troops in Havana and those to the east. Furthermore, Gomez is said to now be in the extreme western part of Puerto Principe and marching towards Matanzas, so that he could be relied upon to harass what Spanish forces there are remaining in the province of Santa Clara. Practically all of Spain's strength is in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, and a foothold once gained in the latter province, although likely to lead to some lively fighting, will unquestionably give us such strength of position as, with the aid of our navy, will make a short road to Havana.

It is hardly likely there will be any movement of the invading army until the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet are learned, and, if in these waters, fought to a standstill.

The heartfelt wish of this community is that the fleet may be speedily sighted. CASPAR WHITNEY.



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON, Commanding Spanish Naval Forces in the Philippines.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, who will go into history as author and executant of the first great stroke of the war with Spain, was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26, 1837. He came of the best New England stock, his father being Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, one of the first authorities on life-insurance in his day, and a man held in high esteem in the business community. At the age of seventeen, after a preparatory course in the Northfield Military School, young Dewey was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, in the class which was graduated in 1858. A practice cruise on the *Wabash* followed, and he was resting at home when the civil war broke out. At once he was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the *Mississippi*, a seventeen-gun steam-sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melanchthon Smith. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squadron, early in 1862, forced a passage up the Mississippi River ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillery in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the *Mississippi*, in the middle of the night, opposite Port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her, and make their way as best they could to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded. One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night for the whitewashing of the decks. The gunners were thus able to see to do their work, for until the ship was fired all lights were forbidden, the plan being to slip past the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence is of special interest now in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbor at Manila in the darkness a fortnight ago.

Other notable engagements in which Dewey figured during the civil war were at Donaldsonville in 1863, where he was on one of the gunboats, and at Fort Fisher in the winter of 1864–5, as an officer of the *Agawam*. Receiving his commission as Lieutenant-Commander in March, 1865, he served for two years on the *Kearsarge* and the *Colorado*, and was then attached to the Naval Academy for two years more. In 1870 he was given command of the *Narragansett*, and during his five years' charge of her rose to be a Commander. He was then attached to the Light-house Board, and in 1882 took his next sea duty in command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron. On reaching his Captaincy in 1884 he took charge of the *Dolphin*, one of the first vessels of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888 he commanded the *Pensacola*, then flag-ship of the European squadron; and this service was followed by a shore duty of considerable length, in the course of which he served first as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterward on the Light-house Board for the second time. Two years ago he was promoted to be a Commodore, and made head of the inspection board; and at the beginning of the present year he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and the chance to distinguish himself which he has so brilliantly improved.

Commodore Dewey's wife, who was a Miss Goodwin, daughter of the war Governor of New Hampshire, died in 1875. Their one son, George Goodwin Dewey, is in business in New York. The Commodore enjoys the unusual honor of having had a town named for him before he became in any wise famous. As a young man he was sent to Ohio to select a site for a stave-manufacturing plant, in which a relative was interested, and the place he chose was christened Deweyville.

CHICKAMAUGA.

FROM the tiny stream that runs along the base of the camp a low hill rises in a series of natural terraces to the fringe of low trees on the summit, and on these terraces sit officers and men, according to rank. From the kitchen-tent at the bottom the white tepees of the privates and their tethered horses—camped in columns of troops—stretch up the hill, and highest up is the tent of the sergeant. On the first terrace above and flanking the columns are the old army tents of company officer and subaltern, and the guidons fluttering in line, each captain with his lieutenants at the head of a company street. Behind and on the second terrace camp the majors—three—each facing the centre of his squadron. And highest up on top of the hill, and facing, theoretically, the centre of the regiment, the slate-colored tent of the colonel commands the camp. To his right, the lieutenant-colonel; to his left, the adjutant, the acting quartermaster, the surgeons—senior and junior—and, last on the line, the civilian. Such is the camp of the Third Regiment of the United States army at Chickamauga. And to that regiment—from the cook over his Buzzacot oven at the bottom, to the colonel under his tent-fly on top of the hill—one serious little word, that the civilian caught from the army's tongue: "How?"

A blast from a bugle at the break of dawn, and the civilian started up from his cot and lay down again. The air was chilly, the ground under him was wet with dew, and the flaps of his tent were yellow with the rising sun. That blast was for the private at the foot of the hill. The superiors above slept on; and being attached temporarily to the same, I, too, slept on—but not for long. A dozen trumpets suddenly rang out an emphatic complaint:

I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up!
I can't git 'em up in the morning.
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up at all!
The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
The sergeant's worse than lieutenant,
And the captain's the worst of all!

This is as high up, apparently, as the private dares go, unless he considers the iniquity of the colonel quite beyond the range of a bugle; but the pathetic appeal was too much for a civilian, who was already a trifle uneasy as to just where—in the midst of salutes, rank distinctions, rigid ceremony, and other pomp and circumstance of war—he stood; so I got up, stepping from a nice cold foot-bath of fragrant dew to a dapple-gray wash-basin that stood on three wooden stakes outside. Just then the trumpet again:

Go to the stable,
All ye that are able,
And give your horses some corn.
For if you don't do it,
The captain will know it,
And give you the devil,
As sure as you're born!

The flaps of the quartermaster's tent alone were open; he had gone off at three o'clock that morning to get the Ninth Cavalry—the "black war-cloud"—off to Tampa; so I made for the foot of the hill to see the first stir of the camp.

It must have been a joy to Mr. Berg to go through a camp of cavalry, for in that camp there is no sterner law than horse ever first and master afterwards. Each horse had his nose in a mouth-bag and was munching corn, while a trooper affectionately curried him from tip of ear to tip of tail. Man and horse were in perfect condition, and the camp was as clean as a Dutch kitchen.

"I suppose you've got the best colonel in the army?" I said to the old sergeant, having learned that the colonel of each regiment, like the captain of each company, was always the best.

"Yes, sir," he said, quickly, and with perfect seriousness. "We have, sir." The sergeant had a kind face, a kind voice, a keen blue eye, and his name was Murphy; he was a Kentuckian, a sharp-shooter; he had seen twenty-seven years of service, and is known throughout the regiment as "the Governor." The sergeant's ambition was to become sergeant of ordnance; he passed his examination finally, but he was then a little too old. That almost broke his heart.

It was mess-call now:

Soupy, soupy, soupy—
Without any beans!
An' coffee, coffee, coffee—
The meanest ever seen!

Only the coffee was very good. That day the soldiers were to have "slum." Sometimes they get hardtack fried in bacon grease, and they give it a name that means slaughter if applied to a man.

"An' I've got the best captain, too, sir," said the old sergeant, as I turned away.

And everywhere I found an unfaltering loyalty, running up from the ranks and concentrating on the colonel, that must mean a telling *esprit de corps* for discipline in camp and fighting power in the field.

Colonel and staff were making matutinal ablutions in the full glory of the risen sun when I got back to headquarters, and when we went into the mess-tent for breakfast the trumpeter was calling the sick—who in the field are really sick, who in post and garrison are often merely weary:

Come and git your quinine,
Quinine, quinine, quinine!
Come and git your quinine,
And your pills!

Soon martial music came crashing across the hollow from the camp on the next low hill, followed by cheers, which ran along the road, and were swollen into a mighty shouting when taken up by the camp at the foot of the hill. The "black war-cloud" was rising, and through the smoke and mist the column moved into sight, headed by a mounted band.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys are marching!

Along the brow of the hill and but faintly seen through the haze came the Nubians, with guidons fluttering along the column, and a train of big ghostly army wagons behind. The musicians of the Third started up with a rousing march, when the mounted band stopped, and the cheers passed after the marching troopers through the park.

"I must stop those yahoos of mine," said the colonel, mildly.

There was no mounted drill when the hour for "boots and saddles" came. It was the last day of the month, and muster-day for the regiments, attended with a review and a rare ceremony for the ever-scattered troops of a regiment—the "escort to the standard."

There had been no escort to the standard of the Third since '61—the last time the various troops were together—and the colonel said that never in his life had he seen the ceremony. He courteously asked the civilian to go with his staff. The civilian in innocence agreed, and a few minutes later a black war-horse stood at his tent. The orderly called him Nigger, and cautioned me not to pull him hard, for when pulled Nigger had the playful habit of rearing and falling over backward. As a captain of cavalry had had his leg broken the day before in just that way, this was not cheering news. Before the colonel's tent stood the horses of the staff, around the colonel's big, handsome, coffee-colored hunter, rich in trappings of much splendor. On the earth the colonel stands heavy, but in the saddle he is a feather-weight, and he made a brave picture as he rode away from the woods with three or four superb horsemen in his rear. At the edge of the drill-ground we were joined by a young English officer of the 14th Royal Artillery in a picturesque uniform. With his short stirrups and hunter's seat, he was a marked contrast to the subalterns at his side, who stood straight from their stirrups. Across the long drill-ground stood the regiment, and from it Captain Hardee, the "riding captain" of the Fourth Troop of the Second Squadron, was directed to fall out, move by rear of the regiment, and receive the standard and escort it to its

(*Continued on page 478.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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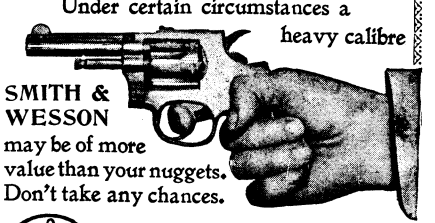
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$1.25 grade for 75c.
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360 yards guipure-lace Taffetas; a new stripe for evening dresses; 6 colors.

$1.25 grade for 80c.
1200 yards chameleon Pekin Taffetas, with canale of satin dividing; 6 colors.

$1.10 grade for 85c.
3780 yards ombre check Taffetas; 18 new colorings.

$1.15 grade for 85c.
600 yards ombre check Taffetas; raised dots of satin sprinkled over; 7 colors.

$1.35 grade for 85c.
510 yards barre Pekin Plisse, in evening tints; also in black.

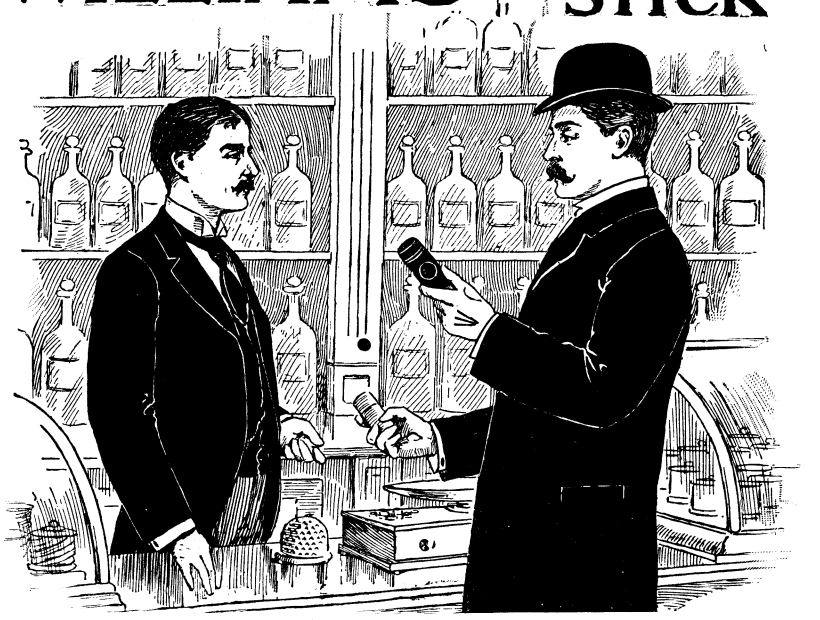
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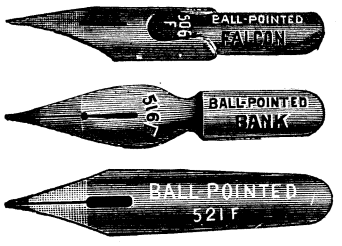
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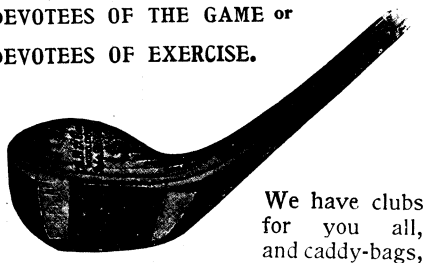
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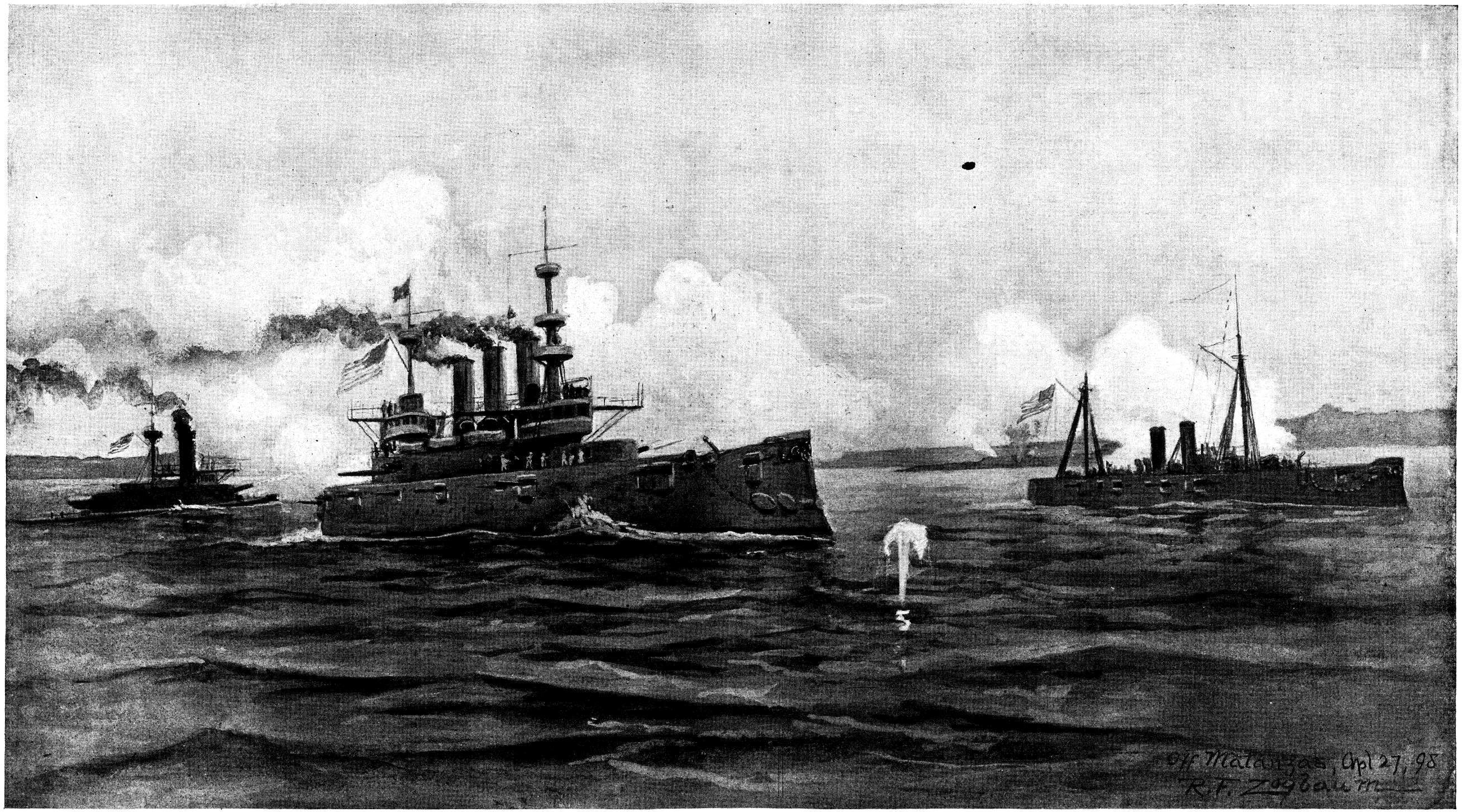
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THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BATTERIES OFF MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

DRAWN BY RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," ON BOARD FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."

(*Continued from page 475.*)

position in line. In column of platoons the troop wheeled prettily around. A gleam of sabres acknowledged the honor of presentation to the standard, and the line wheeled and escorted the color-guard to the centre of the regiment. Then came the review, and the colonel's staff dashed to the centre of the field. Meanwhile Nigger's war blood was rising. He could go forward, backward, and sidewise with equal ease and about the same speed, and he wanted his accomplishments known. As the civilian had no spurs to check his backward course, and knew no checkmate to his side shuffle, Nigger went those gaits when he pleased; and instead of being with the colonel on inspection of the regiment, the civilian found himself occasionally on exhibition before the same.

It was a brave sight, that flash of sabres along the long length of the drill-field, like one leaping horizontal flame. Then the regiment, led by the stern lieutenant-colonel, who has the best seat I saw at Chickamauga, moved past the staff at a walk and then at a trot, and drew up a solid mass of silent living statues. The little Englishman grew enthusiastic. "I would like to see them in action," he said. "They would go through the Spaniards like a dose of salts."

Just then the colonel's spurs glistened; the coffee-colored horse sprang into a swift gallop to the head of the regiment, and the colonel wound in and out of the columns of troops. After which came the closer inspection of side-arms; and then the roll was called to know the men who could draw a month's pay from Uncle Sam, and the muster was done.

In the afternoon there was a baseball game between the famous club of the Twelfth Infantry and the club of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. It was a stormy crowd of whites and blacks, and a stormy game; but the whites won with the greatest ease. After the game I walked through the camp with the colonel. The men were big fellows, and some of them splendidly made, and the invariable testimony of the officers is that they make good soldiers. As cavalrymen they are apt to be heavy-handed and to lounge in their saddles, which on long marches makes sore backs.

"I got completely tired of answering one question coming down here," said the colonel—"'Will they fight?' and finally, at Nashville, I called up a big six-feet-two sergeant, who is a very intelligent fellow, and I got the civilian to ask him the question that he had asked me. The sergeant drew himself up to his full height. 'Sir,' he said, 'I refer you to the history of the late war;' and he said no more. In that war they led a forlorn hope, at Nashville" (I think); "they lost their officers in one charge against a battery, were forced back, rallied and charged up the hill without officers, and took the position. I know of no other similar instance in the war. General Grant said that if at Petersburg the negro troops had been properly supported he would have marched to Richmond. Nor is it true that harsh talk and harsh means are necessary to properly discipline them. I find them sensitive to kindness and appreciative of good and just treatment. As to their fighting qualities, I believe that in the Indian troubles they fought as bravely as the whites, did as gallant things, and were even less considerate of their lives. The trouble is going to be to restrain them when their blood is up."

Apparently this may be true.

"I want to see a heart beat," said one small, black, savage private. "I've always wanted to see a heart beat, and the fust Spaniard I ketch I'm going to cut him open and look at his heart beat."

The members of the Ninth, the "black war-cloud" (and, by-the-way, the officers of that regiment modestly disclaim this title), were keen to get to Cuba. The negro regiments left at Chickamauga are chafing to start; and it is odd, but they seem to think that the colored regiments of the army alone can drive the Spaniards from the island.

It was guard-mount when I got back to the camp of the Third. Out marched the band in full uniform and the corps of trumpeters. Out came the relief guard, and out marched the adjutant from his tent on the hill. It is not often that the regimental band has the opportunity to play other music than a march, and while the guns flash during inspection there is always a slow tune of pathos that must be greatly responsible for the hold that the ceremony has on the hearts of soldier and civilian. There is no band in the camp that is superior to the Third, and certainly no chief trumpeter who, in lieu of the drum-major, can swing his naked sabre with more dash and vim, while the band performs a few evolutions before it sinks into silence, and, as the relief guard marches toward the woods, withdraws for the night. The sun sinks rapidly now. The dusk falls, and the pines begin the dirge of the many dead who died under them five-and-thirty years ago. They have a new and ominous chant now—a chant of premonition for those who may die, for the gallant soldiers who are eager to show that the heroic mould in which their sires were cast is still casting the sons to-day. Now from the darkness glow camp fires far and wide over the battle-field.

Around the little fire on the hill sits the colonel, with his fine, kind Irish face, Irish eye, and Irish wit of tongue. Near him the stern old Indian-fighter Chaffee, with strong brow, deep eyes, long jaw, firm mouth, strong chin; the adjutant, a kindly, courteous Southerner; and the acting quartermaster, a superb specimen of Kentucky manhood. The two colonels are telling war stories, while the rest listen. Every now and then a horse looms from the darkness, and a visiting officer swings into the light. Then comes tattoo, and finally, far, far away, a trumpet is sounding "taps," then another, and another, and another still. At last, when all is quiet, taps rises once more out of the darkness somewhere to the left. This last trumpeter is an artist, and he knows his theme, and he knows his power. The rest have simply given a command:

"Lights out!"

Lights out of the soldier's camp, they say. Lights out of the soldier's life, says this one, sadly; and out of his life just now, perhaps, something as dear as life itself:

"Love, good-night."

It is a dirge that leads the dead soldier to his grave. But after "taps" is sounded over him, it is always a stirring march that leads his fellows back to camp. And so, from the colonel on top of the hill back to the trooper at the bottom—from the civilian to the Third, once more, and with good-luck ever,

"How?"

John Fox, Jr.

KEY WEST.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

May 2.

Around the fair Cuban coast is drawn the stern cordon of blockade; all day in sight of town and city or cruising far out at sea, ever watchful and ready, are the lead-colored ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. Rolling in the heavy swell when the north wind whips the strong Gulf current, or drifting slowly in the white heat of still tropic days, or lost in the gloom of night, they are as constantly present. The stroke of the engine-room gong will send them forging ahead in an instant for the suspicious light, or trailing smoke of passing steamer, or fleck of distant sail on far horizon. To officers and men this is a wearying task, taxing strength and tiring the watchful eye. The hail of the lookout and prospect of sharp work would be welcomed with joy. And things have happened during the week that are worth telling about, and one that brings a smile of calm amusement to our officer's face is the tale of how the *Mangrove* captured the *Panama* of Barcelona richly laden for Havana, and known since last Wednesday to be *en route* from New York. Armed and equipped, and with speed sufficient to run away from more than one of her foes, "some torpedo fellow will get her," no doubt; but the race was not to the swift in this case. On Monday afternoon about 5.30 o'clock the innocent-looking and comfortable light-house-tender, converted into a man-of-war by mounting two 6-pounder guns on her forward deck, her big derrick boom in its usual place, and the big hoisting machine that was not meant for hoisting Spanish ships out of water, but at least looked dangerous to our Spanish captain, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Everett, pacing the deck of his improvised fighter, discovered the approaching *Panama*, and chased after her, and might be chasing her yet but for the sharp ring of his 6-pounder gun that sent a solid shot after the fleeing ship, and then two more, aimed to be sufficiently near to be heard but not felt. Getting near enough by this time, Lieutenant-Commander Everett hailed the *Panama*, and informed her captain that if he did not stop, the next shot would be through his ship, and not over it. How that was translated we don't know, but it had the desired effect, and her engines were promptly reversed. There was a big crew and a lot of passengers on the *Panama*, and also two 14-pounder guns mounted amidships, and a machine-gun on the bridge, all of which her captors noted.

The crew of the *Mangrove* all told amounted to thirty-five men, and there was but one pistol on board, and no other small-arms except officers' swords. So Ensign Dayton buckled his bravely on, borrowed the pistol, and with a couple of sailors climbed up the black sides of the prize and took possession. Both ships then moved off in search of the *Indiana*, from whom Commander Everett purposed borrowing a prize crew, for he had no men to spare, and if his prize took a notion, she might try to get away from so small a force. So the guns were kept pointed at her, and after a while the *Indiana* was found, and a prize crew furnished for the *Panama*, while the Jackies grinned with joy at the discomfited Spaniard. After reporting to the flag-ship, Commander Everett convoyed his capture into Key West.

Paymaster Simpson had a lively experience in bringing the schooner *Tres Hermanas*, with eighty tons of sugar, into port. She was captured Tuesday, off Cardenas, her crew taken off, with the exception of her Captain, who made himself very useful as cook. Paymaster Simpson, with three sailors as prize crew, took charge of the *Tres Hermanas*, and made sail for Key West. On Wednesday they struck a gale of wind with heavy head-seas, and for four days had plenty to do keeping the little schooner afloat. They finally brought her in safe on Saturday.

On Wednesday at 3 A.M. the *Terror* again made a capture, this time the fine steamer *Guido*, from Corunna, Spain, to Havana, with 750 tons of canned provisions. The *Terror* was about seven miles off Cardenas when the *Guido* came along with her lights out, and running away as fast as possible from the *Machias*, which had first discovered her. Two shots were fired at her, and she refused to stop, when a 6-pounder was aimed for her bridge, and struck fair, knocking out her standard compass and injuring the man at the wheel. This stopped the *Guido*, and Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough and Carpenter Williard, with four marines and three sailors, took her in charge and navigated her to Key West, where she was anchored in Man-of-War Harbor. On Thursday night the injured sailor was taken to the hospital and cared for.

The *Ambrosio A. Bolivar*, with about $70,000 in silver on board, was also captured by the *Terror* and brought to Key West. The silver was hidden, and came to light in looking over the ship's cargo; it is mostly in small coin.

On Friday afternoon the *New York*, accompanied by the torpedo-boats *Porter* and *Ericsson*, left the Havana station and went off Mariel, twenty-four miles west of Havana, where the *Castine* is keeping guard over two small Spanish gunboats. There was an intention of bombarding the place, but we were disappointed, as nothing occurred, and the *New York* and torpedo-boats went on as far as Cabañas, off which place we arrived about six o'clock. The *New York* a little in advance, with the two torpedo-boats lying near, was fired on by a coast-guard of cavalry. The shots did no harm, however, and were answered in a minute by a puff of pink smoke from the *New York's* port battery, followed in quick succession by twelve shots from her 4-inch guns, when the cavalry disappeared, but came back again as the *New York* moved off, when she again opened fire with an 8-inch gun, the last two shots being aimed by Captain Chadwick himself, and all struck fairly in the midst of the troopers, the last shot sending a group of them flying in seventeen directions. It was nearly dark by this time, and the ships then turned back for Havana.

The *Panther*, with 700 marines on board, arrived on Saturday, all in good order. On Sunday the *Vicksburg* and *Wasp* arrived, having been well shaken up in the rough weather outside, and the *Vicksburg* losing a man overboard. The *New York*, *Indiana*, *Iowa*, *Detroit*, and the Monitors *Puritan* and *Amphitrite* are off the port for coal and fresh provisions, and when they move out again the cry and hope is "on to Havana." The navy to a man is ready and impatient, and only waits the order to open the second chapter in this war of expulsion.

Carlton T. Chapman.

MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE VOLUNTEER ARMY.

In the appointment of officers for our new volunteer army four major-generals were taken from civil life, but three of them are graduates from the West Point Military Academy, and all have won distinction in military service. It is a noteworthy circumstance that in the civil war, which is separated from the present time by a full generation, two of them were prominent officers in the army of the Confederacy which was trying to destroy the Union, and the other two served with equal zeal and little less prominence among the defenders of the Union. The appointments may be regarded as one of the evidences of a complete reunion between North and South.

The new major-general whose name is most familiar is Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, late Consul-General at Havana. He belongs to a distinguished family, being a great-grandson of General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, and a nephew of Robert E. Lee, the most conspicuous military figure of the "Confederate States." His father, Sydney Smith Lee, served thirty years in the United States navy. The present General was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia, November 19, 1835, and entered the Military Academy at West Point before he was seventeen years of age, being graduated in 1856. When the war broke out he "went with his State," and resigned from the army to take service in the Confederacy. He was first Adjutant-General on the staff of General Ewell, but in September, 1861, was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. He was soon promoted to be Colonel, and became a Brigadier-General in July, 1862, and Major-General in September, 1863. In the battle of Winchester, in September, 1864, he had three horses shot under him and received a severe wound, which disabled him for several months. In March, 1865, he was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and had occasion a month later to surrender to General Meade. General Lee was under thirty years of age when the war closed, and was among the first to accept the result with cheerfulness and good faith. He delivered a patriotic address at the Bunker Hill celebration in 1874, which attracted wide attention. He afterwards served in Congress, and in 1885 was elected Governor of Virginia, and became an exceptionally popular chief magistrate. He was appointed Consul-General at Havana by President Cleveland, and was retained by the present administration in consequence of his able, zealous, and discreet service at that difficult post until impending hostilities with Spain led to its abandonment.

General Joseph Wheeler was another of the dashing cavalry officers of the Confederacy. He was born at Augusta, Georgia, and was graduated at West Point in 1859. He resigned to enter the Confederate service, and was at once made Colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, serving in the Southwest. He commanded a brigade at Shiloh, but in July, 1862, was transferred to the cavalry and placed in command under General Braxton Bragg in the Kentucky campaign of that year. He had charge of the cavalry in a persistent contest against the advance of Rosecrans. He became a Major-General near the beginning of 1863, and commanded the Confederate cavalry at Chickamauga, and afterwards captured the national line of communication in the rear of Rosecrans, doing much damage in the raid. He was the most active and energetic of the commanders fighting Sherman's advance through the South, and made a vigorous effort to destroy his communications. Failing in this, he undertook the defence of Savannah, and tried desperately to check Sherman's triumphant progress. He was promoted to Lieutenant-General in February, 1865, and was in command of the cavalry under Joseph E. Johnston at the time of the surrender. After the war he engaged in cotton-planting in Alabama, and also became a lawyer, and has served several times in Congress, being still a member.

General James H. Wilson was born at Shawneetown, Illinois, September 2, 1837, and was graduated at West Point in 1860, and assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. He took part in the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, and, as aide-de-camp of General McClellan, was present at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers in November, 1862, and as Chief Topographical Engineer and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee took an active part in the siege of Vicksburg. In 1863 he became Captain of Engineers and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was engaged in the operations about Chattanooga. In 1864 he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and had command of a cavalry division under Sheridan during the Shenandoah campaign. Later in the year he was placed in command of a cavalry corps in the Department of the Mississippi, where he effectively supported Generals Thomas and Sherman, and especially the latter on his famous march of destruction and occupation toward the sea. It was a part of his force that captured Jefferson Davis. Wilson was a Major-General of Volunteers at the end of the war, and received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. He left the army in 1870, and has since been engaged in railroad and engineering operations.

Major-General William J. Sewell, of the volunteer army, is the well-known Senator and political leader of New Jersey, where he has long been prominent in railroad and other business enterprises, as well as in politics. He was born in Ireland, December 6, 1835, but came to the United States, an orphan, in 1851. He was engaged in business in Chicago when the war broke out, but happening to be in the East at the time, he took service as Captain in a New Jersey regiment. He became a Colonel in October, 1862, and General Mott being wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, he commanded the brigade, and was himself wounded while leading a brilliant charge. He was also wounded at Gettysburg, and served bravely on various battle-fields. He was made a Brevet Major-General at the end of the war, for his gallant and meritorious services. He settled at Camden, New Jersey, and served a number of years in the New Jersey Legislature, being President of its Senate during three sessions. He has been a delegate in every Republican National Convention since 1876, and has served long on the National Committee of the party. He is a United States Senator for the second time.

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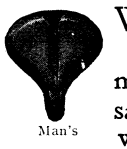
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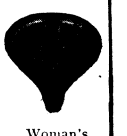
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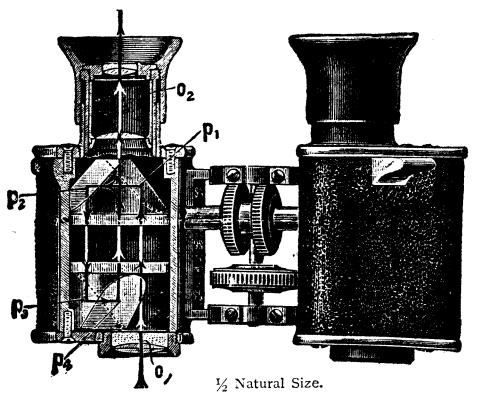
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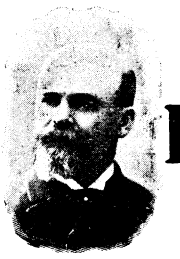
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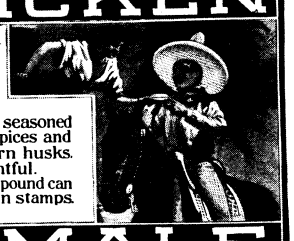
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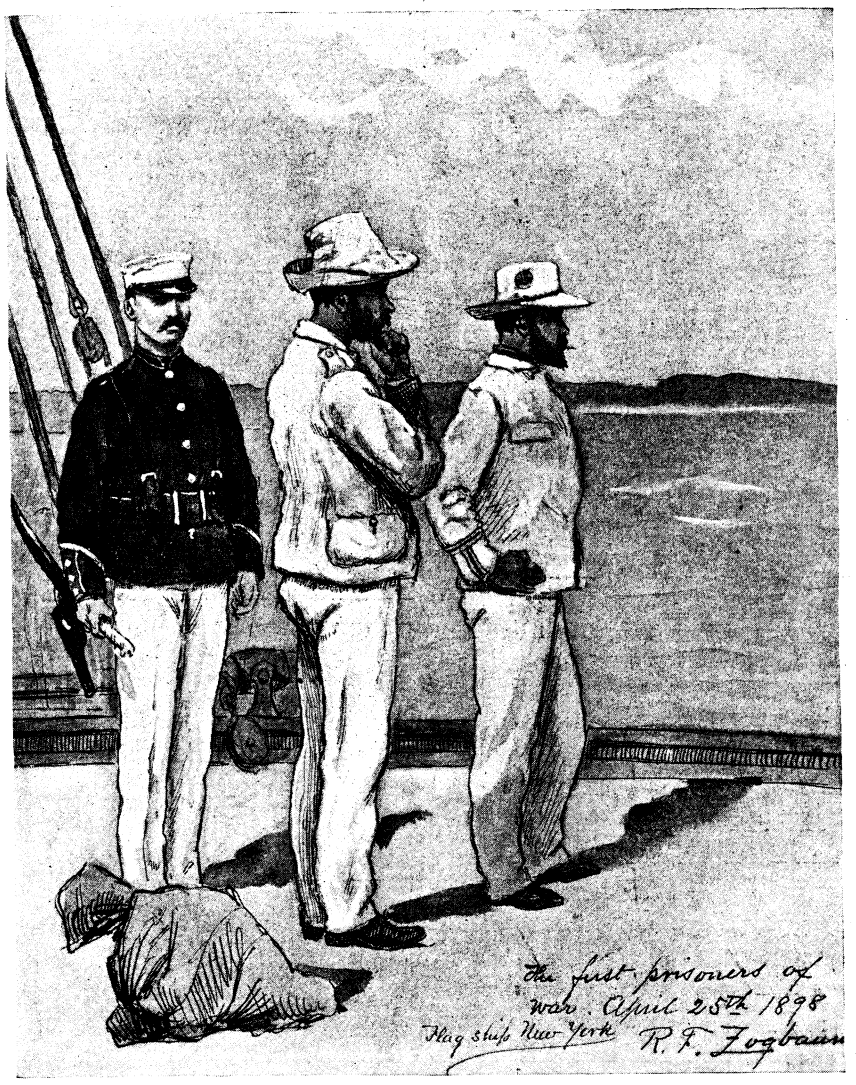
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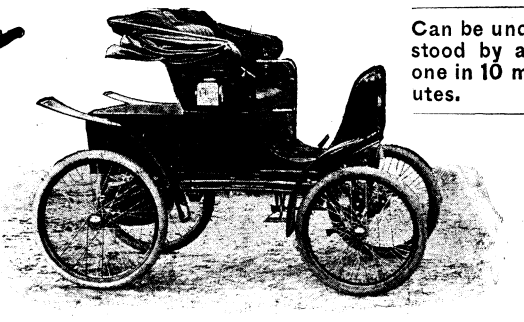
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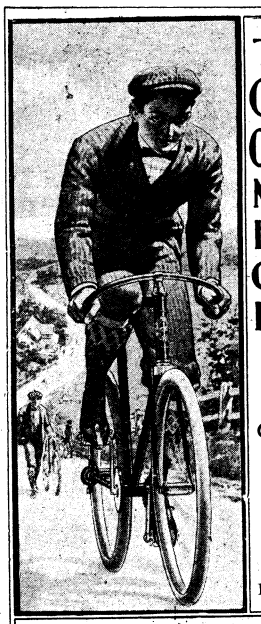
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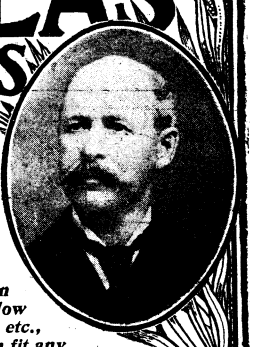
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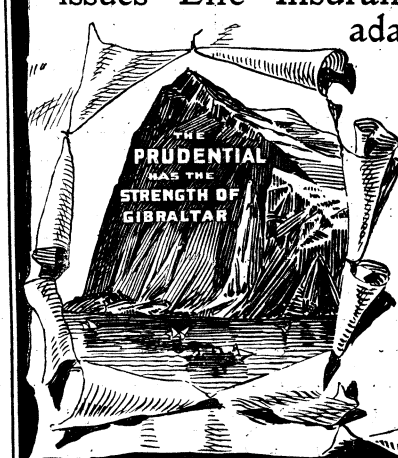
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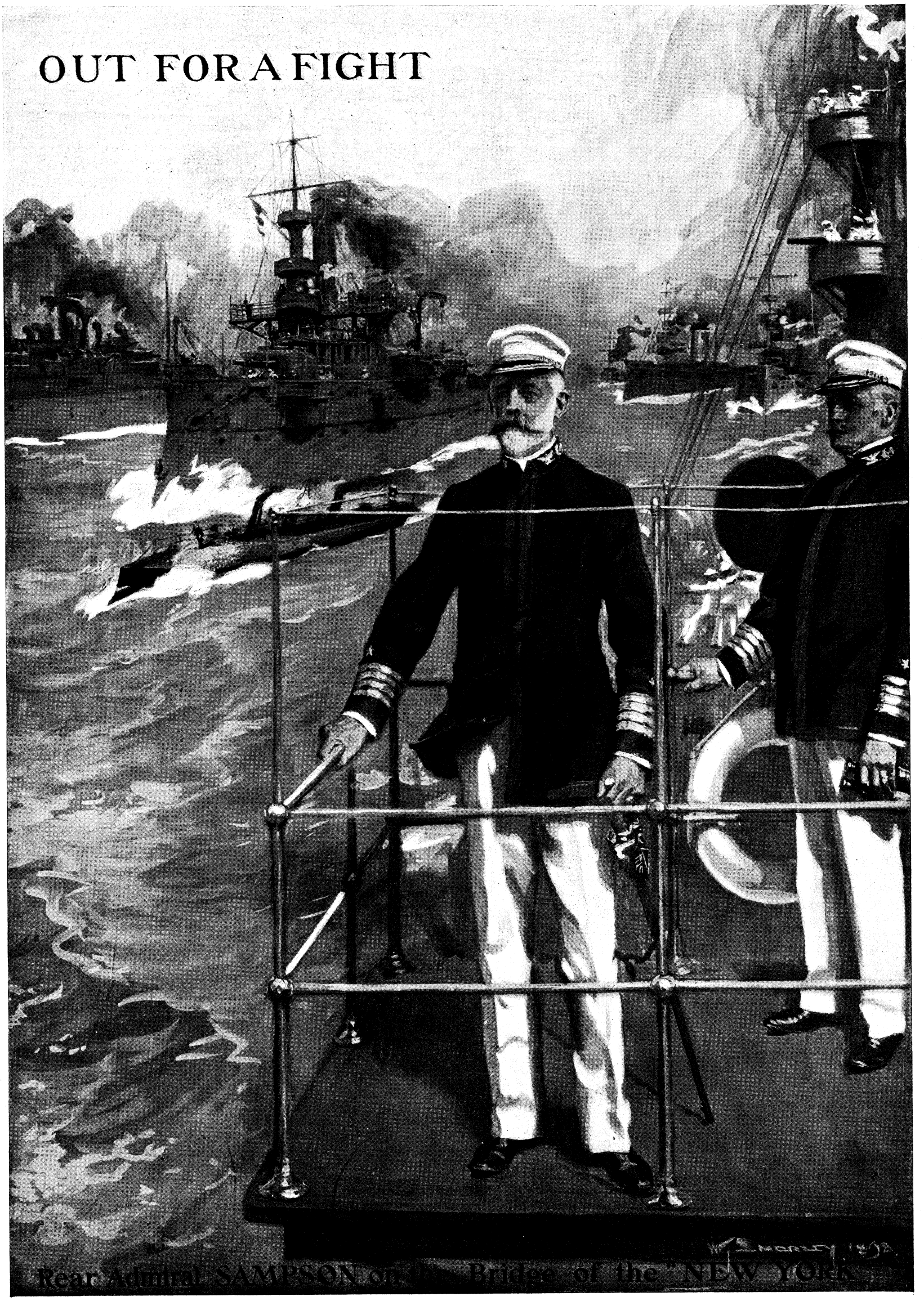
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2161. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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OUT FOR A FIGHT



Rear Admiral SAMPSON on the Bridge of the NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 21, 1898

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This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

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W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, will contribute a Series of Articles, begun last week, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War.*

THE history of the conduct of the war to this date has furnished a number of illustrations of the incapacity of Congress to command the military forces, and the folly of its control of the fate of the nation in war. By reason of Congressional disregard of the military service, the army was entirely unfit to enter into the war when Congress declared it, and now that the troops are in the field, it is found that provision has not been made for their comfort, or even for the care of their health, nor is it being made with much intelligence. We do not make a special point of the appointment to staff positions of a number of young men who are absolutely unfitted and unqualified for the places to which they have been named, because influence, nepotism, political pulls, and all that sort of thing are to be expected to be peculiarly and offensively obvious whenever a democracy goes to war. Moreover, we think that Mr. MCKINLEY has done pretty well in this respect. But it is clear, from all that has happened, that history is to repeat itself, and that if the war is not ended quickly, we shall learn again the old lesson that instructed officers and disciplined men are essential to the proper conduct of a war. This lesson we have invariably learned thus far only after a serious disaster, the result of ignorance and incompetency. Fortunately, in this war the navy begins, and the naval commands are, at any rate so far, beyond the reach of men with nothing but social or political influence to recommend them, seasickness being a great deterrent to the naval ambitions of soft civilians.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND added to the forest reserve, increasing the gross area from about twenty millions to forty millions of acres. Since then the politicians from the lumber States have been trying their utmost to secure the revocation of the order, and having failed to prevail upon the Executive to work this wickedness, they finally persuaded the Senate to resolve that it ought to be done. The House, however, refused to agree, and it is to be hoped that the scheme will be finally defeated in conference committee. These reserves were made in accordance with the recommendation of the Forest Commission of 1896. They are for the benefit of the agricultural regions of the Northwest. All of them are upon mountains, except those in the extreme northern part of the West and those in the belt near the Pacific, and the preservation of the forests upon them is partly for the purpose of promoting the irrigation of the otherwise dry lands at the foot of the hills. It is not intended that the reserved lands shall be withdrawn from use, but that the danger to them from fire and unscientific cutting shall be minimized. The agricultural interest of the dry regions demands that the reserves shall be maintained as they were fixed by Presidents HARRISON and CLEVELAND. Those who suggest the rescinding the order are the men who want to steal the lumber.

WE call attention once more to the reports published in some of the daily newspapers as to the proposed movements of troops and fleets. Perhaps the government is deceiving the newspapers for the purpose of misleading the enemy, because naturally all the plans of campaign that appear in the daily press are read in Madrid within twenty-four hours of their publication here. This view is strengthened by the self-contradictory character of the newspaper plans of campaign. If the government has taken this method of minimizing the efforts of the yellow journals to defeat the country and bring success to the Spanish arms, well and good; but if it be true, as a Washington correspondent of one of the New York dailies has stated on more than one occasion, that he and his newspaper are discovering and printing news of the actual intentions of the military authorities, he and the managing editor of the paper, if not the proprietor, ought to be treated as Spanish spies. They are doing the work of spies, and much more efficient work than spies ordinarily are capable of, provided always they are telling the truth when they point out the spot at which our troops are to be landed in Cuba, and designate the time when the landing is to take place. Not many days ago a reporter of one of the New York dailies endangered the lives and risked the success of a small landing party in Cuba by premature publication of its designs. Why would not the summary incarceration of a babbling reporter or a consenting editor be a timely warning against the severer methods that must be resorted to if this practice continues to be indulged in?

WE regret to hear of the removal of Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. Mr. FORD has made the reports of the bureau the most valuable publications that the government has ever issued. His work has been entirely that of a statistician, and of an extremely able statistician. Since Mr. DAVID A. WELLS was a government official no one has contributed so much as Mr. FORD has done to the economic knowledge of the world from a study of the transactions of the government and of commerce. Nearly all of his predecessors have used their office for partisan purposes, and the statistics of the government have generally been simply contributions to party literature. The government loses a devoted and valuable public servant in Mr. FORD, while the Bureau of Statistics again becomes practically worthless. We understand that Mr. AUSTIN, who succeeds Mr. FORD, has been appointed solely because he was of assistance to Mr. HANNA in the Presidential campaign of 1896. Mr. FORD'S removal, or his enforced resignation, was the result of a particularly contemptible bit of political management. He was protected by the civil service law, and his place could not be filled except through a competitive examination or by the transfer of some one already in the Treasury Department. Consequently a place was made for Mr. AUSTIN, in order that his appointment might be technically a transfer.

BOTH President and Congress have recognized the value of Admiral DEWEY'S victory at Manila, and the thanks of Congress and the promotion which is so richly deserved possess the fine flower of promptitude, so essential an element of true gratitude. When Admiral DEWEY'S full report reaches the country it will undoubtedly be found that there are other officers, and perhaps some sailors, worthy of distinguished merit for that occasion. The victory at Manila ranks very high among naval victories because of the thorough and workmanlike manner in which the battle was fought. Admiral DEWEY'S entrance into the harbor, notwithstanding the mines planted there and the forts that defended its entrance, was an act of great boldness. His work was quick, sharp, and decisive, and the American fleet being once in the harbor of Manila, the result that followed was almost inevitable. Nothing but ill luck could have prevented the victory. Admiral DEWEY'S certainty and quickness were not the work of the moment. They were the consequences of long and careful preparation. More than a year ago he determined that in case of a war with Spain work was to be done at the Philippines, and that there probably the first blow would be struck. With this in his mind he made a thorough study of the islands and their harbors, and determined precisely the character of the first attack. Then he applied for command of the Asiatic station. The victory at Manila, in the light of these facts, not only affords another example of the skill and courage of American officers and sailors, but is a new illustration of the value of preparedness in military operations.

WE are hearing a great deal about Spanish honor and Spanish valor from Spanish statesmen and their European admirers, and from some of our own writers of the press. Frankly, we do not believe that the Spanish people, as a people, are distinguished for courage beyond other people, and we know that their own boastings about their honor are as idle as the boastings of the New York daily press about its achievements. Many of the Spaniards are cowards, and most of them are treacherous. The conduct of the commanding officer at the arsenal at Cavité, after he had raised a flag of truce, is characteristic of the Spaniard. Commander LAMBERTON, seeing the flag of truce, went ashore to receive the surrender, when he was told that the flag of truce meant nothing, and he was surrounded by an armed guard while he conversed with the Spanish commander. If the guns of the *Petrel* had not been trained upon the arsenal, we have no doubt whatever that the Spaniards, having lured the commander and his officers and men ashore by the flag of truce, would have murdered them. That they did not murder them, and did actually and finally surrender, was due to the fact that they were afraid to carry out their desires. Another incident characteristic of Spaniards was the attempt to lure the American squadron into a narrow channel on the assurance that there were no torpedoes there. As a matter of fact, the channel was found to be as full of torpedoes as the Spaniards were of lies and treachery. It is always better to recognize the truth, even when the truth injures the reputation of one's enemies. We are fighting a contemptible, mediæval, and bigoted power, among whose soldiers and sailors are many brave men, but who, as a race, are precisely what might be expected from their bigotry, their cruelty, and the venality and incompetency of their government.

THOSE WHO HELP THE COUNTRY, AND THOSE WHO DO NOT.

THE war has begun, and the country has the support and the services of all of its best citizens. Now that the call to duty and to sacrifice has been made, there is no longer any hesitation, especially on the part of those who thought that war might have been avoided, and that the substantial gains of the President's diplomacy ought to have inured to the benefit of the country, and to its protection against the evils and losses of war. But all the efforts of those who wished to avoid the evil day were in vain, and war came. We ventured to predict not only that the patriotism of those who dreaded war would at once be manifested in the most significant manner the moment the necessity was presented, but that those who were most noisy and most efficient in bringing on the conflict would be the last to risk their persons at the front. We excepted Mr. ROOSEVELT from the general mass of Jingoes, because we think we are familiar with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S leading trait. He is an Anglophile of the most extravagant kind, and is consumed with a burning, and what we hold to be an unwise, desire that this government shall abandon its ancient traditions, and even modify its form and purpose, in order to imitate colonizing Great Britain. Mr. ROOSEVELT is as earnest as he is un-American, and mingled with his love of English methods and his mania for imitating them is a strong inherent passion for the fray. We do not agree with Mr. ROOSEVELT, but we respect his sincerity and his courage, and have therefore excepted him from the shouting company in which he found himself in the preliminary stages before the war.

At present he is shoulder to shoulder with those who dreaded war and its evil consequences, and who tried to avoid it to the best of their ability, but who are now behind the country in its evil day with their possessions and their lives. There is no organized body that better represents these conservative citizens than the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Other like bodies are equally representative; but this one has spoken, and what it has said is expressive of the sentiments and the purposes of the industrial body throughout the country. Our merchant guilds have never failed the country when they have been called upon to make sacrifice or incur danger for her. The merchants of the land are themselves representatives of its Americanism. The bankers, the professional men, the farmers, the mechanics, the working-men, and the merchants make up the body of our citizenship; and whatever may be their differences of opinion in times when peace permits of difference, they are always united when the country needs them for its defence. For all these the organized merchants usually speak—at least what the merchants say at such a time is usually what is thought by all who make the prosperity of the country; for the merchants speak not as merchants, but as citizens, and what they express is the feeling and thought of good citizenship.

Not many days ago the Chamber of Commerce spoke its word on the subject of the war. It had been for peaceful measures, and it had given its support strongly to the President in his efforts to find a peaceful solution of the fast-crowding difficulties between the United States and Spain. When, however, peaceful efforts had failed, it had to say, on motion of Mr. SETH LOW, that the "people

of the United States, by the almost unanimous action of their government, are at war with Spain for the purpose of securing for the people of Cuba a free and stable government"; "that every instinct of humanity and patriotism demands that in such a controversy the people sustain the government with all their power"; that the Chamber of Commerce, "mindful of its own loyal and patriotic past, pledge its unqualified and hearty support to the President and Congress"; that the Chamber will "willingly and heartily bear its share of the common burdens, whatever they may be, to the end that such a peace may speedily be obtained as will inure to the benefit of our Cuban neighbors, and to the domestic quiet and prosperity of the United States." A committee of distinguished men was appointed "to take such action as may from time to time be necessary in order to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value." Then the Chamber passed a vote of thanks to Commodore DEWEY and to the gallant officers and sailors of the Asiatic squadron.

Among the members of the committee appointed "to give to this action of the Chamber its greatest possible efficiency and value" are Mr. LOW, ex-Governor MORTON, Mr. CARL SCHURZ, Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT, and Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD. They are not Jingoes, and they had hoped for peace, but all who know them and their associates will entertain no doubt that so long as the country is at war they will stand ready to devote themselves—all that they are and all that they have—to her service. And they will do this because they are good citizens and gentlemen to whom duty is always the first consideration, and who believe profoundly that the maintenance and defence of the republic constitute a sacred duty. The merchants of this country, and the great body of producers and distributers—the industrial army that has made this country great and prosperous—upon whom republican institutions must depend in the troublous times that, we fear are coming to us, and for whom the Chamber of Commerce spoke as absolutely as it spoke for itself—these are the men whose forebears fought and suffered with WASHINGTON to make the republic and with GRANT to save it. From the ranks of industrial and quiet men are now coming the volunteers who must bear the burden of this war, and out of the savings of the same people must come the money to build the ships, to buy the arms, and to clothe and feed the soldiers and sailors who are doing the fighting. These men must now sustain the credit of the country, as they sustained it in the early days of the war of secession, and again, five years ago, when the advocates of free coinage and irredeemable paper brought upon the country a panic which seriously involved the government itself. The money and the troops are coming from the sober citizens of the land who, like the Chamber of Commerce, recognize that, after all, the war was inevitable. They know now, as Mr. LOW expressed it, that "events beyond our control have created in both countries a public feeling which has rendered the people of each country, for the time being, probably incapable of doing full justice to each other. Under these circumstances," he added, "war has come; and, in view of these circumstances, it seems to me it may justly be said that war was inevitable." The people, as we have said before, believe in the righteousness of their cause, and now that they are actually face to face with the Spaniard, whom they despise, and whose barbarous and venal government they abhor, they will fight with the consciousness that they are carrying on a holy war; that, to quote again from Mr. LOW'S speech in support of the Chamber of Commerce resolutions, "they are fighting the battle of humanity and the battle of civilization." The promise that the Chamber of Commerce has made will be fulfilled.

In the mean time what do we hear from the Jingoes who lashed the country into the war, who filled the ears of the people with lies, and who would not permit the humane objects for which we are now engaged in war to be accomplished by peaceful methods? Mr. ROOSEVELT has become a lieutenant-colonel, while Mr. BAILEY, Senator ALLEN, Senator MORGAN, Senator TILLMAN, and the rest of the gallant crew of shouters are doing their utmost to prevent the government from obtaining the means to carry on the war. They hurried us into the contest before we were ready. They brought on the war at a time when we had no troops to support the navy. They have thrown obstacles in the way of nearly every effort to make the army more efficient. They have insulted the instructed officers of the army, and have refused to provide even the necessaries of life for the volunteers. They stand stubbornly in the way of providing the money needed for the war which their shouting has precipitated. The Treasury is really without funds that may properly be used to meet the emergency appropriation of $50,000,000, and yet the Democrats and Populists insist that no money shall be borrowed. In the place of bonds they propose a burdensome and vexatious scheme of taxation, the coinage of the seigniorage on silver in the Treasury, something which is nonexistent, and the issue of $150,000,000 of greenbacks. If this scheme which is recommended by the Senate Finance Committee should peradventure go through, the credit of the country would sink towards the level of Spains, and gold would at once begin to disappear. This expresses the height and substance of the patriotism of the passed Democratic leaders. They are against bonds, although bonds are necessary, because they love their monetary theories better than they love their country. They are for greenbacks and impracticable taxation, because they love their party better than they love their country. This is as we expected. The yellow journals are doing their utmost to betray the country by revealing the secrets of the campaign, and the yellow statesmen are working the war for silver and themselves. Meanwhile the conservative men who dreaded war are paying for it, and are at the front ready to fight it.

PUBLIC LIFE AS A CAREER.

THE resignation of the Secretaryship of State by JOHN SHERMAN severs almost the last link which connects the public men of the closing years of the century with the generation that occupied the stage when the civil war broke out. Mr. SHERMAN entered the lower branch of Congress in 1855, and he has been a member of one or other branch, or has held a seat in the cabinet, ever since. Senator MORRILL of Vermont, who was sworn in as representative the same day with Mr. SHERMAN, has also held office in Washington continuously for about forty-three years; but there is no other public man now conspicuous whose career opened earlier than 1861.

Mr. SHERMAN is a type of the man who, half a century ago, aspired to a career in the public service, and found conditions under which his ambition might be realized. Such a man then must needs be a person of intellectual force, capable of developing policies of government, skilful in the championship of such policies, effective in carrying them out when he should have converted the electorate to his views. It was the expectation of "the fathers" that the highest ability in the land would be attracted by the opportunities of public life, and that there would be no obstacle to the entrance of such ability.

This expectation is no longer realized. There are still men of the traditional type in high station, but they constitute the exceptions rather than the rule. Mr. SHERMAN'S successor in the Senate represents another and very different type. Without any experience in office before his elevation to the upper branch of Congress, and without any of those qualifications which were once held indispensable, MARK HANNA would have been laughed at if he had sought high place in Ohio when SHERMAN and GIDDINGS and CHASE represented the standard in that State.

The falling off is even more striking in other States. Think of New York in the Senate, with EDWARD MURPHY representing one of the great parties and THOMAS C. PLATT the other! Turn to Pennsylvania, with QUAY and PENROSE standing for the political organization which prides itself upon having by far the larger part of the intelligence and morality of the commonwealth in its ranks! Consider WILLIAM E. MASON as a successor in the Senate to LYMAN TRUMBULL from Illinois! One does not need to multiply illustrations to show that public life does not now secure the type of man that it commanded a generation ago.

What explains the change? One cause which has been at work is seldom recognized. This is the immense attractiveness and the vast rewards of an industrial career during the period since the civil war. Intellectual ability, executive talent, the capacity to bring things to pass, have found a scope for action in the United States in this field such as was never before presented anywhere in the world. The utilization of steam, and more recently of electricity; the development of transportation systems; the cultivation of great industries—these have tempted into their service not merely the born inventor, but also the man who in an age of less material activity would have thought first of public life.

This temptation from the outside has been accompanied by obstacles on the inside. The high-minded man of intellectual force, with a natural interest in the problems of government and a laudable ambition to help in solving them, has found it increasingly difficult to secure even a foothold in public life. The growth of the machine has made the very entrance upon such a career under self-respecting conditions impossible in the State of Pennsylvania, and the conditions are only less intolerable in other parts of the country. The man with a mind of his own is not wanted, and will not be endured, by the boss.

What is the outlook for public life in this country during the first half of the next century? Are the young men of marked ability, lofty ambition, and high aims, who are now coming upon the stage of action, to be found in our chief offices twenty, thirty, and forty years hence? There will undoubtedly be attractions in the industrial world to tempt them by the promise of large material rewards. But these attractions will not alone suffice to divert them. Plenty of men will disregard such considerations if they can honorably secure offices in which they feel that they can be useful and happy on incomes only a fifth or a tenth what they might make elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 8.—Despatches from Hong-kong, beyond all comparison the news of to-day, amplify and, as to certain details, correct the account given under date of May 2.

Our fleet arrived at Subig Bay, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay, on Saturday, April 30. The *Baltimore* and the *Concord* were sent forward to reconnoitre. When they reported that they found no war-vessels at the entrance of Manila Bay, Dewey decided to risk the mines.

The flagship *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, the *Petrel*, and the *McCulloch*, in the order given, entered Manila Bay Saturday night, passing Corregidor Island at eight o'clock. When a mile beyond Corregidor, two shots were fired by the enemy, and the *Raleigh*, *Concord*, and *Boston* replied. Then the squadron proceeded slowly, so that it should be within striking distance of Manila just at daybreak. With a speed of eight knots, our ships first passed in front of the city. Two mines were exploded ahead of the *Olympia*; but, without faltering, and also without replying to the Spanish batteries (for to reply from that position would have been to send destruction into the city), the steady advance was maintained, until, at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5500 yards, the *Olympia* fired her first shot at the Spanish forts, and presently the *Baltimore* and *Boston* attacked the forward vessels of the Spanish fleet. The *Olympia* steered for the centre of the Spanish line, until at a distance of four thousand yards the deep draught of our vessels constrained Dewey to change his course and run parallel to the Spanish column. Then the command was given, "Open with all guns!" Four runs along the Spanish line were made. Then the *Olympia's* navigator, finding the chart incorrect, told the Commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy. Accordingly the fifth course was run within two thousand yards. At this range even the 6-pounders were effective. The enemy's fire slackened, and it was seen that three of their vessels were burning. Action ceased temporarily at twenty-five minutes of eight o'clock, and the men had breakfast, while our ships remained beyond the range of the enemy's guns. At ten minutes of eleven "close action" was signalled, and with the *Baltimore* leading, the Americans approached to finish the work; but little power of resistance remained in the enemy's fleet or batteries. The *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel* were sent into the inner harbor to bring the affair to a quick conclusion, and here the *Petrel*, with her rapid and accurate firing, showed herself particularly efficient, her light draught enabling her to approach within one thousand yards. After the battle the policy of the victor towards the city seems to be pretty accurately summed up in a phrase of the despatch dated Cavité, May 4: "Will protect foreign residents." Dewey anchored his fleet off Manila, and sent notice of blockade to Augusti. Coupled with this notice was a warning that if a single shot were fired at the American vessels the town would be bombarded.

Monday, May 9.—In his message to Congress to-day President McKinley says: "By the 4th of May Commodore Dewey had taken possession of the naval station at Cavité, destroying the fortifications there and at the entrance of the bay, and paroling their garrisons. The waters of the bay are under his complete control. He has established hospitals within the American lines, where 250 of the Spanish sick and wounded are assisted and protected." The President continues: "I now recommend that . . . the thanks of Congress be given *Acting Rear-Admiral* George Dewey, of the United States Navy."

Tuesday, May 10.—Señor Sagasta, in the course of an interview, said that the Spanish government had done "everything to avoid a conflict—more even than it should have done. Then our adversaries began to treat us with contempt; war became inevitable. . . . The situation is very simple, and, unfortunately, cannot be concealed. Spain is desolated and ruined by internal troubles. The United States *has coveted Cuba for a long time.*"

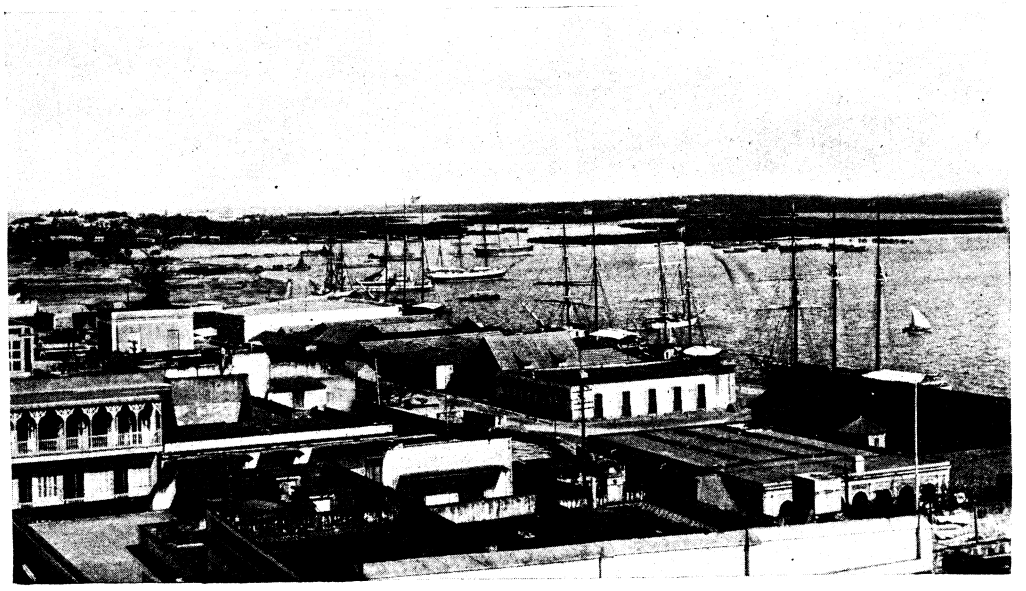
Disturbances in the Spanish provinces are increasing. A despatch from Madrid says the rioting indicates a spirit of desperation due to the high price of bread.

In New York and Chicago there were sensational advances in the price of wheat, especially in May and July futures, yesterday.

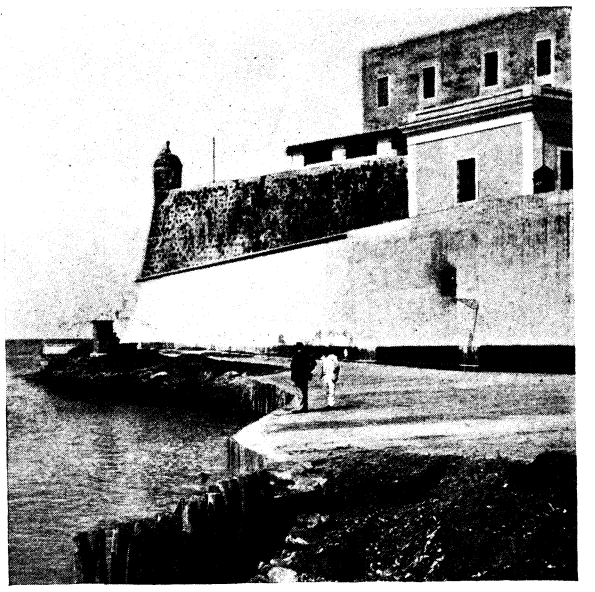
Information, characterized both as "official" and "unconfirmed," has been received that the Spanish fleet from Cape Verde Islands has returned to Cadiz.

Despatches from Spain: Phenomenal fall in the exchange in favor of Spanish money, the rate yesterday having been 215, whereas this morning it fell to 195, and at the close offers were refused at 150. Rumored that the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands will provide funds for the next coupons on the bonds.

(*Continued on page 498.*)



WATER-FRONT AND HARBOR.



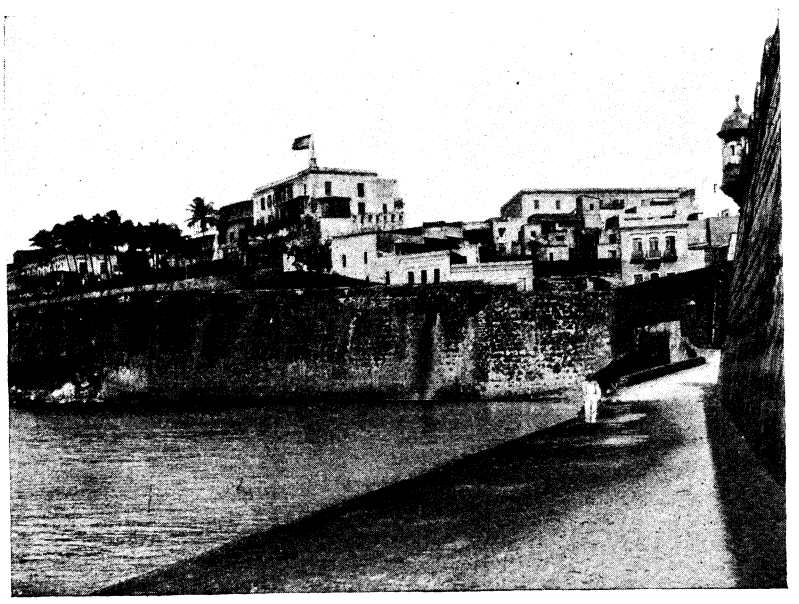
THE FORTIFICATIONS.



STREET OF THE CROSS.



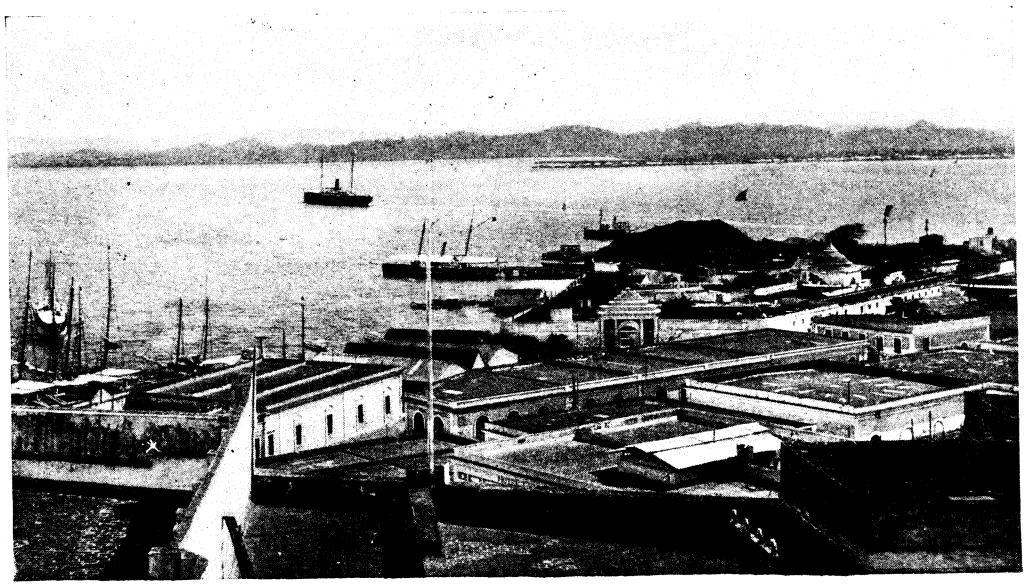
TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSES.



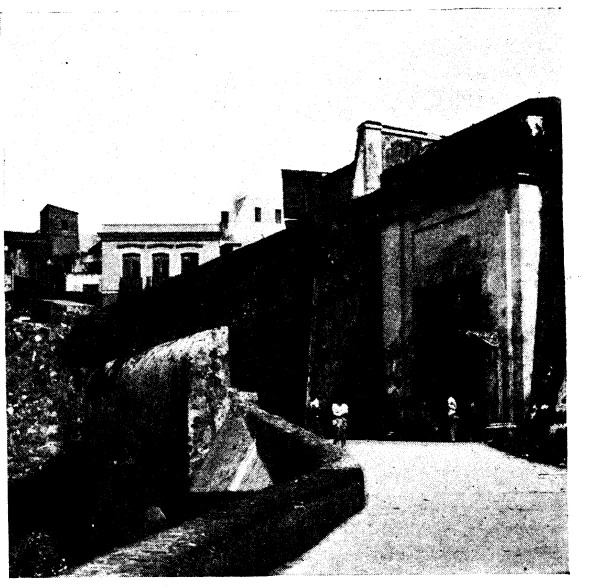
THE CITY FROM THE SEA-WALL.



PRINCESS PROMENADE.



THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE HOTEL INGLATERRA.



ANCIENT GATEWAY IN CITY WALL.

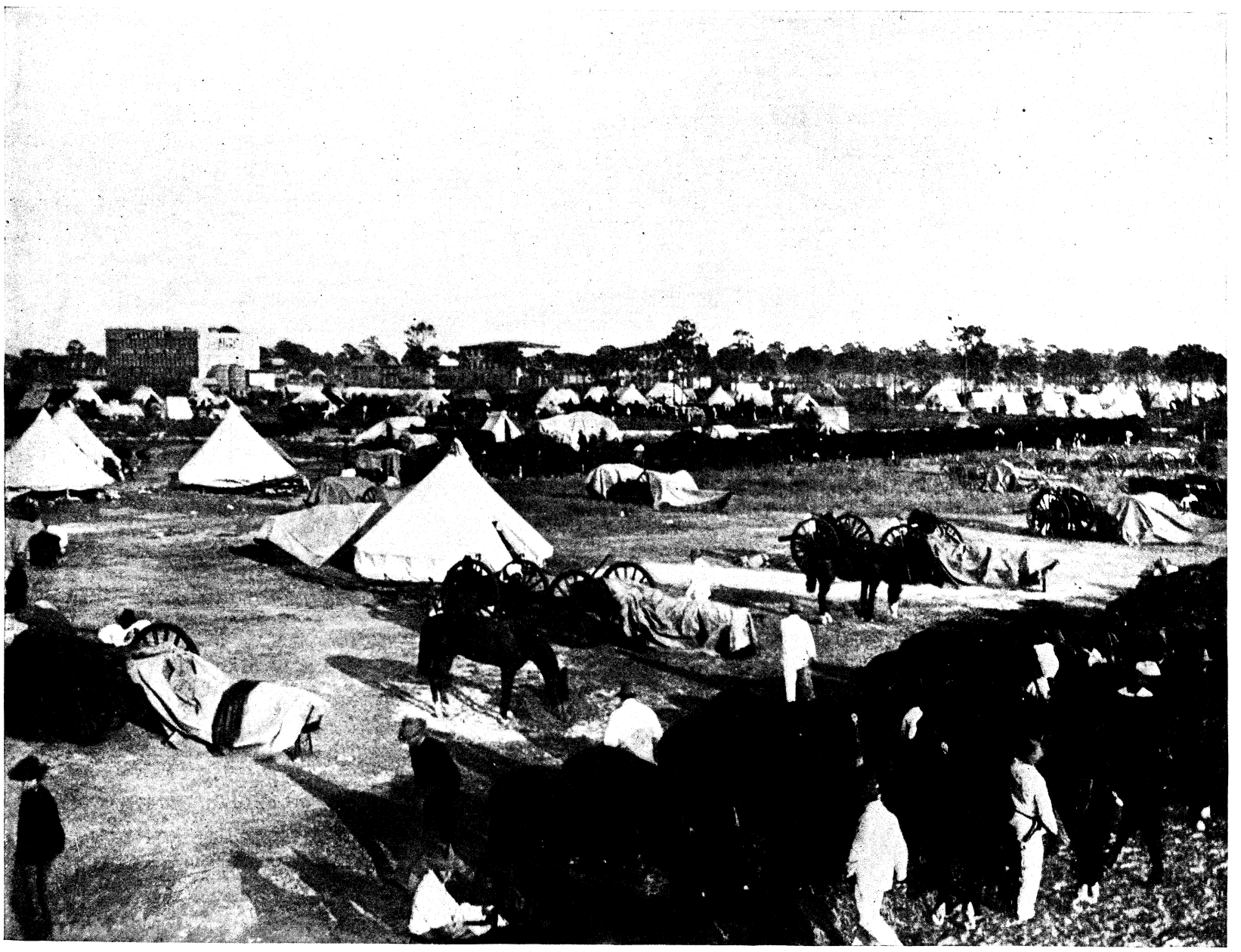
SAN JUAN BAUTISTA—SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF PORTO RICO.



STREET IN CAMP OF 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED).



WATERING HORSES—9TH U. S. CAVALRY.



ARTILLERY CAMP DURING STABLE HOUR.



DETACHMENT OF CORPS OF ENGINEERS JUST ARRIVED FROM WEST POINT.



U. S. ARTILLERYMEN PACKING SADDLES.

WITH THE UNITED STATES REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—BITS OF CAMP LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LONDON.

April 30, 1898.

The debate on foreign affairs was carried on in the House of Commons last night in the absence of any direct representative of the Foreign Office. Mr. Balfour, who spoke with his usual subtlety and charm, left upon the House somewhat the impression that they were listening to an irresolute amateur. In truth he had a hard case to sustain. But a few weeks elapsed between Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's dramatic threat of war to preserve the "open door" in China and the day when it was shut with a clang in the teeth of British protests. Mr. Balfour did not state the simple reason why the British ministry stood by and suffered the perfidy and mendacity of the Russian government to pass without other action than obtaining the reversion to Wei-hai-wei. Two ministers have explained to me in almost identical words the real reason why Great Britain permitted British men-of-war to be withdrawn from Port Arthur, the fifty-second article of the Treaty of Tien-tsin between England and China to be abrogated by Russia, and accepted without protest the falsification of the Tzar's sacred word within a week of his Majesty's pledge being given. The reason is this: Ministers believe that with the expenditure of sixty thousand lives and a thousand million of dollars Russia could have been turned out of Port Arthur. But when she had been turned out the military situation would have remained untouched, while a legacy of deadly hatred would have been transmitted to the next generation. And for what?

Port Arthur is not a trade centre, and, rightly or wrongly, ministers have decided that when England fights Russia the occasion shall be one that directly touches British interests. The theory in government circles is that Wei-hai-wei is an adequate answer to Port Arthur. There is much in this contention, but at the same time there is no doubt that ministers should have withheld credit from Russian assurances. They were deceived, and they ought not to have been deceived. In their favor, however, it may be said that France views Russia's advance in the Far East with growing suspicion. It is not to England's interest to do anything that would strengthen the gradual weakening of the tie between the two parties to the dual alliance. The result of the debate is undoubtedly damaging to Lord Salisbury and his nephew, and is therefore weakening to the ministry. Mr. Chamberlain is looked upon as the one strong man to whom the nation may turn in an emergency. His unpopularity in France reminds historical students of the hatred and suspicion inspired by Pitt in the minds of all Frenchmen. Lord Salisbury is a French tax-payer, and has a French home to which he continually resorts. He is a man of peace, and he is liked and respected by the tribe of Paris journalists who represent French opinion.

The conduct of foreign affairs in the centre of the British Empire at the present time is marked by features as peculiar as they are novel. Lord Salisbury, as all the world knows, is ill in the south of France. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Curzon, has also broken down in health, and has not been in his place in the House of Commons since the session began. He has two bodily ailments, either of which may cut short his career. Mr. Balfour, who, as well as being First Lord of the Treasury, is virtually acting Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, is nevertheless compelled to add Mr. Curzon's Foreign Office responsibilities to his ordinary work in the Commons and at the Treasury. The demand on his strength is more than equal to his physical resources. Mr. Balfour, I have reason to know, is seriously anxious about Mr. Curzon's health. In a short time the chief administrative post under the crown, that of the Governor-Generalship of India, will have to be filled up. Mr. Curzon was one of the two alternative nominations contemplated by the government. It would have been an unsatisfactory and possibly dangerous appointment, partly because Mr. Curzon does not enjoy the physical health indispensable to an Indian Viceroy; and secondly, because two or three trips to India have given him a modicum of local knowledge which would probably strengthen his tendency to become his own adviser in technical matters.

The number of young men in training for statecraft is too few to enable the country to dispense with the services of one who, like Mr. Curzon, has spared neither pains nor trouble to acquaint himself with the meaning of the phrase "British Empire." His illness is producing unfortunate results in the administration of the Foreign Office. Now that both the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretary are ill, the actual work devolves upon the permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Thomas Sanderson. This gentleman belongs to the old school, and certainly he is not in touch with the modern spirit, while his immediate subordinates are not of that intellectual calibre which would enable them to make up for the deficiencies of their official chief. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Into all the other public offices, with a possible exception of the Treasury, entrance is attainable by examination, the ablest men being first choice. In the Foreign Office a different procedure is followed. After obtaining the nomination of the Secretary of State for passing the necessary examination, the aspirant for employment in the one exclusive service still left as a preserve for the great families is sent for by the authorities. If his looks and manners, parentage and means, are agreeable to the powers that be, he obtains leave to work for several years without pay. In the course of time he is posted to a foreign embassy or legation as attaché. Promotion is extremely slow, and by the time an ambassadorship falls vacant his best years are behind him.

At no time has Great Britain been represented abroad by a larger proportion of mediocrities than is now the case. There is much, of course, to be said against the American system. At all events it does contrive to obtain virile and determined men who are not merely an amalgam of civility and sealing-wax. If the "F. O.," as it is affectionately termed in the diplomatic service, and the embassies and legations are out of favor with the people, their displeasure is warranted. A few weeks ago I had a personal experience in this matter. A communication vitally affecting the interests of a considerable number of people was addressed to the Foreign Office. After waiting a fortnight without receiving an acknowledgment, a long and complicated letter on the same subject was addressed to the Colonial Office. Within six hours of its receipt the answer of the Secretary of State was in the hands of the writer. All this points to the necessity of more businesslike methods being introduced into the Foreign Department. That is equivalent to saying that more men of business must be introduced into high office. Hitherto members of the mercantile class have been permitted to attain cabinet rank as a favor. Since the Revolution the great governing families have looked on cabinet office as a monopoly for themselves and their nominees. Phenomena like Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain, both of whom attained the highest position in the government of the country at one bound, are the exceptions. If the government of the empire is not to collapse, it must be conducted on business lines.

The fact that the Foreign Office in its present state of disorganization has to deal with such a government as that of France is a matter for sinister reflection. Look at the facts! The superior officers of the French army consider themselves as the depositaries of all power, but irresponsible, because distinct from and even hostile to the civil state. They plead special rights, immunity from the operations of civil law, and the possession of a separate code of honor. They are, in fact, a corporation above the law, above the courts, above the government. They are anti-civilian in feeling. They alone represent the physical force which is the dominant factor in human affairs, and override the French constitution with impunity when it so pleases them. Suspicious and disdainful of the elected civilian ministry, the latter are able to do nothing that displeases the omnipotent soldiery. To avoid "irritating the army" the French government is compelled not only to disregard, but to trample on the rights of other nations. Again and again Monsieur Hanotaux is said to have admitted the indefeasible rights of the British on the disputed question in South Africa, but he dare not yield redress or pay indemnity, because to do so would touch the pride of his military masters. The government of France to-day is a menace to the peace of the world, a rôle that has been displayed by successive forms of French government for many centuries.

The lawlessness of the French government is reflected in the press. The unanimity of objurgation against England for her attitude towards Spain and the United States is now the marked feature of the French press. The *Libre Parole* presents to the world French opinion in miniature, when it stigmatizes England as the hypocritical accomplice of the United States. "Their alliance is," it declares, "an ignominy; but it is just as well, perhaps, that they should work together, for the day upon which they will be called to account by international justice—the day when the British leech will be forced to disgorge, and Europe resolves to no longer tolerate the disgrace of allowing the law to be laid down by such assassins and malefactors as John Bull and Brother Jonathan—then it will have reason for congratulation that they will be able to invoke no excuse for mercy. They have been brothers in infamy, and history will sooner or later chastise them altogether." This language gives pointed, if undiplomatic, expression to Continental antipathies that are by no means confined to France. In Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy peoples and governments are antipathetic to the principles represented by the stars and stripes. A despatch from the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* that appeared on April 23 has attracted wide attention, because, after describing an interview with the President, the distinguished correspondent says that Mr. McKinley turns a somewhat "deaf ear to the warnings of the European Continent."

Do not let the American public make any mistake about the facts. If England is unpopular on the Continent it is partly because she is strong, and partly because she is not only free, but the friend of freedom in other lands. America is disliked among the despotisms for the same reasons. Continental powers know that the organized armed strength of the United States at the end of this war, let it end when it may, will make America a match for the great powers, whether in the Pacific or in the Atlantic. Foreigners perceive that the rescue of Cuba from Spanish brutality will introduce the United States into the circle of the great European powers. To her will fall the disposition of the Philippine Islands, and perhaps of Morocco —sweet morsels hankered after by Germany, by Japan, and by France. With the direct entry of the United States into the territorial interests of the wide world her rôle in the drama of the next century will be a leading one.

Furthermore, the policy of Spain may be to make of the war a succession of slow campaigns, and thus to render the capture of Cuba but one incident in a long struggle. European nations, other than Great Britain, regard the approach to the shores of Spain of the great Western influence with feelings of abhorrence, dismay, and surprise. They are beginning to see that while for Spain there are two ways out of the trouble that besets her, for the United States there is but one. Whatever the cost, and whatever the sacrifice, the American republic cannot stay her hand until Spain has been driven out of her colonial empire in East and West. And, lastly, they know that whatever suffering may be caused to the Spaniards, and whatever steps are taken by the United States to insure victory, and however needless the war may have been, America will command the firm friendship of England. I have taken pains to discover the qualifications of the persons responsible for the principal attacks on America that have appeared in the London press, so far as they have come under my notice. In each case I learn that the writer has visited neither Spain nor the States. Alien influences have inspired utterances which no writer of true English blood could have penned. With regard to the working-men and the middle classes, there is nothing to report. The keenest interest is taken. Newspapers are published several times a day, including Sundays, but not a single daily paper of influence is found to break the consensus of anxious solicitude for the speedy success of American arms.

Still, those London letters, to be of any value to thinking men, must form an accurate miniature or reflection of English opinion, and must not be merely an echo of pleasant things which the American public may naturally desire to hear. I have taken considerable pains to ascertain how far public opinion in this country is not unanimous with regard to the Spanish war. With the exception of one or two London journals already referred to—the *Saturday Review*, for example, which now carries no weight whatever with those able to weigh the character as well as appreciate the smartness of a newspaper—there is no organ in London that is not—ostensibly, at all events—friendly to the United States. In the provinces there is one marked exception to the general chorus of respect for the humanity and chivalry displayed by the American people in giving their sons and their substance to end the ghastly series of Cuban horrors. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the editor and proprietor of the Newcastle *Chronicle*, and for many years Member of Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a man of extraordinary power. Memories of his eloquence still linger in the corridors of the House of Commons. As a writer he exercises a powerful influence throughout the north of England. He is a man of earnest convictions, great learning, large wealth, high character, and absolute independence. His utterances, therefore, are not to be neglected. He speaks with authority, and not as a scribe.

Mr. Cowen's newspaper publishes a daily diatribe against the United States. From early youth Mr. Cowen has been the friend of revolutionaries. When he finds himself among the majority he is ill at ease. He breathes freely only when in a minority. He was the friend of Garibaldi, of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Krapotkine, of Stepniak, and of every conspirator who for the last thirty years has held aloft the torch of liberty. For a nation to be weak and subject to the coercion of a stronger power, in Mr. Cowen's eyes, is equivalent to the righteousness of that weak nation's cause. In the present struggle he sees that America is strong and that Spain is weak. By his favorite process of ratiocination he contends, with great eloquence, day by day, that America is wrong and that Spain is right. I have long entertained so much respect and admiration for Mr. Cowen's invincible honesty of purpose, and for the dogged courage he has shown throughout his whole life as the champion of the weak, that I cannot regard his attacks upon the motives and the conduct of the United States with the contempt that may be safely accorded to that portion of the London press which raises a jarring note in the chorus of sympathy and loyalty to our kinsmen across the sea. With all his honesty and courage, however, Mr. Cowen's judgment has been at fault before now. He was a home-ruler of the most pronounced and even desperate type, but he saw the fruits of the home-rule agitation turn to dust before his eyes. In Parliament the great distinction of his career was marred by an incapacity ever to get on with the majority. He is a friend of Turkey. Now majorities are sometimes right, and even strong nations occasionally vindicate a just cause against a nation that is neither strong nor just. With the exception of Mr. Cowen there is not one single organ of public opinion that carries weight in the country that is not warmly on the side of the States.

The payment of the sealing award is timely, and has made an excellent impression. If there has been undue delay in its payment, that delay is forgotten. A precedent of great importance has now been laid down, and the adherence of Congress to the principle of arbitration as shown in the acceptance of the verdict of the Commission has produced happy effects both on public opinion and on responsible statesmen.

At the quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club this week a pleasant incident took place that marked the brotherly relations between the men of letters employing the English language on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. George W. Cable, the author of *Old Creole Days*, was to be one of the guests, but as his steamer had only arrived at Liverpool on the day of the dinner it was uncertain whether he could attend. Mr. Cable, however, arrived in time to respond on behalf of the guests. He had never set foot in England before, and although with barely an hour's experience of London, his graceful and most feeling speech exhibited with rare felicity the reality of Anglo-American relationship by the common indebtedness of Anglo-Saxon literature to the same well-springs. Mr. George Cable's speech made a great impression upon a highly critical and distinguished audience. Mr. Asquith, the late Home Secretary, who was another of the guests, delivered an appreciation of the Persian poet which those who heard it will not willingly forget.

The private view of the Royal Academy was held yesterday. The absence of Millais and Leighton was conspicuous, but the exhibition of 1898 is considered decidedly above the average. There is but one painter, however, and he is an American by birth, whose works reveal the subtle fires of genius. It is needless to say that I speak of Mr. Sargent. His portrait of Mr. Wertheimer is simply amazing. It is a masterpiece, though by no means so attractive from the point of view of color and line as the "Mrs. Carl Meyer" of last year's Academy. Between Mr. Sargent, who is represented by eight portraits, and the rest of the exhibitors there is a deep canyon. As a portrait-painter he is Eclipse. The rest are nowhere. In the department of landscape the exhibition of 1898 is decidedly below the average. The purchases of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest are likely to give rise to severe criticism. This trust consists in the administration of a fund for the purchase of promising pictures of rising artists on behalf of the nation. These pictures are hung in the Tate Gallery, and the honor of being chosen by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest is one that is highly prized by young artists.

I cannot refrain from expressing some sense of the difficulty I feel in recording the ordinary events of London life for the benefit of the American public when each American home into which the Weekly enters may be living under the shadow of possible calamity. The reports of fighting off the coast of Cuba have roused as much interest here as the recent battle of the Atbara. Coldness towards the States is of cosmopolitan origin. It is not a British product.

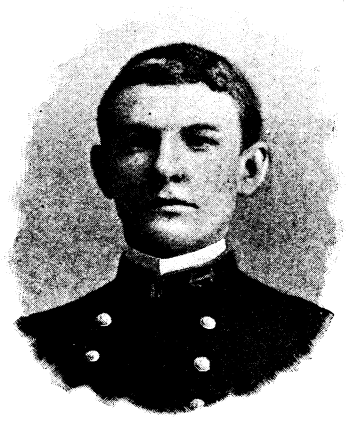
Arnold White.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN interesting war measure which the newspapers record is the decision of the Boston Athletic Association to remit the dues of those of its members who go to the war. Officers of the regular army and navy are favored by most clubs in the matter of dues, and it seems proper that the same practical courtesy should be shown in war-time to volunteers.

Yale University, as has been stated in the WEEKLY, wants about four million dollars for various uses proper to its business. President Harper of Chicago University says that it will take about five millions to put his institution beyond the risk of immediate want. Its property and funds already in hand are valued at about $12,000,000. Yale's endowment is stated to be about $4,500,000, nearly all gained within the last ten years. Harvard has about $9,000,000 endowment, and her expenses are about $1,000,000 a year. These are not very large figures compared with the cost of a war, but still they are respectable. What it costs to build a battle-ship would endow a moderate-sized college very handsomely, and the cost of a fair-sized squadron would provide liberally for a full-fledged university. All round sums, however, except war appropriations, dwindle beside Uncle Sam's annual pension bill.

Ensign Worth Bagley, who was killed on May 11 on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, in an action in Cardenas Harbor, came from Raleigh, North Carolina. His father, the late W. H. Bagley, was clerk of the Supreme Court of that State. His grandfather was ex-Governor Jonathan Worth. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1895, and was promoted to be Ensign in June, 1897. He was well known at the Naval Academy as a football-player, and was perhaps the most efficient midshipman in that line of endeavor that the Academy has had. He was on the team for four years, and contributed very greatly to the defeat of the West Point cadets in the match of 1892. His picture as a naval cadet is given herewith.



ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N.
Executive Officer Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Killed in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

It grows harder every day for citizen sovereigns of the United States to supervise the development of their country's destinies, and still find time for the transaction of their private business. Merely to keep an eye on Congress, watch the President's appointments, and show intelligent interest in local self-government have been used to tax pretty seriously the average conscientious voter's leisure, but since the new war began, his responsibilities have been increased by the duty of following plans and movements by sea and land, and criticising new schemes of taxation, methods of getting out troops, and military and naval expedients by the score. So far the voter's attention has been taken up by concerns near home, but now a broadening of interests and responsibilities confronts him which is fit to make him curtail his hours of rest, postpone all relaxations, and bend all his energies to the assimilation of new ideas and the projection of new policies. We have got Manila; we are likely to have Porto Rico; we are threatened with the acquisition of Hawaii; we have assumed heavy responsibilities about Cuba; we may have to capture the Canaries. In a month's time our improvised drum-beat may be chasing the traditional British rub-a-dub around the world, and the sun may dodge about in vain for a corner in which to set out of sight of American territory. Truly the voter has need to open his eyes, take in more newspapers, read more books, think harder, and struggle generally to qualify himself to grasp new situations, and deal intelligently with matters affecting the interests and relations of the whole family of nations. The history that is making so fast threatens to affect the conditions of existence all over the world for perhaps a century to come, and indeed for all future time. It is mighty interesting to be alive in such a period, but the wear and tear of it is very considerable. What must impress every thoughtful person is that if we are coming out of our big shell, and are about to share in the distractions of the great world, we must manage somehow to get our ablest and best men into public life, and keep them there. Undoubtedly we have the men, and the money, and all the essentials to the occupation and maintenance of a great place, but our apparatus for getting the right men in the right places, and for putting our money where it will do the most good, does not yet work as surely and effectually as it should. The most practical conclusion that must result from the agitation of the contemporary voter's mind is bound to take the form of a conviction that it is time for the best there is in us to come out, for the really big men to be put forward, and for the bosses and the blatherskites to find their natural level.

Our Spanish neighbors seem to find special solace in speaking of Americans as "Yankee pigs." We may be pardoned if we fail to see the peculiar fitness or propriety of this epithet; but the Spaniards need comfort, and even if we could hinder them from such consolation as this calling of names gives them, we wouldn't be so mean as to do it. A correspondent of the WEEKLY thinks that possibly this apparent imputation of swinishness to all Americans is not really so insulting as it seems, but comes from the deep impression made upon the European mind by Chicago pork, and possibly also by manufacturers of that popular commodity, who, having grown affluent in their business, have chosen to enlarge their minds and those of their families by foreign travel. American pork may well have impressed Europe, but as for American pork-packers, it does not seem credible that they have gone abroad in sufficient numbers to have affected the imagination of the Europeans, nor is there reason to believe that they are unlike other American manufacturers in manners or appearance. The chances seem to be that the Spanish call us pigs because that is a contemptuous designation and eases their minds.

As an example of the present workings of the Spanish mind, here is a translation of a bit of verse entitled "A Yanquia," which is copied admiringly out of a Spanish newspaper by the pro-Spanish Newcastle (England) *Chronicle:*

Hybrid people, ephemeral folk.
Vile mixture of the dirty slag
Spewed by the ancient Continent.
Spurious race, without honor or history.

Stinking den—
Where all that is ignoble and ill-begotten
Finds its centre and natural sphere.
Filthy, beastlike, fetid nest,
Refuge of loathsome reptiles.

No incident of the present stirring times is of more universal interest than the drawing together of Great Britain and the United States. In New York one sees the American flag everywhere, the lone star of Cuba frequently, and in many instances hung out in company with both of them the flag of Great Britain. In a letter from a friend of the WEEKLY it is mentioned as an instance of the way in which the British and the American are getting mixed that Lord Sandhurst, who has held high commands in India and dealt with great efficiency with the plague in Bombay, "is a descendant of General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who fought the British stoutly in two wars."



LIEUT. JOHN B. BERNADOU, U.S.N.,
Commanding Torpedo-boat "Winslow." Wounded in Action in Cardenas Harbor, May 11.

Fifty-two days from London to New York seems a preposterously long voyage. Yet the *Windward* reached New York on May 11 after being that long on the way, and Captain Reid had no particular excuses to make except that she came under sail, took a roundabout course, and had had three weeks of bad weather. The vessel, it will be remembered, is the one given to Lieutenant Peary by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*, for use in arctic exploration. Her friends grew very anxious over the long delay in her arrival, but when she did reach port she was in good order, and had had no accidents.

Every one knows that the Seventh Regiment of New York is an exceedingly well-drilled and efficient organization, which is very proud of itself as a regiment, and with good reason. Its members recently voted almost unanimously not to volunteer as individuals for two years' service. This action surprised the public so much, and disturbed so many of the Seventh's own friends, that it is worth while to note the considerations which prompted it. *Esprit de corps* is a merit in a military body, and a regiment which has it in a high degree is the better for it. The Seventh has it in a very high degree. It is very proud of the Seventh, and very devoted to its interests. It owns its armory, and, besides being a regiment, it is to a certain extent a club, the members of which value their membership. The proposition that the men of the Seventh should volunteer as individuals seemed to them to involve the destruction of an organization which it had taken years to perfect, and which is undoubtedly of great value to the State and city of New York. There is a young man mentioned in Scripture who when a call came to him went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. The Seventh was a little in that young man's predicament when the Governor called for volunteers. It did not want to abandon its armory and the control of its organization, and it did not want to risk losing its identity. It considered that individual enlistment in Uncle Sam's service would mean the annihilation of the Seventh Regiment. That opinion may not have been well founded, but it was the opinion the regiment acted upon. It not only did not want to be annihilated as a regiment, but it believed it was too valuable an organization to be broken up. It felt a good deal as a man might feel if he had been told, "Come and enlist, but you may have to change your name, and possibly become a member of a new family." So the Seventh decided that though it would go anywhere, under orders of the Governor or President, as the Seventh Regiment, its members should not enlist as individual volunteers.

There is a possibility at this writing that it will still be ordered out as a regiment and assigned to some duty somewhere, and if that happens it will rejoice its friends and relieve the feelings of its own members. Its case is hard and unlucky, because its strong points as a military organization have, under existing circumstances, proved obstacles to its usefulness and a detriment to its credit.

When all has been said, the conclusion seems inevitable that it is less available than most other militia regiments for service such as the government needs troops for now. What is wanted is regiments that can be used according to the needs of the service; that can be broken up if necessary, officered if necessary by officers appointed from Washington, and that are made up of individual volunteers who are personally ready to serve as long as they are needed, and who can be spared from home without exceptional distress. No regiment of the National Guard could afford to go to the war as a whole—the Seventh perhaps the least of all. The right thing to do seems to have been what was done, or at least attempted—to take from each regiment called upon the men who were really available, keep the rest at home, and fill the vacancies with new men. If this process was not acceptable to the Seventh, so much the worse for the Seventh, even though the reasons why it was not acceptable have weight and are entitled to sympathy. But, whether the Seventh gets into the fight or not, it must not be forgotten that it is a very valuable regiment for emergency uses near home, and that it has proved exceedingly useful as a military school. No other regiment has furnished so many officers to the National Guard.

The twenty-fifth National Conference of Charities and Correction is in session in New York, and matters of the liveliest sociological interest are being discussed at its meetings by qualified authorities. The conference opened on May 18 by a meeting at Carnegie Hall, at which Mr. Joseph Choate presided, and addresses were made by Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Potter. The general sessions of the conference and its section and committee meetings are being held daily at the Young Men's Christian Association building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. On Sunday night there is to be a conference service at Grace Church.

The existence and activity of this conference is a notable incident of our efforts to attain a truer civilization. It grew out of meetings called informally for consultation by boards of charities of a few Western cities. These meetings proved so profitable that a national conference of charities was called to meet in New York with the American Social Science Association in 1874. Nineteen persons responded to this call, and the conference was organized, and has met annually ever since. The membership has grown from 330 in 1893 to 1180 in 1897, and includes officers and trustees of charitable and correctional institutions, officers and members of charitable societies and social settlements, professors of colleges, clergymen, and persons interested in sociology and philanthropy. There is a membership fee of $2 50 (payable to the General Secretary, Mr. H. H. Hart, 115 Monroe Street, Chicago), which entitles the member to receive the annual publications of the society. The president of the conference is Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, of New York, and its executive committee of twenty-three members includes F. B. Sanborn of Concord (Massachusetts), William P. Letchworth of Buffalo, Philip C. Garrett of Philadelphia, Robert Treat Paine of Boston, Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York, and other well-known people from twenty-one different cities.

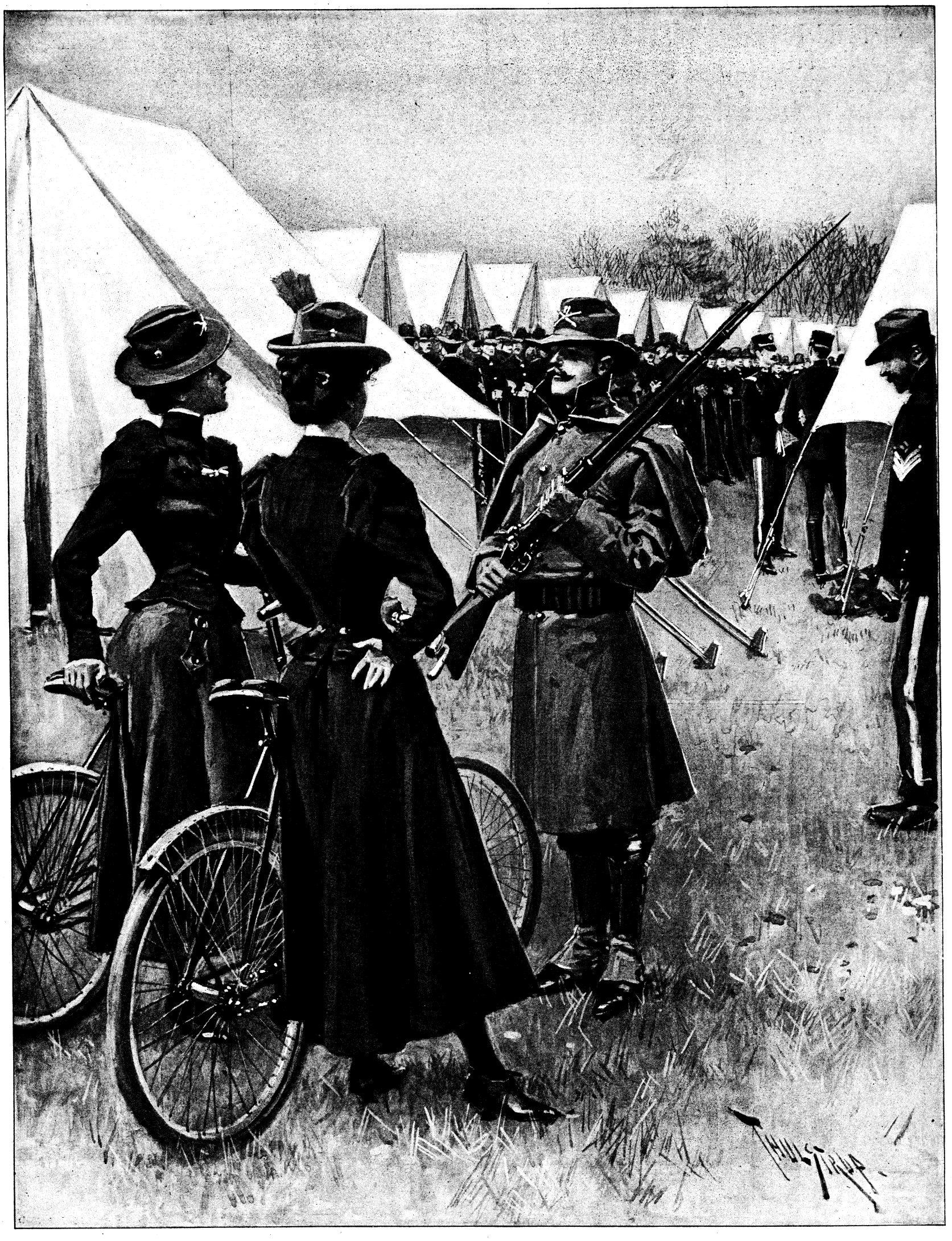
The arrangements for the present conference in New York have been made by a committee of one hundred citizens of Greater New York, appointed by Mr. Stewart, of which Mr. Joseph Choate is chairman. At the sessions and committee meetings of the conference discussions are held and papers read on such subjects as the Abuse of Medical Charities, Immigration and Inter-State Migration, Insanity, Organization of Charity, Politics in Charitable and Penal Institutions, Duty of the State to Dependent Children, and the like. A feature of the evening session on Friday, May 20, is an address by Mr. Carl Schurz. New York is represented in the conference by ninety-eight members, and there is warrant for the hope that a due proportion of the increase of knowledge which the conference begets will inure to the benefit of the city in which it has met.



REVERSE. OBVERSE.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL, NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.—DESIGNED BY VICTOR D. BRENNER.

On the evening of May 11 three Harvard debaters—Messrs. Rosenthal of New York, Parke of Lynn, and White of Boston—bested three Princeton debaters, Messrs. Reeves, Ripps, and Lowrie, in discussion of the question, "*Resolved*, That the present immigration restrictions of the



REPELLING INVADERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

United States are insufficient." Harvard took the affirmative. The judges were President George Harris, of the Andover Theological Seminary; President Capen, of Tufts College; and Mr. Walter Page, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. No doubt the subject for debate was chosen before the war began. It is inconceivable that debaters not under the constraint of a long-standing agreement should fail to discuss the problem of the Philippines or the final disposition of Cuba.

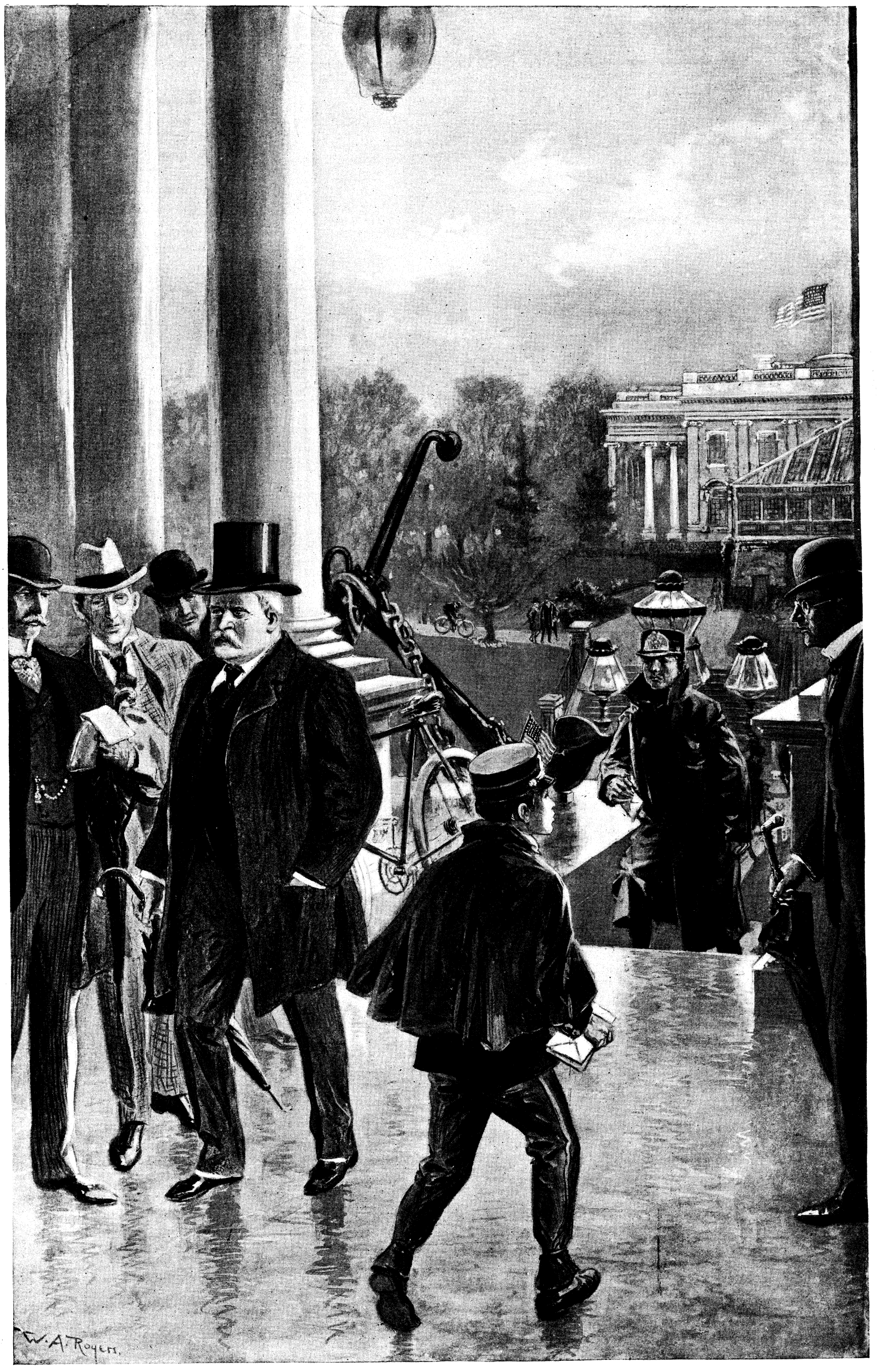
A friend of the WEEKLY, Mr. A. G. Hall, of Nashville, has been at pains to trace back the expression "are, and of right ought to be," which occurs in the Declaration of Independence and in the Mechlenburg Declaration, and was used the other day in the resolutions of Congress about Cuba. He finds that on March 16, 1766, the English Parliament repealed the Stamp Act and passed a "declaration act" in which it is set forth "that Parliament *had, and of right ought to have*, power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

A letter from a member of the family of Mr. Gladstone, written about May 10, says that he had not been out of his room for a fortnight, and that the hope that he would enjoy the coming of the spring has not been realized. "The truth is," says the writer, "he has taken leave of all portions of the earth. He is possessed with a sense of departure. His body, mind, and soul ask for no food of any kind. His one desire is for peace."

"A lady interested in the navy," who admires some pictures lately published in the WEEKLY of the officers of the North Atlantic fleet, remarks that while the captains, commanders, and lieutenant-commanders are often pictured, the "loot'nants" seem to be neglected. She intimates that the "loot'nants" are as good-looking and as dutiful as the other officers, and asks that the pictures of all of them may be given to the world. Perhaps it will be possible to fill this lady's attractive order when the brigadier-generals, whose portraits just now fill and rejoice the WEEKLY's presses, have been put on record.

Thomas Bram, mate of the bark *Herbert Fuller*, who was lately found guilty in Boston of murdering Captain Nash, has had two trials and wants another. His first trial cost the government $12,000; the second one between $25,000 and $30,000. His present sentence is imprisonment for life, and in asking to be tried again he runs the risk of being hanged. The Cuban question is not the only expensive and difficult case Uncle Sam has on hand.

E. S. MARTIN.



WASHINGTON—BUSY TIMES AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT—SECRETARY LONG RUNNING THE GANTLET OF THE REPORTERS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.*

[Letter and Illustrations from Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."]

Dawson, *February, 1898.*

WHEN one is immersed in affairs that tax the resources of both body and mind, the past drops out of view, and we live in a very real present. So here, among the gloom of sub-arctic winter, chopping wood half the time to keep warm the other half, cabin-building at a temperature of forty below, undertaking, day after day, with fearful monotony, the irksome task of preparing one's own meals, it requires a distinct effort of the mind—a wrench, in fact—to recall the events of only a few months ago, and to gather up the broken-off threads of the story of happenings that may not have had their parallel in history.

I see an endless train of human beings struggling to the limit of endurance, through mud and in rain and snow, some bearing burdens, others returning empty, all as if under some hypnotic spell. The snow creeps day by day down the sides of the tall hills, still they go, their faces to the north, hurrying on to meet an arctic winter. Was ever the like seen before?

Sheep Camp, thirteen miles from Dyea, was the last place along the Chilkoot Trail where word could be had from warmth and covering. A town of tents had sprung up, scattered, to the number of several score, among spruces and along the bowlder-lined shores of the Dyea River, here a swift-running stream a rod or two across and scarcely fordable. It is a convenient stage before sending the goods over the pass, which is four miles distant. The Indians packing to Lindeman camp here the first day out. The pack-trains of ten horses each were running the round trip from Dyea, each train being in charge of two men riding spare horses. Some hundreds of other horses were being packed, and a much larger number of men. The rate of packing to this point was fourteen cents a pound. Horses had to be fed here as elsewhere, and this rate, though not large on such merchandise as parcels of cigars, made oats sixteen dollars a sack, and hay not less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton.

The population of Sheep Camp may be classified as follows: those who had packed their own stuff thus far and were wavering, discouraged by the bad weather; those moving their goods right through with horses or on their backs; professional gamblers, and a great swarm of men packing over the summit. These last were mostly hangers-on from Juneau; several were deserters from the revenue-cutters, while others were men who were bound for Dawson, who had the wit or presence of mind, that few others seemed to show, to recognize a gold-mine when it came before their eyes, even if it was not a Klondike one. They were making great money. The rate over the summit to Crater Lake was 12 cents a pound; through to Lindeman, 30 cents per pound. Many of them took one pack from here over, and then made one or more short packs over the summit. In this way some of them made as high as twenty-six dollars a day. It was the hardest kind of work, though, and after a few weeks the feet and ankles got so used up that the men had to give up and go home. It was not always with full pockets that these went back, for the crap men and the faro men about a mining-camp seem special creations for the purpose of relieving certain sorts of men from the temptation to spend their hard-earned money in worse ways.

During the first week in September it was a continual downpour. It seemed a hopeless task ever to get goods dry across the pass. Horses had almost no value—just the price of the packing and no more. But it cost ten dollars for a set of shoes. Everything was the color of mud—men, horses, and goods.

The 12th of September three inches of snow had fallen on the summit, six inches being reported at Lindeman. The Indians said the lakes would not freeze for six weeks. Donkeys taken over the pass were starving to death. Horses, too, were going over. There was no longer any grazing for them. The packers, one by one, were dropping out as the weather grew worse. So the rates did not go down. Discouraged, many were trying to sell their outfits, and had set up little stores inside their tents.

The cruelty to horses is past belief; yet it was nothing to the Skaguay Trail, we hear. There were three thousand horses on the Skaguay Trail—there were more horses to kill, that's about all the difference. Sheep Camp was filling up with broken-down brutes. Their owners had used them and abused them to this point, and were too tender-hearted to put them out of their misery. Their backs raw from wet and wrinkled blankets under the saddles, their legs cut and bruised from the rocks, they were as thin as snakes, and starving to death. A Colorado man said to me, "Of all the cruelty to horses—and I've seen a good deal—the worst is on the trail; they are killing them with sticks." They were hobbling about among the tents, tumbling over guy-ropes, breaking into caches, making great nuisances of themselves. No one would take the responsibility of shooting them. Some one might come along and demand fifty dollars for the dead horse perhaps. That settled it. So we drove a batch of them out of town, where the poor creatures might find a little feed.

A wretched thin white cayuse came to my tent. He had been driven from four miles above, where his owner deserted him. It was raining a cold rain. He put his head and as much more as he could inside the tent, trying to get next the stove. He staid there all night and was around all next day, and he had nothing to eat. I am certain he never felt the 44-calibre bullet back of his ear that evening. Thereupon a general killing-off began, until carcasses were lying on all sides.

On the 14th a dozen packers took my outfit across the pass to Crater Lake. They would not touch the boat lumber. Flour is a packer's first choice, lumber last.

One by one my "partners" for each few miles of travel had fallen by the way-side. It became necessary again to secure a reliable man. I had several offers, even to pay for passage down river, but I was fortunate in chancing on a young man from Stockton, California, named Al. Brown. Brown had started from Dawson with the Leadville outfit, and been dumped at Sheep Camp by the collapse of the undertaking. He had a good outfit of clothes, no grub, and was determined to reach Dawson without delay, though I told him I should advise no one to do a thing I should not do myself. He agreed to help me on down to Dawson, and I agreed to pack his goods over and to take him down river with me. Brown had had no experience in the precise kind of life he was entering upon, but he was an expert oarsman, holding at the time the amateur championship of the Pacific coast. In the face of hardship and positive danger he was a stoic, with a confidence in my knowing what I was about that was flattering, without being justified. We started over the summit after the outfit, each with packs of stuff that we could not trust to packers, leaving the boat lumber in charge of a trustworthy man, who for thirty dollars promised to send it over after us without delay.

From Sheep Camp up the valley is a huge gorge, the mountain-sides rising steep, hard, and bold to a prodigious height. The valley here begins to rise rapidly, and the trail is very bad. A mile above Sheep Camp, on the left hand, a huge glacier lies on the side of the mountain, jutting so far over and downwards that every moment one expects a great chunk to drop off and tumble into the river. But it does not, and only a small stream of water from its melting forces its way to the bottom. A mile farther on was Stone House. A large square rock, crudely resembling a house, stood on the river's brink. At the base of the mountain is a great mass of slide, some of the bowlders being nearly as large as the one by the river. Some of these rocks have piled on top of one another so as to form caves of some size, perfect protection from rain or snow. The Indians use them for shelter. These also are called the "Stone Houses." Some one else may have the privilege of deciding which is the real "Stone House." The valley here makes a sudden turn to the right, and the trail begins to grow steep. The Dyea has forked at this point, the left-hand branch coming down the side of the mountain through a narrow gorge or canyon, evidently from some glacier on top of the mountain. The head of the valley here is of great water-and-ice-worn bowlders. The trail climbs from one to another of these. There is no vegetation, save a few alders here and there, and these cease just above Stone House.



A ROUGH RESTING-PLACE—STONE HOUSE, AT THE FOOT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

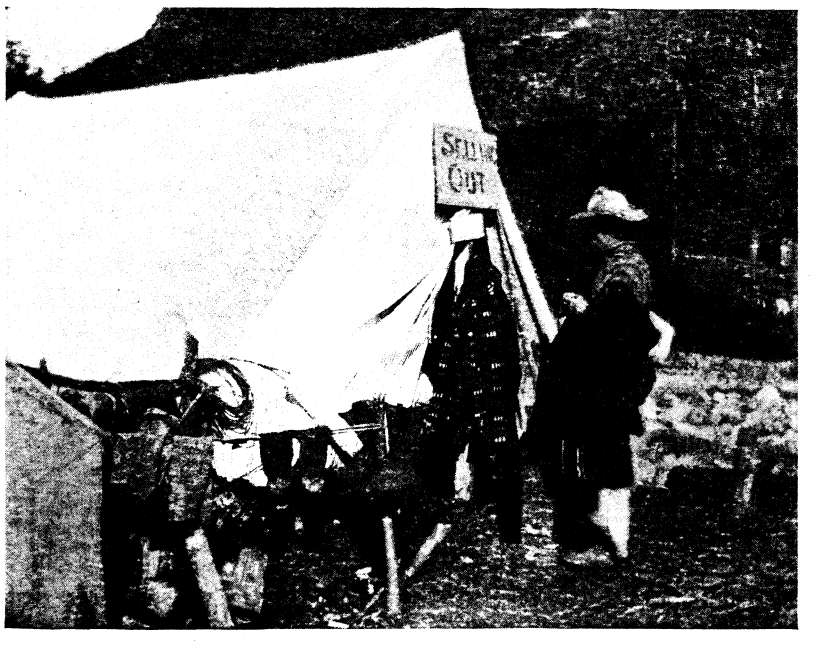
The trail enters a *cul-de-sac*. It climbs higher and higher. The valley seems to end; a precipitous wall of gray rock, reaching into the sky, seems to head off further progress, seaming its jagged contour against the sky—a great barrier, uncompromising, forbidding—the Chilkoot Pass.

Horses and men with packs were ahead of and behind us. The sun had broken clear, and shone down on a strange scene. In a pocket under the cliff were some score of tents and huge piles of baggage. The tents were held down to the earth by rocks on the guy-ropes. Men were busily at work making up the goods into packs, in loading pack-horses. Adding to the animation, the rocks were covered with bright blankets spread out to dry after the rainy spell. The men take the packs, and this is what happens: They walk to the base of the cliff, with a stout alpenstock in hand. They start to climb a narrow foot-trail that goes up, up, up. The rock and earth are gray. The packers and packs have disappeared. There is nothing but the gray wall of rock and earth. But stop! Look more closely. The eye catches movement. The mountain is alive. There is a continuous moving train; they are perceptible only by their movement, just as ants are. The moving train is zigzagging across the towering face of the precipice, up, up, into the sky, even at the very top. See! they are going against the sky! They are human beings, but never did men look so small.

Other men are coming back empty, dropping back to earth. The Scales, as the front of the summit is called, is

* This letter from Mr. Adney takes up the story of his trip at the point where he left off when communication with the outside world was cut off last fall. It consequently antedates by several months the letter printed last week, which, although mailed later, arrived several days in advance of this, and of the letter to be published next week.

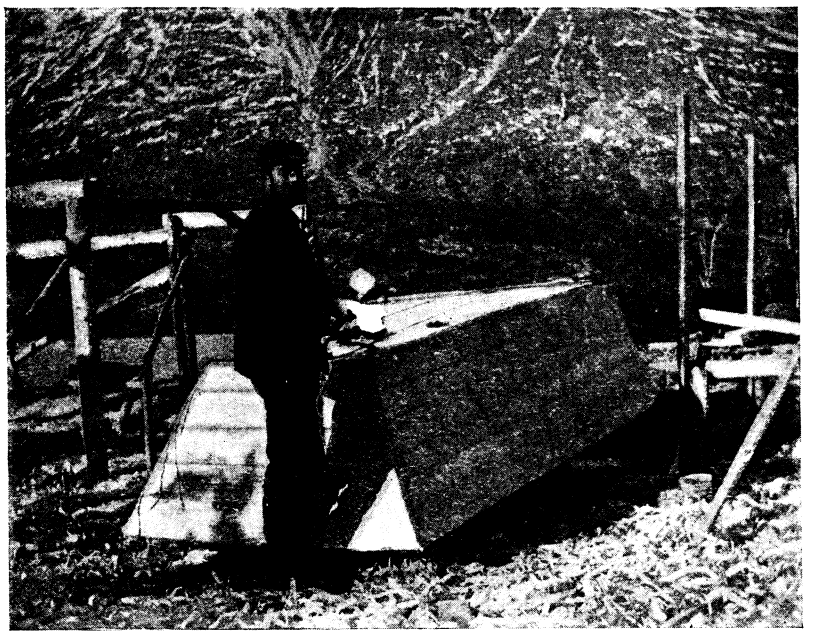
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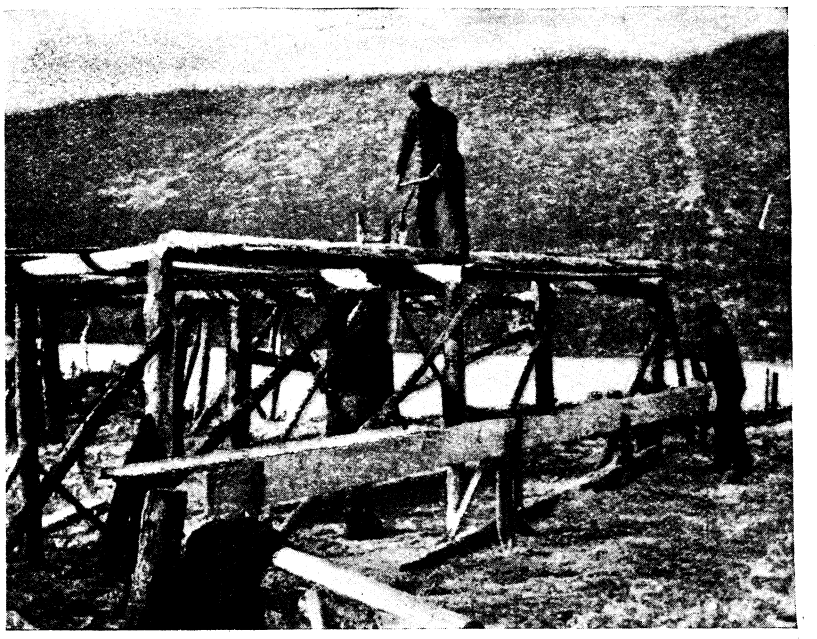
DISCOURAGED—GOING HOME.



VICTIMS OF THE TRAIL.



BOAT-BUILDING, LAKE LINDEMAN—FINISHING-TOUCHES.



A SAW-PIT, LAKE LINDEMAN.

one of the most wretched spots on the trail; there is no wood nearer than two miles, and that is poor. The wind blows cold, and everybody and everything is saturated with wet from the recent rainy spell. The Scales gets its name from being in winter a weighing-place for goods hoisted or packed over.



PACKING BOAT TIMBERS OVER THE SUMMIT.

We started with our packs up the side of the mountain. Chilkoot deceives one in this: it seems to tower directly over one's head, whereas the actual average slope is about forty-five degrees. The surface is not steep; it consists rather of a series of benches with alternate slide rock. The trail thus winds from bench to bench, so that the distance passed over is considerably greater than the direct distance. The slope of the trail is not great, and the labor of climbing so little that when we paused to take breath and look back we found we were half-way up. There are a number of different trails up the side, all reaching the crest at about the same place. In several places, however, the trail is very steep; one must climb on hands and knees from bowlder to bowlder—much, I fancy, as one would go up the pyramids. We overtook horses going up, and an immense ox. We were astonished to see how so apparently clumsy a creature got up the steep places. There is one very dangerous place on the horse trail; there it is necessary to put a rope to the pack-animal, two or three men go ahead, and when the horse starts up they pull hard on the rope; otherwise he would go over backwards, as one or two horses did. Once on top, the trail crosses the broken yet comparatively level summit, over one or two dirty glaciers, and then downward three or four hundred feet of easy pitch, to the head of a steep glacier, where all at once, if the weather is clear, there breaks into full view Crater Lake, a body of pure green water, of irregular outline, a mile or more in length, lying in a great rough craterlike basin of rock. At the top of the glacier some were sledding the goods down on tarpaulings. The front of the glacier terminates in a pile of bowlders as big as wash-tubs, and these extend at a steep angle to the edge of the water. There were caches of goods piled on the bowlders. Some persons had tried to set up tents in this forbidding place. I did not look inside of any to see how they arranged a place flat enough and smooth enough to sleep upon, but infer that sleep was accomplished even under such adverse conditions, as they belonged to the boatmen, of whom there were three, ferrying goods across to the foot of the lake at a cent a pound. Forty dollars a day was paid for the use of one row-boat, but the men were making more than that. They earned their money, having to live in such a place, and no wood within miles. One of the ferrymen told me he had been there two weeks, and that each morning he had wrung the water out of his clothes before putting them on. We were fortunate in getting our goods taken over that day, while we went around by the trail. We followed the water from Crater Lake, a stream of some size, about four miles, until we came to the head of a lake, where we found wood, and where there was a little grazing for horses. The wood consisted of spruce, scrubby and sprawling, some of the trunks being a foot thick, but the trees themselves growing not over ten or twelve feet in height. There were about fifty tents at the lake, which is called Long Lake, and is two miles long. There we were storm-bound and by such a storm as I never saw before. It blew until it seemed as if the tent would be taken bodily and pitched into the lake. Goods had to be piled endways to the wind, which was down the valley from the summit, or else be blown over. We waited several days for the boat to come over the summit, but it never came.

Then we started back to Sheep Camp. On the way back we heard that Sheep Camp had been washed entirely away, and that many persons had lost their lives. We hurried on to the Stone House. Here we got the first reliable account. The square stone had disappeared and was lying in the river-bed. Several parties were camped there. The first thing they heard was a roar, and looking across the narrow valley, saw a stream of bowlders and water coming off the mountain-top, the bowlders leaping far out in air as they tumbled down. It was an immense torrent, and it poured into the Dyea River. A young man had just gone to the river for water, and he was overwhelmed and drowned. The flood undermined Stone House, flooded the tents, carrying away several outfits, and sped toward Sheep Camp, bearing trees and wood with it. Sheep Camp was a spectacle. The tents were all there, save those on the river-bank. The big saloon tents, which bore the very brunt, were wiped out of existence, and the main street, a trail which had had black mud shoe-top deep, was as clear and solid as sand could make it. The catastrophe occurred the day before, the 18th, at seven o'clock in the morning, before many were up. Numerous outfits were either buried or carried away by the flood. People were digging their outfits out of the sand, or else wringing garments, or hanging them out to dry on the bushes.

This disaster, though not so bad as first believed, had the effect of deciding many who were hanging in the balance. It gave them a good excuse to go back, whether they lost their outfits or not. From this time on only the strong-hearted continued on their way. I expected my boat to be gone, but it had been removed, fortunately, to a safe place. We found men to take it over, and it went back with us over the pass. It was snowing when we went over the second time, and there was much snow on top, making the ascent both difficult and dangerous. It was accomplished without accident. It was still stormy at Long Lake. Tents were blowing down, and hanging like the stay-sail of a schooner going about in a three-reef breeze. Wondering if this was a permanent condition of the weather, we ran down to Lindeman and took fresh hope. The drop of 800 feet in elevation put one into a new and smiling country. There were a hundred and twenty tents at the lake, half that number of boats in process of building, half a dozen saw-pits at work, and a general air of hustle-bustle. In the words of the geography, "Ship-building is the principal industry" of Lindeman.

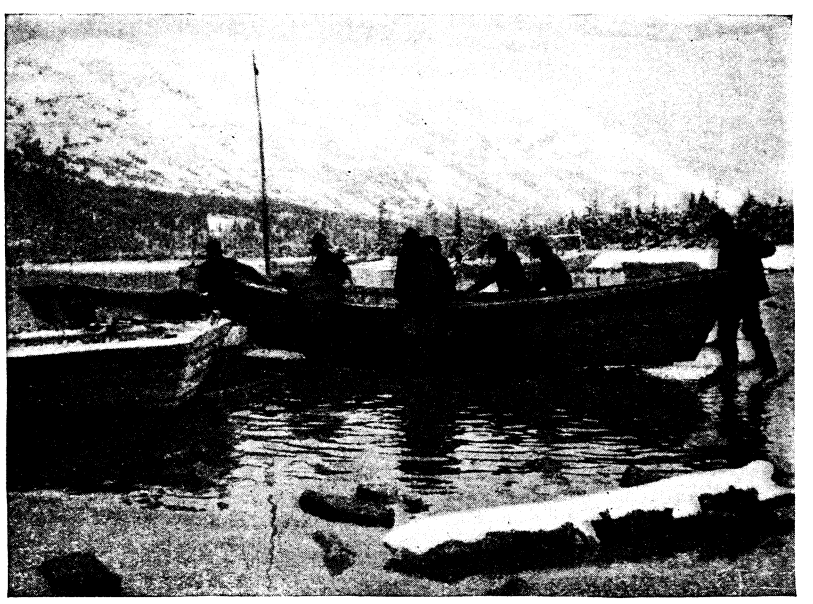
The ferryman at Long Lake would not go out in the storm, so we paid him full price, one cent per pound, loaded our goods aboard, rigged a small square sail in the bow, and scudded to the other end. Here was a portage of a few hundred yards to Deep Lake, a mile long, where another ferryman took us to the Fort, where we camped.

The river here drops into a narrow canyon at tremendous speed, and in the distance of two or three miles drops the surprising distance of 800 feet. The trail strikes over the spur of the hill and down to the lake near its head. Lindeman is a beautiful lake, four and a half miles long, and narrow, with a towering mountain on the opposite side. At its head, on the left hand, a river enters, and there is timber up this river for the boats. The region is nearly devoid of trees; vegetation is plentiful, but it consists of willows and the small dwarf cornus, which at this season, with its purple-red leaves covering the whole ground, gave a rich look to the landscape. We pitched tent by a lovely spot on which we were to build our boat. We packed our goods over from Deep Lake, and when the lumber arrived we built horses and set to work constructing the bateau.

Every one was in a rush to get away. Six to ten boats were leaving daily. These were large boats, with a load of five to ten men each. The boats were of several kinds. A fleet of seven large bateaux got off as we arrived, but the favorite and typical boat was a great flat-bottomed skiff, holding two or three tons—the length over all, twenty-two to twenty-five feet; beam, six or seven feet; sides somewhat flare; the stern wide and square; drawing two feet of water when loaded, with six to ten inches freeboard; rigged for four oars, with steering-oar behind. Some of this type were thirty-five feet in length. There were several huge scows. Well forward a stout mast was stepped, upon which was rigged, sometimes a sprit-sail, but usually a large square sail.

A party usually sent two men ahead to build the boats. They went either five miles up the river at the head and rafted the logs down, or else two miles back, where they constructed saw-pits, sawed the lumber, and carried it on their shoulders. A saw-pit is an elevated platform, ten or twelve feet high. On this the log to be sawn is laid, and a man stands above with the whip-saw, while another works the lower end, and in this way they saw the logs into boards. The lumber is small; it is unusual to get boards more than nine or ten inches in width. It is poor quality of spruce, soft and "punky," and easily broken. There is some pine. The boards are an inch thick, and planed on the edges. When the boat is built the seams are calked with oakum and pitched. The green lumber shrinks before it gets into the water, and the boats as a rule are leaky, but the goods are held upon slabs nailed on the bottom cross-ribs.

TAPPAN ADNEY.



A LAUNCHING-BEE, LAKE LINDEMAN.



WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—9TH U. S.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST WI



9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED) SKIRMISHING THROUGH THE PINES.
ARTIST WITH THE ARMY AT TAMPA FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE Bed of Justice was set at eight of the morning. For they were ever early astir in the city of Thorn, though, like most early risers, they did little enough afterwards.

With a sadly beating heart, I accompanied Dessauer in the same guise as on the previous day. The crowd was even greater in the Hall of Judgment. And when the Duke had taken his seat and his tools set themselves down on either side, they brought in the Little Playmate

She was dressed all in white, clean and spotless in spite of prison usage. She glanced just once about her, right and left, high and low, as if seeking for a face she could not see, and then she looked down on the ground.

The argument as to torture had been concluded on the day before, and it had been held inadmissible—not because of any kindly thought for the prisoner, but because, according to the laws of the Wolfmark, in the absence of the Hereditary Executioner there was no one capable of inflicting it.

Then came the evidence.

The first witness against the Little Playmate was old Hanne. She was brought in by a cowled monk of dark and sinister appearance—in fact, as my heart leaped to observe, I saw she was accompanied by Friar Laurence—he who had taught me my learning in the old days, and who even then had watched the Little Playmate with no friendly eyes.

I saw the deadly fear mount to agony on the face of old Hanne. The look in her eyes of physical pain suffered and overpassed was the same which I have often seen in the wars after the surgeon has done his horrid work. That same look I saw now on the face of Hanne. So I knew that somewhere in the dark recesses under the Hall of Judgment the extreme question had been put to her, and, to all appearance, answered according to the liking of the persecutors, though they dared not torture so notable a public prisoner as Helene.

I saw a look of satisfied vindictiveness pass over the brutal features of Duke Otho. He changed his position and whispered to his colleagues.

It was Master Gerard von Sturm who rose to put the questions to the witness. And as he did so, I heard the steady sough of talk among the people rise mutteringly in a low growl of hate. The Duke's lictors struck right and left among the crowd, as men bent forward with fierce hate in their voices, as if to clear their lungs of a weight of contempt.

It was not thus in the old days, when there was no people's arbiter in all the Wolfmark so famous or so popular as Master Gerard of the Weiss Thor.

"What is the reason of that turmoil?" said I to my neighbor.

"He it is who was her first accuser. Why, he dares not go outside his house without a guard of the Duke's riders," said the man, picking at his finger with his teeth as if it were a bone and he did not think much of its savoriness.

"You have already confessed," said the advocate to old Hanne, when they had propped up the poor wreck of skin and bone, "and you do now confess, that this maid and yourself had ofttimes converse with the Enemy of Souls?"

A spasm passed across the face of the witness, and a low sound proceeded from her mouth, which might have been an affirmative answer, but which sounded to me much more like a moan of pain.

"And you confess that she consulted you concerning the best means of killing the Duke Casimir—by means of a draught to be administered to him when he should, as was his custom, visit his Hereditary Justicer?"

"There was indeed a draught spoken of between us, noble sir," stammered the old woman, "but it was not for the Duke Casimir, nor yet for—any evil purpose."

I saw the Friar Laurence incline his head a little forward and whisper in Hanne's ear from his place behind her.

At the words she clasped her hands and fell on the floor, grovelling: "I will say aught that you bid me. I cannot bear it again. I cannot go back to that place. I am too old to be tormented. I will bear what testimony you desire."

"We wish only that you should tell the truth, as you have already done of your own free will in your pre-examination," said Master Gerard, "the notes of which are before me. Was it not to kill the Duke Casimir that this draught was compounded?"

The old woman hesitated. Friar Laurence stooped again.

"Yes," she cried; "God forgive me—yes!"

An evil look of triumph sat on the face of Otho von Reuss. I think he felt sure of his victim now.

"That is enough," said Master Gerard; "take the old woman back to her cell."

"Oh no, great Lord!" she cried, "not there. You promised that if I said it I was to be let go free. Kill me, but do not send me back."

The Duke moved his hand, and the old woman was led shrieking below.

Then came Friar Laurence, who testified that he had often seen old Hanne instructing the young woman who was a prisoner, in the art of drugs, the preparations of images carved in dough, and it might be also in clay—things well known in the art of witchery.

Further, he had been with the Duke Casimir at the last, and the Duke had declared that he had partaken of a draught in the house of Gottfried Gottfried, and had immediately thereafter been taken ill.

There was not much else of matter in the Friar's evidence, but the most deep and vindictive malice against the prisoner was evident in every word and gesture.

Then Master Gerard rose to address the judges. His venerable appearance was enhanced by the sternly severe look on his face. He looked an accusing angel from the pit, swart of skin and with eyes of flame. He was tall and bent of figure, with the serpent-browed head set deep between hunched shoulders like those of a vulture. He grasped his bundle of papers and rose to make his final speech.

The judges settled themselves to closer attention. The hush of listening folk broadened to the utmost limits of the great hall. At a whisper or a cough a hundred threatening faces were turned in the direction of the sound, so strained was the attention of the people, and such the fear of the eloquence of the most famous pleader in Germany. In these days, when learning has reached so great a pitch, and is so general that in a city there may be as many as a thousand people who can read and write, of course there are many eloquent men. But in those days it was not so, and Gerard von Sturm was counted the one Golden Mouth of the Wolfmark.

And this, in brief, was the matter of his speech. The manner and the persuasive grace I cannot give:

"It has at all times been a received opinion of the wise that witchcraft is a thing truly practised—by which such women as the Witch of Endor, in Holy Writ, were able to call dead men out of their deep graves grown with grass, or, as in that famous case of Demarchaus, who, having by the advice of such a woman tasted the flesh of a sacrificed child, was immediately turned into a wolf.

"Further, the testimony of Scripture is clear: 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'; and again, as sayeth the Wise Man, 'Thou hast hated them, O God, because with enchantments they did horrible works.'

"Now, men may by conspicuous bravery guard their lives against assault by the sword of the enemy, against the spear of the invader that cometh over the wall, even against the knife of the assassin. But who shall be able to keep out witchcraft? It moveth in the motes of the mid-day sun. It comes stealing into the room on the pale beams of the moon. Witchcraft rides in the hurtling blast, and shrieks in the gust which shakes the roof and blows awry the candle in the hall.

"Enchantment can summon Azazeli, the Lord of Flesh and Blood, called in another place the Lord of the Desert, by whose spiriting of the elements the pure water of the spring, or the juice of the purple grape, may become as noxious as the brew of the serpent's poison-bag.

"Of such a sort was the ill doing of this woman. For her own hellish purposes she desired and compassed the death of the most noble Duke Casimir. There may be those who try to discover a motive for such an act. But in this they do foolishly. For to those who have studied of this matter, as I have done, it is well known that enchanters and witches ever attack those who are the greatest, the noblest, and the most envied—not hoping for any good to result to themselves, but out of pure malice and envy, being prompted by the devil that the great and noble should be destroyed out of the land. Well was it spoken then, 'Ye shall not suffer a witch to live.'

"And if any plead hereafter of her youth, of her beauty, I call you to witness that the Evil One ever makes his best implements of the fairest metal. As the aged crone, her teacher and accomplice, hath confessed, this Helene was for long a plotter of dark deeds. By the trust of Duke Casimir in her maiden's innocence, he was betrayed to death. That one so fair and evil should be turned loose on the world to begin anew her enchantments, and like a pestilence to creep into good men's houses, is a thing not to be thought of. Is she to go forth breathing death upon the faces of the young children; to sit sucking, squat like hideous toad, the blood of the new-born infant, or distilling poison drops to put into the draughts of strong men, which shall run like molten iron through their veins till they go mad?

"Hear me, judges; I bid you remember the word: 'Ye shall not suffer a witch to live.' And in the name of the great unbroken law of the Wolfmark, which I hold in my hand, I conclude by claiming the pains of death to pass upon the witch-woman who by her deed sent forth untimely the spirit of the noble Duke Casimir, Lord of the city of Thorn and Duke of the Wolfmark."

The pleader sat down, calmly as he had risen, and the judges conferred together as though they were on the point of delivering their verdict. There had been no sound of applause as Master Gerard had spoken—a hushed attention only, and then the muffled thunder of the great audience relaxing its attention, and of men turning to whispered discussion among themselves.

"Prisoner," said Duke Otho, "have you any to speak for you? Or do you desire to make any answer to the things which have been urged against you?"

Then, thrilling me to my soul, arose the voice of Helene. Clear and girlish, without hurry or fear, but with an innocence which might have touched the hardest heart, the maiden upon trial for her life said a simple word or two in her defence:

"I have no one to speak for me. I have nothing to say, save that which I have said so often, that before God, who knows all things, I am innocent of thought, word, or deed against any man, and most of all, against Duke Casimir of the Wolfsberg."

And as she spoke the multitude was stirred, and voices broke out here and there:

"No witch!" "She is innocent!" "The guilty are among the judges!" "Saint Helena!" "We will avenge her!"

And though the lictors struck furiously every way, they could not settle the tumult, and ever the mass of folk swayed more wildly to and fro. Nor do I know what might have happened but for a cry that arose in front of the throng:

"The Stranger! The Great Doctor! The Wise Man, hear him. He is going to speak for her."

CHAPTER XLIV.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

AND there, standing by the place of pleading, with his foot on the first step, I saw Dessauer, in his black doctorial gown, leaning reverently upon a long staff.

He made a courteous salutation to Duke Otho upon the high seat.

"I am a stranger, most noble Duke," he began, "and as such have no standing in this your High Court of Justice. But there is a certain courtesy extended to doctors of the law—the right of speech in great trials—in many of the lands to which I have adventured in the search of wisdom. I am encouraged by my friend, the most venerable prelate, Bishop Peter, to ask your forbearance while I say a word on behalf of the prisoner, in reply to that learned and celebrated jurisconsult, Master Gerard von Sturm, who has spoken things so apt and eloquent. This is my desire ere judgment be passed. For in a multitude of councils there is wisdom."

He was silent, and looked at the Duke and his tool, Michael Texel.

They conferred apart, and at first seemed on the point of refusing. But the folk began to sway so dangerously, and the voice of their muttering sank till it became a growl as of a caged wild beast which has broken all bars save the last, and which only waits an opportunity to put forth its strength in order to break that also.

"You are heartily welcome, most learned doctor," said Duke Otho, sullenly. "We would desire to hear you briefly concerning this matter."

"I shall assuredly be brief, my noble lord—most brief," said Dessauer. "I am a stranger, and must therefore speak by the great principles of equity which underlie all law and all evidence, rather than according to the statutes of the province over which you are the distinguished ruler.

"The crime of witchcraft is indeed a heinous one, if so be that it can be proven, not by the compelled confession of crazed and tortured crones, but by the clear light of reason. Now, there is no evidence that I have heard against this young girl which might not be urged with equal justice against every cup-bearer in the Castle of Wolfsberg.

"The Duke Casimir died indeed after having partaken of the wine. But so may a man at any time by the visitation of God, by the stroke which falleth suddenly upon the heart of man. No poison has been found on or about the girl. No evil has been alleged against her, save that which has been compelled, as all must have seen, by torture and the fear of torture, from the palsied and reluctant lips of a frantic hag."

"Hear him! Great is the stranger!" cried the folk in the hall. And the shouting of the guards commanding silence could scarce be heard for the roar of the folk. It was some time before the speech of Dessauer was again audible.

He was beginning to speak again, but Duke Otho, without rising, called out, angrily,

"Speak to the reason of the judges, and not to the passions of the mob!"

"I do indeed speak from the reason to the reason," said Dessauer. "For in this matter there is no true averment, even of witchcraft, but only of the administration of poison—which ought to be proven by the ordinary means of producing some portion of the drug, both in the possession of the criminal and from the body of the murdered man. This has not been done. There has been no evidence, save, as I have shown, such as is easily compelled or suborned. If this maid be condemned, there is no one of you with a wife, a daughter, a sweetheart, who may not have her burned or beheaded on just as little evidence—if she have a single enemy in all the city seeking for malice or lust to compass her destruction.

"Moreover, it indeed matters little for the argument that this damsel is fair to the eye—save in so far as she is more the object of desire, and that when the greed of the lustful eye is balked" (here he paused and looked fixedly at Duke Otho, who dropped his head slightly and looked between his knees), "disappointment oft in such a heart turns to deadly poison. And so that which was desired is the more bitterly hated, and revenge awakes to destroy.

"But if beauty matters little, character matters greatly. And what by common consent has been known in the city concerning this maid?

"I ask not you, Duke Otho, who have lived apart in your castle or in far lands, a stranger to the city, like myself. But I ask the people among whom, during all these past months of the plague, she has dwelt. Is she not known among them as Saint Helena?"

"Aye," cried the people, "Saint Helena indeed—our savior when there was none to help. God save Saint Helena!"

Dessauer waved his hand for silence.

"Did she not go among you from house to house, carrying not the poison-cup, but the healing draught? Was not her hand soft on the brow of the dying, comforting about the neck of the bereaved? Day and night, whose fingers reverently wrapped up the poor dead body of your beloved? Who quieted your babes in her arms, fed them, nursed them, healed them—buried them, wore herself out to a shadow for your sakes?"

"Saint Helena," they cried—"Saint Helena, the angel of the Red Tower!"

"Aye," said Dessauer, in tones like thunder; "hear their voices! There are a thousand witnesses in this house untortured, unsuborned. I tell you the guilt of innocent blood will lie on you, great Duke—on you, counsellers of evil things—if you condemn this maid. Your throne shall totter and fall, and your life's sun shall set in a sea of blood!"

He sat down, calm and fearless, as the Duke raged to Michael Texel, as I think, desiring that the fearless pleader could be seized on the instant and punished for his insolence. But as the folk shouted in the hall and the thunder of cheering came in through the open windows from the great concourse without, Michael Texel calmed his master, urging upon him that the temper of the people was for the present too dangerous. And also, doubtless, that they could compass their ends by other means.

I saw Texel despatch a messenger to the lictors who stood on either side of Helene. The body-guard of the Duke stood closer about her as the Duke Otho himself stood up to read the sentence.

I saw that the form of it had been written out upon a paper. Doubtless all had been prearranged, so that neither evidence nor eloquence could possibly have had any effect upon it:

"We, the Court of the Wolfmark, find the prisoner, Helene, called Gottfried, guilty of witchcraft, and especially of compassing and causing the death of our predecessor, the most noble Duke Casimir, and we do hereby adjudge that, on the morning of Sunday presently following, Helene Gottfried shall be executed upon the common scaffold by the axe of the executioner. Of our clemency is this sentence delivered, instead of the torture and the burning alive which it was within our power to command. This is done in consideration of the youth of the criminal, and as the first exercise of our ducal prerogative of high mercy."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"IN A POSITION OF MUTUAL DEFIANCE."

With an angry roar the people closed in.

"Take her!" they cried. "Rescue her out of their hands!"

And there was a fierce rush, in which the outer barriers were snapped like straw. But the lictors had pulled down the trap-door on the instant, and the people surged fiercely over the spot where a moment before she had stood. Before them were the levelled pikes and burning matches of the Duke's guard.

"Have at them!" was still the cry. "Kill the wolves! Tear them to pieces!"

But the mob was undisciplined, and the steady advance of the soldiers soon cleared the hall. Nevertheless, the streets without continued angry and throbbing with rebellion. Duke Otho could scarce win scathless across the court-yard to his own apartments. Tiles from the nearest roofs were cast upon the heads of his escort. The streets were impassable with angry men shaking their fists at every courier and soldier of the Duke. Women hung sobbing out of the windows, and all the city of Thorn lamented because of the cruel condemnation of their saint of the plague, Helena, the maiden of the Red Tower.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE WHITE GATE.

I RUSHED out into the street, distract and insensate with grief and madness. I found the city seething with angry unrest—not yet openly hostile to the powers that abode in the Castle of the Wolfsberg—too long cowed and downtrodden for that—but angry with the anger which one day would break out and be pitiless.

The Black Horsemen of the Duke pricked a way with their lances here and there through the people, driving them in jets and spurts of fleeing humanity into the narrow lanes, only once more to reunite as soon as the Hussars of Death had passed. Pikemen cried, "Make way!" and the regular guard of the city paraded in strong companies.

A soldier wantonly thrust me in the back with his spear, and I sprang towards him fiercely, glad to strike home at something. A man of the crowd pulled me back.

"Be wise," he said; "not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of all these women and children. The Black Riders seek only an excuse to sweep the city from end to end with the besom of fire and blood."

Then came my master out of the Hall of Judgment, his head hanging dejectedly down. As soon as he was observed the people crowded about, shaking him by the hand, thanking him for that which he had done for their maid, their holy Saint Helena of the plague-time.

"We will not suffer her to be put to death, not even if they of the Wolfsberg raze our city to the ground!"

"Make way there," cried the Black Horsemen—"way in the name of Duke Otho!"

"Who's Duke Otho?" cried a voice. "We do not know Duke Otho."

"He is not crowned yet! Why should he take so much upon him?" shouted another.

"We are free burgesses of Thorn, and no man's bondslaves!" said a third. Such were the shouts that hurtled through the streets, and were bandied fiercely from man to man, betraying the intensity of the hatred which existed between the ducal towers of the Wolfsberg and the city which lay beneath them.

In my boyish days I had laughed at the assemblies of the Swan—the White Wolves and Free Companions. But, perhaps, those who had thus played at revolt were wiser than I. For of a surety these associations were yielding their fruits now in a harvest of hate against the gloomy pile that has so long dominated the town, choked its liberties, and shut it off from the new, free, thriving world of the northern seaboard commonwealths to which of right it belonged.

So soon as Dessauer and I were alone in my master's room at Bishop Peter's I tried to stammer some sort of thanks, but I could do no more than hold out a hand to him. The old man clasped it.

"It was wholly useless," he said; "they had their purpose fixed and their course laid out so that there was no turning of them. All was a mockery, so clear that even the ignorant men of the streets were not deceived. Accusation, evidence, pleadings, condemnation, sentence—all were ready before the maid was taken; aye, and, I think, before Duke Casimir was dead. There is no court in the Wolfmark higher than the mockery we have seen to-day. The arms of the soldiers of Plassenburg are our only court of appeal!"

"It is two days before they can come," I answered. "I fear me all will be over before then."

"Be not so sure," said Dessauer. "There is at present no Justicer in the Mark capable of carrying out the sentence, so long as your father lies on his bed of mortal weakness."

"Duke Otho will not let that stand in his way—or I am the more deceived," said I, with a heavy heart.

At this moment there was an interruption. I heard a loud argument outside in the court-yard.

"Tell me what you want with the servant of the most learned Doctor!" cried a voice.

"That is his business and mine—not yours, rusty son of a stable-sweeper!" was the answer.

I went out immediately, and there, facing each other in a position of mutual defiance, I saw Peter of the Pigs and the decent legal domestic of Master Gerard von Sturm.

"Get out of my wind, old Muck-to-the-Eyes!" said the servitor, offensively; "you poison the good wholesome air that is needed for men's breath."

"Go back to your murderer of the saints," responded Peter of the Pigs, valiantly; "your master and you will swing in effigy to-night in every street in Thorn. Some day before long you will both swing in the body—if a hair of this angel's head be harmed."

"I must see this learned Doctor's servant!" persisted the man of law, avoiding the personal question.

"Here he is," said I; "and now what would you with him?"

"I am sent to invite you to come to the Weiss Thor immediately, on business which deeply concerns you."

"That is not enough for me," said I; "who sends for me?"

"Let me come in out of the hearing of this moon-faced idiot," said he, pointing contumeliously to Peter of the Pigs, "and I will tell you. I am not bidden to proclaim my business in the market sties and city cattle-pens!"

"You do well, Parchment Knave," cried Peter, "for it is such black business that if you proclaimed a syllable of it there, you would be torn to pieces of honest folk. Thank God, there are still some such in the world!"

"Aye, many," said the servitor, "and we all know they are to be found in the dwellings of priestlings!"

I walked with the man to the gate, for I did not care to take him to where Dessauer was sitting. I feared that it might be some ill news from the Lubber Fiend, who, though I had seen him clear of the gate, might very well have returned and told my message to Master Gerard.

"Well," said I, brusquely, for I had no love for the Sir Rusty Respectable, "out with it—who sends you?"

"It is not my master," answered the man, "but one other."

"What other?" said I.

"The one," he said, cunningly, "with whom on a former occasion you rode out at the White Gate."

Then I saw that he knew me.

"The Princess—" I began.

"Hush!" he said, touching my arm; "that is not a word to be whispered in the streets of Thorn—the Lady Ysolinde is at her father's house and would see you—on a matter of life or death—she bade me tell you."

"I will go with you," I said, instantly.

"Nay," he said, secretly, "not now, but at nine of the clock, when the city ways shall be dark, you must come—you know the road. And then you can confer together safely when Master Gerard will be safe in his study with the lamp lit."

I went back to Dessauer, who kept his head in his hand as if deeply absorbed in thought.

"The Princess is in Thorn," said I, as a startling piece of news.

"Ah, the Princess!" he muttered, abstractedly; "truly she is the Princess, but yet that will not advantage her a whit."

I saw that he was thinking of our little Helene.

"Nay," I said, taking him by the arm to secure his attention, as indeed about this time I had often to do. "I mean the Lady Ysolinde, the wife of our good Prince."

"In Thorn!" said Dessauer. "Ah, I am little surprised. Twice when I was speaking I saw a face I knew well look through a lattice on the wall at me. But being intent upon my words, I did not think of it, nor indeed recognize it till it had disappeared. Now the picture comes back to me. It was the face of the Princess Ysolinde."

"I am to see her at nine o'clock to-night in the house of the Weiss Thor."

"Do not go, I pray you!" he said; "it is certainly a trap."

"Go I must and will," I replied, "for it may be for the good of our maiden. I will risk all for that!"

"I dare say," said he, "so would I, if I saw any advantage, such as indeed I hoped for to-day. But if I be not mistaken, our Princess is deep in this plot."

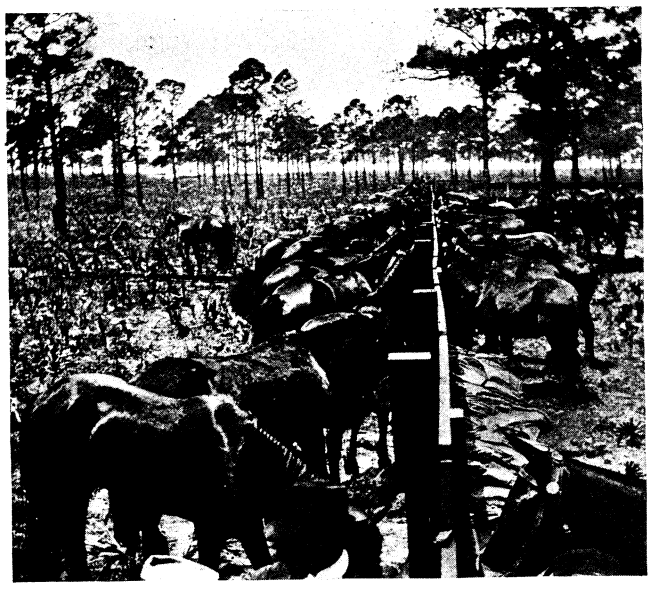
"And why?" said I. "Helene never harmed her."

"Helene is your betrothed wife, is she not?" he said. He asked as if he did not know.

"Surely!" said I.

"Well!" he replied, sententiously, and so went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HORSES AND MULES ON THE PICKET-LINE.



PREPARING PACK-MULES FOR A MARCH.



PACK-MULES OF THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.



PACKING.



9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED TROOPS) PREPARING TO LEAVE THE CORRAL.



MAKING A PROTEST.



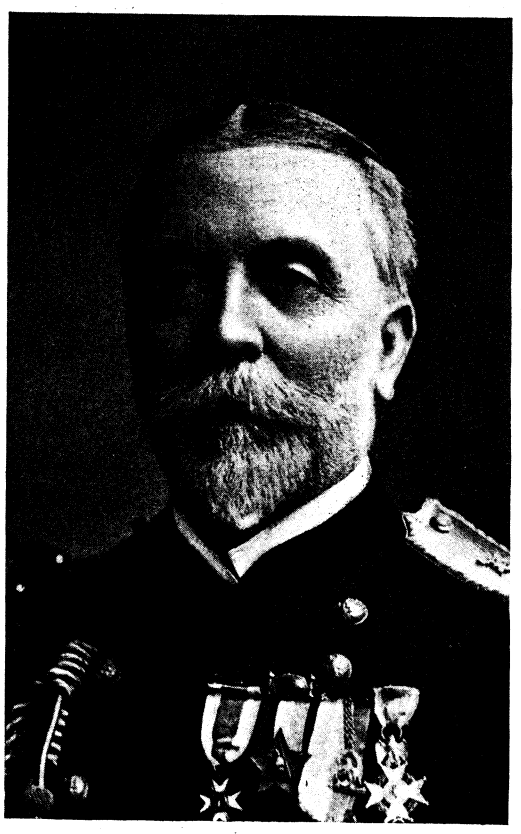
ARRIVAL OF A TRANSPORT-WAGON.



9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED) DETRAINING AT PORT TAMPA.

MOBILIZING THE ARMY—WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Late Brigadier-General and Inspector-General.



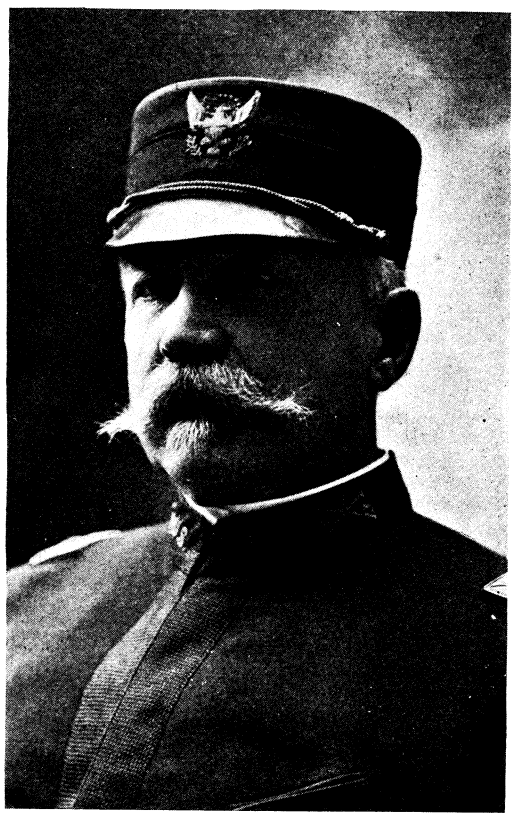
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY,
Late Colonel 10th Cavalry.



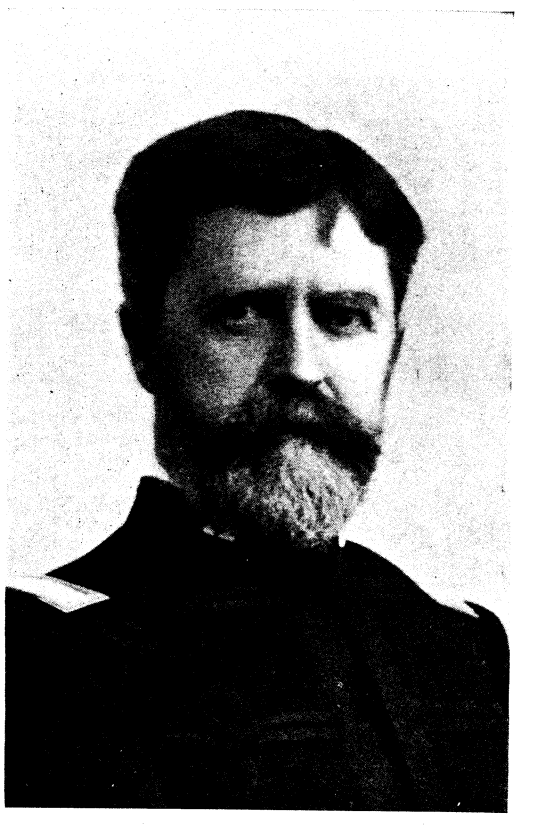
BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD B. WILLISTON,
Late Colonel 6th Artillery.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers.



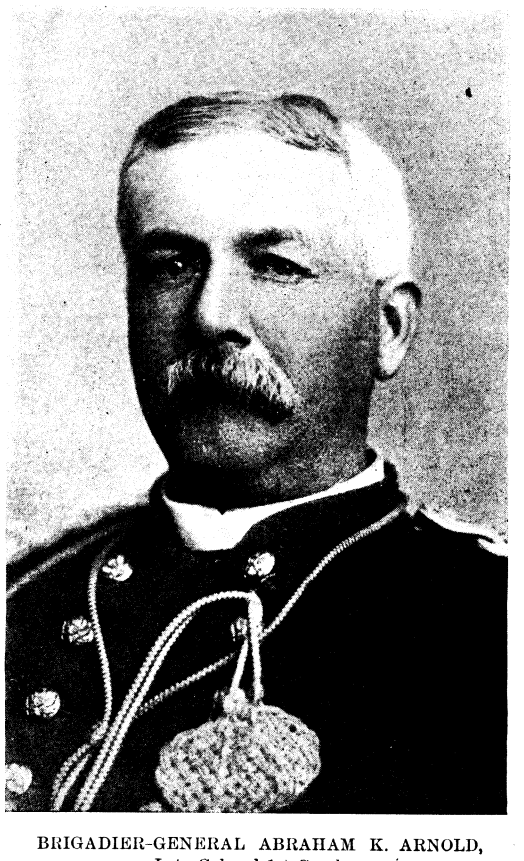
BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER,
Late Colonel 5th Cavalry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Late Colonel 14th Infantry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK,
Late Colonel 1st Artillery.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ABRAHAM K. ARNOLD,
Late Colonel 1st Cavalry.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER,
Late Colonel 6th Cavalry.

RECENT PROMOTIONS IN THE U. S. ARMY—NEWLY APPOINTED GENERAL OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 483.*)

Wednesday, May 11.—The assertion is made in despatches from Madrid and London that "about forty thousand men of the reserves of the Spanish army have been ordered to rejoin the colors," and it is added that a formidable expedition is being organized to expel Rear-Admiral Dewey from the Philippine Islands.

An order was sent to Major-General Wesley Merritt, commanding the Department of the East, to go to Washington to-night. His selection as military governor of the Philippines is assured.

Thursday, May 12.—A report of an engagement which occurred yesterday at Cardenas, Cuba, was issued by the Navy Department to-day. Spanish gunboats and shore batteries opened fire on the blockading-vessels *Wilmington*, *Winslow* (torpedo-boat), and *Hudson*. The *Winslow* was disabled, Ensign Worth Bagley and four sailors were killed, and Lieutenant Bernadou and two others were wounded.

The first land fight of the war took place just west of the harbor of Port Cabañas, Cuba. The transport-steamer *Gussie*, which left Key West on Wednesday, carrying members of the First Infantry, with ten Cuban scouts, and rifles, ammunition, and supplies of food for the insurgents, made a temporary landing at the point mentioned, after a brush with Spanish troops.

A portion of the squadron under command of Rear-Admiral Sampson attacked the batteries defending San Juan, Puerto Rico. "The attack lasted about three hours, and resulted in much damage to the batteries, and incidentally to a portion of the city." Our losses—two men killed and seven wounded. No serious damage to any of our ships.

Friday, May 13.—Secretary Long received official advices that the Cape Verde squadron — falsely reported last Tuesday to have returned to Cadiz—had been sighted to the westward of Martinique, Windward Islands. Indications are that this fleet stopped at Martinique to take in a supply of coal and to communicate with the Spanish government.

The fleet under command of Commodore Schley, which is distinguished as the "Flying Squadron," put to sea this afternoon. It comprises the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, the battle-ships *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, the despatch-boat *Scorpion*, and the collier *Sterling*. The cruisers *Minneapolis* and *St. Paul* are ordered to follow this evening or to-morrow.

Saturday, May 14.—The revenue-cutter *Windom*, arriving at Key West to-day, brings news of a fight that occurred at Cienfuegos last Wednesday. Men from the cruiser *Marblehead* and the gunboat *Nashville*, in attempting to cut the cable at Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba, were attacked by Spanish infantry hidden in rifle-pits on the shore. The cables were cut under fire. One of our men was killed and seven wounded. Spanish losses are reported to have been very much more severe.

Sunday, May 15.—The sentiment of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's speech, delivered Friday night at Birmingham, England, is cordially approved in England, while it is condemned by the French newspapers, and at Madrid is construed as being the first signal for European complications arising out of the Cuban question. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain declared that war, though terrible, would be "cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the stars and stripes and the union-jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

Spain's Cape Verde squadron, commanded by Admiral Cervera, is at or near the island of Curaçao. Rear-Admiral Sampson's fleet has left San Juan, and is steaming towards Cuba, along the northern coast of San Domingo. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, is hastening southward to strengthen the blockade at whatever point it may be attacked.

All the members of the Spanish cabinet have resigned.

WANTED—A WAR.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *May 12, 1898.*

There has been no movement of troops, to speak of, during the last week; but the movement of generals is present and considerable. Obviously the administration is determined there shall be activity in some direction.

All told, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, about 7500 soldiers and officers and a fleet of nine transports are now here; the men are rationed for a month, the boats watered and coaled, and the rainy season approaches.

The last week has been one of recurring rumor or repeated disappointment. How many times "authenticated" despatches have been pasted on the hotel bulletin-board, stating positively that the invasion of Cuba was about to begin, I should not wish to say. We war correspondents here assembled care not to dwell on the immediate past, nor even on the present; hope springs eternal, but never gets beyond Port Tampa, where the transports are apparently anchored for a lifetime.

And there has been this week some legitimate and good news—the return of Captain Dorst after his successful attempt to open communication with the insurgents, and his departure again on Tuesday for Cuba on a similar though more important mission. His first trip was made on the tug *Leyden*, with a load of ammunition and four Cubans, but no soldiers. Despite several troops of Spanish cavalry, Captain Dorst succeeded in landing his Cubans and supplies, and although eventually fired upon, escaped with no damage more serious than a bullet hole in the tug's smoke-stack. In talking of his trip the captain seemed most impressed by the contempt the insurgents showed for the Spanish troops. There were about two hundred insurgents at the rendezvous, fully half of them not armed, and every last one of them literally in rags. They appeared little like soldiers or men able to withstand the fatigues of a campaign, so hungry-looking and worn were they. Yet the known presence of Spanish cavalry in the immediate vicinity seemed no occasion for alarm. They worked with unconcern at stowing away the ammunition, and when attack came, as it did before their work was completed, they retired to the bush, and by a straggling fire drove the Spaniards beyond danger. That these half-starved, half-armed patriots can successfully and repeatedly repulse the Spaniards with the greater loss to the latter bespeaks a determination and courage of an order that comes only to those fighting for liberty.

Captain Dorst's second expedition to Cuba is more extensive than his first, and he is prepared to land, and, if need be, defend against any of the Spanish scouting parties the cargo of rifles and ammunition he is carrying on the side-wheeler *Gussie* for the insurgents. The departure of the *Gussie* Tuesday noon was known to only the officers immediately concerned and a few correspondents. Those of us in the know lingered all Monday afternoon about the wharf at Port Tampa, where the boat was loading, guarded by a picket-line. There was quite a chain of freight-cars loaded with powder, provisions, and other munitions of war, and a sentinel stood guard at each car, and at the entrance to the wharf, and at the other approaches to the transport. It looked like business. It is time we stopped playing the optimistic rôle in this war. The posting of armed sentries around the buildings in which the government has its ammunition and provisions stored is gratifying, and it would be even more pleasing if we could see our camps here also guarded against the intrusion of every one and any one who cares to wander thither.

When the *Gussie* had been loaded, electric light had just superseded daylight, and the embarkation begun of the two companies of the First Infantry (about 130 men) which Captain Dorst was taking to protect the landing of ammunition. As I watched the men march up the wharf and across the gang-plank into the *Gussie*. You could not have discovered from their appearance in any way that the unusual was about to happen—despatch and quiet marked the entire proceeding, from the beginning to the first turn of the *Gussie's* side-paddles.

Meantime those of us waiting for the "big thing," viz., the move on to Cuba, are exceedingly restive under the continued inactivity here, and sorely tempted to join these filibustering expeditions. The dread of losing any of the little excitement offering can only be appreciated by a war correspondent who has been two weeks looking for war and found no trouble more serious than incompetent hotel waiters. The game of the day seems to be to find the Spanish fleet.

Meanwhile the Spanish government appears to have no difficulty whatever in keeping thoroughly posted on the movements of our fleets and army, and the query offers if the United States cannot do equally as well. It seems strange that with our fast scouts and the number of military and naval attaches on the other side we should be unable to learn definitely just where that elusive Spanish fleet is. It is to be hoped Spain will appreciate our magnanimity, otherwise there appears to be no other reward for our indifference in Cuban waters to her industry on the fortifications. Blanco is evidently making good use of the time we are giving him, planting mines in the Havana Harbor, and repairing and strengthening fortifications, all under the very eyes of our blockading squadron, which is silent—under orders, of course.

Perhaps by the time we set sail for the Cuban shore the Spaniards will be prepared to give substantial evidence of their industry, which our blockading squadron could have halted in short order with some more of those well-directed shells.

Here at Tampa correspondents continue to arrive and the tradesman to prosper. If we do not start shortly, additional transports will be required to convey the correspondents and their purchases. Some startling outfits are resulting from the delay and the growing crop of newspaper men. I saw one a few days ago buying an armory of knives that would put to shame the heaviest villain that ever trod the melodramatic stage.

Some of these adventurers will be broken-hearted, I fear, when the word to move is actually given and the list published of those who are to be permitted to accompany the troops. The Cuban volunteers are still here, camped in a large wooden building originally intended for a theatre. This week Springfield rifles have been distributed among them, but they are yet awaiting ammunition. Some of them are hardy, earnest-looking chaps; but I confess that a great number one sees parading about the town and hotel suggest theatricals. Those ragged, determined patriots whom Captain Dorst interviewed the other day must be of different timber.

There is no material change at the camps. One regiment left last week, and another has taken its place, but the troops which the bulletins say are hurrying this way have not yet put in an appearance. A few more lemonade and frankfurter stands mark the edge of the camps, and the roads are more cut up and dustier—otherwise the view is as it was. As I am writing this, a despatch is being posted that the immediate invasion of Cuba is ordered, but it is no doubt one of those attempts to raise our hopes that have all but flown.

Postscript. *May 14.*

Despite the latest despatch on the bulletin-board, declaring that the invasion of Cuba is to be postponed until Rear-Admiral Sampson shall have met the Spanish fleet, to-day has developed more activity than we have yet seen at Tampa. The Third and Sixth cavalry arrived yesterday, and last night and this morning five regiments of infantry have come in. This makes a total force now here of 8500 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and ten light batteries with 60 guns and 700 men—in all, 11,200 men.

Caspar Whitney.

A DAY IN ATLANTA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

In the heart of the town Grady stands in bronze, no more fixedly than he lives in the hearts of the people. Across the bridge the flag waves over the birthplace of Uncle Remus; and out the other way, and on a low hill in the country sits the home of Gordon, the Confederate General. The General was the youngest corps commander in Lee's army. He made the last charge at Appomattox; and during the truce, Sheridan said to him, grimly:

"I have received the gun that was consigned to me through General Early." Some wag in Richmond had written on a cannon that was shipped from the Confederate capital, "Consigned to General Sheridan through General Early."

"That is odd," said the General. "I have just received a battery that was consigned to me through General Sheridan."

The joke did not please Sheridan—he did not believe it—but there was the battery in plain sight. Just now the General is Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and at reunions he rides at the head of his columns, on peaceful parade, as he once led them to the charge, sitting his horse like a youth of twenty. In the last few years he has been doing with his voice what Thomas Nelson Page began with his pen—a work that the war with Spain will about finish—and that is, making the North and South in sentiment what both have been in loyalty since the surrender—one and inseparable. The General was just back from a tour throughout the South. "I have found but one sentiment among the old Confederates," he said. "They are old; most of them are poor and with dependent families; and yet, in town or country, I have not seen a man physically able to march who was not ready to go to the front. There are no sectional or State lines now, when a common enemy is to be met."

Under the dome of the big Capitol recruits are enlisting, and pouring into Camp Northen at Griffin, forty miles away, where the militia and volunteers of Georgia are being whipped into shape. There is not room even for Georgia's white volunteers, so to give her dusky patriots a chance, two recruiting officers are here from Chickamauga to receive negro volunteers into the regular army. There is no trouble with volunteers, white or black, in Georgia. One boy of sixteen had run away from his home in Virginia to join the army. A telegram followed asking that he be sent home, but the little fellow escaped, and is now seeking enlistment at Chickamauga. One recruit tramped joyously in seventeen miles from the country, was refused enlistment, and tramped sorrowfully home. Others wept when pronounced physically unfit. One fellow attracted considerable attention by his dress. His tie was brilliant, his suit was quasi-fashionable, and his shoes were of patent-leather.

"Whoopee!" said several. "Look at him! look at him!"

"That's all right," he said, "but I'm going to give 'em all up for Uncle Sam." And the crowd cheered him.

Such enthusiasm is somewhat in contrast to the reported action of militia elsewhere.

"If I had a son who was a member of a military organization in peace," said the General, "and declined to go to war, I—I'd rather see him dead! Mark my words, no man will ever recover from a stigma like that."

Meanwhile, up from the south was coming the first consignment of prisoners from the eastern hemisphere that Uncle Sam has had the honor of entertaining since the war of 1812, and across the house-tops of Atlanta is Fort McPherson, where those guests of the nation are to smoke cigarettes and chatter Spanish until Spain takes a few American prisoners for exchange, or, which is more likely, until the war comes to an end. There were twenty of them, headed by Colonel Cortijo, a brother-in-law of Weyler; nine others being officers, and the rest enlisted men. Colonel Cortijo objected vigorously as a Spanish gentleman to being searched; only thieves and cutthroats, he said, were searched in Spain. However, he submitted, and spread out his effects with much grace and gesticulation, as did the others. When he went to bed, he said he meant to get up no more, to talk no more, and to eat no more, unless his meals were brought to him. Next morning he had concluded to talk, but would not march with the others to breakfast. Towards noon he asked the negro soldier on guard when dinner would be ready; and at two o'clock he went with the rest along the clover-scented drill-field to a long clean wooden table and a simple meal of Uncle Sam's rations in the mess hall. All the prisoners were dressed in light blue uniforms and white caps, surrounded by the big negro guards of the Twenty-fifth Infantry; they looked pigmies. Cortijo himself is low, round-shouldered, with an unpleasant face, and the "wide walk" of a cavalryman. He smoked a small cigarette in a huge holder, and with an air of cynical unconcern that was faithfully reflected by the rest of his men. After the meal the Spaniards asked for cigars and toothpicks, and were told that Uncle Sam did not furnish such luxuries. However, as nearly all of the officers had rolls of Spanish money, they will doubtless be permitted to buy such extras as may be good for them.

Naturally there was a great crowd to witness the arrival of the captured Dons, and in it were many Cuban refugees—of whom there is a settlement—of wealth and good social position in Atlanta. These Cubans love Fitzhugh Lee as they hate the Spaniards.

From the General's veranda a hand of cordial welcome is always outstretched to the passing stranger. The house fronts the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and sits on a battle-field. There were breastworks through the lawn in front, there are still breastworks through the field to the left, and there are soldiers' graves along the hill-side under the rose-garden. This garden is a favorite spot with the General's wife, who followed him through the war from the shot of the first gun to the shot of the last. She is still erect and youthful in face and figure. It is said that at Winchester, where she first saw the Confederates defeated and in retreat, that the General found her in the rear, rallying the flying soldiers. On either side she had a soldier by the arm, and was leading him back to battle. They had paid no attention to the General's orders, but they did not dare, they said, to disobey the General's wife. Under his left eye is a depression which follows the course of a bullet that came out under his right ear. This was the fifth time he was shot at Antietam in one day, and it was not until then that he would allow himself to be taken from the field.

That night there were war stories, and the General told how the Federal soldiers at Appomattox presented arms when his starved and ragged veterans filed past, and how he had hugged General Chamberlain of Maine for it when he discovered that the Maine officer was the moving spirit under this touching act of chivalry. And how, at the surrender, the Federal officers treated the Confederates with more than courtesy—with deference, indeed. And as there was nothing to talk of except the war, how the Federals spoke only of those battles in which they themselves had suffered defeat.

"And that," said the General, "is how the soldiers on each side have ever acted and felt—that is, the soldiers who did the fighting. You can usually put it down that the man on either side who exhibits bitterness in peace was not much of a soldier in war."

John Fox, Jr.

A CHANGE OF AMBITION.

HORATIUS at the bridge, and he
Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone
By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David with his wondrous aim
That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps
That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror,
Who made the Briton sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought
And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington,
And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe,
And Farragut, and Grant, and, oh,

A thousand other heroes I
Have wished I were in days gone by—

Can take their laurels from my door,
For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;
The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea,
Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad, but, O my son,
I wish I'd did what Dewey done!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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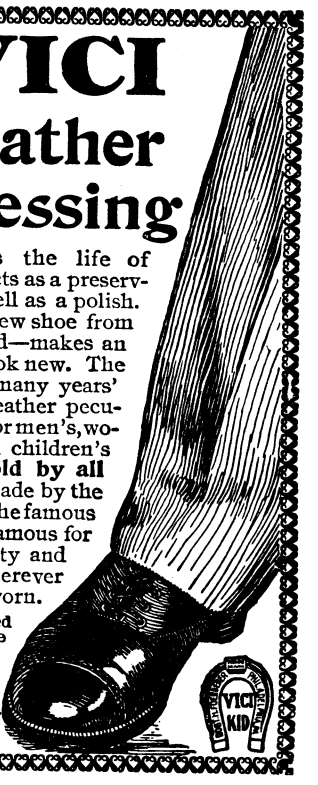


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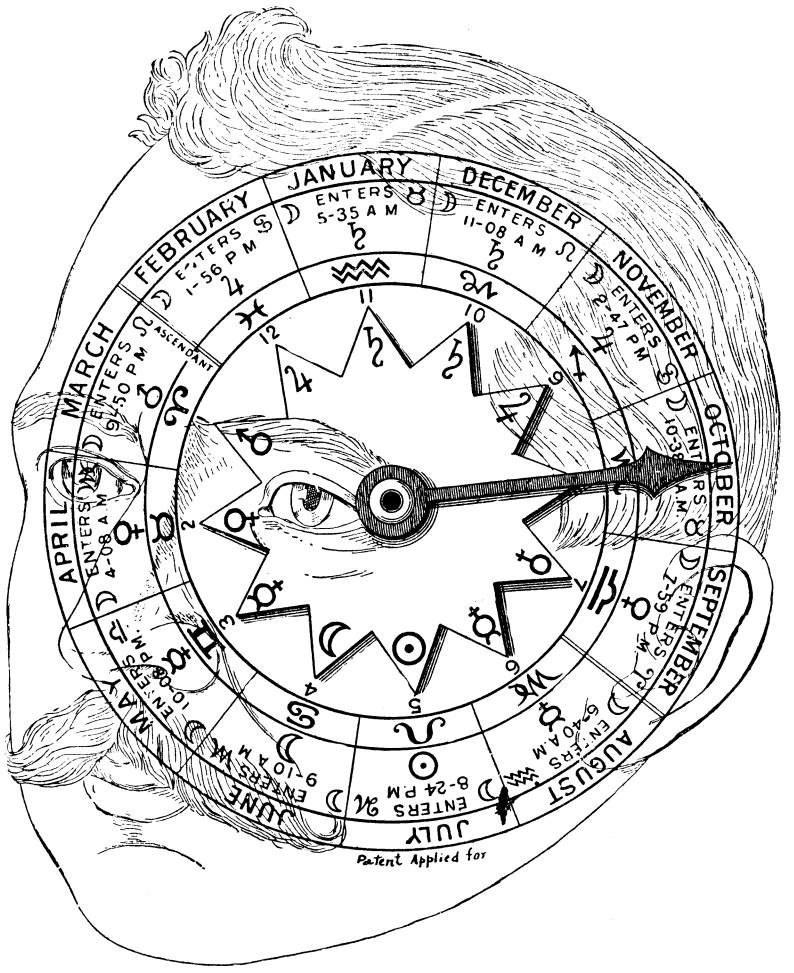
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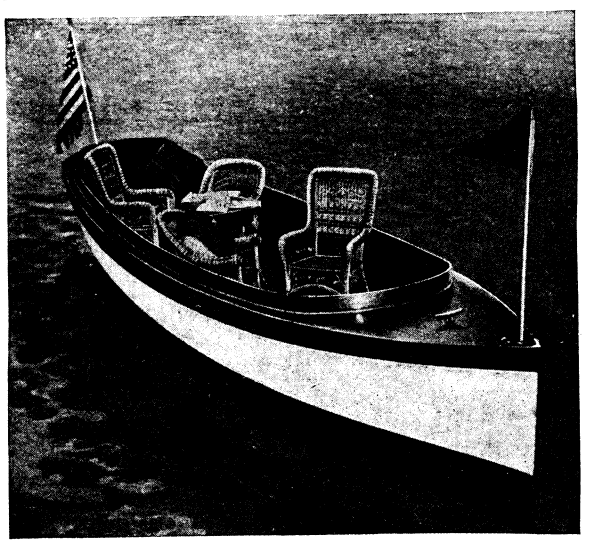
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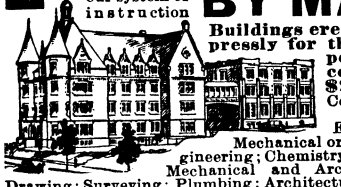
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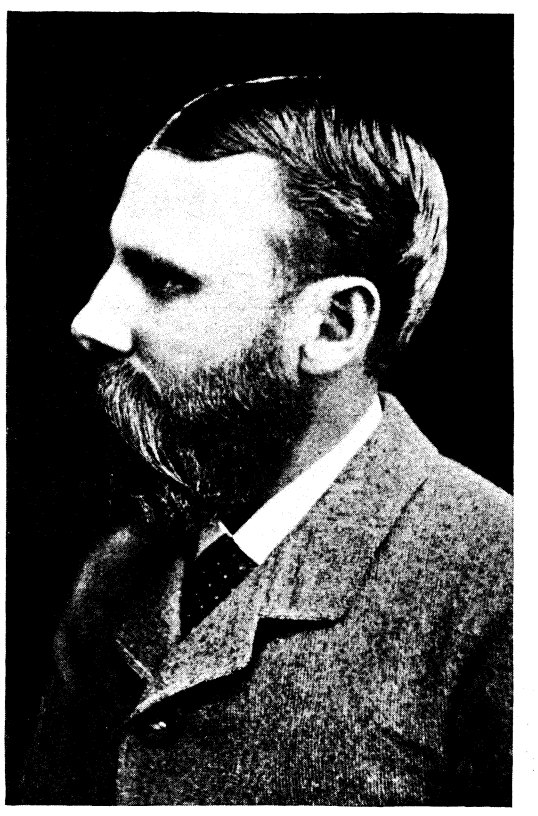
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OUR VICTORY AT MANILA—COMMANDING OFFICERS OF U. S. WAR-SHIPS IN ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON.

THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

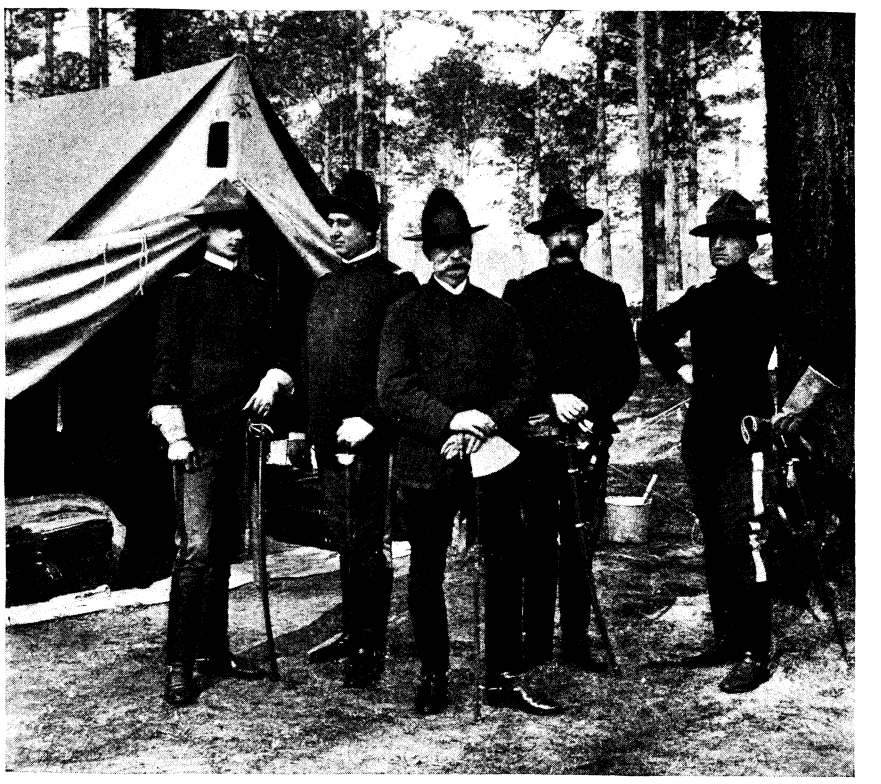
THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

U. S. Flag-Ship "New York," off Havana,
April, 1898.

It seems much like the usual summer cruising this bright morning, and the scene is similar to what I have witnessed again and again when with the fleet off our own land far to the north'ard. It is not uncomfortably hot on deck. On our starboard beam the "Ever-faithful Isle" looms dimly through the haze; the blue water, flipped and flawed by a fresh breeze which drives the white clouds across the sky, tumbles merrily away to the horizon ahead, astern, and to port, and it is hard to realize, as I lean on the sill of an open window in the chart-house, looking out over the sea, that war is upon us, and that from the blue heights of the shore hostile eyes are watching us, hostile lips are cursing us, and that we ourselves are but waiting the opportunity to strike.

But the ship has changed her clothes. Dull gray from truck to water-line, where formerly spotless white and glistening bright work shot back the sun's rays, she is stripped of everything not necessary for the work for which she is designed. Davits, stanchions, and rail have disappeared; no boats hang at the sides, but are clustered canvas-wrapped, on the top of the superstructure; forward the huge anchors, dripping with the spray that showers over the bows, lie ponderously on the bill-boards, while stretching out from turret and sponson the long dark guns sleep in the sunlight, lazily awaiting the touch of the master's hand that soon is to awaken "the like to kill that is inside them."

Gradually we near in towards the land. Heights and rolling hills thickly covered with dense green masses of foliage almost to the water's edge meet the white surf breaking on shore; clusters and rows of tall graceful palms raise plumed heads; here and there the light-colored walls of a house appear, but everything seems void of human life, and apparent quiet reigns. In the distance two of our ships are lying. "It's the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati*, sir," says the quarter-master, who, glass to eye, has been peering out of the next window for some minutes. "They're pretty close in, and I think that's Matan-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER, U.S.A., AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF,
MOBILE, ALABAMA.



Officers in front Rank. Col. Vincente de Cortijo, 3d Spanish Cavalry. Lieutenant J. A. Moss, 25th U. S. Infantry, in charge of Prisoners. Enlisted Men in rear Rank.

SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR CAPTURED APRIL 29—NOW IN CONFINEMENT AT FORT McPHERSON, GEORGIA.

zas Harbor. Those two ships are patrolling that part of the coast—so I hear." We approach rapidly; the bright colors of the signal-flags flutter out from the yard; all the ships are moving, the *Puritan's* decks all awash, the water dripping and splashing off her sides as she ploughs through the water and rises and falls to the lift of the sea. She is a powerful-looking monster, the very ideal of all that is strong and terrible, her dark and forbidding appearance relieved only by the dear bright bit of bunting flying from her mast. Slim and long, graceful in shape and motion, *Cincinnati* rides lightly on the waves; her signal-flags are flying in long streaming lines, while the smoke rolls in black volumes from her chimneys. On the land over there the hills roll back; the haze of a town appears behind a sandy point stretching before us, where, half-way between its end and the wooded banks further on, a yellowish mound marks the presence of a battery.

"Sound general quarters!" Quick and sharp comes the order from the forward bridge above me, and quick and sharp the trumpet calls the eager crew to the guns. See the bluejackets jump to their stations! their eyes blaze, their rugged faces glow with excitement, but order and discipline maintain their rule. Slowly, smoothly, without a hitch, the great turrets swing around; the guns move up and down, sway slightly this way or that, greedily seeking their point of aim. Slowly, smoothly, the ships glide into position; a moment's pause, and with a crash that shakes the decks, followed by the roar of the projectile, the eight-inch rifle on the port side sends forth its hostile messenger. Instantly its mates take up the refrain, and the thunderous song of battle swells into chorus, the rolling beat of *Cincinnati's* rapid-fire mingling with the deep booming bass of *Puritan's* monster guns. Dusky clouds of earth and sand mark where the shots have struck; there is evident consternation and confusion, perhaps surprise, on shore, for it is some moments before, with a flash and a cloud of white smoke from the battery, and the whir of his shell through the air above us, the enemy answers our challenge.

For several minutes the fire continues, steadily maintained by one ship or the other, replied to only at intervals by the Spaniards. Some of the hostile shots fall near, but not a vessel is struck; and the object of our attack—the annoyance of the enemy in the construction of new fortifications—having been accomplished, our ships slowly withdraw, followed by one last defiant shot from the hostile lines.

Such, as I saw it, was the first engagement in the present war with Spain. Of little or no importance in comparison with what the future will undoubtedly bring to us, still it marks an epoch in the history of the war; and the splendid spirit displayed by the men, the perfect discipline and order that prevailed among those who, with but very few exceptions, heard the "shot fired in anger" for the first time, show beyond a doubt that, whatever may happen hereafter, no disgrace at their hands will come to the flag they serve.

ON PATROL ALONG THE CUBAN COAST—THE SKIRMISH AT MARIEL.

How quiet everything is to-night! Nothing but the subdued thud of the propeller, the drowsy hum of the engine, and the swish of the water on the sides as the ship glides through the water. Some of the youngsters in the junior officers' mess were laughing and singing a little while ago, but now all is hushed and silent. No tattoo or taps; quietly the men off watch have gone to their hammocks, or are lying on their blankets spread upon the deck. Hardly a light shows anywhere; only the battle-lanterns burn dimly through their screens. Around the shotted and ready guns the men on watch are gathered; shot, shell, and cartridge lie near by, while, loaded rifle on shoulder, the vigilant sentries pace to and fro. Up on the high bridges shadowy figures loom against the sky. The ship is cleared for action; the decks are swept clean of all obstructions; battle-hatches hide the skylights; every port is covered. Away off yonder the coast, faintly visible against the starlit sky, stretches along the horizon. A great fire is burning there on the hill-side, and to the westward a faint flash of silvery light, moving to and fro in a long shaft, marks where the enemy lies at Morro.

So many miles to the eastward, then over with the helm and back again so many miles to the westward, the watchful patrol goes on. The ship, a mere shadow against the dark waters and scarcely lighter sky, moves silently; everywhere wakeful eyes peer through the night, on the watch for the least suspicious object. The slightest blur on the surface darker than the surrounding waters, the faintest gleam of light, is immediately reported to the officer of the deck, and guns are trained in the direction where light or shadow has been seen. Anxious times for all hands these night-watches, for it is reported that some of the enemy's torpedo-boats are out of Havana Harbor, and no one can tell whence an unexpected blow may come. Sometimes there is a momentary blaze from the electric lamps on the foremast, just two or three lights showing for a second, then extinguished again. Far off in the gloom an answering gleam shows, as another of our patrolling ships passes, saying "Friend!" to the challenge of the private night signal. Drifting clouds cast great shadows over the sea; now and then a wave breaks into foam, showing for a second in startling contrast with the surrounding inky blackness. The breeze hums in mournful musical tune in the muzzles of the four-inch guns over the sides there, like revengeful spirits longing to break loose. The mind wanders far away to the Northern home where the dear ones are. Heigh ho! *Che sarà sarà!* I'm going to turn in!

Something has disturbed my sleep, and I lie there in a semi-unconscious state for a moment or two. Chur-r-r-*chunk!* chur-r-r-*chunk!* in quick rhythmic steady motion the engines are working. Hello! we're hitting it up! There must be a chase on, and I raise myself up on elbow, broad awake now, and listening to the rush of the waters alongside. The good ship is trembling, and I feel the leap and bound of her hull as she speeds along like a race-horse on the homestretch. Hark! there goes the bugle for'ard. Ta-ta-ra-ta! breaking out loud and shrill again further aft. General quarters, by Jove! Turn out, every mother's son of you! Just as the sleepy mess-boys come trooping in through the mess-room doors, and the ammunition-hatch gapes open, I hastily pull some outer clothing over my pajamas, thrust my feet into my shoes, and make my way on deck. Everybody is astir. Officers, some all equipped, others with sword and revolver buckled on over their night-clothes, feet in slippers, are all ready at their posts; the men, just as they have been routed out of their hammocks, barefooted, bareheaded, accoutrements on, stand at the guns. The for'ard search-light is working, sending a shaft of brilliant light out over the starboard bow. Bang! there goes one of the forward guns. Hark to the shriek of the shell. "Turn on the starboard waist light!" and another bright ray darts into the gloom, and there in huge bulk, answering in graceful roll to the touch of the sea, a steamer lies, and streaming from the staff at her stern the friendly red flag of Britain flutters in the breeze. "What ship is that?" comes the hail from the bridge. "*Strathdee*, of Glasgow," the prompt answer comes back. "Stand by! I shall send a boat aboard," is the order from our ship. The stranger's crew is gathered on her forecastle, gazing curiously on the Yankee man-o'-war, while on her bridge her officers stand, awaiting the arrival of our boat, now tossing and tumbling on the waves between the ships. Our visit is short. Friendly sentiments are exchanged between our boarding officer and the steamer's skipper, who praises the vigilance of our warships, stating that he had already been held up twice before that night.

Daylight now, a bright, breezy afternoon, and close in to the coast. What a beautiful land this is that stretches before us, as, lazily steaming along, we open out one little cove after another. We have passed close to the blockaded city, so close that the powerful new batteries that defend the entrance to the harbor and far-famed Morro Castle were in plain view; and bathed in the afternoon light, the bright-hued houses of Havana rose tier on tier on the surrounding uplands. Although within range, the Spanish guns maintain sullen silence.

Closer and closer we draw in to the coast, *Porter* and *Ericsson*, our two accompanying torpedo-boats, dancing merrily on either quarter. Over a point tipped by an ancient white Martello tower, the red-roofed houses of a large town—Cabañas—appear, and a beautiful little bay, Mariel, lies before us. We see long tile-roofed lines of buildings—warehouses probably, to judge from the docks hard by; and on a wooded hill on the right of the harbor's mouth a block-house rises above the trees surrounding. Save for a little white vessel—a Spanish gunboat, no doubt, which goes scurrying away behind what seem to be islands—there are no signs of life that I can make out, although like enough there are panic and fear in the streets of the town beyond. The masts of some vessels can be seen faintly outlined against the houses, while on the beautiful hills, where graceful palms sway and thick masses of dark green foliage melt and fade into the distance, smoke is rising. For some time we lie there; up on the bridge the admiral and the officers of his staff are busy, their glasses sweeping the land from point to point, and evidently in consultation—what about is none of my business.

Very slowly we take up our course again; outlying houses appear on the heights, some of them in ruins, others evidently the buildings of some large estate. A great yellow house in a grove of trees is conspicuous; we can see some moving objects, which our glasses show to be horsemen, quite a large number, the enemy's cavalry apparently. No further notice would be taken of them, but they are evidently very desirous of attracting our attention—a wish which we afterward proceed to gratify, let us hope, to their full satisfaction—for it is not long before rolling little clouds of smoke and the faint distant prutt of volleys of small-arms show that they have opened fire upon us. Quickly some of our four-inch guns are manned; biff! biff! a shell, then another and another, humming and buzzing like hornets, return the compliments of the ship to our friends ashore. Right in among them we drop our cards, so to speak, and the gentlemen "stand not on the order of their going, but go at once." Perhaps they will not be so eager to make themselves too openly conspicuous to an American man-o'-war again, and probably, if the story were told to them, they would appreciate the ancient tale in which the principal characters consisted of a monkey and a buzz-saw.

R. F. Zogbaum.

SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The history of the Philippine Islands since Magalhaens took possession of them, three hundred and seventy-seven years ago, in the name of Charles I., has shown all the worst defects of Spanish colonial government, except perhaps its cruelty. For the first hundred years the Spaniards cannot be held altogether accountable for the internal condition of the archipelago, having as much as they could do to keep their hold on the islands against the attacks of the Portuguese and the Dutch and the ceaseless filibustering expeditions from China and Japan. But the opening of the seventeenth century found them firmly in the saddle, with no outside complications to distract them from the work of developing the colony. Except for the British invasion in 1762, they have been left unhampered by any foreign power for the last two hundred and fifty years. If in that time, with a clear field to work in, they have been unable to maintain order among the natives or to build up a flourishing dependency out of the most favorable materials, the inference is fair that, however fitted they may once have been for conquest, the art of colonizing is not in them.

They made the initial mistake of never thoroughly conquering the wild tribes they set out to rule. Manila to them was but the basis and starting-point for conquest. They aimed at nothing less than the subjection of China and Japan. And when repeated failure had taught them the impossibility of its fulfilment, they fell back at last upon the Philippines, and endeavored to make good their years of neglect. But the golden moment had passed. The terror of their first victories had died away. The fierce savages of the mountains and the Mussulmans in the Sulu Archipelago repulsed every effort to subdue them. To this day, of the 7,000,000 natives who inhabit the Philippines, it is judged that at least 1,000,000 are independent of Spanish control.

Spain's conquests three hundred years ago were as much religious as military. No expedition left her shores without the blessing of the Pope, and no territory was added to the empire the government of which, as a matter of course, was not equally divided between the Church and the state. The Roman Catholic Church, as an agency of colonial administration, has been the strongest of Spain's reserve forces and the cause of much of her civil weakness. It has bred jealousies and disputes, and destroyed the possibility of a strong central administration; but it has at the same time, by its controlling influence among the native converts, kept them loyal and obedient, in spite of every form of official rapacity and misgovernment. Of late years, with increasing opportunities for self-education, the natives, too, have begun to clamor for something more than the satisfaction of their spiritual needs, and no longer yield the same passive obedience to the temporal authority of the Church. Needless to say, the civil officials have fought continually with the monks. The Church in the Philippines exercises all the powers it held in England before the Reformation, and of course with far greater effect. It claims to be the supreme governing authority of the colony, deriving its title from the pontiff, and it demands also a complete immunity from civil courts of justice. The resultant conflicts are only what might have been expected.

One may trace a further reason for Spain's failure to colonize successfully in the character of the population she has allowed to grow up in the Philippines. To govern an archipelago of 1000 islands, even without the embarrassment of an antagonistic Church, would be difficult enough. It was made more difficult for Spain by her short-sightedness in not conquering all the native races. But the intricacies of the problem were vastly increased by the presence and propagation of half-breeds. In the Philippines, as in Cuba and Mexico, Spanish authority has found its fiercest opponents in the half-castes, whom official foolishness has permitted and even encouraged to multiply. The population of the Philippines consists roundly of 7,000,000 souls. Of these sixty-seven per cent. (about 4,700,000) are pure natives, split up into numberless tribes, and speaking about two hundred dialects, but in character and disposition not unlike the Southern negroes. They are peaceful and indolent fellows, who work as field hands and day-laborers in the intervals of cock-fighting. About thirty per cent. of the entire population are Chinese or Chinese half-breeds—that is to say, over 2,000,000; three per cent. are Spaniards, creoles, and Spanish half-breeds, about 200,000; and only one-hundredth of one per cent.—under 1000 in all—are Europeans or Americans. The encouragement of mixed marriages in the hope of raising the intellectual status of the natives has always been a favorite policy with the Romish Church in uncivilized countries. But the small gain has been dearly purchased by the perpetuation of a class which, despising the natives and despised by the pure Europeans, fills an intermediate position, from which there is no escape but by revolution. Spanish authority, and with it the temporal powers of the Church, have in every country been undermined first of all by the half-castes. In the Philippines the enormous number of Chinese half-breeds has proved a peculiar menace to the government, the Chinese merchants having practically all the retail trade of the colony in their hands, and being animated by their usual hatred for Europeans. Six rebellions in the present century have been directly traceable to their influence.

One may enumerate these difficulties and mistakes without end and yet miss the real secret of Spain's failure. It lies in the multiplicity and venality of the Spanish officials. All the evidence goes to show that if Boss Tweed's system of government were to be extended to every department of colonial and provincial administration the result could not be much worse than Spanish rule in the Philippines. And with this open corruption, as a necessary corollary, have gone excessive taxation and a neglect of public works—so much so that of all the colonies subject to a European power the Philippines of late years have been the most backward and the least provided with the ordinary improvements of civilization. It is a small but significant fact that travellers report 70 per cent. of the roads impassable during the rainy and 40 per cent. during the dry season. Spain has never been a nation of commerce, and had it not been for the enterprise of British and American merchants Manila hemp and sugar and tobacco might never have been heard of. It is only during the last forty or fifty years that the Philippines, in spite of the Spanish, have become known to the markets of the world. Since then some small concessions have been grudgingly made to foreign traders, but the Spanish mind is still as far off an enlightened fiscal policy as it was three hundred years ago. Spain has thrown away a glorious heritage by sheer inability to turn it to profit, and her successors will have a difficult task in rectifying the mistakes of the past. Fortunately there is the consolation that any change in the government of the Philippines must be for the better.

Sydney Brooks.

SOLDIERS WHO CRY.

Yesterday I called at the Ninth Infantry camp, and Colonel Powell told the following in the course of conversation, and it struck me as a new note. This regiment came from Plattsburg Barracks, New York, and when the order came to go the colonel asked his captains to draw up small details out of the companies which should be left behind to guard and look after the property of the government at Plattsburg.

The colonel drew these details up in line to instruct them in their duties, which he did at some length. He said he noticed tears running down the faces of some of the men, but it did not strike him seriously at the time. He dismissed the squad and left the building; but in a string behind him came the men, crying like children. One old mustached and grizzled chap was bawling as though at his mother's funeral; he begged, he pleaded, he implored the colonel by all his gods not to leave him behind. Others did the same, standing there crying, blubbering, and beseeching Colonel Powell not to make them stay behind. The old colonel was quite taken aback. He did not know just what to do. He liked the spirit, but the discipline had never had just this sort of a shock before, and it upset him. He told the men they had been detailed by their captains to stay behind to guard property because they were steady men. It did nothing but cause more pleading and blubbering, and the colonel walked away. He did not tell me if he had a tear in his own eye when he turned his back, but the men had to be rounded sharply up and regularly made to stay. That is the kind of boys to follow the band, I say.

Frederic Remington.

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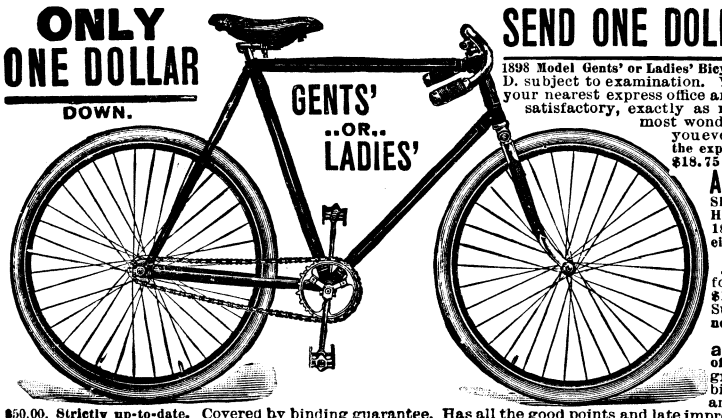
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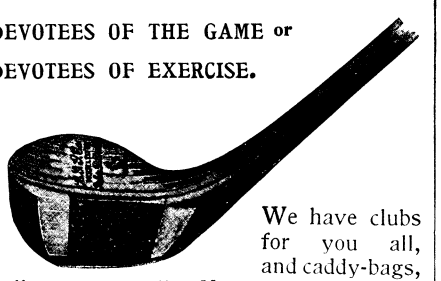
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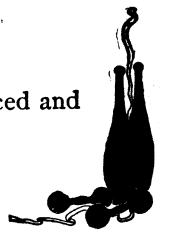
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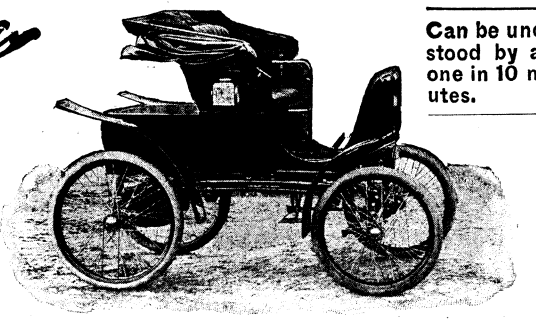


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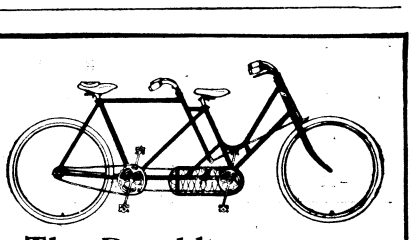
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, U.S.N., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN."
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 28, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	JOHN F. BASS.
	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THE daily newspapers assert that a large number of army biscuits are being made with the legend, "Remember the *Maine*." One of the unfortunate features of this war is that the loss of the *Maine*, and the general belief that it was the result of Spanish treachery, and that it was, in fact, a Spanish crime, created a public sentiment which eventually forced the country into war. The feeling that the sailors of the *Maine* had been murdered by the Spanish, added to the horror created by Spanish rule in Cuba, and by the terrible condition of the reconcentrados, was sufficient to turn the scale, and the war came. This fact takes away somewhat from the more general feeling that the war was necessary in the interests of humanity, but the legend on the biscuit has a good deal of truth in it, and the memory of the loss of the *Maine*, and of the deaths of her officers and sailors, is doing much to nerve and inspire the men who are fighting.

WE are glad to hear that the government has finally determined that news of its military and naval affairs shall not be given to Spain by way of the press. If the statements of operations that have thus far appeared in the newspapers are at all true, it is a wonder that a censorship of the cable and telegraph lines was not established long ago. Some of the newspapers seem to think it very curious that the movements of our own fleet are known in Spain, and they are inclined to criticise the government, and to contrast its frankness with the reticence of Spain, little dreaming, apparently, that it is not the government, but a babbling press which is the source of information to the Spanish authorities. Now, however, that the government proposes to put its hand upon the means for distributing news, we shall probably be spared the unpleasant spectacle of the shooting or hanging of Spanish spies who have been masquerading as newspaper reporters.

TWO invasions by the army are contemplated, one of Cuba, and one of the Philippines. We trust that neither will be undertaken at a wrong season of the year, or without preparation. The army is not ready to invade Cuba. It has not even the necessary clothes for a campaign in the island. The Spaniards cannot be driven out of Cuba in a short time, and Havana cannot be taken except after a siege, and until BLANCO'S supply of food is exhausted. Moreover, the army that we now have is not ready for any campaign whatever. Most of it is composed of raw recruits, whose officers are amateurs. They need a season's drilling. This will make the war longer, to be sure, but we entered upon it before we were ready, and we must pay the cost of getting ready after its declaration. We trust that General GRAHAM is right, and that no invasion of Cuba will take place before October. If the movement should be made before this, we are very much afraid that the country will lose more men by yellow fever and other diseases than by Spanish bullets. So far as the Philippines are concerned, General MERRITT is right in demanding a sufficient force of regulars as a core. Five thousand regulars are certainly few enough to take the islands, and if he has a force of less than thirty thousand, his complete success in governing the islands will be very doubtful.

WE trust that if the State of New York is to raise any more volunteers, it will take better care of them than it took of the men who have just gone to the front. The haste with which these volunteer regiments were raised is no excuse for the treatment which the men received at Camp Black and Camp Townsend. A decent cattle-raiser treats the beasts under his charge with more humanity than the State of New York showed for the soldiers that it was sending into the service of the country. The State left the soldiers without food, with insufficient shelter and medical attendance, and without proper clothing; and if the men had not been patriotic Americans they would have gone to meet the enemy in a very dangerously unpleasant frame of mind. The United States government did not treat them much better for a short time after they finally reached its service. One regiment, the Seventy-first, was quite twenty-four hours without food after leaving Camp Black and before finally starting on the way to Tampa, and in the mean time the men were bunked in cars that were more crowded than cattle-cars usually are, and they were forced to do hard labor notwithstanding their famished condition. It is a wonder that there were no desertions, and that the men got off in comparatively good health; but they will doubtless be happier in Tampa, where they will be cared for and nourished under the auspices of regular army officers.

IT is very clear that Congress will be obliged to authorize the issue of bonds, and that any attempt of the Democrats and Populists to prevent this action will fail. Certainly the House—no matter what the Senate may do—will not agree to the proposition to issue $150,000,000 of greenbacks. Stated in its fairest terms, this proposition is to compel the creditors of the government, who are to fight for it and sell their goods to it, to accept pay in non-interest-bearing notes, which will certainly, soon after their issue, be worth much less than their face value. It being evident that the House will not consent to this delusive scheme, and that it will not agree to the coining of the fancied seigniorage of silver now alleged to be in the Treasury, the longer the Democrats and Populists of the Senate wait before abandoning their effort to bring about the impossible, the more certain will be the defeat of their party at the coming election; and this defeat will be a lasting one. The Democratic party was so tarred with the reputation of disloyalty after the war of secession that it remained out of power in every branch of the government for nine years after the close of the war; and, in now opposing the prompt passage of a measure needed for the raising of the necessary funds for the prosecution of the war, it is inviting like contumely and defeat. Now that we are in a war, the people are in favor of finishing it, and of taking all the steps necessary to the speedy accomplishment of that end. Any man or any party that stands in the way is likely to be crushed.

WE trust that the House of Representatives will refuse to pass the joint resolution annexing Hawaii, at least at the present session. Nothing new in the way of argument in favor of annexation is advanced in the report of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and the fact remains, on the other hand, that public opinion prevented the Senate from ratifying the treaty of annexation, which is still pending, and if public opinion has accomplished that much in a body which, at the beginning of the session, was supposed to be strongly in favor of the treaty, it ought certainly to be still considered, and to be reckoned with before a circuitous method of securing annexation is attempted. The frank and honorable method for the annexationists to pursue is to adhere to the treaty which has been negotiated and favored by the administration, but which its friends in the Senate were afraid to bring to a vote because of the opposition developed by discussion, especially by discussion in the public press. To abandon the treaty and bring forward this resolution at a time when public attention is distracted by the war with Spain is not fair to an opposition which has shown so much strength in quieter times. The annexation of Hawaii is a distinct departure from our traditional policy, and if the departure is to be made, it should be at a time when the public mind is calm, and when its attention is not taken from the question involved in the important proposition that the United States shall embark in the business of possessing and governing colonies by a more engrossing subject. While the ratification of the treaty would require a two-thirds vote of the Senate, a resolution may be passed by a majority vote of the two Houses, and this is an additional reason why the resolution should not be urged at a time when the country is not inclined to think of anything but the war which is in progress. A decent sense of fair play ought to encourage the Speaker to stand by his convictions, and to prevent, if possible, the consummation of an enterprise which he believes will be harmful to the country, and which, at the very least, should not be accomplished through a snap judgment.

IT is pleasing to note a certain change of tone towards the United States in some French newspapers. Whether it is in response to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance, or in consequence of the resentment expressed by the people of the United States, is a matter perhaps of little importance. But the French have gone a little too far to retreat easily. We do not take into account the insolent vilification of their newspapers, because we know that most of the newspapers of Paris are venal and that they publish what is paid for. But we know also that a large part of the French people are pecuniarily interested in Spain, not only in Spanish bonds, but in Spanish mines and railroads and industries, and that their rage and insolence against the United States are caused by the fact that the war endangers their pecuniary interests. It is a fact, too, that their new politeness, as expressed by *Figaro*, is due to fear that the French bourgeoisie and Parisian hotel-keepers will lose money if the American resentment be lasting. Now, as a matter of fact, the people of this country have no reason to object to French sympathy with Spain, but they cannot endure with equanimity the kind of insolence that has been poured out upon them by the French press and by some of the French people. They will respect a difference of opinion even when it injures them, but they realize now that a very large part of the French friendship for America in the past has been dictated by the French pocket, and that traditional friendship has been worked for all that it is worth to the Parisian innkeeper and shopkeeper. The French have not only sided with Spain against the United States, but they have shown a virulent enmity towards us. They can still have our money, because they grow and make what we want to buy, but, for the time at least, they have lost our regard. In vilifying us on account of our war with Spain they have shown the hollowness of their republican professions, and they have revealed a disgusting sordidness which heretofore they have been able to conceal under a superficial appearance of friendship. This is our feeling towards France at present, but it is untrue, as the *Journal des Débats* has said, that it has been inspired by Great Britain. It has been created by the French themselves.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

AN alliance between Great Britain and the United States—that is, between all countries and peoples speaking the English language—is now fully within the contemplation of practical politicians. Whether a treaty will soon be negotiated is another matter. Politicians on both sides of the water are at least preparing their own minds and the minds of the people of England and America by considering and discussing the possibility of such an agreement. By the very act of doing so they have brought the people of the two countries nearer together, and in England a strong popular sentiment already exists in favor of a union. It would be difficult to fix the period at which this English sentiment of decided friendliness towards America began its present strong and gratifying manifestation, but, paradoxical as it may seem, we are inclined to credit the Venezuela incident with the awakening of that respect for us which is so obvious an element of the existing feeling of the British press and public towards Americans. At least there is no doubt that English public men and English society did not look upon Mr. OLNEY'S despatches to Mr. BAYARD, and upon Mr. CLEVELAND'S message, in the same way as they struck some of us in this country who did not agree with the President and his Secretary of State. Be this as it may, the fact that an international alliance is desired by Englishmen of all parties is now one of the foremost facts of international politics. If it had not been so before by reason of the frank confessions of English sympathy for us in our war with Spain, and by active and material aid afforded us by the government at a time when the Continental nations intended to prevent war by an unfriendly demonstration against us, it is now certain by reason of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S strong declaration in his Birmingham speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S words are an inspiration to every one who realizes the full significance of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. It would be an alliance of the democratic peoples of the world, and that there may be speedy need of it, if the world is not to move backwards, is clear to all who are watching the course of the

nations of the Continent of Europe. For more than a hundred years the monarchy of Great Britain and the republic of the United States have stood for the lighter pressure of the law, the complete elision of the unrestrained power of any one man over any other, the larger liberty of the individual. The race has not only developed the man by leaving to him the gains of his genius, but it has opened the world to civilization. It has shed its light freely everywhere. It has illumined Asia and Africa and the Southern seas. It oppresses no one, but, on the contrary, it has abolished slavery by its own acts and by its influence and example. In spite of all that can be said of England's land-grabbing, it remains true that there is no land in which Englishmen have founded colonies that is not the better in every way for their coming. English institutions, English order, English law, English justice, English fair-play to the native and the foreigner, and English commerce have rendered English colonies the only successful of the attempts made by European governments to rule in distant countries and over alien people.

Great Britain has profited by the mistake so disastrous to her and so profitable to our fathers and to us, the mistake of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN truly calls "a blundering British government." She has voluntarily left her colonists in Canada and in Africa and Australasia as free to rule their own affairs as are we of the United States by reason of the revolution which deprived her of her richest possession. The roots of the two nations go deep into a rich and historic past. It is from old Teutonic soil that we draw the instinct of self-government and our strong passion for individual liberty. With these innate possessions, which are apparently lost for the time by our German kinsmen, and which are incomprehensible to the men of the Latin race, Great Britain and the United States are playing much the same part in the world. There are differences and there have been discords between the two. Neither is an easy country to get on with. A strong individuality is likely to be both disagreeable and trustworthy. But despite the differences and discords, the systems of law in the two countries are the same, the same idea prevails as to the relations of the people to their government, the sympathies of both have been manifested in behalf of the oppressed and the down-trodden. Above all, here and in England exists the same worshipful respect for the rights of the man, and especially for his right to control himself and to play his own part so long as he does not injure his neighbor. In these two countries, among all others, do men love justice so dearly that the same law governs the ruler and the ruled. It is the justice known to these two peoples which England has been administering in Africa, in China, in Australasia, wherever her colonists have come in contact with the people of dying, or backward, or undeveloped races. Her rule in a foreign land, except in India, has not meant outside control of the native people and of comers from other countries, but self-government in the privileges of which all have been at liberty to participate. Under the system which she has established since she lost this country, England has wonderfully prospered, and in her prosperity we have seen the growth and expansion of the fundamental idea of government on which our own state is based. And we must feel, now that the appeal for a closer union is made to us, that the seed from which this growth and expansion have come, and without which it could not live, must be saved if we are ourselves to remain the masters that we have been and that we are.

The nations which are hostile to all this have joined for the purpose not only of limiting, but of crushing Great Britain. The governments of the Czar and of the Kaiser, of the Emperor of Austria and of the King of Italy, are against England and the English and American theory of government, and are endeavoring to destroy some of its richest fruitage, or at least to prevent the establishment of other governments based on it, by the laws and institutions of an old world, an old time, and of old theories of government that ought not to live, if England and America have not made a mistake in the establishment of democracy. The enemies of the rights of the individual are contemplating war on democracy, and while the animating spirit of this united hostility to England and this country is jealousy of the commercial prosperity of both, that cannot be checked or destroyed without assailing the political principle on which the American and English people have thrived. Moreover, the hostility of the young leaders of the union, who are survivals of a past, overgrown and weakened products of a day that has gone by, are moved by hatred and fear of free government by free people. Their enmity is directed in reality against the danger to them and their thrones foreseen in the expansion of English and American influences. But they will not attack our united race. They will not risk a conflict with all the forces at the command of the highest civilization of the century. On our part, we do not desire expansion. If we are wise, we will decline to enter into a movement which has planted European frontiers in every part of the globe. But if we make a preventive alliance with Great Britain, we join her in saying that Anglo-American institutions shall be defended by all who live under them wherever they are attacked; such an alliance will do a thousand times more for the peace of the world than all the guns and navies that the Kaiser and the Czar can heap upon one another. Certainly the drawing together of the kindred peoples is the happiest incident amid the present almost universal ominous growlings of war, and it is clearly time to consider seriously and sympathetically the proposal to take advantage of the opportunity, with the object of still more closely knitting together all the peoples whose tongue is English.

BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES, *May 13, 1898.*

ON the morning of May 12, at about 7.30, the first news of the bombardment of San Juan reached this port. The town read the terse despatch announcing that eight American war-ships were engaged in the conflict, and a tremor of suppressed excitement ran down Charlotte Amalie's main street, while men on foot and horseback hurried to hill-tops with a western outlook, hoping their glasses would show them the fray.

During the afternoon, steamers were announced thick and fast from the signal-pole at the harbor mouth, and the town crowded down to the wharves to watch the *St. Louis* come in and drop anchor, and immediately begin signalling to the *Yale*, that lay hove to some miles outside. When it was learned that the *St. Louis* had come from Guadeloupe and not from San Juan, interest changed from the handsome liner to the newspaper despatch-boats that came in, one after another, until nine o'clock saw all the hastily written messages filed at the cable office for transmission to New York. The port was awake until late; there had not been so much excitement abroad for many years. Unfamiliar correspondents crowded the cafés, the dark harbor was busy with small boats, and officers and sailors were ashore from the *St. Louis*.

The following account of the bombardment is taken from the recitals of naval officers who were there, and from the stories of New York newspaper correspondents.

At five o'clock the American vessels were in line-of-battle formation off the harbor of San Juan. The *Wompatuck* commenced operations by placing two buoys to mark ten fathoms of water, one in front of Cabras Island, the other in front of Morro Castle.

Our vessels were in the following order: *Iowa*—to which the admiral's flag had been transferred—*Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, *Terror*, *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Porter*. In this order the vessels proceeded from the western buoy, in front of Cabras Island, to the eastern one, in front of Morro Castle. *Iowa* and *Indiana* were the first of the American ships to open fire. The others followed, and fired in their order as stated, their shots being directed at the three shore forts—Carmelo, almost behind Cabras Island, Morro Castle, on the eastern side of the harbor mouth, and San Carlos, a battery still further to the east, on the same shore as Morro. There is no exact information as to what armaments protected the forts. It is probably true that Carmelo had old smooth-bore guns, that Morro had fourteen 8-inch modern rifles, that San Carlos also had old guns. The ships followed one another and poured broadsides into the forts, and the forts answered. After the line of march between the two buoys had been once traversed, the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Porter* were called off, leaving the other vessels to revolve in a smaller circle in front of Morro, working their starboard guns actively from the moment their position allowed them to train on the forts, until the swinging to port at the end of the circle brought them out of range.

The order to retire was received with much disappointment on board the *Montgomery*. The men were keyed and keen for the work, and welcomed with enthusiasm orders to silence Carmelo, which was done with little effort, as the fire from this fort was at no time severe.

The firing at the forts continued for about three hours, the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, and *Amphitrite* doing the most of the work. At one time during the fight, however, the *Detroit* planted herself before Morro, and soon lost herself in the masses of rolling smoke from her own guns. Whenever the smoke cleared sufficiently to show the castle, her fire recommenced, again shrouding her in smoke. Anxiety was felt for her safety by the other vessels, for the fire of the forts was directed at her, and a chance Spanish shot might pierce her between wind and water. But she finally steamed into view, reeking, begrimed, and satisfied. The pounding of great guns was incessant, but above the indescribable din could be plainly heard the uproar of the *Indiana's* big 13-inch cannon. For three hours the game went on, and so wretched was the marksmanship of the Spaniards that not one American vessel was fairly hit. A shell exploded near the *New York*, wrecking one of her boats, killing the only man lost in the fight, and accounting for the greater number of the seven wounded. At one time, near the end of the engagement, *Montgomery*, *Detroit*, and *Terror* were in a bunch north of Morro. They were the Spaniards' target, and shot and shell were poured at them, falling on all sides, raising columns of water in front of and behind them, falling short or tearing between their masts, but no shot told.

The Spanish forts replied valiantly to the American fire in the beginning of the engagement, and while it would seem a fact that the two main forts were not silenced when the Americans withdrew, their fire was considerably weaker than at the commencement. There was a heavy ground-swell during the morning, causing the ships to roll and interfering with the accuracy of aim, and consequently some shots fell into the town.

After withdrawing, the American vessels steamed to the northeast, and then turned westward. At five o'clock in the evening the man killed on the *New York* was buried, as well as a stoker who had died during the engagement from the effects of heat. All the vessels half-masted their flags at this time, and the dead were given sea burial.

To-day the French man-of-war *Amiral Rigault de Genouilly* came into St. Thomas. This vessel had been in San Juan Harbor during the engagement, but as her crew had staid on board during the action, and the vessel left San Juan immediately after the fight, she brought little news of the condition of town or forts. From her it was learned, however, that the people of San Juan had fled to the country the moment the firing began. As to the number of dead in San Juan, there are at this writing no authentic reports. The men of the French war-ship all state that there were very few deaths, but that the number of wounded is very large. The rigging of the *Genouilly* was cut and damaged, but she herself was not injured. It is also stated that the English war-ship *Talbot* and the German *Geier* were in San Juan Harbor during the bombardment.

On the morning of the 13th the *Montgomery* came to St. Thomas, and after coaling, proceeded the same evening to join the American fleet, which is supposed to be on its way towards Key West. HAROLD MARTIN.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 15.—In a despatch sent from Cavité day before yesterday, and from Hong-kong to-day, Admiral Dewey says:

Maintaining strict blockade. Reason to believe that the rebels are hemming in the city by land, but have made no demonstration. Scarcity of provisions in Manila. Probable that the Spanish Governor will be obliged to surrender soon. Can take Manila at any moment. Climate hot and moist. On May 12 captured gunboat *Callao* attempting to run blockade. Have plenty coal.

He adds that British, French, Japanese, and German vessels are present in Manila Bay, and are "observing."

Monday, May 16.—Señor Sagasta formally handed to the Queen-Regent the resignation of the ministry. He was charged with the formation of a new cabinet. Señor Moret, Minister for the Colonies, is reported to have said that any changes in the composition of the cabinet will favor a more active war policy, and that "the greatest reliance is placed upon Admiral Cervera's squadron, and upon the skill of the Spanish Admiral."

The blockaders off the southern coast of Cuba, as well as our two squadrons now proceeding towards that island (one from the east and the other from the north), have been informed about the course of Admiral Cervera's fleet.

In an interview at Cleveland, Senator Hanna says that it is costing the government $1,000,000 a day to prosecute the war, even at the present rate.

The story of the failure of the latest effort to send arms and ammunition to the Cubans makes bad reading in the daily papers, where it is found side by side with reports of starvation in the island, and the statement that "the reconcentrados are nearly all dead." There can be no certitude as to these matters at present. A prominent merchant of Havana asserts that the "farmers are raising foodstuffs whenever needed"; and, further, that the Spaniards in Cuba will never be brought to terms through lack of food.

The rate of growth of the volunteer army is interesting. Up to the present time seventy thousand volunteers have been mustered into the service of the United States government.

Tuesday, May 17.—In round numbers, eighty-two thousand volunteers have been mustered in.

General Merritt's representation that a substantial proportion of regular troops was required for the work in hand in the Philippines has been made the occasion for rumors to the effect that he had declined the position of military governor of the islands, except under certain difficult conditions. There is every reason to believe that General Merritt merely offered a suggestion, which will be favorably considered, and that a sufficient number of regulars will be placed at his disposal.

Wednesday, May 18.—The total muster of volunteers, as announced to-day by Adjutant-General Corbin, amounts to 92,580. The following States have completed their muster of the troops apportioned them by the War Department: California, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, and the District of Columbia.

The first detailed account of the bombardment of San Juan, on May 12, was received to-day, on the arrival of the despatch-boat *Dauntless*. Admiral Sampson expected to find a Spanish fleet in the harbor. He transferred his flag to the *Iowa*. The attack on the forts began at 5.15, and lasted three hours.

The cruiser *Charleston*, bound for the Philippines to aid Rear-Admiral Dewey's squadron, sailed from Mare Island at 10 15 A.M. to-day. The *Charleston* has no troops aboard. Her mission is to carry ammunition and supplies to Dewey, and she also takes a force of machinists and engineers, with ample equipment for the repair of damaged war-ships. Major-General E. S. Otis, who has been ordered by the War Department to proceed to the Philippines as second in command to Major-General Merritt, has arrived in San Francisco.

The new Spanish cabinet, with Señor Sagasta as President of the Council of Ministers, includes, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor Leon y Castillo, who, until this appointment, has been Spanish minister at Paris. Lieutenant-General Correa is Minister of War, Señor Aunon Minister of Marine, Señor Romero Girón Minister of the Colonies, Señor Lopez Puigcerver Minister of Finance, Señor F. R. Capdepon Minister of the Interior, Señor C. Groizard Minister of Justice, and Señor Gamazó Minister of Public Instruction.

(*Continued on page 511.*)



WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—COLORED TROOPERS OF THE 9TH U. S. CAVALRY TAKING THEIR HORSES FOR A DASH INTO THE GULF.
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT PORT TAMPA.



Copyright, 1898, by Frank H. Child.

ENSIGN ARTHUR L. WILLARD, U.S.N.,
Of U. S. Gunboat "Machias." The first Man in this War to raise the American Flag in Cuba.

THIS BUSY WORLD

WAR is a sore trial, yet the officers of the American army and navy are excusable if they protest that once in a generation at least they ought to have an inning, and occupy the front of the stage. For thirty years they have had a comparatively humdrum time of it, and except for some mighty disagreeable Indian fighting, abounding in difficulties and risk, and yielding meagre returns of promotion and distinction, they have been in great measure out of the game. Whatever professional zeal they may have felt, there has been very limited occasion for its display. While their brethren in civil life have been busy with "real work," in which they have been spurred on to extreme effort by competition and the hope of winning the prizes which wait on diligence and talent, they have seemed to be shut off from the opportunities that commonly stir ambition, and to be relegated to the performance of prescribed duties hardly severe or strenuous enough to save them from seeming to belong to a leisure class.

Now, for a time, it is all different. The practical men of the country are its fighting-men. Their job is the one that is all-important; their ability and energy are what the country depends on; their performance is what every one watches; their preparations, plans, desires, intentions, and exploits take up all the space in the newspapers, and the poor drudging man of peace pegs away at his inglorious trade, with little attention from any one, even from himself. Every dog should have his day. As long as in the course of human affairs it is necessary for nations to maintain armies and navies, we must expect periodical returns of agitation and profuse expenditure and the incidental projection of the war lords to the front. We are spending money fast just now, but it is an instructive expenditure. We shall have learned again before we get through what a navy is, what an army is, what it is worth to us to have them, and what we may reasonably expect them to do.

The London *Saturday Review*, which is having more fun than any one else over our war with Spain, observed, in its issue of April 30:

> America, having made no preparations for completing the task she so arrogantly undertook, has no power to lay the storm she raised. Her finances are disorganized; her national army is a mere mob; her navy is heroic in bombarding earth-works from a safe distance.

Dewey's victory seems to have left it of the same opinion still, for it says, in its issue of May 7:

> At Manila the Spanish ships were all wooden—there was not one protected cruiser—and mostly about one-fifth of the size of their opponents.

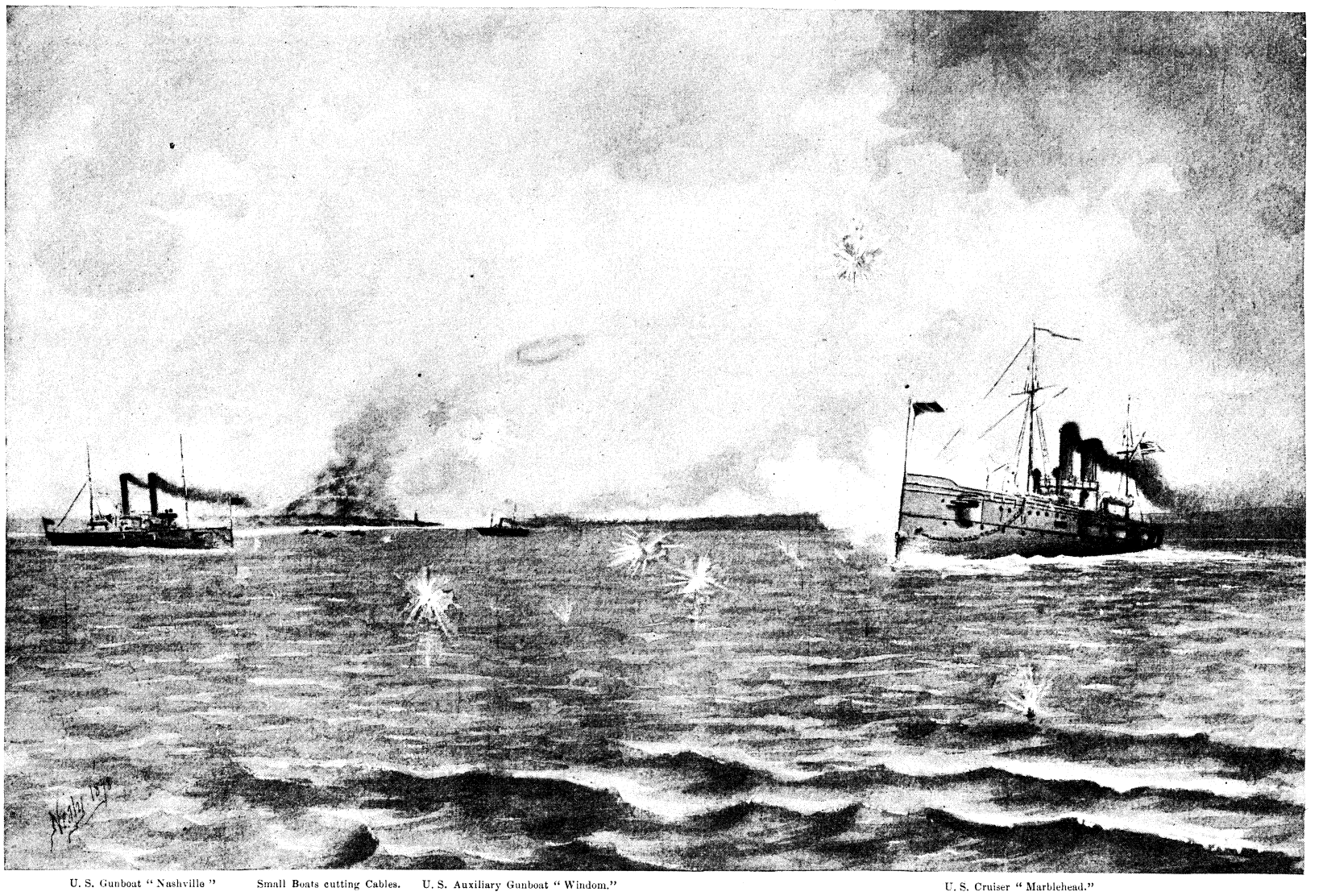
A critic so signally superior to facts as the *Saturday Review* has the advantage of being able to promulgate its views without any fear of the commentary of events.

As one reads of regiments from Ohio and Illinois and Michigan at the Chickamauga camp, and of the inundation of the same big muster-ground by train-loads of Eastern soldiers, the expectation is encouraged of good and valuable results from the intermingling of all these Americans from different parts of the country. The East and the West especially have shown of late years a decided need to touch elbows and rub together. It is an excellent thing that men from New York and Massachusetts should be thrown for a time into closer relations with men from Texas and Kansas and Missouri. The men of all others who need to be brought together are the men from the extreme East and their fellows in the extreme Northwest, and it will be matter for regret if the volunteers of the Pacific coast are sent away to Manila, and thus lose the chance of scraping acquaintance in Cuba with Eastern soldiers whom they ought to know. On this score it must be regarded as matter for regret that there is not at present a better prospect of seeing in the field that exceptionally representative New York regiment—the Seventh. No kind of American is likely to profit more by an extended acquaintance with a variety of his fellow-citizens than the man who was born and has grown up in New York. The interests of this place are so engrossing, and its life is in many respects so artificial, that it is particularly wholesome for men who live in it to be separated from time to time from their haunts or occupations and put in the way of finding out what the rest of the country is like, what sort of citizens it produces, and what sort of opinions those citizens entertain. War is a very practical school. Going to it at the right age and with proper preparation is held by many veterans of the civil war to make more for the



LIEUT.-COL. WALLACE F. RANDOLPH, U.S.A.,
Commanding Field Artillery Brigade (ten Batteries), Port Tampa, Florida.

Spanish Batteries. Colorado Point and Light. Cienfuegos in distance.



U. S. Gunboat "Nashville" Small Boats cutting Cables. U. S. Auxiliary Gunboat "Windom." U. S. Cruiser "Marblehead."

CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA, UNDER FIRE OF SPANISH BATTERIES.—DRAWN BY S. H. NEALY.

enlargement of the mind than going to college. Young volunteers who don't drink whiskey, or catch fevers, or sustain serious physical damage, are likely to come out of this present war materially wiser than they went in, and better qualified in important particulars to be useful citizens.

The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts finds reasons which seem to its friends satisfactory for thinking itself to be the promptest militia regiment in the country. Colonel Woodward had anticipated Governor Wolcott's order which followed the President's call for volunteers, and it is stated that it took him no more than thirty minutes to raise and report a full regiment to the Governor. It was the Sixth, as will be remembered, that made the memorable march through Baltimore in 1861, and Captain Marshall, now of the regiment, was a sergeant in it at that time. Finally, the Sixth includes a Concord company, in which are many descendants of the Concord minute-men who were in the first fight of the Revolution, so that the regiment feels warranted in filing a claim to have been



C. E. AKERS.
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

first in three wars. It may be disputed, yet no better claim to this particular distinction seems likely to be offered.

It was reported the other day that steps had already been taken to raise a monument at Raleigh, North Carolina, to Ensign Bagley, who was killed in the engagement off Cardenas. That was a case of prompt action, yet there was evidence the other day that North Carolina has a long memory for her sons who have fallen in war. On the 6th of May, at Oak Ridge, the students of the Oak Ridge Institute unveiled a granite cenotaph bearing a bronze tablet in memory of the bugler-boy, Gillies, of "Light Horse Harry" Lee's Revolutionary troop, who fell on February 12, 1781, in a skirmish with Tarleton's Dragoons, near the Guilford Court House battle-ground. It is thought to be the only monument ever erected to a boy of the Revolutionary times. All the schools in the county were represented at the ceremony of unveiling.

An Ohio veteran, Captain Theodore F. Allen, is promulgating among the other veterans the suggestion that "the survivors of the Union army shall of their own accord return the trophies of the civil war to the survivors of the Southern regiments." Captain Allen thinks the time to do it will be the occasion of the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in Cincinnati next September, which, he thinks, "will probably be the last *great* gathering of veterans of the civil war."

Inasmuch as there is no reason to think that the storage of the trophies of the civil war as at present arranged is any hinderance to unity between North and South, Captain Allen is pretty sure to run up against a strong sentiment in favor of leaving those trophies alone. They are harmless where they are, and have little significance any longer except as historical relics. The proposition to give them back, if seriously taken, is sure to provoke discussion, call out harsh comments, and make trouble. The experiment has been tried before, with results that ought not to be risked again. The thing to do with the flags is to let them alone, and keep them out of discussion. In the Lord's good time they will disappear.

Moreover, Captain Allen's opinion that the Grand Army reunion at Cincinnati next September will be the last great one seems hardly to accord with reasonable expectation, the more prevalent belief being that there will be great G. A. R. reunions for at least ten years to come.

Lieutenant Totten is still prophesying ten hours a day, and is doing good work. In spite of appearances, he says, our real enemy is not Spain but Russia, and the scene of the final outcome of contemporary disturbances is to be Palestine.

The next most confident prophet to Lieutenant Totten seems to be President Andrews of Brown University, who is quoted in the newspapers as proclaiming and reiterating at various times and places his belief that the greatest war the world has known is imminent, and will be precipitated by our war with Spain. Dr. Andrews's arrangement of the parties to this great international conflict varies from week to week. On May 7, in addressing the Lathrop Club at Beverly, Massachusetts, as reported in the Boston *Transcript*, he matched Germany and Russia against England and France, but a week later, at Providence, in addressing the Brown cadet battalion, he joins Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and Spain against England and the United States. If there is to be so much fat as all that in the fire, it is as well that the President should call for more troops.

Prophecy, however, is not now the sure thing it was in Bible times, and even the diligent and attentive professors in Wall Street find many a surprise between the forecast and the event.

The Municipal Art Society of New York, organized in 1893, has lately been incorporated under the laws of New York, and by its new constitution enjoys increased powers to institute and control competitions for works of art to adorn the city. Two pieces of decoration that it has already accomplished, through funds provided by its members, are the allegorical paintings by Simmons in the Appellate Court room of the Criminal Courts Building, and the "Hunt Memorial" (to be completed this summer) in the Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park. It hopes presently to hold a competition for the decoration of the ceiling of the new municipal assembly-room in the City Hall, for which $10,000 has been voted by the city, and another for a design for a city street lamp to be used by the department which controls the lighting of the city. These competitions, it hopes, will be followed by many others of analogous scope and import, so that the city may constantly grow more beautiful, and worthier of the handsome and highly estimable and intelligent persons who live in it.

Chaplain Orville Nave, at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, sends word that he will be glad to receive copies of illustrated papers and magazines for distribution in hospitals and regiments serving in the field. There are Spanish prisoners of war at Fort McPherson, and doubtless use could be found for a little of the literature of Spain.

Princeton, a university lying well inland, and protected from invasion by the hosts of ferocious mosquitoes on the coast, is receiving favorable attention from investors in education. By the will of Mrs. Annie S. Paton, late of New York, who died May 10, the university is eventually to receive $100,000, the income of which is to go to two of Mrs. Paton's sons during their lifetime, and at their death is to endow lectureships at Princeton in Ancient and Modern Literature.

A matter of great moment to Boston is in a fair way to be settled. It is disclosed that the two branches of the Massachusetts Legislature have come to an agreement as to the proper height of buildings around Copley Square. The arrangement is that the limit to the walls of buildings on the north side of the square shall be 100 feet, on the other sides 90 feet. Spires, cupolas, balustrades, and other ornamental structures may exceed these limits. It is expected that a bill embodying these limitations will become a law.

One has to go a long ways just now to get away from war and rumors of it—especially the rumors—but Mr. Walter Wellman seems likely to reach a region of absolute peace. He sailed on May 10 for London, on his way to the north pole, or thereabouts, *viâ* Tromsoe, Cape Flora, and Franz-Josef Land. His plans provide for an absence of a year and a half, and for a dash towards the pole with six companions from the northern end of Franz-Josef Land, between February and June of next year. He hopes among other things to find some trace of Herr Andree, though his expectation of finding him alive seems to be faint. The sea part of Mr. Wellman's trip will be made in the Norwegian steamer *Frithjof*, which will take him to Cape Flora, and establish there his supply station. With him will go Professor Harlan of the Columbian University in Washington, Lieutenant Baldwin of the Weather Bureau, and Dr. Hofma of Michigan; and Professor Cope of Washington goes with them as far as Cape Flora. Besides the three Americans, three Norwegians, recommended by King Oscar of Sweden, will share the chances of the dash towards the pole. Let us hope that these adventurers may all get safely back, and find something left of earth in the temperate regions, and a population sufficiently pacified to be interested in their story.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has in its gift three fellowships in Classical Archæology to be awarded next spring. Two of them, to be held for one year, have incomes of six hundred dollars each, and are open to competition of American students, men or women. The award will be made chiefly on a competitive written examination, which may be taken next March at Rome, Athens, or at any one of a score of American universities and colleges. The third fellowship, with an income of $1000, also to be held for one year, will be awarded to the woman whom the committee thinks most fit to receive it. There will be no examination in this case, but candidates should send the committee evidence of the work they have done. Full information about the conditions of these competitions may be had from the chairman of the committee, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Ithaca, New York.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

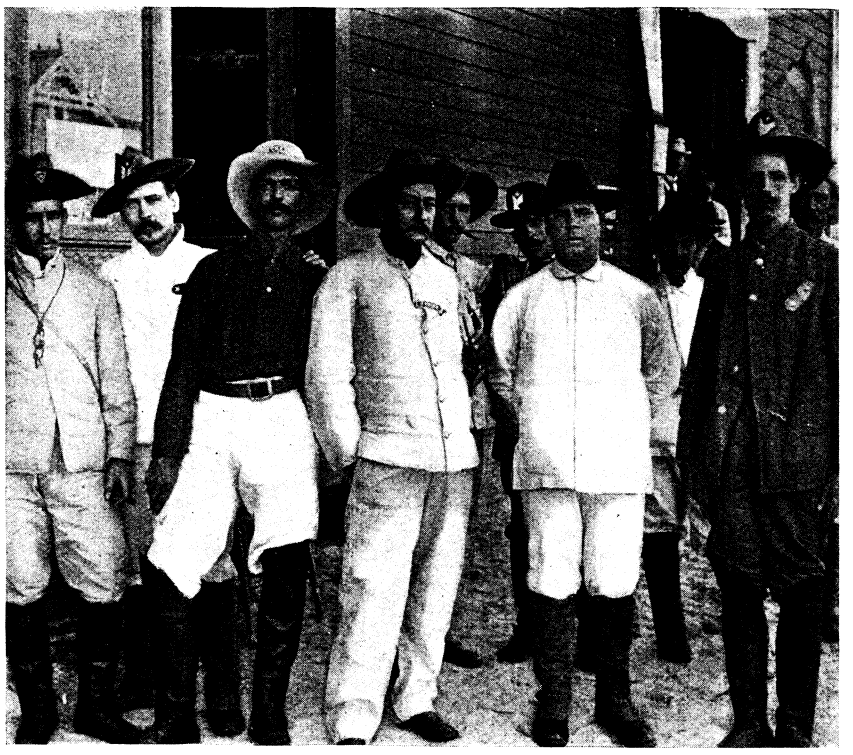
The number of veterans of the civil war who are available for active duty now is comparatively small, but the amount of civil-war experience which is available is great. Most adult Americans of average intelligence know the history of the civil war fairly well, and remember or have read about the preparations for it, and know what a tangle military matters were in at the start, and how long it took to get them straightened out. They know about the "On to Richmond" cry, and how eager many inconsiderate folks were to have great results achieved without any proportionate apparatus. All that knowledge makes for patience now, and helps to win indulgence for our military authorities in their efforts to muster and equip troops, and so to mix militiamen and green recruits as to turn them out in a few weeks seasoned soldiers fit for campaigning. So far we have had lots of war and scarcely any fighting. We should be more restless and unreasonable than we are if our history lesson was not so fresh in our minds that we cannot forget it.

The patriotic women in and near New York are busy organizing and carrying on auxiliary Red Cross societies, for the mitigation of the miseries of war by relief to the wounded and sick. These auxiliaries, as they come into being, take unto themselves various special duties. On May 15 five of them were already at work. No. 1, the First New York Ambulance Red Cross Equipment Society, hopes to furnish and equip fifteen ambulances at a cost of $2000 apiece, and is gathering subscriptions and working to that end. Its treasurer is Miss Louisa Morgan, No. 219 Madison Avenue. No. 2 is the Woman's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture; No. 3, the Hospital Equipment of the National Red Cross; No. 4, the Yonkers Auxiliary of the American National Red Cross Relief Committee; No. 5, the Metcalf-Bliss Hospital Cot Equipment of the National Red Cross. It is evident from the names of these societies that some were organized expressly for this work, and others were organizations already in being which took up the work. All of them, and the new ones which have since been started, are under the direction of the Woman's General Committee on Auxiliaries, of which the secretary is Mrs. Paul Dana, 1A Fifth Avenue. That committee in turn is tributary to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee, of which ex-Governor Morton is chairman. All these various Red Cross relief committees and their auxiliaries are intended to supplement and promote the work of the American National Red Cross Society, of which the best-known officer is Miss Clara Barton.

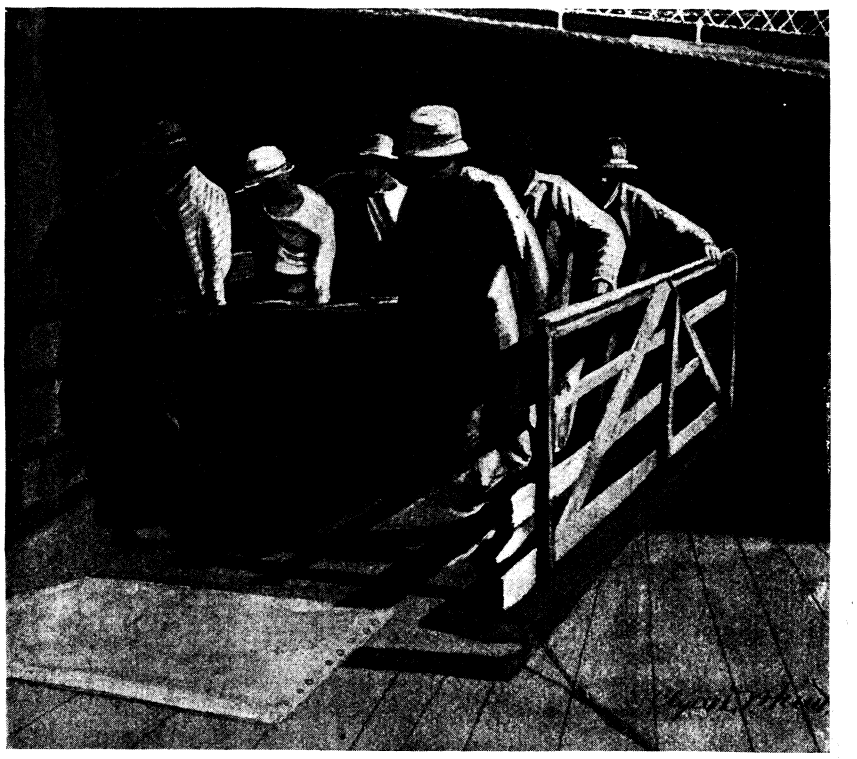
The Philadelphia work of the same sort is being done under the supervision of the National Relief Commission. It was proposed to unite this commission



CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.,
Representing the British Army with the United States forces at Tampa.



THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS—GENERAL LACRET AND STAFF AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



BRINGING ASHORE THE BODY OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N., PORT TAMPA, MAY 15.—Drawn by Clyde D. V. Hunt.

with the New York Red Cross organization, but the executive committee of the commission determined on May 10 that the combination was inexpedient. The Philadelphia organization has issued an appeal to the people of the country saying that its purposes are the same as those of the Sanitary and Christian commissions of the civil war, and inviting the formation of auxiliaries in all parts of the country. The treasurer of the commission at Philadelphia is George C. Thomas, Esq., of Drexel & Company.

So far as at present appears in these parts, these two organizations—the American National Red Cross Relief Commission, with headquarters in New York, and the National Relief Commission, with headquarters in Philadelphia—are likely to be the chief centres of the relief-work of the country.

Meanwhile in many communities which have sent volunteers to the front have sprung up associations whose object is to look after the families of soldiers who have gone to the war, and to see that they do not suffer. These societies have the present advantage of having their work ready to hand.

When the women of the country fairly get at the war we shall begin to realize that there is something out of common going on, and something more for every man, woman, and child to do than to read the newspapers, discuss strategy, and wonder whether Samson will ever catch up with the Philistines. E. S. Martin.

BLANCO'S INDUSTRY.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Key West, Florida, *May 20, 1898.*

I have just returned from Cuban waters, where for the past week I have been cruising after Sampson's fleet, the Flying Squadron, or anything, in fact, that would stir the blood a bit and give me something to write about. Even the appearance of that elusive Spanish fleet would have been pleasing, despite the chance of its taking us in tow. I think I never before quite realized how large a body of water the Caribbean Sea is.

Except for being held up several times by one or another of the ever-watchful Blockading Squadron and filling the rôle of target for a distant impotent fusillade by some Spanish cavalry, my hunt was entirely without incident. There must be a sense of humor in the Spanish nature which we of the more practical Anglo-Saxon temperament fail to appreciate. The troop that fired on us had only rifles, and we were at least a mile off shore. Yet they blazed away for several volleys. Maybe it is their way of showing their intrepidity.

The only real excitement of the week was furnished by chase of a strange war-ship, which proved to be the German cruiser *Geier*. Incidentally it developed what to do. To a landsman it seemed decidedly discourteous on the part of the German commander. The *Geier* was hull down when discovered, and going full speed for Havana; notwithstanding that, two American vessels headed straight for her.

She slackened not her pace nor displayed signal until the *Mayflower*, after several miles' steaming, was on her beam, and recognized her as the cruiser of whose intended visit (to take German refugees out of Havana) the Blockading Squadron had received notice a week before.

The *Geier* repaid America's courtesy by an attempt to sneak through our fleet like a blockade-runner, but, having entered the harbor of Havana, the reports of heavy guns rolling out to us over the water told of Morro's acknowledgment of the *Geier's* salutation.

Perhaps the "mailed fist" was abroad, hurrying to preach that famous doctrine. There has been nothing of a stirring nature in Cuban waters since the gallant work off Cienfuegos on the south coast and off Cardenas on the north. Both were equally courageous. One resulted in cutting two or three cables under a galling and persistent fire from the Spanish; the other in the capture of a signal-station and the demolition of some fortifications. At Cienfuegos the Spanish bullets flew wide of their mark, and it is said our gunboats killed 300 at Cardenas. Ensign Worth Bagley rode to his death on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, while Ensign Arthur Willard achieved glory in planting the first American flag on Cuban soil—death for one, glory for the other, and honor for both; nor is the honor roll complete until to it have been added the names of the *Winslow's* commander and crew, and those of the *Hudson's* officers and crew who so bravely rescued the torpedo-boat from certain destruction. One needs to visit that riddled little boat here in dock to appreciate the unequal battle she waged, with her $\frac{3}{16}$-inch body and 1-pounders against the hidden batteries and heavy guns of Cardenas. The wonder is she rode out so furious a storm. Lessons are dearly bought, but often they are worth the price. No more such unequal combats will be deliberately entered.

There can be no doubt that the Spaniards have made excellent use of the four unmolested weeks we have been good enough to give them. Every fort on the coast from Mariel on the west to Cardenas has been strengthened materially, and this is especially true of Havana. To the west of Havana, and all within two to three miles of Morro, I counted fourteen shore batteries, twelve of them of recent construction. To the east, and no farther away, are the two large Santa Clara batteries, also considerably enlarged. Now the query occurred to me the other day, as I viewed this result of Spanish industry under an American protective high tariff, that if the accumulation of ammunition aboard the ships of the Blockading Squadron became burdensome, would it not have been more wisely expended against the industry in daily evidence on the immediate east and west sides of Havana, for instance, than against signal-houses and other old houses that are not of the Spanish renaissance, and, to descend to slang, "cut no ice" in this war?

Our army, however, need not be disturbed by this industrial effort of the Spaniards, since all the batteries face the sea and are quite on the shore. Indeed, Blanco appears to have directed all his energy and the contents of Spain's Cuban arsenal to coast fortifications. Apparently he, too, with the war correspondents, has given over all thought of our army moving. In addition to strengthening the fortifications, Blanco has established a signal system from Havana to Cardenas, by which means the troops scattered along the coast can be concentrated at a threatened point. East of Cardenas we come once again to a condition of things as they were before our peaceful blockade quickened Spanish industry. Here ends Blanco's signal system and the new fortifications; and in their stead are the Latin siesta and the wandering insurgent. Those who seek the distinction of being pictured and exploited can here attain more notoriety with less personal discomfort than elsewhere.

You go ashore; you meet an insurgent; perhaps miss a meal or two; or even perchance get your feet wet; but—you "reach the insurgents!" and you come out again to the coast, and behold! you are a daring adventurer, the darling of the sensational press, the Poo-Bah of humble aspirations and, on occasion, privy counsellor to the government. I think I have said that the number of Spanish troops in Cuba has been persistently underestimated, and I wish now to add that the number of insurgents has been as persistently overestimated. Captain Dorst's second expedition, although failing of its initial purpose, demonstrated three things that are perhaps even more valuable at this stage of the game than supplying Cubans with arms: 1. That an effective co-operation of insurgents cannot be depended on. 2. That landing on the western coast of Cuba is not so easy as was expected. 3. The imperative need of muzzling the press.

It is too bad that self-respecting, discreet, honorable journalists must be classed with sensationmongers and "yellow-news fakirs," but the present is no time for fine distinctions. The censorship here and at Tampa was not established soon enough. That the Spanish fleet gave Sampson the slip off Martinique there is no doubt; that it is now caught in the Caribbean Sea, however, seems equally true. If reports may be depended upon, the Spanish ships of war are to-day at Santiago de Cuba; and with Sampson making east along the north side of Cuba, with Schley hauling for the east on the south side of the island, and the *Oregon* coming up from the south, it looks as if the days of the Spanish fleet were numbered. Apart from the ships with Sampson and Schley, there are enough left at Key West and vicinity to make a sufficient convoy for the troops at Tampa; but although there are now thirteen transports at Port Tampa coaled and watered and ready for the men, horses, and guns, and nine other transports have within the last few days come in here, yet there is not one chance in ten thousand the invasion of Cuba will be ordered until that Spanish fleet is wiped off the face of the sea. Caspar Whitney.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 507.*)

The battle-ship *Alabama* was launched at the Cramps' ship-yard, Philadelphia, at 12 50 P.M.

A despatch from Gibraltar states that the Spanish fleet now at Cadiz, consisting of a battle-ship, four armored cruisers, four auxiliary cruisers, and three torpedo boats, is ready for sea.

Secretary Long announces that a cablegram has been received from Captain Clark, commanding the *Oregon*, reporting the safe arrival of that battle-ship at a port in the West Indies.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, addressing the Junior Constitutional Club, said that Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Birmingham last Friday, really meant to ask, not for an Anglo-American, but for an Anglo-German alliance. As for the former, he declared, he sympathized with that idea also, but to him it seemed premature. In this connection it is well to note that an Associated Press despatch from Friedrichsruh, Germany, quotes Prince Bismarck to the effect that closer Anglo-American relations are doubtless feasible, but an alliance "improbable and unserviceable to both." Apparently an Anglo-American-German league of some sort would be a more agreeable suggestion to both Lord Beresford and Prince Bismarck; and as for Mr. Chamberlain, it is certainly more reasonable to suppose that he said what he meant, though not *all* he had in mind.

Thursday, May 19.—A despatch from Paris to-day says that Señor Leon y Castillo declines the Foreign Office portfolio in the reconstructed cabinet of Señor Sagasta, feeling that he may be more useful in his present position as ambassador to France than as a member of the government. The Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* makes the following comment:

> Recent events, especially Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, have opened up new political horizons. Spanish statesmen anticipate the possibility of a universal conflagration, wherein Spain would find efficient allies. Their eyes naturally turn toward France and Russia. Therefore it seems important that Spain should be represented at Paris by an ambassador well acquainted with the tangled skein of European diplomacy and *persona grata* to the French government. It is believed that Señor Leon y Castillo will fulfil these conditions. Hence Señor Sagasta's hesitation to recall him.

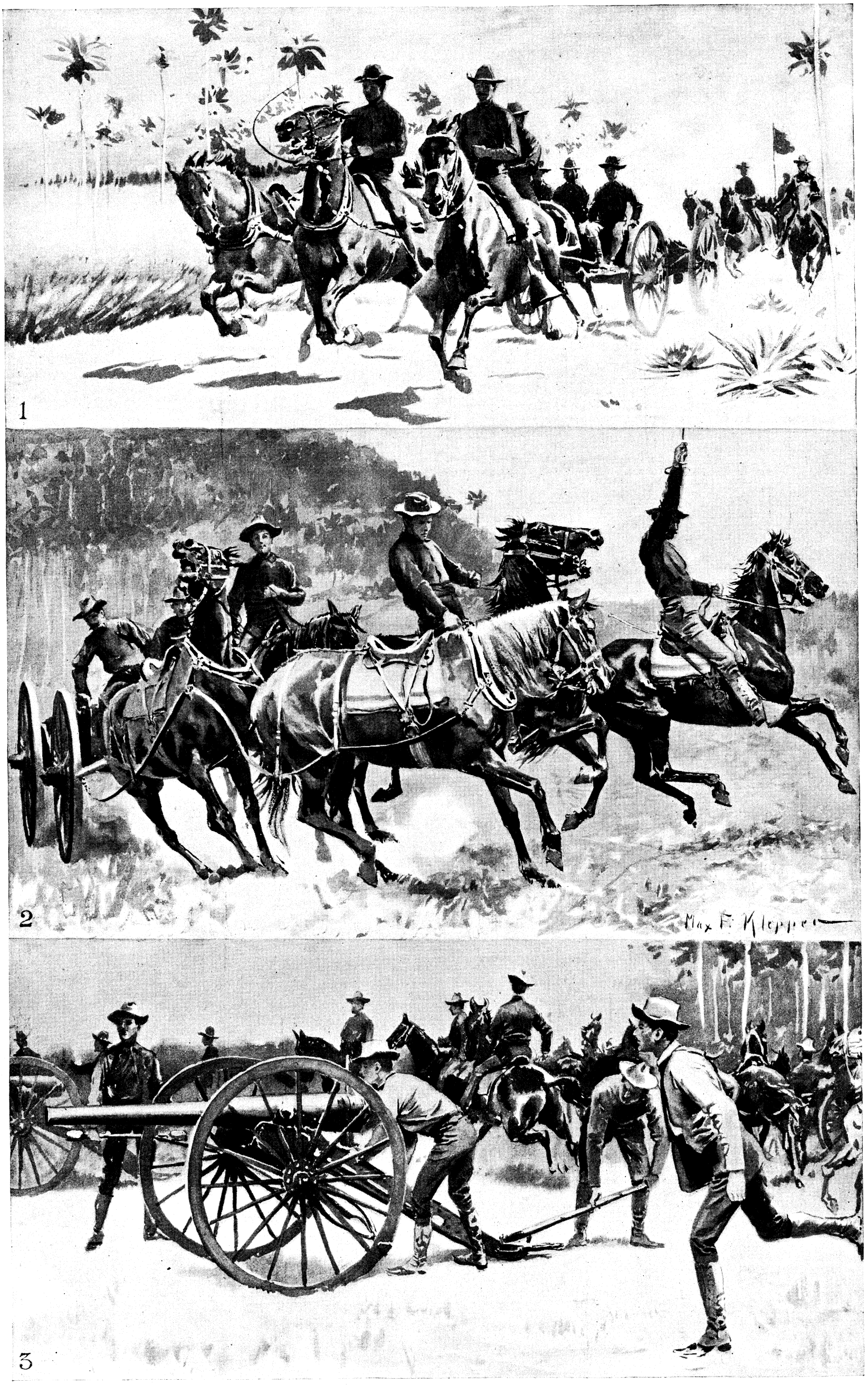
Admiral Cervera's squadron has arrived at Santiago de Cuba.

More than one hundred thousand volunteers have now been mustered into the United States army. "Better raw material for a magnificent army," General Miles observes, "was never collected together; but more than that is required for effective operations in a hostile country under adverse climatic conditions. . . . The army is not now in shape for the invasion of Cuba, and a great deal of hard work will be necessary before it can be put in proper condition for such a campaign."

Friday, May 20.—Despatch from Madrid: It is evident that the new Spanish cabinet intends to push the campaign vigorously. Despatch from Barcelona: Between eight and ten thousand troops, drawn from Catalonia, Andalusia, Aragon, and Valencia, are embarking here for the Philippine Islands.

The latest news from blockaded Havana (a letter forwarded *viâ* Vera Cruz) holds attention with several vivid sentences. For example: "New intrenchments have been thrown up, and more heavy artillery has been mounted." "They say that Havana is so well fortified that an army of fifty thousand men will be needed to reduce the place." "Posted on the corners of houses all over the town one may see ironical notices offering women's garments for sale to 'the men who are abandoning the island of Cuba.'" "The squadron from Spain is expected at almost any moment, and day and night signals are ready to guide it safely into the harbor."

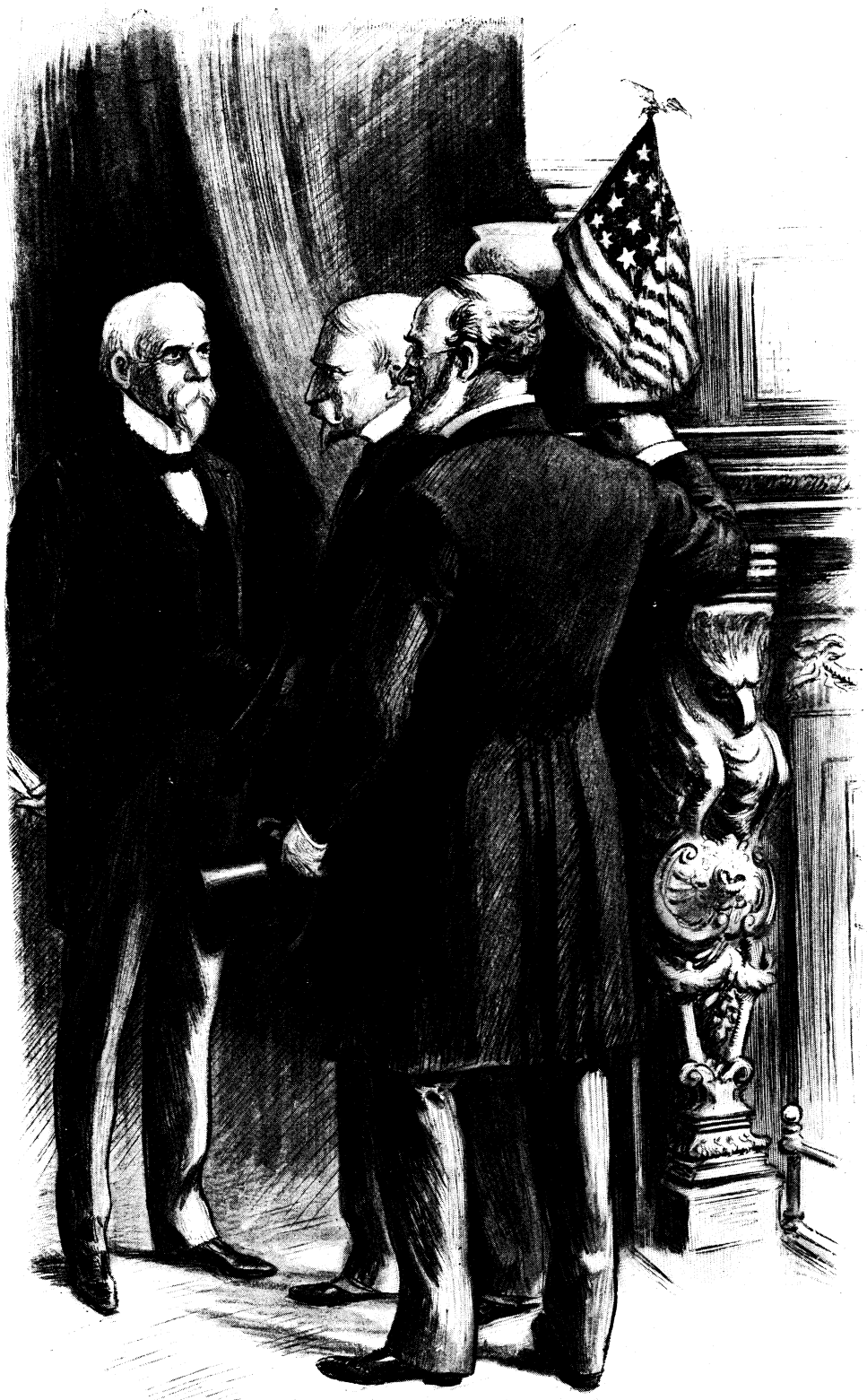
Saturday, May 21.—Spain was looking for the East Indies four centuries ago when she found the West; now we, when looking after the West Indies, have found our problem in the East. General Merritt has started for San Francisco and the Philippines; the *Monterey* has been ordered to re-enforce Admiral Dewey. Odd if the East Indies, which lured old voyagers to the discovery of our continent, should stand on the threshold of a new policy.



LIGHT-ARTILLERY DRILL OF U. S. REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

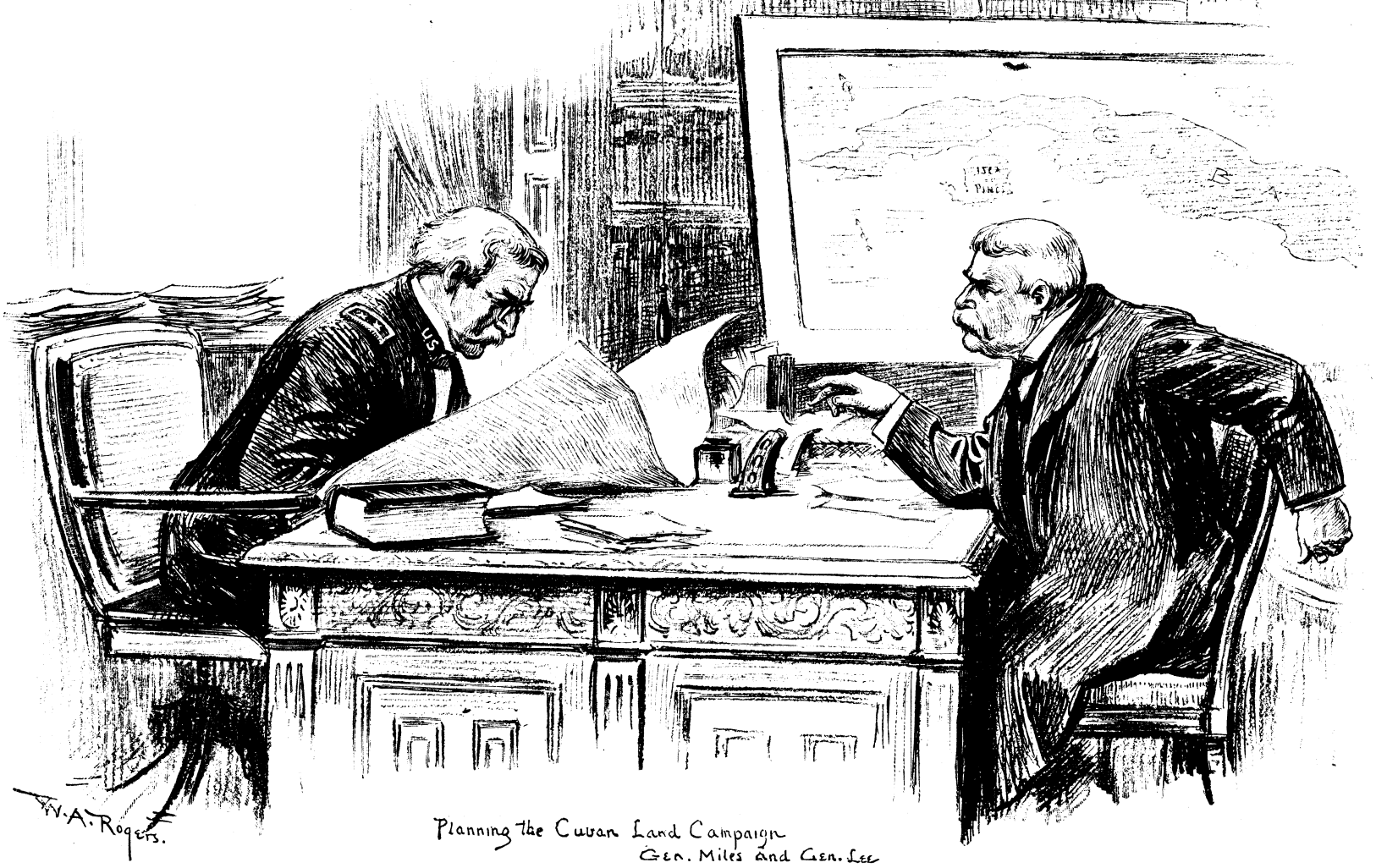
1. "Gallop; March!" 2. "Halt!" 3. Loading and Firing.



Tendering his Services to the Secy of War



Gen Longstreet visits the Adjutant General



Planning the Cuban Land Campaign
Gen. Miles and Gen. Lee

W. A. Rogers.

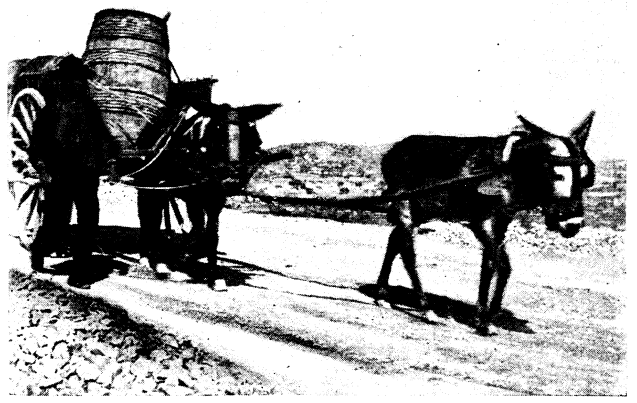
BUSY TIMES IN WASHINGTON—SKETCHES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

II.—OUR FIRST DAY OF SPANISH ROADS.

SAN SEBASTIAN being a sort of Potsdam or Versailles to the Spanish aristocracy, we hastened to get away from it as soon as possible. We had wasted the forenoon in learning nothing from the cycling chiefs of the place, but still had ample time to reach Tolosa that same afternoon. It had rained the previous night, but having been assured that the Basque roads were the best in Spain, we looked forward hopefully to the next stage. The mud, however, was something unknown in other parts of Europe; it reached entirely across the broad road, and we could but trundle our bikes laboriously ankle-deep in a clinging mire. There was a narrow sidewalk on one side of the road, but this being the afternoon hour for the promenade, we dared not risk an invasion of it, particularly as we had seen some gendarmes. Finally, however, the limit of pedestrianism appeared to have been reached, for the citizens of San Sebastian as well as for ourselves, and I therefore accosted a well-dressed gentleman:



WINE-FREIGHTING TO ALICANTE.

"Pardon me, señor, but is it permitted to ride one's bicycle on the sidewalk?"

"Why not? There are probably no more gendarmes out in this direction."

His reasons would not have been conclusive in an Anglo-Saxon community, but they satisfied us completely. We met no more policemen that day, and such of the population as we passed wished us good-evening, and evidently regarded it as quite natural that we should travel in the manner best suited to our condition. Subsequently, in Madrid, where I biked in the park with ladies every morning, it struck me most agreeably that pedestrians and cyclists used all the paths in common, each courteously regarding the other's comfort. One saw no scorching, or rude attempts to crowd foot-passengers out of the way. Bells were never sounded needlessly and violently, after the Anglo-Saxon fashion, for the purpose of alarming timid old ladies. The Spaniard is decidedly on a higher plane of civilization, in so far as street etiquette is concerned, than the American or the Englishman. How often have I ploughed along in the mud of our roads while at the side ran a smooth and clean sidewalk wholly unoccupied! Had I ridden on that walk, my tires could but have improved it, while in the event of meeting foot-passengers I would of course have dismounted rather than cause them inconvenience. How the Spaniard must despise us for our barbarous manners!

One day, in Madrid, while biking on the sidewalk of the fashionable promenade, not in the park, and therefore contrary to municipal law, a well-dressed Spaniard stopped us, and raising his hat courteously, reminded us that it was against the law to ride upon the walk at that particular place. He deemed it necessary to apologize for his apparent disposition to meddle by telling us that he was a member of the city government, and consequently compelled to notice such matters. He did not stop us for the purpose of causing us inconvenience. He merely gave to us, as strangers, a kindly hint that might save us from the consequence of ignorance. We of course thanked the courtly hidalgo, and parted with mutual marks of friendship. And this little experience made me feel that New York might become a sweeter abiding-place to the casual stranger if a certain proportion of our police force were to be sent each year, at the city's expense, to learn in Spain that the manners of the Bowery and Limerick are not the only ones useful in every-day intercourse with the free people of a great metropolis.

We punctured a tire on the way to Tolosa. It made some sensation at the time, because of its being our first accident; because it made a noise like the explosion of a dynamite bomb; because it called about us a large population of sympathizers, who thought there must have been bloodshed; because that population grew so dense and breathed so much garlic at us that our attention was distracted from the repair work. This matter of puncture I dismiss here once for all, as these little notes are meant to be of political and social interest—not a cycling record made up of mileage and mechanics. One reason for dismissing this subject is that it is to us a painful one. No day passed without one or more punctures to some member of the party. It was always an easy matter with a single-tube American tire to mend the ordinary puncture in five minutes, but with the double tube it was more complicated.

As for the machines of my two companions, they reached Madrid so much battered up that they had to have each a new wheel and tire, and one of them had the frame a bit broken. We charitably unscrewed the plates bearing the names of the American makers, partly from patriotic considerations, and partly for other more obvious reasons. To be sure, we gave our bikes such tests as no bikes ever had before. Mine, however, stood it admirably. I take some pleasure in stating this, because in Europe generally there is a widespread feeling that American bicycles are too light for rough work.

Our road to Tolosa was mostly heavy mud, and when at intervals there was something else, it was a scatteration of loose broken stone that was almost as discouraging. It was well after dark, therefore, when we trundled into the narrow streets, looking for the Fonda Agueda. A courteous native offered to pilot us, and stopped before a house whose lower story appeared to be the workshop of a lithographer. This did not seem just the thing, and I expressed my feelings to this effect. But he assured me it was all right, in token of which he shouted up the stairs, and received answers from different floors of a lofty house. Pretty soon there appeared a woman with a baby on one arm and several children at her heels. She gave us a warm welcome, and shouted to some other occupants of the house, who soon made their appearance, and assured us that this was the famous fonda of Tolosa where the señores of the Club Veloz always came for recreation. With some misgivings we asked for beds, and at the same time for a place where we might store our muddy bikes. The house party first escorted us in a body to a workshop in the rear of the building, where, between lithographic presses, we were invited to leave our machines. This struck us as an odd stable for an inn much frequented by wheelmen, but I am now more hardened to surprises.

We next went up stairs—two flights. At the head of the first appeared to dwell several families in tenement-house style, half in and half out of their rooms. The hotel proper therefore commenced only with the third floor of the house.

We had an excellent dinner of four meat courses, and our beds were good. What more can a reasonable man want? The red wine of the country went free with the dinner; and the bill next morning, including breakfast, was five pesetas, which, at the then current rate of exchange, made sixty-five cents for the night. And all this, be it remembered, at a town within easy biking distance of the most fashionable summer resort of the peninsula.

The only other guest in the little inn was a commercial traveller from Leipsic, who talked Spanish with a painfully German accent, and expressed much contempt for the industrial apathy of the country. He was interested in wood pulp, which he sold to the paper-mills of Tolosa, but told us that though this was one of the most important paper-manufacturing towns of Spain, it did not consume as much wood pulp as one single house in England. As a German, he deplored also the absence of family life here; that is to say, he would have preferred living in a private Spanish family, as strangers commonly do in Germany. Our Leipsic friend had found this quite out of the question here, and felt very lonely at being forced to spend his evenings in this fonda, where, he said, he paid six pesetas a day.

As he was an educated man, and had lived much in the country, I tried to get his opinion about public opinion in Spain touching Cuba and the United States. He soon gave me my answer—there was no public opinion in Spain excepting about the bull-ring. He said, contemptuously, that the Spaniard cared not a snap about politics, and would scarcely know if a war should break out tomorrow; that he was never consulted in those matters, and did not wish to be.

And so we went to bed.

III.—AMONGST THE BASQUES—A SPANISH VIEW OF CUBA.

With glorious sunshine overhead, and the memory of smiling God-speeds from the population about the Fonda Agueda in Tolosa, we set our faces towards Vitoria, and arrived there the same night, after the usual proportion of punctures. Our night at Tolosa had taught us an important lesson—that, in Spain at least, the traveller should not be discouraged by appearances. We had been taken to an inn which, to our American understanding, bore the outward marks of a disreputable lodging-house in the slums of New York; and our welcome had been at the hands of people who rather encouraged this disheartening opinion. We accepted our fate out of sheer necessity, for had it not been so late we should certainly have pushed on. As it proved, however, we passed a most clean and comfortable night, and paid the modest bill gratefully, our consciences pricking us the while for having cherished suspicions at the outset.



SPECIMEN OF SPANISH HIGHWAY, ALICANTE.

We started from the frontier with the purpose of studying the life of the plain people of the way-side, and bound ourselves to spend no more than one dollar a day for all expenses. We could have done it for less, but inclined to the more generous allowance from sheer epicurean weakness. We had to spend much more than that, of course, in Madrid and the big towns. Our bicycle-repair bill was always sure to be a serious item; and our barytone member bought church lamps and savage daggers until his bike was loaded like a Cossack pony returning from the war. But, outside of such matters, I have the testimony of our treasurer, the tenor, that we never spent beyond our dollar a day, so long as we lived, after the fashion of the country, at small inns; and that in many cases we could not spend even so much, though we never bargained as to price, and ordered all the luxuries the respective inns could afford.

Baedeker's guide-book of Spain we found thoroughly reliable for the usual tourist resorts; but of course it could take no notice of the many villages where the tired cyclist would have to inquire for a night's lodging. There is a great need of a cyclist's hand-book of Spain, on the plan of that published by the Touring Club of France. In Madrid I was told that such a work was in contemplation by the Union Velocipedica Española, which is the L. A. W. of Spain. I had the honor of being made a member of that society while in Madrid, and found that in large towns the discount on my hotel bill paid for the cost of initiation and annual dues several times over.

The road improved as the mud dried, and, indeed, all the way to Madrid there was no part of the road that need have discouraged an American tourist. In wet weather the roads are very muddy, and in dry weather very dusty; but in the intermediate stages they are fairly good cycle tracks, barring the times when the government goes through the forms of road-repairing, which means covering the whole surface with sharply pointed pieces of broken rock, each one threatening a puncture. We were there in the road-repairing season—so that I am drawing somewhat on my imagination for a picture of the Spanish roads when they are good for the bike.

It is a beautiful country all the way to Vitoria—tumbling streams through fertile valleys, lofty snow-clad mountains in the distance, flocks of sheep and goats on the hill-sides, creaking ox-wagons with wheels made of one solid piece of wood, ploughs that were fashionable in the time of Pharaoh, and from every peasant a salute of "Adios," or its equivalent. We did not care to make speed in such a beautiful country as this, and so we did not grumble much at the long climbs where we were forced to walk. That day we climbed over a mountain pass officially stated to be 1740 feet high, but there was a glorious coast on the other side, and plenty to occupy our minds on the way up.

For lunch we bought a loaf of bread, a litre of wine, and a piece of raw chocolate, with a few peanuts and oranges. This cost us a trifle under ten cents apiece, and was ample for our purpose. We ate it stretched out in the sun on the top of the low wall protecting the road passengers from falling over the bridge into a torrent beneath. The heavily laden donkeys peered curiously at us as they passed by, but their owners looked upon it as quite natural that sensible men should eat their lunch by the road-side, whether they chose to carry their packs on the backs of asses or on the handle-bars of bicycles.

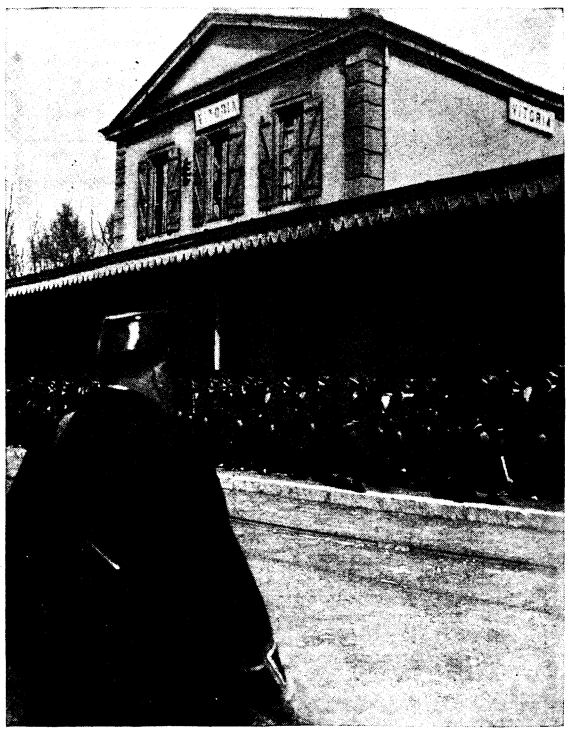
The further we penetrated from the frontier, the more did we find our bikes the subject of wonder to the mules and asses. Finally we reached territory where no bicycle had probably ever been before; I refer more particularly to the savage coast-line on the Mediterranean, between Alicante and Valencia, where the people still look like Moors who ruled the country long ago. No railway has penetrated to that coast, and until the irruption of our three bikes I doubt if the people there had ever seen so much of mechanism at any one time. I surmise this because whenever we came upon a mule train our appearance produced something of a panic. We made every effort to give notice of our approach by voice and bell, but this could not prevent the beasts of burden from wheeling sharply, and frequently spilling the rider, whom we often caught dozing. We did not do all this mischief for the mere fun of seeing a "circus"; indeed, we were rather apprehensive lest we might draw down upon ourselves a vengeance of the proverbial Spanish kind, for the blood of the Moors is hot, and the knife is a handy tool. We did in the beginning seek to mitigate the desolating character of our incursion by dismounting upon sighting what promised a panic, but we discovered, with some alarm, that the act of dismounting struck mules and asses alike as more uncanny than merely keeping normally on our way. It puzzles me, as I pen this in cold blood, to say why we succeeded in getting through Spain without a fight of some sort with the outraged muleteers, who form the great bulk of the wayfaring population. It may be that they were mostly smugglers, and therefore uneasy in their conscience as against strangers, who might prove to be inspectors in disguise. It may be that we owe our escape to the happy habit current in Spain of always holding the pack-animal responsible for all that befalls; and therefore, before the muleteer had finished flogging his innocent beast for shying, we, the real culprits, were well out of reach. In general, however, I am satisfied to attribute all the good that befell us to the ineradicable dignity and courtesy of the Spanish peasant. We tested it severely, but it has come out triumphant.

At Vitoria I was so fortunate as to make the acquaint-

ance of a Spanish gentleman of social and political note who was an officer in the Cycling Club of that town, and offered his services to us in the objects of our journey. He took us to see the headquarters of the cycling fraternity, where I counted fifty bicycles—nearly all English of the best makes. There was but one American, three German, and not half a dozen French. Our host told us that the Germans were very energetic in pushing their wares, not merely bicycles, but all other things, but that they did not put such good work into them as the English. The members of this club were mainly gentlemen of social position and property. There was no touring in Spain, I am told, but the bicycle was a fashionable recreation for short excursions in the neighborhood of the town.

My Spanish friend took me a walk about this beautiful place, particularly interesting because he took me over the battle-field where in 1813 the French were defeated by Wellington so decisively as practically to put an end to the Peninsular war. Napoleon at the same time was marching in Germany to his great defeat at the hands of Blücher on the plains of Leipzig. It gives one an idea of the gigantic combinations attempted by that monstrous-minded man in the days when bikes and railways did not exist, and even common roads were few and bad.

Our talk passed from the wars of Napoleon and Wellington to the present war in Cuba, and my host was



ENTRAINING TROOPS AT VITORIA FOR BILBAO, MARCH 15, 1898.

offered abundant opportunity for a diatribe against the United States in harmony with the jingoism manifested by the *Imparcial* of Madrid and other organs of the war party. But he showed no taste whatever for war or swagger. His words, as I noted them down soon afterwards in my memorandum-book, were substantially these:

"What a sad thing is this Cuban matter! We Spaniards cannot conduct such a war with satisfaction, for the Cubans, after all, are they not fighting for liberty? We are very much discouraged over the situation, but the government dares not confess its failure. I hear that already more than 200,000 troops have gone to Cuba, and more than 30,000 are in hospital. The men go cheerfully, or at least obediently, to their hopeless task, for so far I have not yet heard of any troops refusing to embark. But it is a bad business, and I wish we could close it honorably."

I asked him how he regarded the attitude of the United States. He answered, to my surprise, without anger:

"The Yankee government has not acted generously towards us, for they have undoubtedly done much to encourage the Cubans and prolong the war. And yet we cannot blame them altogether. Cuba is so close to them that this war must disturb their commerce very much."

This little bit of a most interesting conversation I repeat without mentioning names, because of the moderate spirit manifested, because this gentleman may be regarded as a typical Spaniard of property, and because it is the tone I have met with almost without exception when talking on this subject with men of consequence in different parts of the country.

Our walk led us past the new barracks of the infantry, and I, of course, expressed curiosity to go in and take a look at them. My friend deprecated the large amount of money being spent on barracks when so many loyal Cubans were suffering for lack of the necessaries of life. The barracks are of stone, very well designed for light and ventilation, and altogether massive ornaments to the little town. The workmen were still at the task of completion, but I could already form some notion of the number of men that could be housed here. Assuming that the men were bunked one on top of the other, allowing bunks at the rate of four to each of the 608 windows of the two buildings, I made out that this new set of barracks could accommodate about 2500 men comfortably. Before the Cuban war the garrison of Vitoria was 4000 men; now it is reduced to 2000—so said my friend, who appeared well posted. Not far from this we passed the artillery barracks, and watched a mule mountain battery drilling in the yard. One misses here the sharp, energetic manner of the German drill-ground, the precision in detail of Tommy Atkins in London; yet a recent military attaché in Madrid, who served in the American civil war, assured me that the Spanish infantry is the best in Europe—when properly led. Recent events in Cuba point to a distinct want of leadership, if this opinion is to be accepted.

I made an application to visit the barracks of the artillery, but was told that such an application must be made to the military governor of the place—which would have been too formal a matter for us. My host next took me to see his club, which occupied the whole of one floor in one of the chief houses of the town. There was not much to suggest a club of New York or London; it seemed rather like the waiting-rooms of a country hotel, or a German water-cure establishment. It is only a gathering-place for members who drop in of an evening to gossip and play a game of cards. There are 500 members to this one, and two more clubs equally large, if not so select. This particular club is loyal to the government, and is the military club of the place in consequence. Of the two other clubs, the one is very radical, not to say socialist; while the other is Carlist, and therefore frankly revolutionary. It seemed, in contrast to Germany, odd to find soldiers and civilians associating together in a common club; and still more strange that a government with so strong a military force at its disposal should permit the open existence of political societies whose programme is revolution.

My friend guessed my thoughts, and said, sadly: "Yes, it is all wrong. We should not be so tolerant towards revolution. We are encouraging civil war. Spain has too much liberty."

I went to sleep that night with these strange words in my ears—words which must sound paradoxical to a Cuban: "Spain has too much liberty."

THE FLYING SQUADRON—TARGET PRACTICE.

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, *May 13, 1898.*

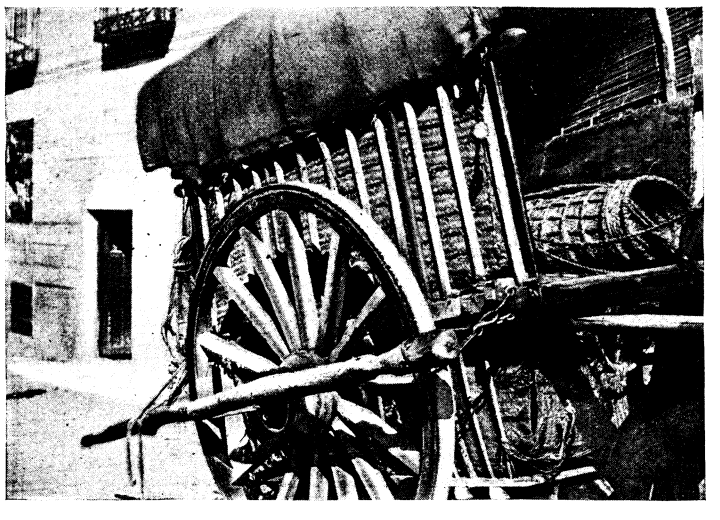
THE order that took Commodore Schley's ships out of Hampton Roads this afternoon was a blessed relief to officers and men alike. For weeks now these ships have been ready for battle. From Commodore to Jack-o'-the dust, every man has been waiting for the chance. As the days went by, and the order did not come, the nervous tension grew greater. Then there occurred on the ships that which enlisted the sympathy and excited the admiration of the on-looker. The strain on nerves grew to a point where ordinarily one might look for trouble, but not a sign of giving way has there been, and not a sign of outward complaint. Surely there is no military requirement so hard to bear as being ready and having to wait, but in the language of Commodore Schley, whose position was the hardest of all, that "ought not to form the basis of complaint to trained and organized forces," and his officers and men have shown that they believe him.

The weeks of waiting were put in to good advantage. Every day increased a little bit the already surprising efficiency of the ships. Most of this time was put in at subcalibre practice. Thousands of rounds were fired, and every man who was at all likely to be called on for service at a gun had plenty of chance to practise shooting that gun. Words cannot tell the deadly, dreadful accuracy of the shooting. To believe it one must see it. But here are some of the results. At 1200 yards subcalibre, equivalent to about 6000 yards with 8-inch rifles, the men on the *Brooklyn* in one day put 110 bullets into the target. The target consisted of a small keg, in one end of which there was set a staff bearing a red flag perhaps a foot and a half square. When this target was brought in there were 24 bullet marks in the staff alone. Such shooting as that in actual battle, at a distance of 2500 yards, with the full service charge, would disable guns as regularly and easily as if it were an exhibition drill.

It is a characteristic of the American sailor-men to shoot straight. When the *New Orleans* came into Hampton Roads on Monday morning, almost the first thing Captain Folger did, after letting go the anchor, was to put out a target for subcalibre practice. The *New Orleans's* crew was composed partly of green men, and even the experienced ones had hardly had time to become familiar with the ship. But before the afternoon was half over, the *New Orleans* was using a target put out by the *Texas*, her own having been shot away.

It was just so on all the ships. Each man in each gun's crew pegged away at subcalibre to his heart's content. There was the best spirit among the men, and a keen but friendly rivalry in marksmanship. They worked faithfully and well, and all the time with the hope that they would get an opportunity to make their skill tell on some Spanish enemy. They were preparing to "remember the *Maine*" in terrible fashion. After the news of Dewey's victory was received fully, and it became apparent that wonderful gunnery was the great factor in its amazing completeness, the men of the Flying Squadron went at it all the harder. As the ships lay at anchor in front of the big hotels at Old Point Comfort, the constant report of the rifles grew to be one of the accustomed and uninteresting events of the day, and excited no more interest on the shore. But now that the ships have sailed, and seem likely to demonstrate the value of their practice, those who saw the straight shooting here will watch the more eagerly for the reports of the action. It will be hot and desperate work for those upon whom Commodore Schley's "bullies" demonstrate their ability to "remember the *Maine*."

OSCAR KING DAVIS.



THE CART OF THE COUNTRY, ILLUSTRATING THE BRAKE.



THE GATE OF ALICANTE.

THE HAVANA VOLUNTEERS.

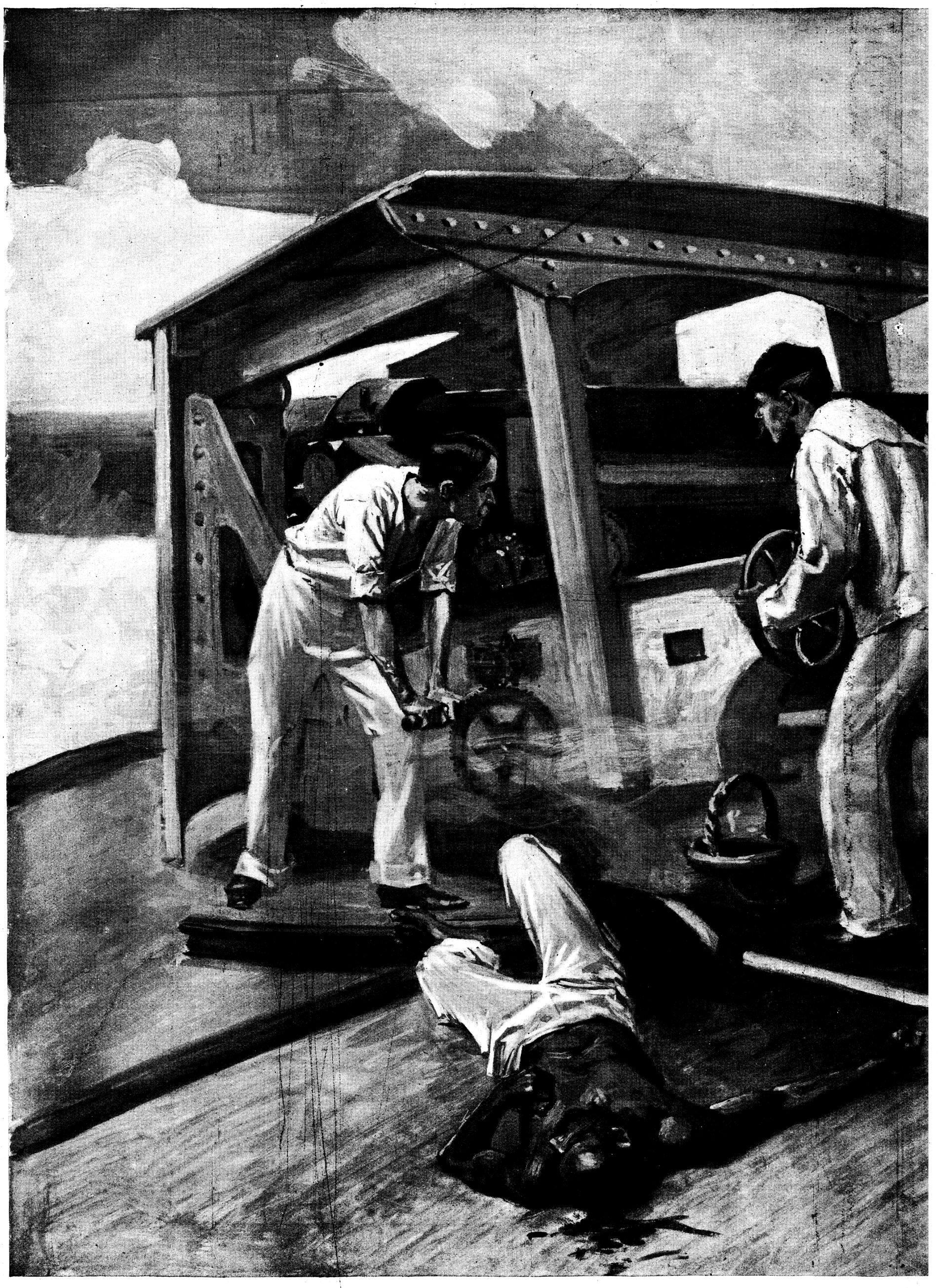
THERE lately has been considerable reference by the press of this country to the Havana volunteers. Attention has also been directed to the volunteers by rumors to the effect that General Blanco contemplated their disbanding. That this last rumor is true is attested by the fact that the volunteers were most emphatic in their demands for its denial, both from the Palace at Havana and from Madrid, and the conciliatory terms in which the denial was made were flattering to all of the eighty-six thousand men who compose this force in Cuba.

Everybody knows that the "Instituto de Voluntarios" in Cuba is the representative body of Spanish ideas, aspiration, and policy. They are all natives of Spain, and have remained in their American colony more Spanish still than the Spaniards at home. They do not admit that it might be possible to suppose that Cuba should not remain forever a Spanish possession. The volunteers were the cherished children of the terrible Weyler, whom they cherished in return, and they are dissatisfied with General Blanco, and with all the plans of autonomy which he tried to put in practice. Their organization comprises, according to the latest official reports from Havana, no less than 86,631 men and 15,165 horses, divided as follows: infantry, 2895 officers, 60,865 soldiers, and 259 horses; cavalry, 1202 officers, 13 594 men; artillery, 293 officers, 3830 soldiers, and 105 horses; military engineers, 68 officers, 1373 men, and 5 horses; marine infantry, 137 officers, and 2371 men. The expenses for the support of the volunteer corps are borne by the chiefs and officers through a monthly assessment fixed by themselves. The public treasury contributes only $200,000 annually for the payment of quartermasters and other officers attached to the commissary department.

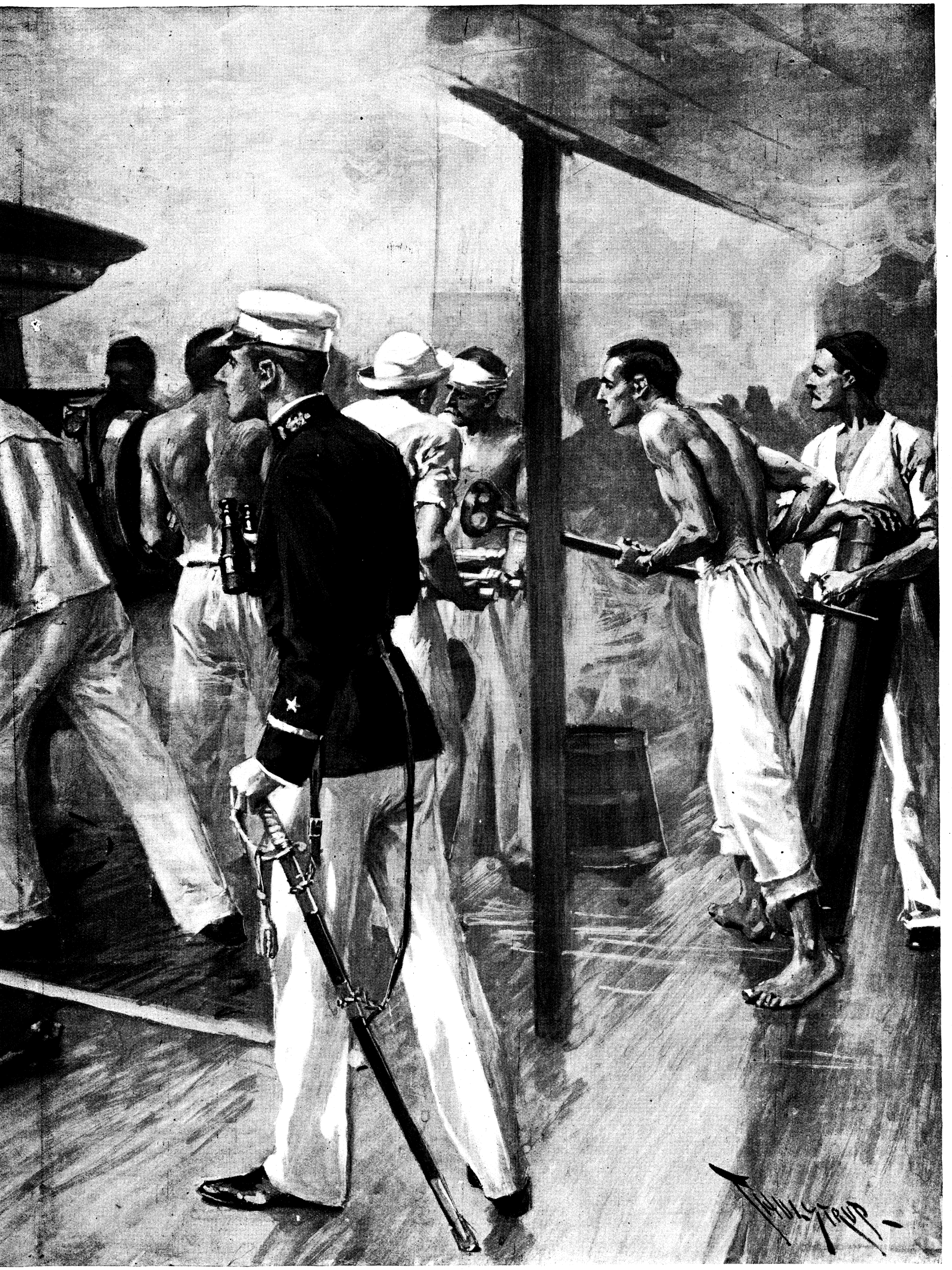
The volunteers were responsible for the murders of the Havana students in 1871, as well as for the executions of many civilians during the ten-year revolution. In this present insurrection they have not been active. Inquiries on this score bring the information that it is because they preferred their home pursuits to field operations, and the government did not drive them to unwelcome duties. To-day each volunteer owns his arms, which he keeps in his home, so it has been impossible for Spain to surprise and control them by suddenly taking possession of armories. Keeping in mind that the disarming of this volunteer corps was the first action promised by the autonomist party, and also the signal failure of this measure, it is then interesting to hear that the colonels of the volunteers were in conference with General Arolas. This Spanish general communicated to the colonels his desire that the volunteers be well drilled and exercised in the manual of arms, in order that they be at any time prepared to render able and experienced assistance to the government. It is not surprising to learn that these expressions were received with enthusiasm by the leaders of the corps.

The ruling fear of these men, evidenced by the foregoing statements, seems to be this: they are a power within the state that cannot be controlled, as they are to-day more numerous than the Spanish army of occupation. They are opposed to all the measures which were forced upon the Spanish rulers of Cuba, and it is expected that the time will sooner or later come when the volunteers will revolt against every institution in the island—against the government, against the insurgents, and against whatever visible representation the United States may have in Cuba at the time. They are an element to be reckoned with.

HAROLD MARTIN.



FIGHTING UNCLE SAM'S BATTLE-SHIPS—"IN



IPS—"IN ACTION—LOAD!"—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

AT nine I was at the door of the dark silent house by the Weiss Thor. I sounded the knocker loudly, and with the end of the reverberations I heard a foot come through the long passages. The panel behind slid noiselessly in its grooves, and I was conscious that a pair of eyes looked out at me.

"You are the servant of the strange Doctor?" said the voice of the servitor, Sir Respectable.

"That I am, as by this time you may have seen!" answered I, for I was in no mood of mere politeness. I was venturing my life in the house of the enemy, and at least it would be no harm if I put a bold face on the matter.

He opened the door, and again the same curious perfume was wafted down the passages—something that I had never felt either in the Wolfsberg nor yet even in the women's chambers of the Palace of Plassenburg.

At the door of the little room in which she had first received me so long ago, the Lady Ysolinde was waiting for me.

She did not shut the door till Sir Respectable had betaken him down again to his own place. Then frankly and undisguisedly she took my hand, like one who had come to the end of make-believe.

"I knew you to-day in your disguise," she said; "it is an excellent one, and might deceive all save a woman who loves. Ah, you start. It might deceive the woman you love, but not the woman that loves you. I am not the Princess to-night; I am Ysolinde, the Woman. I have no restraints, no conventions, no laws, no religions, to-night, save the law of a woman's need and the religion of a woman's passion."

I stood before her, not knowing what to say.

"Sit down," she said. "It is a long story; and yet I will not weary you, Hugo—that I promise you."

I made answer to her, still standing up: "To-night, my lady, after what you know, you will not be surprised that I can think of only one thing. You know that to-day—"

"I know," she said, cutting me short, as if she did not wish to listen to that which I might say next—"I know; I was present in the Judgment Hall."

"Then, being Master Gerard's daughter, you knew the sentence before it was pronounced!" I said, bitterly. For I was sure that her father did, being certain as that I lived that the paper from which the Duke Otho had read had been penned at this very house of the Weiss Thor in which I now stood.

Ysolinde reached a slender hand to me, as was often her wont instead of speech.

"Be patient to-night," she said; "I am trying hard to do that which is best—for myself first, as a woman must in a woman's affairs, but, as God sees me, for others also. You are a man, but I pray you think of the fight I, a lonely unloved woman, have to fight."

"Will they carry out the terrible sentence?" said I, eagerly. For I judged that she must be in her father's councils.

"Be patient," she said; "we will come to that presently."

Ysolinde sat silent awhile, and when I would have spoken further she moved her hand a little impatiently aside in sign that I was not to interrupt. Yet even this was not done in her old imperious manner, but rather sadly, and with a certain wistful gentleness which went to my heart.

When she spoke again it was in the same even voice in which she had formerly told my fortune in that very room.

"That which I have to say to you is a thing strange—as it may seem unwomanly. But then I did not ask God to make me a woman, and certainly He did not make me as other women. I have never had a true mate, never won the love which God owes to every man and woman He brings into the world. I have never had so sweet a life to live that I cared day by day whether I kept it or lost it.

"Then I met you, not by any seeking of mine. Next, equally against my will, I loved you! Nay, do not start. It is as well to put the matter plainly."

"You did not *love* me," said I; "you were but kind to me, the unworthy son of the Executioner of Thorn. Out of your good heart you did it."

I acknowledge that I spoke like a paltering knave, but in truth I knew not what to say.

"I loved you—yes, and I love you!" she said, as though my words had been the twittering of a bird on the roof. "And I am not ashamed. There was no reason for my folly—no beauty, no desirableness in you. But—I loved you. Pass! Let it be. We will begin from there. You loved, or thought you loved, a maid—your playmate. Pshaw! you loved her not. Or not as I count love. I was proud, accustomed to command, and a Prince's wife. The last doubtless should have held me apart. Yet my princessdom was but as straw bands cast into the fire to bind the flame. As for you, Hugo Gottfried, you were in love with your success, your future, and most of all with your confident, insolent self."

She spoke bitterly, and because the thing she spoke was partly true, I had nothing to answer her.

"Hugo Gottfried," she said, "try to remember if when we rode to Plassenburg in the pleasant weather of that old spring you loved this girl whom now you love."

"Aye," said I, "I loved her then, even as I love her now."

"You lie," she answered—calmly, not as one in anger, but as one who makes a necessary correction; "you loved her not. You were ready to love me—glad too that I should love you. And since you knew not then of my rank, it was not done for the sake of any advancement in Plassenburg."

I felt again the great disadvantage I was under in speaking to the Lady Ysolinde. I never had a word to say but she could put three to it. My speeches ever sounded empty, selfish, vain, beside hers. And so was it ever. By deeds alone could I vanquish her, and perhaps by a certain dogged masculine persistence.

"Princess," I said to her, "you have asked me to meet you here. It is not of the past, nor of likings, imaginings, recriminations, that I must speak. My love, my sister, my playmate, bound to me by a thousand ancient tendernesses, lies in prison in this city of Thorn, under sentence of a cruel death. Will you help me to release her? I think that with your father, and therefore with you, is the power to open her prison doors."

"And what is there then for me?" cried the Lady Ysolinde, instantly, bending her head forward, her emerald eyes so great and deep that their shining seemed to cover all her face as a wave covers a rock at flood-tide.

"What for me?" she repeated, in the silence which followed.

"For you," said I, "the gladness to have saved an innocent life."

"Tush!" she said, with a gesture of extravagant contempt. "You mistake; I am no good-deeds-monger, no give my bread and butter to the next beggar-woman. I tell you I am the woman who came first out of the womb of Mother Earth. I will yield only that which is snatched from me. What is mine is more mine than another's, because I would suffer, dare, sin, defy a world of men and women, in order to keep it, to possess it."

"But," I answered, "who am I that so great a lady should love me? What am I to you, Princess, more than another?"

"*That* I know not!" she answered, swiftly. "Only God knows that. Perhaps it is my curse, my punishment. My husband is a far better, truer, nobler man than you, Hugo. I know it; but what of that, when I love him not? Love goes not by the rungs in a step-ladder; stands not with the most noble on the highest step; is not bestowed, like the rewards in a child's school, to the most deserving. I love you, Hugo Gottfried, it is true. But I wish a thousand times that I did not. Nevertheless, I do! Therefore make your reckoning with that, and put aside puling shams and whimpering subterfuges."

This set me all on edge, and I asked a question:

"What, then, do you propose? Where shall this comedy end?"

"End!" she said—"end! Aye, of course, men must ever look to an end. Women are content with a continuance. That you should love me and keep on loving me, that is all I want!"

"But," I began, "I—"

"Ah, do not say it!" she cried, pitifully, clasping her hands with a certain swift appeal in her voice—"do not say it! For God's sake, for the sake of innocent blood, do not say that you love me not!"

She paused a moment, and grew more pensive as she looked stilly and solemnly at me.

"I will tell you the end that I see; only be patient, and answer not before I have done. I have seen a vision; thrice have I seen it. Karl of Plassenburg, my husband, shall die. I have seen the black cloak thrice envelop him. It is the sign. No man hath ever escaped that omen—aye, and if I choose, it shall wrap him about speedily. More; I have seen you sit on the throne of Plassenburg and of the Mark with a Princess by your side. It is not only my fancy. Even as in the old time I read your present fortune, so, for good or ill, this thing also is coming to you."

She never took her eyes from my face.

"Now listen well and speak slowly. The Princedom and the power shall both fall to me when my husband dies. There are none other hands capable. So also is it arranged in his will. Here"—she broke off suddenly, as, with a gesture of infinite surrender, she thrust out her white hands towards me—"here is my kingdom and me. Take us both, for we are yours—yours—yours!"

I took her hands gently in mine and kissed them.

"Lady, Lady Ysolinde," I said, "you honor me; you overwhelm me. I know not what to say. But think! The Prince is well, full of health and the hope of years. This thought of yours is but a vision, a delusion—how can we speak of the thing that is not?"

"I wait your answer," she said, leaving her hands still in mine; but now as it were on sufferance. Then, indeed, I was torn between the love that I had in my heart for my dear and the need of pleasing the Lady Ysolinde, between the truth and my desire to save Helene. Almost it was in my heart to declare that I loved the Lady Ysolinde, and to promise that I should do all that she asked. But though, when need was, I have lied back and forth in my time and thought no shame, something stuck in my throat now, and I felt that if I denied my love, who lay prison-bound that night, I should never come within the mercy of God, but be forever alien and outcast from any commonwealth of honorable men.

"I cannot, Lady Ysolinde," I answered at last. "The love of the little maid hath so grown into my heart that I cannot root it out at a word. It is here, and it fills all my life!"

Again she interrupted me. "See!" she said, speaking eagerly; "they tell me this your Hélene is an angel of mercy to the sick. She will be content to give her life to works of good intent among the poor. This cannot be life and death to her, as it is to me. Her love is not as the love of a woman like Ysolinde. It is not for any one man, though you may deceive yourself and think that it will be fixed and centred on you. But she will never love you as I love you. See, I would kneel to you, pray to you on my knees, make myself a suppliant — I, Ysolinde, that am a princess. With you, Hugo, I have no pride, no shame. I would take your love by violence, as a man surpriseth and taketh the heart of a maid."

She was now all trembling and distract, her lips red, her eyes bright, her hands clasped and trembling.

"Lady Ysolinde, I would that this were not so," I began.

A quick spasm passed over her face. I think it came across her that my heart was wavering. "God knows that I am not worth all this!"

"Nay," she said, with a kind of joy in her voice and in her eyes, "that matters not. Ysolinde of Plassenburg is as a child that must have its toy or die. Worthiness has no more to do with love than creeds and dogmas. Love me—Hugo—love me even a little. Put me not away. I will be so true, so willing. I will run your errands, wait on you, stand behind you in battle, in council lead you to fame and great glory. For you, Hugo, I will watch the faces of others, detect your enemies, mark the failing favor of your friends. What heart so strong, what eye so keen, as mine? For the greater the love, the sharper the eye to mark, prevent, countermine. And this maid, so cold and icy, so full of good works and the abounding fame of saintliness—let her live for the healing of the people, for love of God and man both, an it liketh her. She shall be abbess of our greatest convent. She shall indeed be the Saint Helene of the North. I will save her from death and give her refuge. I promise it. I have the power in my hands. Only do you, Hugo Gottfried, give me your love, your life, your passion!"

She was standing before me now, and had her arms about my neck. Her eyes looked directly up into mine, and whether they were the eyes of an angel or of a tempting fiend I could not tell. Very lovely, at any rate, they were, and might have tempted even Saint Anthony to sin.

"Ysolinde," I said, "it is small wonder that I am strongly moved; you have offered me great things to-night. I feel my heart very humble and unworthy. I deserve not your love. I am but a man, a soldier, dull and slow. Were it not for a man and a woman it should be as you say. But Karl of Plassenburg is my good master, my loyal friend. Helene is my true love. I beseech you put this thought from you, dear lady, and be once more my true Princess, I your liege subject—faithful, full of reverence and devotion, till life shall end."

As I spoke she drew herself away from me. My hand had unconsciously rested on her hair, for at first she had leaned her head towards me. When I had finished she took my hand by the wrist and gripped it as if she would choke a snake. I knew that our interview was at an end.

"Go!" she commanded, pointing to the door. "One day you shall know how precious is the love you have so lightly cast aside. In a dark, dread hour you, Hugo Gottfried, shall sue as a suppliant. And I shall deny you. There shall come a day when you shall abase yourself even as you have seen Ysolinde the Princess abase herself to Hugo, the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfmark. Go, I tell you! Go, ere I slay you with my knife!"

And she flashed a keen blade from some recess of her silken serpentine dress.

"My lady, hear me," I pleaded; "out of the depths of my heart I protest to you—"

"Bah!" she cried, with a sudden uprising of tigerish fierceness in her eyes, quick as the glitter of her steel. "Go, I tell you, ere I be tempted to strike you. *Your heart!* Why, man, there is nothing in your heart but empty words out of monks' copy-books, and proverbs dry and rotten as last year's back leaves. Ye have seen me abased. By the lords of hell, I will abase you, Executioner's son. Aye, and you yourself, Hugo Gottfried, shall work out in flowing blood and bitter tears the doom of the pale trembling girl for whom you have rejected and despised Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE RED AXE DIES STANDING UP.

How I stumbled down the stairs and found myself outside the house in the Weiss Thor I do not know. Whether the servitor, Sir Respectable, showed me out or not has quite passed from me. I only remember that I found myself waiting outside the gate of Bishop Peter's palace, ringing at a bell, which sounded ghostly, tinkling like a cracked kettle behind the door.

The lattice clicked, and a face peeped out.

"Get hence, night-raker!" cried a voice. "Wherefore do you come here so untimeously, profaning the holy quiet of our minster close?"

"There was no very holy calm in the kitchen t'other night, Peter Swinehead!" said I, my wits coming back to me at the familiar sound.

"Ha, Sir Blackamoor, 'tis you; surely your face has grown strangely white, or are my eyes serving me foully in the torch-light?"

Instinctively I covered as much of my face as I could with my cloak's cape, for indeed I had washed it ere I went forth to see the Lady Ysolinde.

"'Tis that you have slipped too much of the Rhenish down thy gullet, old comrade," said I, slapping Peter on the back, and getting before him so that he might remark nothing more.

At that, being well pleased with my calling him comrade, he lighted me cordially to my chamber, and there left me to the sleepless meditation of the night.

The next day was one of great quietness in the city of Thorn. An uneasy, sultry pause of silence brooded over the city. Men's heads showed a moment at door and window, looked furtively up and down the street, and then vanished again within. Plots were being hatched and plans laid in Thorn; yet while there was the lowering silence in the city, the Wolfsberg hummed gayly like a hive. Once I went up that way to see if I could win any news of my father. But this day the door into the Red Tower stood closed, nor would any within open for all my knocking. So perforce I had to return unsatisfied. I went several times to the Weiss Thor to spy the horizon round for the troops of Plassenburg. But only the gray plain of the Mark stretched itself out, so far as the eye could penetrate—hardly a reeking chimney to be seen, or any token of the pleasant rustic life of man, such as in my youth I remembered to have seen from the Red Tower. Beneath me the city of Thorn lay grimly, like a beast of prey which has eaten all its neighbors, and must

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"GOD! GOD!" HE CRIED. "I WILL SEE MY JUDGE FACE TO FACE; I AM NOT AFRAID! I WILL DIE STANDING UP!"

now die of starvation because there are no more to devour.

The day passed on feet that crept like those of a tortoise, the sullen minutes dragging by, leaden-clogged and tardy. But the evening came at last. And with it, knocking at the door of the Bishop's quadrangle, and interrupting my long talk with Dessauer, lo! a messenger, hot-foot from the castle.

"To the learned Doctor and his servant, Gottfried Gottfried in death's utmost extremities sends greeting, and desires greatly to have speech with them."

My father's message in the hour where he had seen so many! Yet I was but little surprised. There was no wonder in the fact, save the wonder that it should all seem so natural. Dessauer rose quickly.

"I will go with you," he said; "it will be safer. For I can keep the door while you speak with your father."

So, without further word, we followed the messenger up the long, narrow, wooden-gabled street, and heard the folk muttering gloomily in the darkness within, or talking softly in the russet glow of their hearth fires. For there were but few candles lighted in Thorn that night. And I wondered how near or how far from us the men of Plassenburg might be encamping, and thrilled to think that any moment a spy might ride in to warn Duke Otho of the near approach of his foe.

But so far all was quiet at the Red Tower. The wicket gate in the angle of the wall was open, and we passed in without difficulty. As I mounted the stairs I heard the key turn behind us. Obviously, therefore, we were expected. The gate of the Red Tower had been left open for our entrance. And so soon as the birds were in the snare it was shut, and the silly goslings trapped.

We climbed up and up the dark stairs, till we came to the door of my father's garret. I pushed it open without knocking and entered.

"The most learned the Doctor Schmidt," I announced, lest there should be some stranger in the room. And indeed my precaution was necessary enough. For from my father's bed-head, disengaging himself reluctantly, like a disturbed vulture flapping up from the side of a dying steer, Friar Laurence rose out of the darkness, and folding his robe about him, stalked to the door without a word to either of us. I stood holding the edge of it till I had watched him well down the stairs. Then Dessauer relieved me at the stair-head as I went to approach my father.

I saw a change in him, very startling, indeed, to see. "In the uttermost extremity" he was, indeed. A ghastly pallor overspread his face; his eyes were wild, his breathing both quick and hard. The fire-light cast flickering lights over his face and on the outlines of his lank figure under the scarlet mantle which had been cast over him. One corner of it was cast aside, as if for air or coolness, and I could see a thing which gave me a cold chill in the marrow of my spine.

My father wore the dress which he only donned when some poor soul was about to die and pay the forfeit.

At first Gottfried took no notice of me whatever, but lay looking at the ceiling, his lips muttering steadily, though what the words were I could not hear.

"Father," I said at last, bending over him gently, "I have come to see you."

He turned to me as if suddenly and regretfully summoned back from very far away. It was a movement I had seen in many dying men. He looked at me, a strange, luminous comprehension growing in his eyes.

"Hugo," he said, "you have come home! The Little Playmate has come home too. We three will make a merry party in the old Red Tower. We have not been all together for so long. Lord Christ, but I have been much alone! Hugo, why did you leave me so long? Ah, well! I do not blame you, my son. You have been pushing your fortunes, doubtless, and you have, so they tell me, become a great man in Plassenburg. And the little maid is a lady of honor, and very fair to see. But now you two have come like birds homing to the nest."

"Yes, father," I said to him, "we have both come home to you, the Little Playmate and I. And now you will give us your blessing."

"The Little Playmate—say rather the little Princess," he cried, cheerfully, as, with the air of one who brings good tidings, he sat up in bed. Then he pointed to a chair on which a pillow had carelessly been flung. "Little maid," he said, looking at the cushion as if it had been Helene, "I am glad you have come back to be wedded to my boy. That was like you. I ever wished it, indeed. But I never expected to see my children thus happy. Yet I always knew you and Hugo were made for one another. You are at your sewing, little maid. Well, 'tis natural. I mind me when my own love sat making dainties of just such delicate wreathed whiteness."

He paused; and then, his countenance changing, he looked fearfully and fixedly at the chair.

"But, little maid, my own Helene," he cried, in a loud, gasping, alarmed tone, "what is this, best beloved? Why, you are sewing at a shroud! Surely such funeral suits become not bridals. A shroud—and there is blood upon it. Put it down—*put it down*, I pray you!"

The red flames on the fire crackled suddenly up about the black log, and cast dancing shadows on his face.

"Lie down and rest, dear father," I said softly to him; "the Little Playmate is not here. I, Hugo, your son, am alone beside you."

"Hugo," he said, passing a lean arm about me, "my good son, my brave boy! You will be kind to the little Princess. She loves you. There is no man so beloved as you in all the city of Thorn. Many would have loved her besides Otho. Ah, but I threw him out of the window there. I threw a Grand-Duke out of a window! Ha! ha! it was the bravest jest!"

He laughed a little, as at a tale that will bear infinite repetition. "I, Gottfried Gottfried, threw a proximate reigning Prince out of the window. How Casimir laughed! The thing pleased him well. And the little maid, do you remember her, Hugo? How she would teach me, the Red Axe of Thorn, how to dance that first night, and how totteringly she carried the Red Axe? The little one took heart that night. She will have a happy future, I know; so blessed, far away from this dark damned place of the Wolfsberg. I am glad she is not here to see me die. That is a sight for men, not for fair young loving women."

"Hush, my father," I said, touching his dank brow; "you are not going to die. You will yet live to be strong and well—a man among men."

For one tells these things to dying men. And they smile and pass us by, amused at our childish ignorance, as you and I shall one day do to others. And even thus did my father.

"Nay, Hugo, I am sped," he answered. "This night ends all. The door I have oped for so many is opening from within for me. God's mercy be on a sinful man! Ere the light of to-morrow's dawn the Duke's Justicer must face the Tribunal that has no assessor and no court of appeal."

He threw back the cloak which served as a mantle, and crying, "Give me your hand, Hugo!" Gottfried Gottfried staggered to his feet.

"I will die standing up," he said, bending his brows and gazing about him uncertainly. He pointed to the walls of the garret. The fire was flickering low, but still making the place light enough. There, beside the bed, was the Red Axe, with its shining edge undimmed, leaning against the block. There across it was the crimson bar mask, which was nevermore to bind his eyes as he did the office of dread.

"Do you see them, son Hugo?" he cried, leaning heavily on my shoulder and pointing with his finger; "they are gibbering at me, mowing, processioning by, and pointing mockingly at me. Do you hear them laughing? That horrid one there with his head under his arm—laughing as if there were no God! But I am not afraid. Mercy of Jesu! Hath God Himself no Justicer, that He should punish me because I have fulfilled my charge. I have all my life been merciful, ever giving the blow of mercy first, and the drop of stupefaction before the Extreme Question. Hence, fiends! Shapes inhuman, torment me not! For I was merciful to you and never struck twice. I *will* die standing up. The devil shall not fright me, nor all his angels!

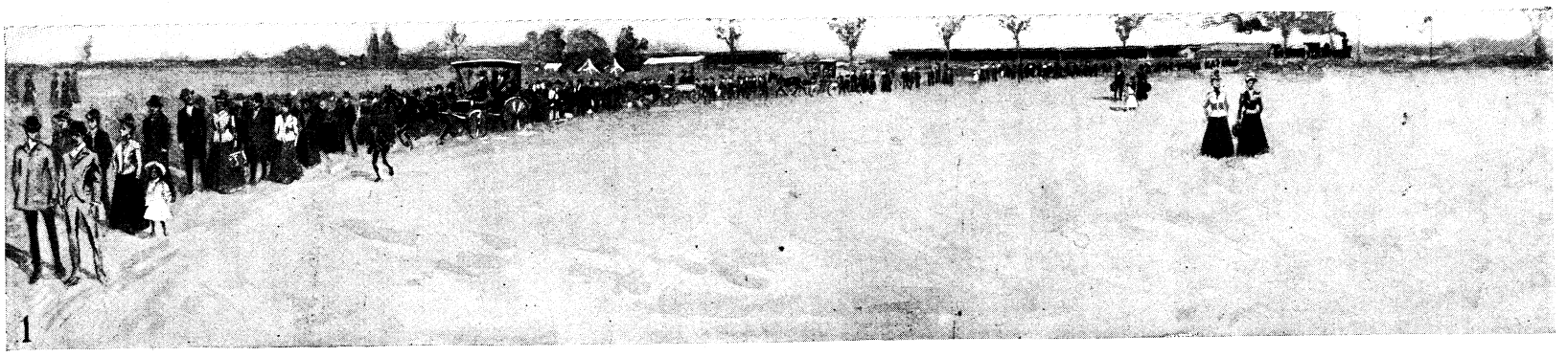
"God Himself shall not fright me! I appeal to His judgment throne! Get hence, accusing spirits! I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat. Give me the axe, boy. I will cut down the evil; I will spare the good. Here is the Red Axe, my son. Take it! Strike with it strong and well. Strike, strike, and spare not!"

Totteringly he handed me the axe, and clasping his hands, he stood looking up.

"God! God!" he cried. "I will see my Judge face to face; I am not afraid! I will die standing up!"

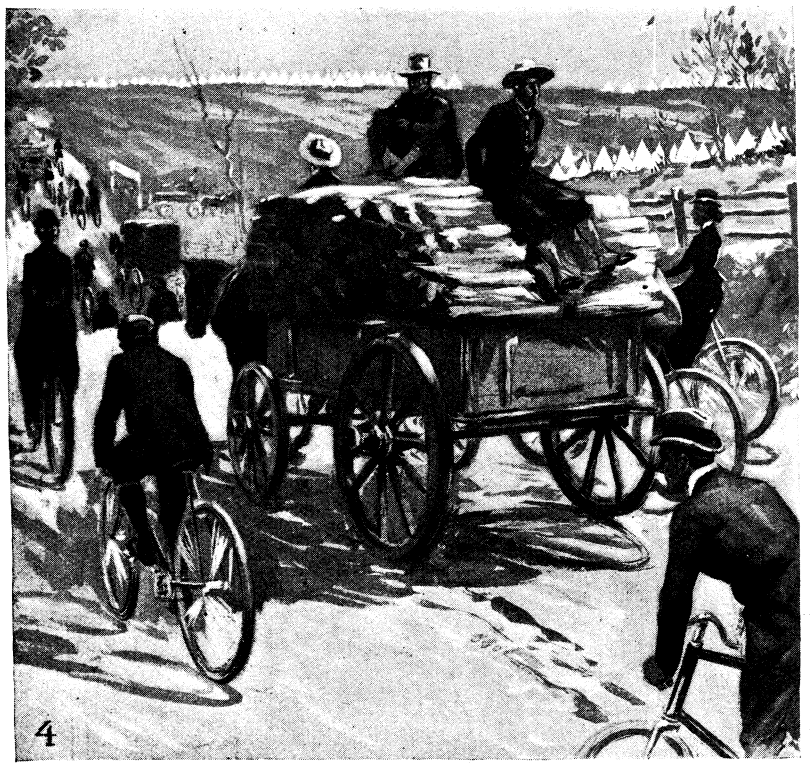
And in this manner, even as I tell it, died Gottfried Gottfried, a strong man, with his hands clasped, standing up and not afraid. And these arms received him, as, being dead, he fell headlong.

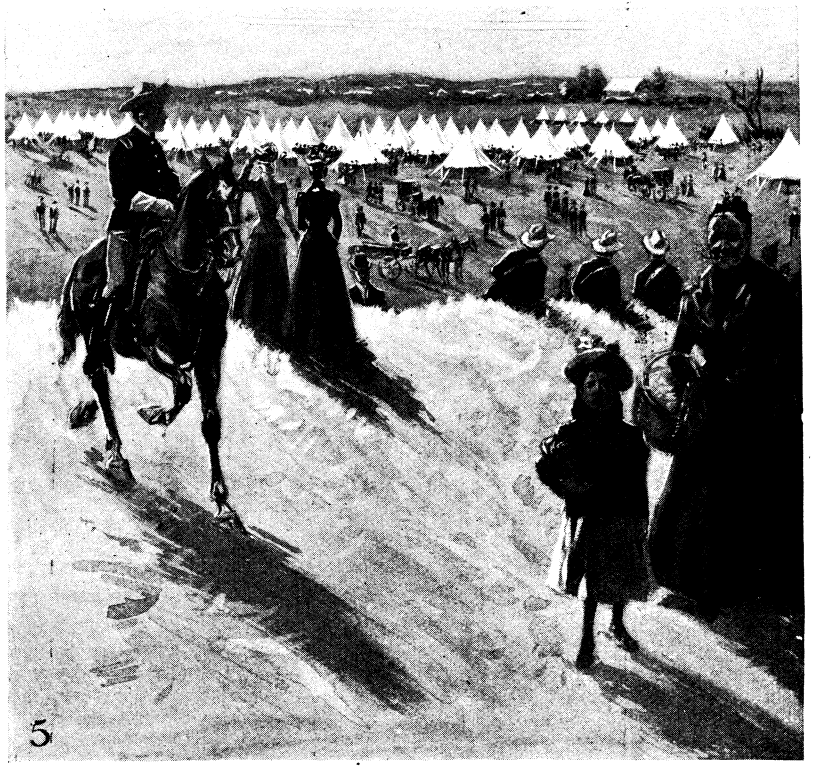
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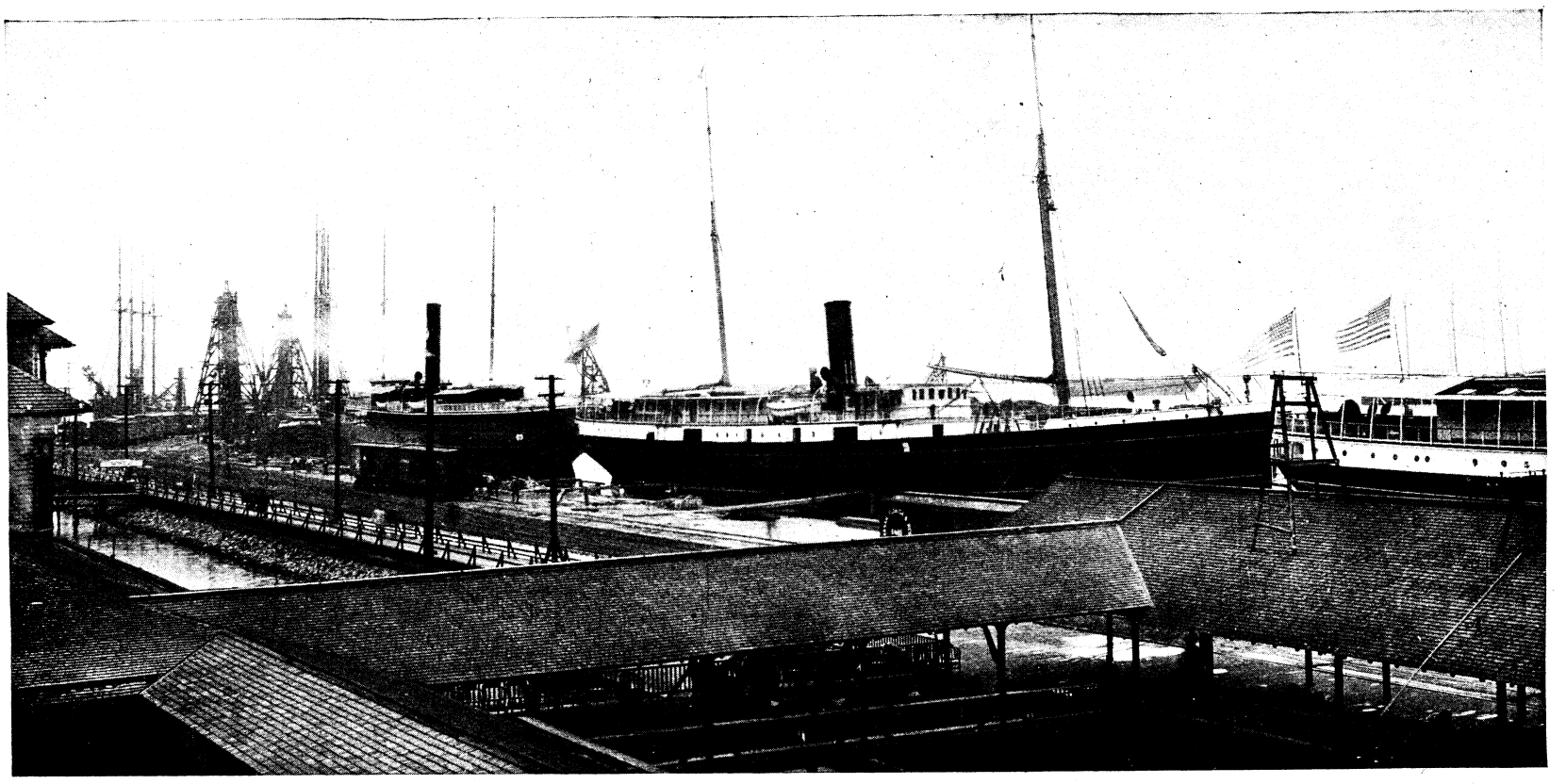




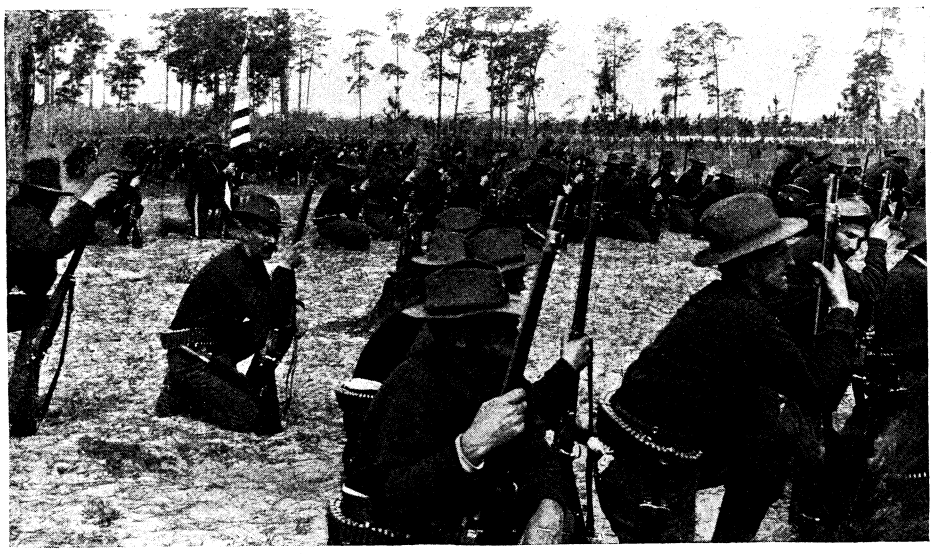


WITH THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.—Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

1. A Train-load of Visitors. 2. Showing his Sisters around Camp. 3. "Mewsic!"—a private Rehearsal by a Member of the Band. 4. On the Road to the Camp. 5. The View from Headquarters. 6. Company Drills.



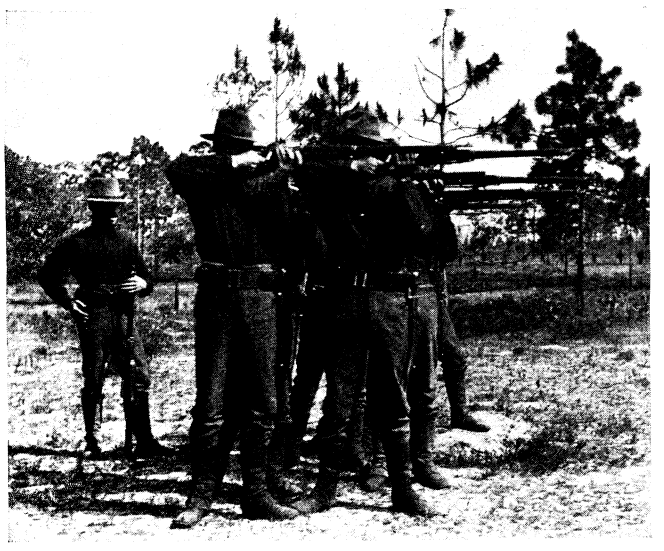
UNITED STATES TRANSPORTS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA, WAITING TO CARRY TROOPS TO CUBA.



REGIMENTAL RESERVE—"THE COLOR OF THE REGIMENT JOINS THE RESERVE."



"ADVANCE BY RUSHES!"

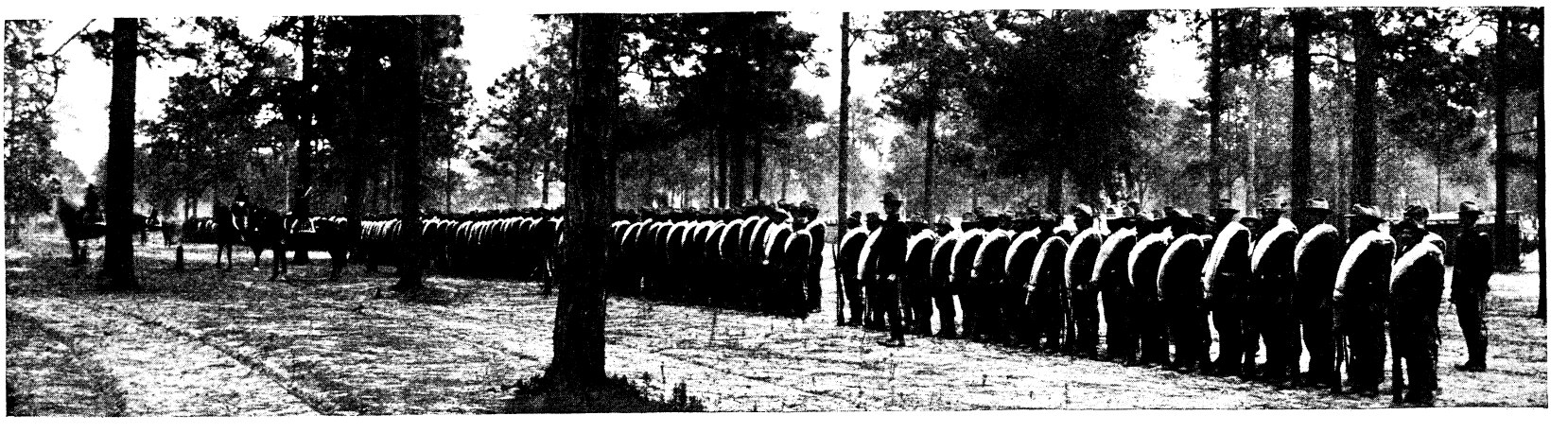


VOLLEY-FIRING BY SQUAD—"FIRE!"



ON THE FIRING-LINE.

EXTENDED-ORDER DRILL OF 5TH U. S. INFANTRY, TAMPA, FLORIDA.



9TH U. S. INFANTRY IN LINE, TAMPA, FLORIDA.

WITH THE U. S. REGULARS AT TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

GLADSTONE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Mr. Gladstone is dead. After such length of life, it is perhaps possible to survey his career and achievements with more impartiality and historical justice than would have been possible had he been cut down in the midst of conflict or in his prime. It is probable that Mr. Gladstone was the finest specimen of an Anglo-Saxon that ever lived. His soul was pure; his intellect unequalled; his bodily powers phenomenal. In the course of the life now ended he became, like Peter the Great, and like Napoleon the Corsican, a man in whom were incarnate the thoughts and wills of millions of human beings. This democratic force was centred in him, and he in it. For more than two generations he made it throb in the history of the world.

The incarnation of the modern spirit, the embodiment of freedom, with a passionate love for justice to nations and classes held in the firm stricture of despotism, Mr. Gladstone has left his mark upon the nineteenth century as no other man has done. Unlike Peter the Great or Napoleon, Mr. Gladstone complied, throughout the whole of his life, with the moral law. Even in those episodes of his career wherein he has been most bitterly denounced, no one competent of forming a just judgment of his motives can deny that he possessed nobility of aim. I will give an example.

As events have turned out, the English surrender of the Transvaal was probably unwise. Certainly it produced in England the bitterest feeling of humiliation and national wounded pride—a feeling in which I have always shared.

After my first visit to South Africa, when the opportunity was afforded me of seeing much of those who had suffered for their loyalty to England, this feeling of shame and indignation was redoubled. Firmly believing that Mr. Gladstone had acted wrongly in the retrocession of the Transvaal, I returned to England with the conviction that his South African policy was governed by motives of political expediency. It was in that frame of mind that I met Mr. Gladstone, in a country house, on Easter-Monday, 1886. I shall never forget the first serious conversation I had with him. He introduced the subject by referring to my recent visit to Africa. Believing that an opportunity had arisen not to be missed, I said to him, speaking in the interests of my countrymen and countrywomen who had lost their all by reposing faith in England's promise that the British flag should never be hauled down so long as the sun was in the heavens, "Sir, I think, if you had been, as I have been, in the homes of those Englishmen and loyal Dutch Boers who have been ruined for no greater fault than a foolish confidence in Great Britain—I think your cabinet would not have surrendered the Transvaal."

Taking me by the arm, and with his marvellous onyx eyes blazing with indignation, he gazed out of the window at the sky and the budding trees, and spoke for nearly twenty minutes, in a low, rich voice. He raised his arm with the gesture with which a lion raises his paw, and I realized, for the first time, the greatness of the man.

What he said, in effect, was this: "We have given back the Transvaal to its owners because it was acquired from them by fraud. A small country, a mean country, a country less sure of itself, could not have done this thing. Perhaps England alone, with her eight hundred years of history behind her, could have dared to do this act. To have done it shows the greatness, not the smallness, of England. The common people wished it. They hate injustice; they refuse to profit by fraud. The common people are always right. They were right in Macedonia; they were right in Judea;" and then he added, with a sweep of his arm so vehement that I thought he was about to crush me, "they are right now." He said a great deal more on the subject, to which I will not refer, but he burnt in upon my soul the conviction that it required less courage to destroy the Boers than to face the hatred and the contumely of those Englishmen who believed that the honor of their country had been outraged.

Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, did not convince me of the rectitude of the policy he had adopted, and on cool reflection afterwards I detected much misty, if noble, generality in his arguments. However, that is not in question at the present time. What I want to bring out is the fact that to one who has always been, and still is, opposed to the policy of the Transvaal retrocession, Mr. Gladstone succeeded, completely and generously, in convincing him that this much-debated act was an act of courage, not an act of cowardice; the act of a great man who believed in the possibility of national Christianity, not the act of a mere politician who sought to derive party gain from the pusillanimous betrayal of a proud people.

The next time that I encountered Mr. Gladstone was over a very different matter. After considerable searchings of heart, and a few weeks' investigation of the Irish question in Ireland, I came to the conclusion that, as I knew nothing whatever about it, I could not do better, as a candidate for Parliament, than to follow my Liberal friends, whose good sense and patriotism I had then no reason to doubt. When I stood for Mile-End, in the election of 1886, I did so because I was interested in social reform, having seen a great deal of the misery of the poorer English, especially those who were inarticulate, because, being voteless, politicians did not flatter, consult, or please them. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone helped my candidature. The Grand Old Man wrote me a valuable letter for publication, lent me his carriage on the day of the election, and Mrs. Gladstone herself attended one of my political meetings, and brought with her a written message from her husband. Although this had a great effect on the electors, I was defeated, and shall never forget the impression, on the night of my defeat, of hearing a hundred thousand throats in the Mile-End road singing "God save the Queen," as though the result of the election was the defeat of a rebel by a loyalist.

Nearly two years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had been ejected from office, and the Plan of Campaign had been started, I was sorely exercised in my mind, along with thousands of others, as to the honesty of a device which might conduce to the political advantage of the Liberal party, but seemed to me contrary to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." I accordingly wrote to Mr. Gladstone, the day after a speech of his in which he had, to my horror, condoned the Plan of Campaign, and told him of my thoughts. I asked him if he was not too proud to profit by a plan which had been condemned as immoral by Rome, and denounced by all good men as contrary to every principle that supports the foundations of Society. To this he answered in a somewhat passionate letter, saying that any communication from me commanded his sincere respect, but evading the point at issue, only speaking of his age, and how I had little conception of the labors cast upon him. I replied that this was not in point, but that thousands and tens of thousands looked to him for a conscience, and that if he upheld or condoned the Plan of Campaign, virtually the whole of the Liberal party would do the same; that this seemed to be not a question of political expediency, but of conscience and of moral law, and I concluded by saying that if there was any doubt as to the attitude of the Liberal party upon questions of right and wrong, I would rather shake the dust from off my feet and court the obscurity of political death. To this letter Mr. Gladstone again sent a reply, fencing with the question, and saying that if I would examine his language again, I should see that it was marked by no want of care. It was characteristic of Mr. Gladstone that he himself brought the letter to my club, and left it with strict injunctions to the hall porter to give it to me as soon as possible. I again replied, and said that I was not satisfied. He once more rejoined, again delivering his own letter. Then the correspondence closed, after my asking and being refused permission to publish it in its entirety. Now that years have elapsed, and Mr. Gladstone has gone, there can be no harm in saying that his capacity for making himself honestly believe that which he wished to believe was equalled by few and excelled by none since the creation of the world.

Of his wonderful detachment of mind, I will give another example. On July 27, 1893, when the historic fight between the Irish and the Conservatives took place on the floor of the House, before order was restored by the arrival of the Speaker, and while every one was convulsed with excitement, Mr. Gladstone went to the back of the Speaker's chair. Every one believed him to be overwhelmed with emotion. This was not the case. Meeting Sir Edward Reed, one of our great naval constructors, he engaged that gentleman in conversation on the subject of the stability of one of the recently launched men-of-war. The conversation was placidly continued, until the arrival of the Speaker, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the Treasury Bench to explain to the First Commoner of England the reason why the House had misconducted itself like the rowdy Fourth Form of a country school. Nero fiddling while Rome burned was not to be compared with Mr. Gladstone's thirst for information on the subject of naval architecture while the Mother of Parliaments was conducting herself like a drunken quean!

Mr. Gladstone would have made an ideal War Minister in any conflict with a foreign nation in which he believed that moral right was on the side of England. And yet he hated war with a depth of passionate conviction that proceeded from the large humanity of the man. The real reason why English Society hated "Mr. G."—as he was always called—I believe arose from his conception of the paramount claims of humanity, as opposed to the narrower issue of merely national or local interests. The aristocracy of a country is necessarily composed of those who are linked with the prosperity of the nation. When, therefore, in the interests of morality, Mr. Gladstone surrendered a province without fighting, as in the case of the Transvaal, or attempted to disintegrate the empire by handing over the sister island to a set of gentlemen who, to say the least of it, were not skilled financiers, or possessed of a superfluity of this world's goods, Society was as unwilling as unable to perceive the nobility of the motive that underlay the great man's action. That Society detested and dreaded Mr. Gladstone every one who met him in Society between the years 1886 and 1893, would be able to attest. The real injury that Mr. Gladstone inflicted upon his countrymen was that of confusing their minds as to the difference between right and wrong, between black and white, and between yes and no. With his vast theological experience and almost superhuman intellect, sedulously cultivated to such a point that the process of education was continued almost to the day of his death, he was able to perceive differences imperceptible to ordinary men; to justify paradoxes with a skill denied to less subtle intellects, and to rival the ingenuity of Escobar, Sanchez, Vasquez, and other lights of the historic Order of Jesus.

Of all men of the Victorian era, Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, was best acquainted with the theological side of Mr. Gladstone's character. His capacity for delicate refinements of language was often referred to in conversations I have had with his Eminence. Cardinal Manning believed Mr. Gladstone's intellect to be more remarkable for subtlety than for strength; but it must be remembered that the rarer side of Mr. Gladstone's mind was that chiefly exposed to the late Cardinal. This may be seen from the extraordinary Life of his Eminence which excited so much attention a few years ago.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of Mr. Gladstone's mind was its many-sidedness. To those who take a worm's-eye view of one of the greatest men of our race, Mr. Gladstone is a monument of inconsistency. Foolish consistency, however, is the bugbear of a weak mind. There is at least superficial justification for belief in Mr. Gladstone's inconsistency. He began as Tory member for Newark, then became a moderate Conservative, lapsing into Whiggery when member for Oxford University, then assuming the Liberal garb as member for Southwest Lancashire, only leaving an English county constituency to become Radical member for Greenwich, and finally shaking the dust of England from off his political feet to join the Celtic fringe, he ended his Parliamentary days as home-rule member for Midlothian, finding his political associates among men who were neither morally nor intellectually worthy of him. As one who believes that during the last ten years of his life Mr. Gladstone inflicted indirect but almost irreparable mischief upon his country, I can only record my conviction that in each successive change of political view Mr. Gladstone was animated by honest conviction, and that during the whole course of his life he never consciously trifled with fact. With a mind capable not only of splitting hairs, but of dividing them in filaments still finer, Mr. Gladstone has always revelled in imperceptible differences. In the celebrated discussion about the first Nile expedition, Mr. Gladstone denied in the House of Commons that Gordon in Khartoum was "hemmed in," while admitting in the same breath that he was "surrounded" by the forces of the Mahdi. Again, on the bombardment of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he refused to admit that England was engaged in "war," though allowing that the conflict in Egypt might be held to come under the head of "military operations." Many other instances of the same kind might be given, but they are sufficient to exhibit the intellectual note which is regarded by insular Englishmen as Jesuitical. Pascal, in his Lettres Provinciales, was apparently addressing himself to a Gladstone of the seventeenth century. Delicate yet scathing irony, lightness and keenness of thrust, Socratic directness, incisive argument, wedded to perfect grace and felicity of phrase and rare distinction of style, always belonged to Mr. Gladstone at his best. Although master of the weapon of grave and temperate irony, Mr. Gladstone writhed under the attacks of men immeasurably his inferiors. Perhaps the verdict of history will be that his sufferings under castigation arose from the fact that only too often his antagonists had truth on their side. Mr. Gladstone has often been the target of eloquent and sometimes of sublime denunciation, but he never appeared to surrender the absolute conviction that he was not only morally and logically in an impregnable position, but that Almighty God was with him in all he undertook, and that therefore his opponents were more than sunk in political error—they were guilty of blasphemy against the Most High.

On the subject of Mr. Gladstone's omniscience much has been written. I had the opportunity of conversing on the subject with two of his friends, the late Lord Tennyson and the late Cardinal Manning. On two or three occasions I have heard Lord Tennyson declare that Mr. Gladstone acquired a reputation for universal knowledge, which, if not fictitious, was based on the reverence paid by those ignorant of a subject to one able to discourse freely upon it. For example, said Lord Tennyson: "Mr. Gladstone knows little about either china or horses. To a collector of china he appears to have the most remarkable knowledge of equine affairs. To china maniacs, however well versed in the history of pottery of all ages, he seems to be a Homeric scholar past compare. Scholars, however, who had passed their lives in studying the Homeric Legend, and were steeped in Greek lore to their fingers' ends, profoundly believed that Mr. Gladstone's conversation on Palissy-ware or old Worcester, on Chinese Sang de Bœuf or on old Dresden, contained the last word to be said on those subjects.

During the whole of the home-rule controversy Lord Tennyson's language on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's foreign and domestic policy, which he deemed unpatriotic to the last degree, was marked by vigorous disapproval. In fact, I have seldom heard one great man speak of another with the directness and freedom used by the late Poet Laureate in reference to Mr. Gladstone. His last public utterance, however, more accurately represents his real feelings: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his policy."

After a separation of some years, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were brought together at the house of a common friend. At first Lord Tennyson preserved a more or less gloomy silence, but as dinner progressed, he succumbed to the witchery of conversation which has immeshed thousands of hearers in its mysterious power. In the course of the evening the two "old men eloquent" fraternized, recalled old times, and finally parted friends. On retiring to bed that night, Lord Tennyson said to his son, in a gruff voice, "I am sorry I have said all I have said against the fellow." "You will again, father," was the reply.

Among officials and subordinates Mr. Gladstone had the name of being a warm friend, but a bitter and unrelenting foe. The late Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, perhaps the most capable and experienced of the proconsuls regularly trained in the English colonial service, has often expatiated to me on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's unrelenting memory of those who were so unfortunate as to oppose his path. Lord Rosmead himself considered that his career had been arrested by an episode of the kind. However this may be, it is indisputable that Mr. Gladstone was a great ruler of men, although perhaps not wholly gifted with the quality that enables great rulers wisely to choose their instruments. Being a great man, he was necessarily constrained to be what smaller men might term unscrupulous. I do not believe that Mr. Gladstone was ever consciously unscrupulous; but the man who honestly perceived a wide chasm between such terms as "hemmed in" and "surrounded," and who furthermore convinced himself that he was the agent of Almighty God, could scarcely be expected to consider himself in the wrong when divergence of opinion occurred with a subordinate.

In personal dealing Mr. Gladstone was quickly roused. The hawklike features—which induced a witty lady, during his last illness, to describe him as "a sick eagle"—became more strongly marked, his voice more resonant, his utterance majestic, and the magnificent onyx eyes would flash and glow.

In general society perhaps the most engaging quality of Mr. Gladstone was his old-world courtesy to every one. It was not put on or put off. It was invariable, universal, and consistent. He had the ceremonious manner of the old school. Towards intellectual inferiors his manner was deferential; careless observers might regard his humility as assumed, or even as hypocritical. It was nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone lived in the presence of the unseen. Like the Puritans of old, he saw the hand of God in all the events of life. To him earthly distinctions were of no account. Did he not refuse an earldom? On the rich and the eloquent, on the nobles and dignitaries, he looked down with contempt, for he was rich in a treasure that thieves cannot break through nor steal; he was eloquent in a language revealed to him from on high; he was noble by the right of an earlier creation than any inscribed in the College of Arms, and the priesthood of his life was conferred by the imposition of a mightier Hand than the successor of St. Augustine. With this panoply of spiritual armor, which shut him off from the large majority of prosperous and worldly minds, he eagerly sought information from babes and sucklings. Nevertheless, he could not bear contradiction!

Before my first introduction to him I remember being told by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to be sure not to contradict the great man. The consequence of

this distaste for contradiction was that Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his life, was surrounded only by fifth-rate people. His reliance on inferior, and not always ingenuous minds, repeatedly exposed him to discomfiture towards the close of his career. The well-known Dopping incident was a case in point.

But these blemishes could not interfere with the dignity, simplicity, and earnest piety of his daily conduct. Pure, consistent, and devoted, his long life remains a legacy of example, and presents an immortal spectacle of integrity to his race, and to humanity at large. I cannot do better in this connection than transcribe the letter written by him to the late Prince Albert Victor on the attainment of his majority. The Prince would have been King of England but for his untimely death.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, *January* 7, 1885.

SIR,—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without a notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life. The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment; but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future. There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne, which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities, which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

And, sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's detestation of the Turk, and the manner in which he flung himself, when over seventy years of age, into the agitation against Turkey, cannot be ignored in any review of his life. He suddenly quitted his library, forgot the studies that illuminated what he believed to be his closing years, and returned to the political arena with the vigor and enthusiasm of a thousand men in their prime. In the open air, rain or shine, he spoke with the vigor of Mr. Bryan. He published pamphlets; the horizon was dark with his denunciations of the Turk. He pushed aside Lord Hartington from his titular leadership of the Liberal party, and he won to his standard the militant Radical element.

By the Tories, the Whigs, and the plutocratic Liberals, Mr. Gladstone's action on the Midlothian campaign was attributed to mere ambition. It was nothing of the kind. This is not the place to discuss whether he was right or wrong. I believe he was wrong, but I am as sure as I am of my own existence that Mr. Gladstone was as purely animated by a sense of duty in 1880 as Henry Lawrence when he laid down his life in Fayrer's house at Lucknow.

Mr. Gladstone had the passion of humanity. The Sultanate and Pashadom are founded on a bed-rock of inhumanity. Mr. Gladstone held that the unit of the nation is the family; the mutual love of father, mother, and children, the purity of domestic life, was his ideal. The Turk is a polygamist, a voluptuary, a satyr. Mr. Gladstone, whose father was a slave-owner, was himself the friend of freedom. Slavery is an honored institution wherever the hoof of the Moslem leaves its print. Mr. Gladstone was a disciple of progress. The Yildiz Kiosk is the incarnation of blind reaction.

But, unless I am mistaken, there was another and a stronger reason which dragged Mr. Gladstone from his study at Hawarden. Decay of faith is a feature of our times. European Christianity is a byword, and is indistinguishable in many particulars from the paganism it has replaced. Christian institutions to Mr. Gladstone were not within the arena of political expediency. In default of another leader, he himself summoned to the standard of Christianity the faithful of all nations. In the Turk he saw the embodiment of the power of Antichrist. The advance of the Moslem meant the retrogression of Christ's kingdom. Misrepresentation, contumely, the imputation of base motives, fell from off Mr. Gladstone like rain from the granite crags of the Matterhorn. He threw himself into the fray more completely a crusader than the Knights of the Cross in the Middle Ages. It revolted his soul that the provinces of Christendom should be stained with the nameless infamy of Turkish rule. To him the struggle was between Christ and Antichrist, and he ranged himself on the Lord's side. This, I am convinced, is the real reason for Mr. Gladstone's emergence from private life in 1880, but we may have to wait for thirty or forty years before the truth on this subject is accurately known.

THE NAVY'S WEAPONS.

THE weapons of the United States navy are conceded to be the equals, and in many cases the superiors, of those in any foreign service. The following list gives the types of American naval ordnance, with the weights of the projectiles fired:

Calibre.	Weight of Projectile (lbs.).
13-inch	1100
12-inch	800
10-inch	500
8-inch	250
6-inch	100
5-inch	55
4-inch	33

Some of the 6-inch, and all of lesser calibres, are rapid-fire guns.

The powder charges are, roughly, about one-half the weight of the projectile.

The smaller guns composing the secondary batteries are one, three, six, and twelve pounders, mostly of the Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder patterns. The machine-guns are of several patterns, including the Gatling, Colt, Hotchkiss, Maxim, and Maxim-Nordenfeldt.

The small-arms consist of the modified Lee magazine-rifle, calibre .236, and the Colt revolver, calibre .38.

The projectiles used are shells and shrapnel, the former being of two varieties, common and armor-piercing. Common shells are of cast steel, and are exploded by percussion fuses. Armor-piercing shells are of highly tempered steel, with specially hardened heads, to prevent them from breaking up on contact with armor. A small nose-cap is commonly put on the tip, to preserve the latter until it has entered the armor. Armor-piercing shells have no fuses, and are exploded by the heat engendered by the friction of piercing.

Nickel-sheathed bullets are used in the small-arm rifle, and ordinary lead bullets in the revolver.

Nearly all the torpedoes are of the Whitehead type, carrying 150 pounds of guncotton, and propelled by a gas-engine within, although there are a few Howell torpedoes, which are driven through the water by a fly-wheel rapidly revolving. Torpedoes are launched through the tubes on board ship by means of exploding a small charge of powder.

Sword bayonets are provided for the rifles, and cutlasses are still in use.

A HINT IN TIME.

BE calm, my friends, and let who will be frisky;
Do valiant deeds—not boast them—all day long.
Avoid tall talk, which smacks too much of whiskey,
And let your actions—not your words—be strong.

H. L.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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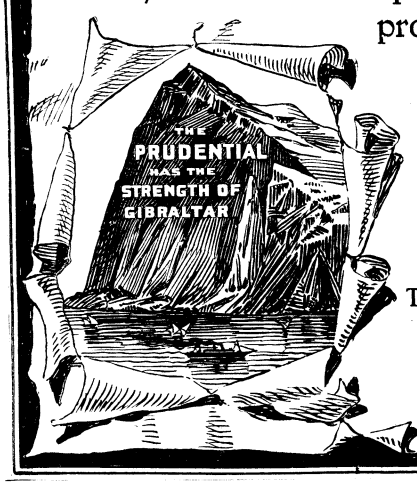
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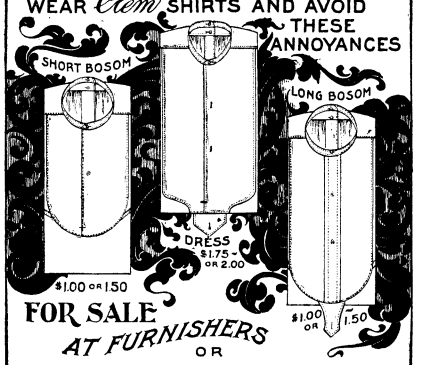
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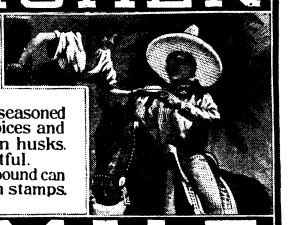


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PROFESSOR MALLET ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.

In a communication to the editor of the *Scientific American* on the subject of popular prejudice against cigarette smoking, J. W. Mallet, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, writes:

"The recent publication in your journal of the results of an examination by me of some brands of cigarettes in general use has led to my receiving a number of letters of inquiry, some in reference to the mode of making the examination, some in regard to the names of the brands examined, and others expressing some surprise at the results reported and seeking confirmation of the statements which have been published.

"The examination in question looked simply to ascertaining whether the cigarettes tested did or did not contain any traces of foreign adulterating materials alleged to be sometimes introduced by the manufacturers.

"The methods of testing were simple, well-approved, and easily applied, and the results were clear and positive. In such matters a competent chemist reaches conclusions which admit of no doubt or uncertainty, and the results reported are not opinions, but scientifically ascertained facts.

"It is the more remarkable that there should be any hesitation in accepting these conclusions, and that any credit should be given to the reckless assertion sometimes made as to the general adulteration of cigarettes with opium, etc., since numerous other analyses have before now been made by other trustworthy chemists, and in all cases the same general result has been recorded. I know of no scientific evidence to the contrary.

"It is, moreover, apparent to any unprejudiced person, competent to consider the facts, that such adulterations as have been alleged could only be made out of sheer perversity, and would be in plain contravention of the business interests of the manufacturers.

"Ignorance of easily ascertainable scientific facts is, however, common enough, as is often illustrated by the brown, oily material formed in the smoking of tobacco being pointed out as nicotine, though in reality this is merely the *tar* produced by the action of heat on the woody fibre of the leaf.

"Nicotine, when pure, is a colorless fluid of somewhat oily consistence and strong, peculiar, penetrating odor, but it darkens on exposure to air and light, becoming first yellow and then brown, so that it *looks*, in this darkened condition, something like the tarry matter which soils a smoker's fingers or a handkerchief through which tobacco smoke is exhaled, or is often noticed as deposited in the stem of a pipe. This tarry deposit has nothing essential in common with nicotine, and contains but traces of this alkaloid, when any at all. A part, but only a small part (about one-seventh in the experiments of Melsens), of the real nicotine of tobacco is volatilized without decomposition; the remainder is burned and destroyed in the process of smoking.

"The sensational statements occasionally made in regard to arsenic, copper, etc., as present in the paper wrappers would be at once seen to be grossly improbable if it were but remembered that the wrapper of a single cigarette weighs little more than half a grain, and that in such a minute quantity of thin, delicate white paper there could be introduced but infinitesimal amounts of such foreign adulterants without their presence becoming perceptible to common observation by the senses, aside from the positive scientific evidence that they are *not* present.

"The simple facts are, that such cigarettes as I have examined, representing a large part of those in general use throughout the United States, are made from pure, light-yellow tobacco of the high grade produced on certain special soils, prominently in certain of the southern counties of Virginia and the adjacent portion of North Carolina, with wrappers of the best quality of harmless vegetable-fibre paper, and are entirely free from the adulterants which it has been asserted are present, with no evidence in favor of such assertion, and in absolute contradiction of the scientific evidence actually available."

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thoroughly revised and classified, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Pepsalt...



is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO., (Permanent Bldg.), 176 Euclid Av., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt**

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

THE BATTLE OF CABAÑAS.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Off Matanzas, Cuba, *Friday, May 13, 1898.*

The battle of Cabañas has been fought and won, and the date of that victory goes down in history as that on which American soldiers first put their feet upon the soil of a European enemy. The First Regiment of United States Infantry furnished the one hundred-odd men who took part in this expedition; the navy assisted to the extent of one boat's crew, which brought off the last man from shore. One Spanish officer was killed, one Spaniard taken prisoner, and many wounded in the ranks of the enemy, but the forest was so dense that it was impossible to say with precision how many. This much we know, however, that fifty United States regulars, who had never before been under fire, were suddenly charged by a force of Spanish cavalry at least three times as great; that our infantry stood up to them like brave men and well-trained soldiers, held their own until the gun-vessels came to their assistance, finally drove the enemy from the field, and thus made possible a mission important as well as dangerous.

Captain Dorst had orders to bring to Cuba three members of the Insurgent Commission, who were to assist in opening communication with the rebels of the interior. For this purpose a steady but slow old paddle-boat was chartered, and loaded with fifty mules, ten horses, several thousand rifles, and one hundred-odd men of the First United States Infantry, who had just arrived from San Francisco. The hold was full of other useful cargo.

Ours was the worst boat that could have been chosen for such a mission, because she made a most expansive target, and was fit neither to fight nor to run away.

We carried a Cuban pilot who knew the whole coast well—at least we thought he did.

On the morning of Thursday, May 12, we steamed within easy gun-range of the Havana forts, and leisurely inspected their shore batteries, the light-house, Morro Castle, and the half a dozen churches that stand up from amidst the roofs of the town. The name of our vessel was broadly marked upon our paddle-boxes, and even if the letters were not visible, the boat has been so many years in the passenger trade between New Orleans and that port that with the naked eye every one on shore could readily say that this was the *Gussie*, with a landing party for the insurgents. There was nothing underhand about this trip. We might easily have landed at night or in the gray of the morning, but that did not suit. We wanted the Spaniards to understand that our ramshackle paddle-boat was invulnerable, and our troops invincible—and if we did not succeed, then the fault is with Spain.

So careful were we to do the polite, that the commander-in-chief of the expedition announced his plans before leaving Tampa, so the press of Madrid had full information of it long before we could arrive at our landing-place. We were towed out of Key West Harbor by the tug of a newspaper syndicate, which tug, by-the-way, kindly lent its assistance to the military and naval forces of the United States in this undertaking, asking nothing in return save the first and fullest news of every step in this secret mission, to the end that the same was sent first to Spain, and then cabled back to General Blanco.

The secrecy of this mission was so conspicuous a feature of the original programme that I lay perhaps more stress upon it than it deserves. When I was allowed to join at Tampa, it was under the vow of absolute secrecy; with the assurance that I was to be the only non-combatant aboard, saving Mr. Zogbaum, the distinguished war artist. The programme was observed better than some might have expected, for by the time we got clear we found that we had on board the *Gussie* only five correspondents of other papers. On the two tugs, which stuck to us all the way, the papers represented were probably not more than twenty-five.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that for secrecy this expedition beats anything hitherto attempted in warfare. We would have inserted an advertisement of the hour at which we intended to land in one of the Havana papers; but this proved unnecessary, because there is an excellent heliograph service all along this coast, and a wide-awake coast-guard patrolling it from end to end. We had obviously done all that the most exacting Spaniard could demand by way of inviting him to cut the expedition to pieces, and were ready now to let the curtain go up on the first scene in a grand spectacular pantomime.

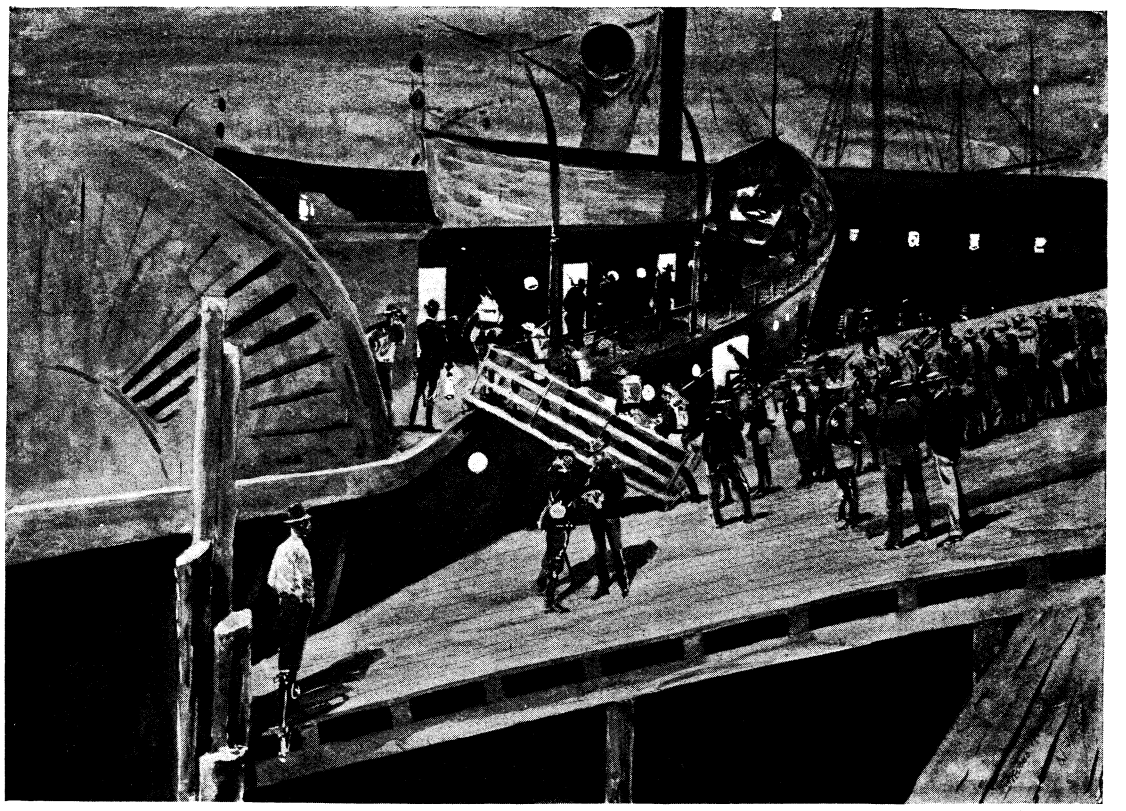
Captain Dorst is our chief—a man of the cavalry type, who is familiar with Continental armies, and has attended the best cavalry manœuvres in the world—those of Austria. He has seen real war in Greece and Turkey, to say nothing of our own wars with red Indians. He has travelled in Mexico as no other man living would dare to do, living amongst the people, and gathering for the intelligence department of the army most valuable material. Captain Dorst has done more things well than most men of his age, and now that he has fought the battle of Cabañas with a combined naval and military force, he deserves an amphibious sort of rank—half commodore, half colonel.

At exactly noon of the memorable 12th of May, 1898, our forces steamed close to the beach near the port of Mariel, with the idea of landing at that point. There were, however, already several hundred Spaniards there, as though by special appointment, amongst them several on horseback, who galloped down to the beach and commenced to shoot at us in a perfunctory manner. The soldiers on top of the hill walked about as though on the piazza of a summer hotel, until one of our escort exploded a bomb in the middle of them. We saw none of them again.

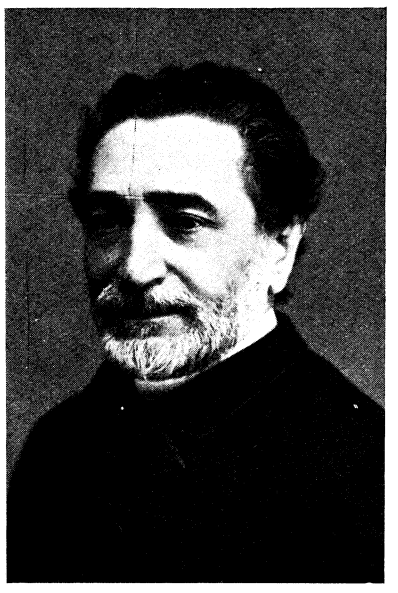
Our escorts were two little screw steamers, one a converted yacht, now named the *Wasp*, and intended as a despatch-boat or a blockader. Her men were good marksmen with their light artillery. The *Manning* also helped us. She is a revenue-cutter, and her crew need practice in target-shooting. They were very useful to us, however, for, badly as they shot, the Spaniards did worse.

We did not land at this particular place, because our object was to enable the three Cuban members of the Patriotic Committee to escape in secrecy. Of course the Spaniards had gathered on shore to welcome these patriots after their own fashion, and we therefore steamed slowly away from them, seeking another landing-place where our traditional secrecy could be more rigorously observed.

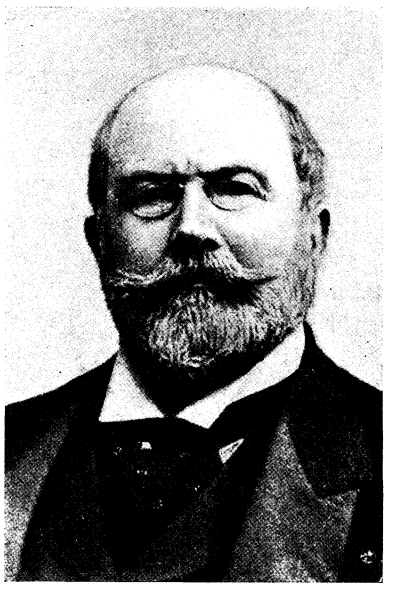
We at last got beyond the rifle-bullets of the pursuing cavalry, and decided to make a landing at the entrance of the bay of Cabañas. Our Cubans informed us that there was within a mile or two of us a Spanish garrison numbering about two thousand men. This decided us to



THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—FIRST EMBARKATION OF U. S. TROOPS FOR CUBA, AT PORT TAMPA, MAY 11.
Drawn by Frederic Remington, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," at Port Tampa, Florida.



SEÑOR SAGASTA,
President, Council of Ministers.



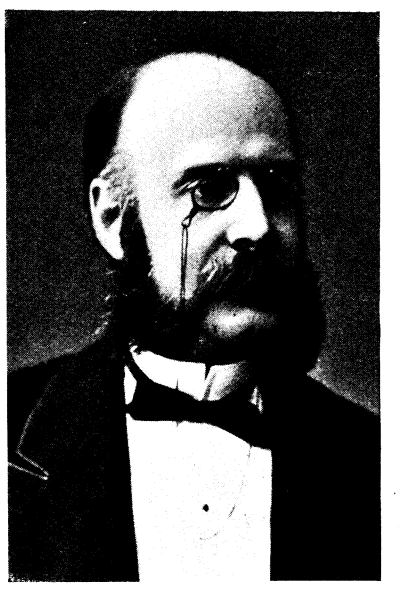
SEÑOR CASTILLO,
Foreign Affairs. (Acceptance in doubt.)



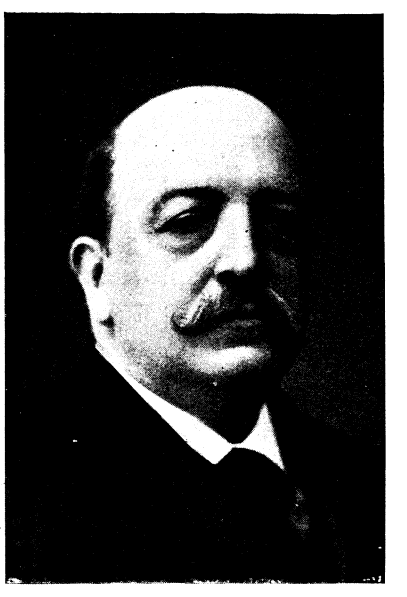
SEÑOR CORREA,
War.



SEÑOR LOPEZ PUIGCERVER,
Finance.

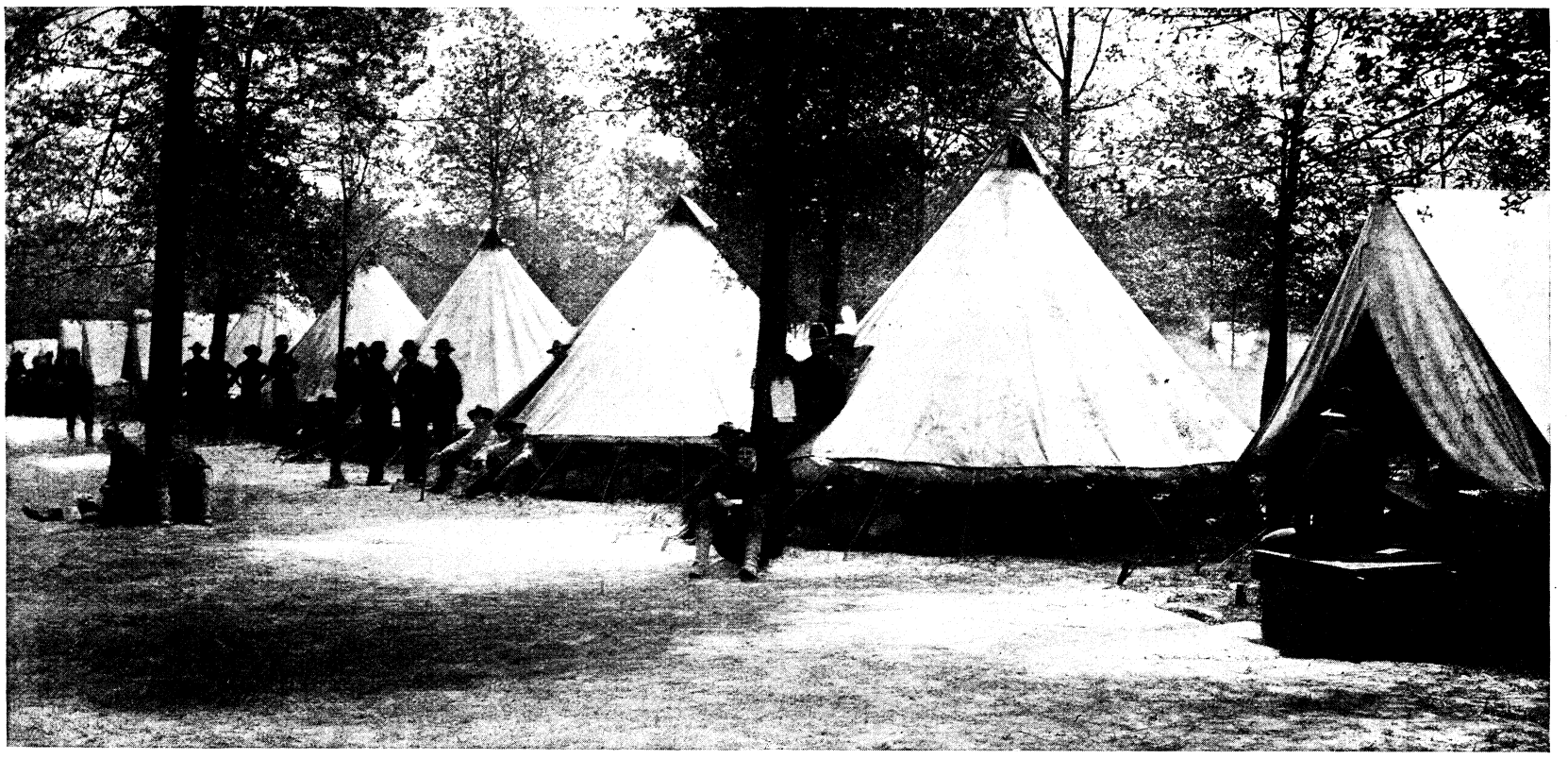


SEÑOR GROIZARD,
Justice.



SEÑOR CAPDEPON,
Interior.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW SPANISH CABINET.



STREET OF LIGHT-BATTERY A, 1st REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD OF MISSOURI, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI.
Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

land. It would have been altogether too tame an affair to have brought troops all this distance and not give them a little amusement for their trouble. The place further commended itself to us by having a string of coral reefs the whole length, with heavy surf breaking violently upon all points of it. This promised splendid sport in the way of capsizing and ducking to all who sought a landing, and therefore we selected it. All the conditions for a secret and safe landing were now met. The whole of Cuba was on the lookout for us; a Spanish garrison was close by; the enemy's cavalry was already in motion toward us. It was nearly three of the afternoon, so we started a couple of boat-loads ashore.

Now ordinary commanders would have tried to find out whether there might not be an ambush in the thick shrubbery that grew close to the water's edge; a few volleys distributed along the line of our proposed advance would have established some certainty on this point.

But that, on the other hand, would have told the Spaniards that we were employing cautious methods; they might have concluded that we were suspicious of them. That would not have been in harmony with our previous behavior, so two of our boats were lowered, and with about half a dozen fighting-men in each, the invasion of Cuba commenced.

Together the two boat-loads were not much more than sufficient to intimidate the neighboring garrison; but, as though to emphasize still further the courtesy of our nature, one of the boats landed about a mile beyond the other. Both boat-loads were dumped out into the surf up to their armpits, and the whole lot of them could readily have been shot to pieces had half a dozen Spaniards been on hand half an hour earlier.

In the course of twenty minutes fifty of the First Infantry, commanded by Captain O'Connell, commenced to look about them in the dense tropical forest, and soon found themselves attacked by a Spanish force, estimated by those in the battle as anywhere between fifty and five thousand.

The sound of cracking rifles was ominously dense to us on board of the transport. The nasty little bullets went whizzing over our heads and about our ears in a manner to make us wish that our walls were of thick steel rather than of pine. The cordage was cut in several places, but fortunately no one was struck. The men protected themselves as well as they could behind some bales of hay that were on the upper deck, and we all waited anxiously for an opportunity to open fire in aid of our men on shore.

Captain Dorst was as cool as though in a sham fight, and not a man showed any sign of excitement. There was no bugler ashore, and consequently no means of calling the men together. We had no means of knowing how far into the woods their line might extend, and consequently neither we nor the supporting war-ships dared fire until some certainty had been gained on this point.

In this critical moment Captain O'Connell came off from shore in a little flat-bottomed skiff, told us our men were being hard pressed, that a thousand Spaniards were marching up as re-enforcements, and that we must open fire at a point on shore which he indicated. Then our men were happy. The whistling of the enemy's bullets was forgotten in the cheerful volleys that went over into the Spanish ranks from the well-aimed rifles of our men. The range was taken as 600 yards, and we were ordered to aim immediately to the right of the ship's boat which had landed furthest to westward. There were six volleys fired. It seemed twenty; but not one shot scratched that boat. Soon the artillery from the *Wasp* and the *Manning* joined in the attack, and for several minutes there was a din of sharp firing from this combination of army and navy. It sounded like serious work. In the midst of it I could not but think how much it resembled naval-manœuvre operations I had attended in Germany. Few of us, I fancy, realized that this was real war. There were laughing and joking when the Spaniards made particularly bad shots, and our antiquated paddler came in for a deal of chaff regarding its invulnerability and other warlike virtues.

But beneath it all there was some very considerable relief when the Spanish fire ceased, and we felt that for the moment at least there was breathing-space.

Meanwhile the three horses for the three Cubans had with difficulty been tumbled overboard and made to swim ashore. They remained bunched together on the beach, in extreme surprise at the vicissitudes in their life. They finally settled down to munching something green within reach, while the bullets played freely about them.

Now, however, arose another embarrassment. Our Patriotic Commission did not like the notion of starting out into a Cuban forest whose population at that time appeared to be made up mostly of Spanish cavalry, who always hang Cuban patriots, because it costs more to shoot them. They all three said they would cheerfully postpone their proposed patriotic excursion until another day.

Captain Dorst had no sympathy with their reasons. On the contrary, he helped saddle their horses, and started them westward along the beach, while the woods within twenty yards of them were thick with those who sought their life.

But our leader acted with method. He calculated that the Spaniard would do nothing of an energetic nature at



GOVERNOR LON V. STEPHENS, OF MISSOURI, AND MISS STEPHENS, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS.
Photograph by Strauss, St Louis.

that particular moment, and so it proved. The re-enforcements were all frightened back by the volleys from the water. Not a single Spaniard showed himself upon the beach during the whole battle. How many we killed no one knows, for the Spaniards were much concealed in the bushes, and those who may have fallen were not subsequently hunted up. Our transport was anchored within rifle-range, and it was our business to get away just as soon as our mission had been successfully accomplished.

Our trophies consisted of the cockade and machete of a Spanish officer who was shot from his horse by Private Metzler of E Company. This was no stray shot, for Private Metzler is known as one who does not waste his powder. One prisoner was captured, and he has become quite a pet amongst the men. The first day he would eat nothing, for fear of being poisoned. Now he eats more than any two others on board, and tells cheerfully all he knows, which is practically nothing.

At twelve o'clock noon the first fire opened upon us, and at six o'clock Captain Dorst brought the last boat-load off from shore. Those six hours were anything but dull. We all breathed more easily when the men had all been mustered and it was found that all were present and unharmed. Captain O'Connell, a grandnephew of the great agitator, pronounced it little short of miraculous that the whole command had not been massacred while getting off through the surf. Captain O'Connell is an Irishman by birth, who served in the civil war, and rose from a sick-bed to take part in this invasion.

I could not but be struck by the fact that it should be an Irishman to lead the first American troops against the country of the most Catholic monarch of all Christendom.

Next day we smashed two shore batteries and a martello fort near Banes, about twenty miles from Havana. And this sort of thing we can keep up indefinitely.

Any old tub like the *Gussie* is just as good for this sort of work as the biggest battle-ship afloat. We have seen that the mere presence of her walking-beam causes military movements ashore, involving loss of life and waste of ammunition out of all proportion to the amount expended on our side.

By all means, let us buy up all the old *Gussies* along our coasts and set them paddling up and down these shores, after the fashion of modern vikings.

If they do half as well as Captain Dorst, we shall soon have all the Spanish ammunition at the bottom of the sea, and the survivors of the Spanish army suing for a truce.

But to do this sort of thing well, you must, like Captain Dorst, keep your plans a profound secret.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE HEROIC GUNNER.

When the order was given to withdraw from battle for breakfast, one of the gun-captains, a privileged character, begged Commodore Dewey to let them keep on fighting until "we've wiped 'em out."
—*War Anecdote in Daily Paper.*

At the battle of Manila,
In the un-Pacific sea,
Stood a gunner with his mad up
Just as far as it could be—
Stood a gunner brave and ready
For the hated enemy.

Near the Isles of Philopena
Raged the battle all the morn,
And the plucky Spanish sailors
By the shot and shell were torn;
And the flag that floated o'er them
To oblivion was borne.

Every cannon belched projectiles,
Every cannon breathed forth hell,
Every cannon mowed the foeman
From the deck into the swell,
When amid the din of battle
Rang the silvery breakfast-bell.

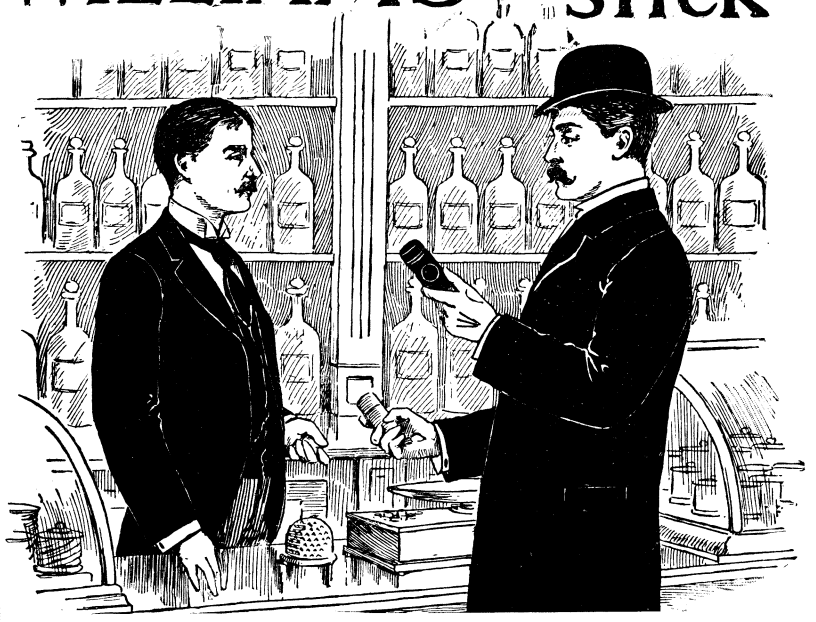
"Stop your shooting! Come to breakfast!"
Cried the gallant Commodore.
"After eating we will let them
Have a rousing old encore.
Stow your lanyards, O my Jackies;
Let the cannon cease to roar."

Then upspake the fighting gunner:
"Dewey, don't, I beg of you.
What's the use of drinking coffee
Till we've put this scrimmage through?
If there's any one who's hungry,
Won't this Spanish omelet do?

"Farragut would not have done it
When through Mobile Bay he sped.
Why then, Dewey, should we breakfast
Till we've plunked 'em full of lead?
Let our motto be as his was—
Damn the fishballs! Go ahead!"

J. K. B.

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HIS HAPPINESS for months depends upon his decision. If wise, he will insist upon Williams' Shaving Stick. In no other is the lather so *rich* and cream-like, so *soothing* and *refreshing*. No other yields such solid satisfaction.



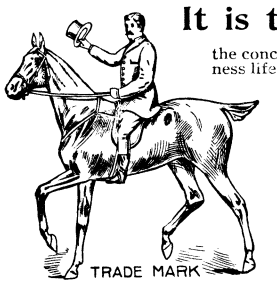
DON'T be persuaded into buying something represented to be "just as good as Williams'." You'll regret it if you do. You may save a few cents, but you lose everything else. It doesn't pay to economize in shaving soap. You want the best, and that's Williams'.

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HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE,

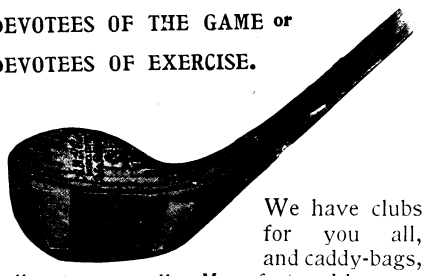
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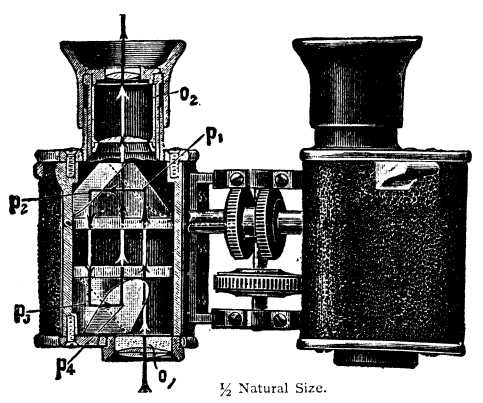
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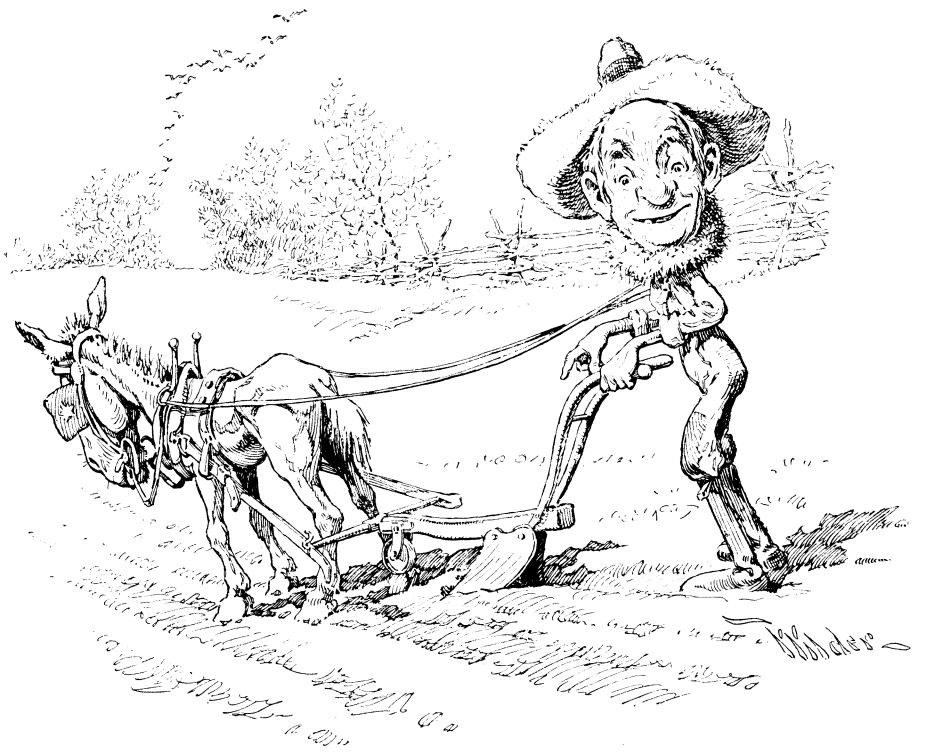
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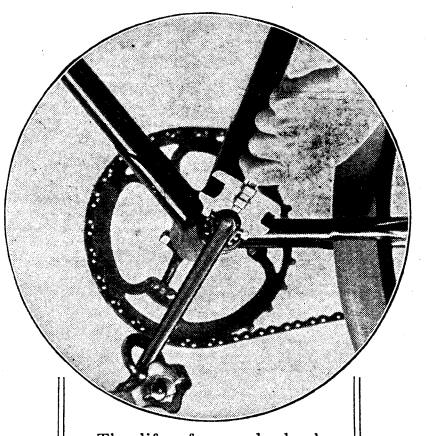
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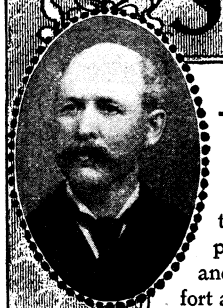
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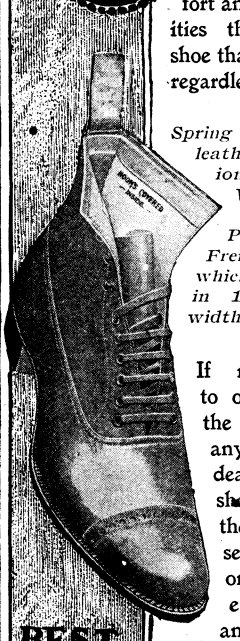
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

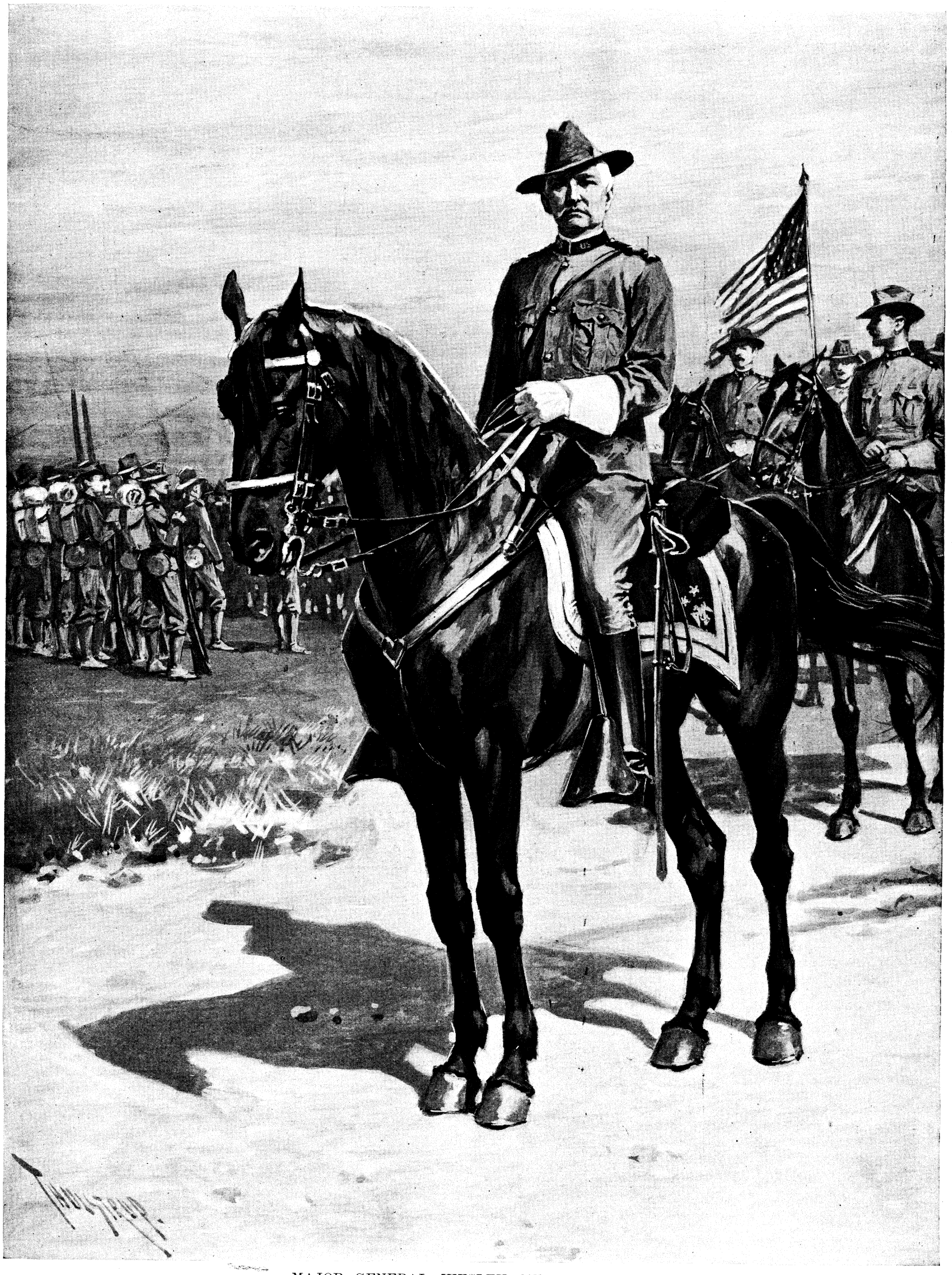
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

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COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC—HEADQUARTERS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 4, 1898

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T. DE THULSTRUP	JOHN F. BASS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THERE is a very strong movement among the Republicans of the House of Representatives against the righteous tyranny of Speaker REED. We trust, however, that he will be firm, and that he will continue to refuse to permit the passage of the resolution annexing Hawaii. Without adding anything to what we have already said concerning the merits of this resolution, the pressure now brought to bear to secure its passage is, to say the least, indecent haste.

ZOLA is to be tried again, this time in an action for libel brought by the officers of the ESTERHAZY court martial. There is no evidence that justice will be better administered in the case now begun than in the case that was recently tried at Paris. The court of Versailles is to have jurisdiction in the new case, and the prosecutor and judge are just as firmly bent upon convicting ZOLA as was President DELEGORGUE at Paris. So far as we can see, the only result of the trial will be a further demonstration of the arbitrary power of the army over the civil government of the alleged republic of France.

NEGOTIATIONS have been begun with Canada for the purpose of settling the difficulties that have for long existed along the frontier, and which have been a constant source of annoyance to the people and the governments of the two neighbors. It is to be hoped that the good understanding which has been reached between Great Britain and the United States will help towards the solution of these questions, and that not only will the vexatious international conditions arising from conflicting fisheries interests in the northeast and conflicting seal interests in the northwest be set at rest, but that there will be a renewal of that reciprocity under which both countries (at one time, not so long ago) prospered, and which is as important to the mutual interests of the two as domestic free trade is essential to the mutual interests of the States of the Union. That good trade understanding between the United States and Canada may mark our first step towards the "open door" is the wish of all who hope for the expansion of the United States, not by way of increase of territory, but by the peaceful paths of growing commerce.

THE celebration of the Queen's birthday, Tuesday, the 24th of May, was taken advantage of on this side of the water by some Canadian and some of our own after-dinner speakers to respond to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. Many Canadians who are living in this country expressed themselves strongly in favor of an increased friendship between the two countries, and this was cordially met by several of our own countrymen. Mr. WHITELAW REID suggests that probably all that is necessary has been accomplished in bringing the two countries nearer together, but we are inclined to doubt if the movement will stop there, or if it ought to stop there. The truth is, as we said last week, that the time for thinking seriously of an alliance of some kind is at hand. Of course an alliance should not be hastily entered into—that ought to go without saying—and we have already been warned against hasty action. Moreover, alliances are not the fashion either in this country or in Great Britain. Nevertheless, we believe that some kind of a treaty can be worked out which will enable all the English-speaking powers of the world to stand together for common defence against encroachments by other nations, and, above all, for the maintenance of the peace of the world, and for the spread of that civilization which is the product of American and English institutions and law.

THE Tammany government of this city has carried out one of the true reasons for its existence, and has restored the police force of the metropolis as an agency for crime and vice and an ally of Tammany Hall, by dismissing Chief MCCULLAGH and appointing as chief WILLIAM S. DEVERY, who was shown by the LEXOW committee to be one of the very worst of the old police force in its most scandalous times. The Republicans, under the lead of General TRACY, are insisting that Mayor VAN WYCK should be removed by the Governor, in consequence of what they call his abuse of power. But, in fact, he has not abused his power. He has simply used it for the purpose which the PLATT-CROKER combination intended when they created the bi-partisan scheme. They meant that the Mayor should use the police force for political ends, and his only departure from the original intention consists in the fact that he has used his power, not for the Tammany-PLATT combination, but for Tammany alone, so that in this quarrel decent citizens have no choice between the wrangling parties. That VAN WYCK was in a position to work this wrong to the city is due to the Republican politicians themselves, and they would better not seek to revenge themselves through his removal. The attempt would be a ridiculous farce, and would simply call attention again to the discreditable performance to which Mr. TRACY lent his name, and which ended, as was intended it should, in the triumph of Tammany.

THE debate in the Senate proceeds very slowly, after the fashion of debates in that body, and it is very clear that the Democrats and Populists do not intend to supply the means for carrying on the war, if they can avoid it, without coupling with the revenue measure provisions for the advancement of their peculiar notions. They insist, for example, on raising money by a tax on the gross receipts of corporations. This, of course, would ruin many corporations, and would be unjust and unequal, owing to the varying margins between gross and net receipts. As has been pointed out in debate, a tax on a corporation in any particular business would be a tax in favor of a private firm competing with the corporation in the same business. This war on corporations would also send into bankruptcy many large public enterprises which are now not earning more than their fixed charges. In other words, the addition of a tax on gross receipts would be such an increase of these same fixed charges that many corporations, including a number of railroads, would be compelled to default. Without going into the question as to whether corporations ought or ought not to exist, they do actually exist, and they play a large part in the commercial and economic machinery of the time. They have been productive of much good, and have achieved results which individual or partnership capital could not have attained. Whether or not they ought now to be destroyed is a question which the Populists and Democrats may have the right to raise, but they certainly have not the right to raise it at a time when the issue must embarrass the government in its conduct of the war, and when the delay can only result in crippling it by depriving it of needed revenues. The question is one for each State to decide for itself, for corporations are created by State and not by Federal law, and the attempt to kill them by imposing a Federal tax upon them is not an honorable kind of legislation.

THE Democrats and Populists also insist upon the issue of fiat money, for it is fiat money they demand, whether it take the form of greenbacks or coinage of the seigniorage. As to greenbacks, their character is sufficiently known. They are promises to pay that do not bear interest, and, being legal tender, they constitute a loan which the government forces upon the people. There is a kind of brigandage in this view of the power of government which this country ought to have outgrown long ago. As to the seigniorage on the silver purchased under the act of 1890, it is non-existent. Seigniorage is the price charged by the government for coining, and is taken from the metal presented for minting. No such charge is made by our government, and therefore no seigniorage exists. The advocates of this proposition mean the difference between the price paid by the government for the bar silver and its coinage value. As the government bought the silver very much below the coinage value, there is a bookkeeping profit. The silver men—or the fiat-money men, to designate them more accurately—assume that this amounts to about forty millions of dollars. As Senator ALDRICH pointed out the other day, it really amounts, by reason of the continued fall in the price of silver bullion, to seventy or eighty millions, and if the silver men had the courage of their convictions they would insist on the issue of the larger sum. But they know perfectly well that what they are really asking for is a further increase of cheap money. The silver bullion is already represented by Treasury notes, and the fiat-money people want to add to the sum of these notes a still larger sum, either in silver coin or in certificates. Really they wish to issue certificates. In other words, they intend, if they can, to reduce the security of the Treasury notes that are already out. The end will be, of course, that the issue of the next national campaign will be the money question, and this time it will not be between sound money and free coinage of silver, but between sound money and fiat money. The Democrats are preparing to take the side of fiat money. In other words, they purpose to take advantage of the war to return to the financial methods of the eighteenth century. We fancy that nothing they could do would better please the Republican party.

A CENTURY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CUBA.

THERE is no good to be gained in discussing the question as to the inevitability of the war. That the war is on may be taken as proof that it could not have been avoided. It was in the blood of the people, and it was in the situation. Indeed, war was in the blood because of the situation. But the situation was not as some Europeans have represented it. Our London correspondent, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, says in his letter published in this issue of the WEEKLY that "A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested." There is a like feeling on the Continent, more general, however, and much more strongly expressed. In France and Germany, this country is openly charged with having a land-grabbing spirit, with being actuated by the desire to take advantage of Spain's present distress for the purpose of depriving her, by force, of her last colonial possessions. This accusation falls naturally from the lips of a Spanish statesman like SAGASTA, or a Spanish butcher like WEYLER, but it is not true. Indeed, it is so far from being true that no one can make it—no one, we mean, not blinded by the cruel prejudices of war—without laying himself open to the accusation of mendacity or of gross ignorance, for of all countries of modern times the United States has shown the least inclination to add distant territories to her possessions. So far as Cuba and Spain are concerned, we have steadily refused to annex the island, and we have more than once declined to permit either foreign powers or the natives to take it from the possession of its hard masters, notwithstanding that their miserable rule was a constant source of annoyance to us. Various attempts at annexation have been made, and many of our politicians and several of our Presidents have favored some of them, but the country has constantly declined either to take Cuba or to permit Spain to be despoiled until now, when the people have concluded, despite what we believed to be good reasons for still further self-repression, to put an end forever to the intolerable nuisance that the Spanish government has been maintaining at our very doors.

In the June number of HARPER'S MONTHLY, Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART reviews "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy—1795 to 1895." The article is worthy of the serious attention of those who are inclined to remember exclusively the striking incidents in our relations with Spain with regard to Cuba, and who are therefore, naturally perhaps, inclined to the belief that we have been always manifesting a grasping disposition, a desire to take the island—a desire the existence of which might lend point to the amiable French cartoonist who pictures Uncle Sam waving an American flag, on one side of which is inscribed a legend to the effect that his war is for humanity, and on the other the confession that it is to take Cuba for the sugar-refiners. Men believe in our land greed who remember only the expression of the hope and the prediction of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS that "it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and the integrity of the Union itself," or who recall the expedition by General LOPEZ, in 1851, and other filibustering enterprises, some to stir up insurrection among the Cubans, and some to take the island by force. There have been various incidents in our political history and many

expressions of opinion by our public men which have been hostile to Spain's retention of control in Cuba. The efforts of the old slave oligarchy of the Southern States to add Cuba to their territory, so that they might greatly increase the influence of slavery in the Union, are very prominent features on the international landscape, and the Ostend Manifesto made so great a noise in 1854 that the echoes have been reverberating ever since. But to take these outstanding events as symptomatic of the attitude of the United States towards Spain on this important question is to show an ignorance that is culpable on the part of any one who has the temerity to discuss public questions.

Professor HART'S article is calculated to enlighten this ignorance where it exists, but whether it will put a stop to the mendacity which, merely in the due course of international politics, charges the United States with a desire to rob Spain is another question. Probably it will not. The article, however, shows clearly that this country has resisted every temptation to take the island; that it has been consistent and persistent in holding to the policy that the United States did not want to incorporate the island as part of the Union, and that it would not permit any other foreign power to deprive Spain of her colony. Professor HART says, "As for annexation, as often as our opportunity to acquire Cuba has come, the nation has deliberately refused." This is his brief summary of the "century's diplomacy": "(1.) From 1795 to 1807 we desired friendship and commerce with all the Spanish dominions, including Cuba. (2.) In 1807–9 we feared the annexation of the whole Spanish Empire to France. (3.) In 1819–26 we feared the annexation of Cuba by England. (4.) From 1826 to 1845 we feared and probably prevented the independence of the Cubans. (5.) From 1848 to 1861 successive administrations feared both Spanish and Cuban mastery, and strove to annex the island. (6.) In the insurrection of 1868–78 the first care of our government was the protection of its own citizens, and its second interest was the stopping of a devastating civil war; though annexation seemed possible, it was put aside. (7.) From 1878 to 1895 the United States strove to extend its commerce with Cuba and to protect its investors without questioning Spain's control."

This summary is an accurate statement of the character of our historic attitude towards Cuba. While the treaty of 1795 was in process of negotiation, and for many years afterwards, JEFFERSON, CLAY, and other American statesmen assured Spain that, as to her, the only desire of this country was for her friendship and for closer commercial relations. In 1807, JEFFERSON, fearing that NAPOLEON, having subverted the Spanish monarchy, might take Cuba, favored annexation for the same reason that induced CLAY, in 1823, to notify France, which was again threatening, that "the United States could not see with indifference these islands passing from Spain to any other power." At about the same time, 1819 to 1823, England was warned off; but when, in 1822, one SANCHEZ, acting with presumed authority, offered Cuba to the United States, MONROE declined "to take any step hostile to Spain." Spain's dominion over the island was also saved by this country from invasion by Mexico and Colombia. After 1826 the slavery party in this country was opposed to annexation because it had become the custom of the South Americans, in throwing off the Spanish yoke, to emancipate their slaves. This opposition prevented independence. After 1845 and down to 1861 there was a change in Southern sentiment, and Presidents BUCHANAN, POLK, FILLMORE, and PIERCE all favored annexation. They were all opposed, however, to the descents that were made upon the island for the purpose of stirring up insurrection, and the growing antislavery sentiment of the country was sufficiently strong to prevent the success of the scheme of purchasing the island. Then came the insurrection of 1868 to 1878, during which President GRANT, under the advice of Secretary FISH, refused to recognize the independence of the insurgents, although by an intimation of intervention he secured peace, and from Spain a promise, afterwards broken, of better government. Finally we come to the present insurrection, when the inevitable happened. From JEFFERSON down, the leading statesmen of the country had predicted the loss of Cuba by Spain, either by independence or by annexation to this country. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, MONROE, and JACKSON, in addition to the Presidents already named, had favored annexation, but the country had nevertheless declined the island when it might have had it, and had protected Spain's possession against France, England, Mexico, and Colombia, and even against the Cubans themselves. Truly, as Professor HART says, "Reviewing the whole period, it seems an historical truth that—so far from the Cuban policy of the United States having been one of aggression—few nations have shown more good temper toward a troublesome neighbor, more patience with diplomatic delays, or more self-restraint over a coveted possession." And that our neighbor has been more than troublesome is the factor in the situation which has finally exhausted the patience of our people.

CONGRESS AND THE ARMY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Congress of the United States is one of the heaviest handicaps that a nation could carry into war. A deliberative assembly of any kind is not a good agency for military purposes, in spite of the National Assembly and the Committee of Public Safety. But in countries in which wars are commoner than they are with us, legislators, as well as laws, are silent in the midst of arms, or confine themselves to providing money, and intrust the spending of it to experts. Congress is an unmitigated nuisance, because it will not trust the experts, but insists that the representatives of American freemen know more about war, *ex officio*, than the men who have been specially trained and educated for it.

This is not a new complaint. The Continental Congress was very nearly as great an obstacle as the British to WASHINGTON and his generals. There was not a member of it who is now remembered for any service he did or assisted towards the achievement of military success. During the civil war the factious and unintelligent Committee on the Conduct of the War was a terror to generals in the field, who would have found themselves far better off if Congress, after providing ways and means, had kindly adjourned till the close of hostilities. But our present Congress has already, by its unintelligent meddling, made sure that the army which we urgently needed at the earliest possible moment shall be organized, not in the speediest and most efficient, but in the slowest and least efficient way. The debates on the several army bills have been marvels of presumptuous incompetency, and the results what might have been expected from inexperts who not only refused but derided the advice of experts. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS once wrote a book upon *The Influence of Authority upon Matters of Opinion*, which, according to BAGEHOT, was described by a hasty thinker as "a book to prove that when you wanted to know anything you asked some one who knew something about it." But Congress has by no means that moderate degree of sense and deference when the question is of military affairs. There are few members of Congress, we hope, on the same plane with Mr. LEWIS of Washington, whom, and whose opinions on army organization, we have held up in these columns to the public contemplation. But the temper of Mr. LEWIS is that of a great many of his fellow-members. It would not be unfair to describe the debates on the army bills in the House as a series of insults directed at the educated officers of the United States army, whose opinions were dismissed as of no account whatever, whereas, by the necessity of the case, they are the only opinions entitled to respect.

It is curious that the navy should have comparatively escaped the ignorant impudence with which Congress treats military affairs. It has not escaped altogether, for the House once delivered itself to a two days' debate upon the comparative desirableness of "military masts" and masts with yards and canvas—a subject upon which, of course, no human being would have given a nickel for the opinion of any statesman who took part in the discussion. And only last year there was strenuously urged in that body a proposition, which horrified everybody who was entitled to an opinion upon the subject, that the government should set up its own plant for making armor plate, by way of getting it cheaper. But for the delay caused by this intrusion of inexpertness into a technical question, the battle-ships now much needed would be much further advanced. But the navy is comparatively fortunate in escaping the detailed attention of Congress. Partly, no doubt, this is because a gentleman who does not know one end of a ship from the other has a wise fear of making himself ridiculous, which deserts him when he begins to talk about land forces. Partly it may be that the apprehension that a regular army big enough to beat Spain may become an "engine of despotism," which so oppresses Mr. BAILEY of Texas, does not apply to a navy. It is as impossible to conceive of a battle-ship, or even of a torpedo-boat, making its relentless way down the middle aisle of a legislative chamber in quest of a legislator who talks too much about things of which he has no understanding, as it is easy to conceive of a corporal's guard so doing.

That the ignorant presumption of Congress has seriously crippled the army is already evident. We cannot regret the indiscretion by which publicity was given to General MERRITT'S vigorous remarks upon the project of sending him in charge of 15,000 raw militia to drive out the Spanish garrison in the Philippines and take possession of the islands. It was a *reductio ad absurdum*, which even a Congressman might be expected to perceive, of the scheme of fighting a foreign war with a force of amateur soldiers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 22.—From Madrid, Cadiz, and Gibraltar information is received by cable to the effect that there is increased activity at the Spanish navy-yards, that the defences of important harbors are being strengthened, and that there is evident anxiety to prepare the reserve squadron without delay for service wherever it may be needed. This squadron probably includes the battle-ship *Pelayo*, the armored cruiser *Carlos V.*, the protected cruiser *Alfonso XIII.*, three or four torpedo-boat-destroyers, with perhaps an equal number of torpedo-boats, the despatch-boat *Giralda*, half a dozen armed transatlantic liners (among these the *Normannia* and *Columbia*, formerly Hamburg-American vessels), and possibly other war-ships from Ferrol and Barcelona. At Cadiz and Madrid it is stated positively that the destination of the fleet is Manila; at Gibraltar, that it is "probably the Antilles." Other advices suggest that Spain will keep this fleet, or an important part of it, on the home station, for the defence of her ports.

Monday, May 23.—Reviewing the whole field of operations in the present war, the London *Times* this morning reaches the conclusion that the most important lesson is the effect produced by the presence of a small, compact, high-speed squadron.

At San Francisco the First Regiment California Volunteers embarked on the steamer *City of Peking* for Manila. It is stated, in an order issued by Major-General Otis today, that this regiment, with the Second Oregon Volunteers and one battalion of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and a detachment of California heavy artillery, consisting of an officer and fifty men, will constitute a brigade of "expeditionary forces" under the command of Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, United States Volunteers. The other vessels designated to transport this command are the *City of Sydney* and the *Australia*.

Señor Leon y Castillo's refusal to enter the Sagasta cabinet shares public attention the world over with Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech, and gives rise to wild conjecture. "That he is arranging for the sale or gift of the Philippine Islands to France, as a means of saving them from falling into the hands of the United States," is a theory which, a despatch to-day says, has "gained widest acceptance at Washington." A rise in Spanish fours leads the *St. James Gazette* to observe that certain influential capitalists may have "advance news of the forth-coming announcement of a Franco-Spanish alliance."

A correspondent of the European edition of the *Herald* asserts that the great question in Spain now relates not to the conduct of the war, but to the supply of bread—and its price. Events of the war interest the people of Madrid, for example, "less than the next bull-fight or the drawing of the national lottery. The loss of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines would cause the Spanish people to rejoice." The people, he explains, have always been overwhelmed with taxation to keep up these colonies, while only the ruined nobles and adventurers who have gone there to retrieve their fortunes with the support of the government have been benefited.

In the course of a discussion in the Spanish Senate today the suggestion was made that Spain "should immediately sanction privateering, and entirely destroy America's maritime trade." The excuse alleged for this threat of privateering was found in reports, "confirmed" at Madrid, that American war-ships had entered Guantanamo Bay flying the Spanish flag. The information in regard to the Guantanamo incident that has reached New York is limited to the following particulars: On Wednesday last the *St. Louis* and the tug *Wompatuck*, under orders from Admiral Sampson, went to Santiago de Cuba and cut one of the cables, within range of the guns of the fortifications. On the following day, May 19, the *St. Louis* and *Wompatuck* entered the bay of Guantanamo, about forty miles east of Santiago, but there they did not succeed in cutting the cable. A Spanish gunboat in the harbor and Spanish infantry in a block-house near the beach opened fire on the *Wompatuck*, and Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* signalled that the tug should cease operations and retire.

Tuesday, May 24.—Admiral Dewey has cabled to Washington as follows:

> Situation unchanged. Strict blockade continued. Great scarcity of food prevails at Manila. Foreign subjects fear an outbreak of Spanish soldiers. Arrangements have been made for them to be transferred to Cavité by foreign men-of-war if necessary. Aguinaldo, rebel commander-in-chief, brought down by *McCulloch*, organizing forces near Cavité, and may render assistance that would be valuable.

Duke Almodóvar del Rio has accepted the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which Señor Leon y Castillo declined.

Wednesday, May 25.—The President issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 more volunteers. With this addition the total strength of the army will be 278,500 men.

Late this afternoon the transports *City of Peking*, *City of Sydney*, and *Australia*, carrying about 2500 men, with supplies to last a year, and a cargo of ammunition and naval stores for Admiral Dewey's fleet, left San Francisco for Manila.

Thursday, May 26.—The battle ship *Oregon* arrived at Key West this morning in excellent condition. Captain Clark says that he left the *Marietta* and *Buffalo* between Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. He covered about 12,000 miles from San Francisco, steaming about ten miles an hour.

The Spanish fleet commanded by Cervera is believed to be hemmed in at Santiago de Cuba by Commodore Schley's squadron.

Friday, May 27.—At Gibraltar and Paris the view is held that the Cadiz fleet will try to relieve Cervera.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 5th Army Corps, Tampa.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S. VOLS.,
Now commanding 3d Army Corps, Chickamauga.



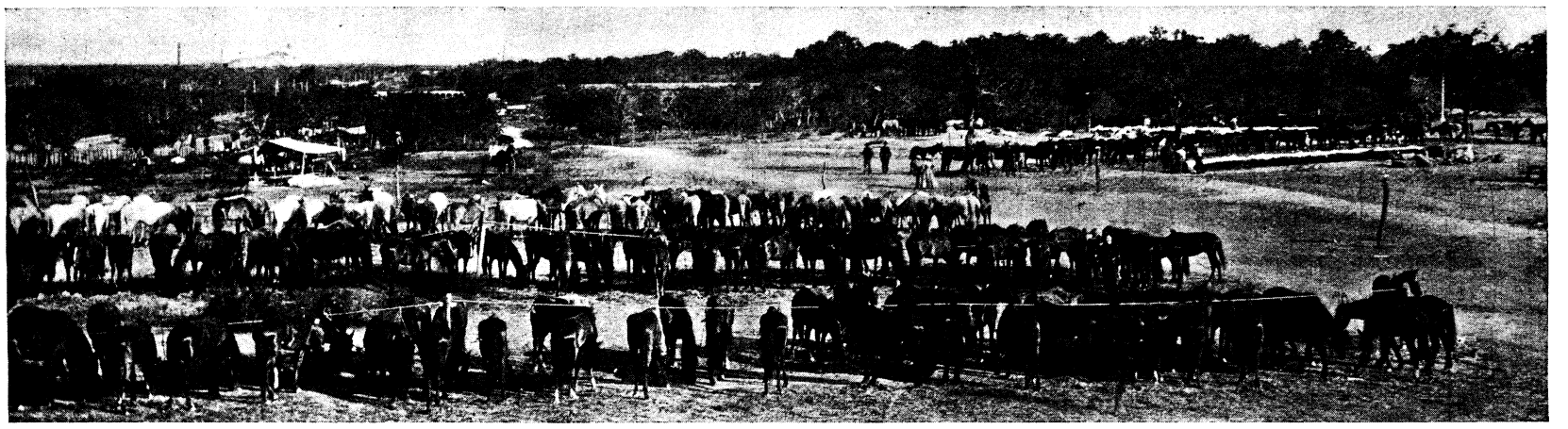
BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 1st Brigade, 5th Corps, Tampa.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding Cavalry Division, Tampa.

SOME NOTABLE GENERAL OFFICERS AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT TAMPA.



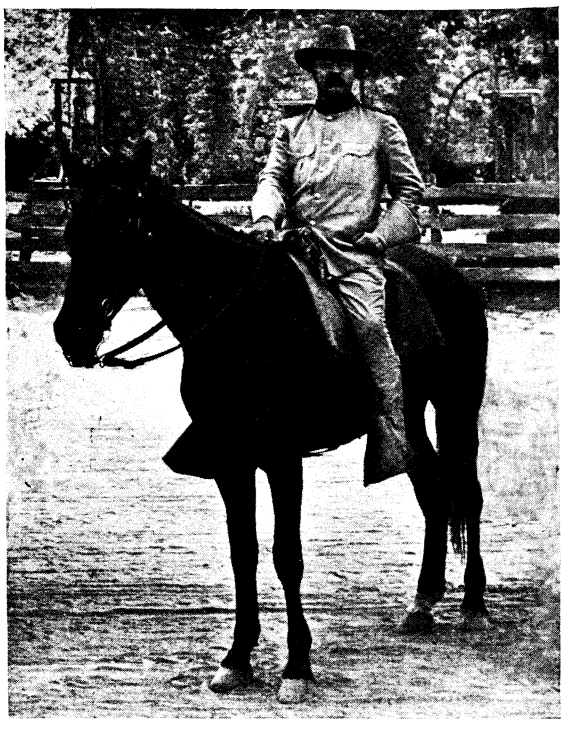
THE PICKET LINE.
Horses in the Foreground and Mule Pack-Train in the Distance.



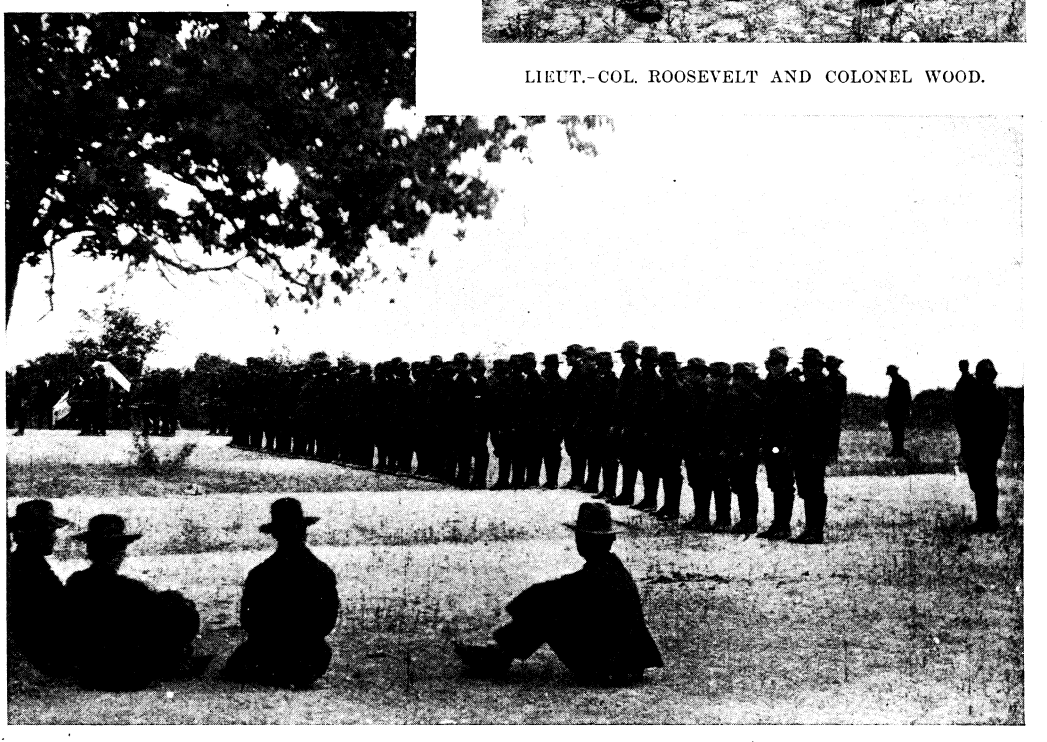
CHIEF TRUMPETER AND TRUMPETERS.



LIEUT.-COL. ROOSEVELT AND COLONEL WOOD.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT.



GUARD-MOUNT.



OFFICERS' MESS—AT DINNER.



SHOEING WILD BRONCOS.

WITH ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 13, 1898.*

From where the water shoals in delicate tints of emerald and pale blue over the coral reefs of Key West to the windy reaches of Mona Passage, where the trade-winds whip the racing seas around the shores of Porto Rico, is a long journey at best, and when it is dragged out for a week under the fierce sun and in the slow progress of fleet formation, with the constant outlook for the enemy, with recoaling, and drills, and circling in wide curves to avoid the sight of land and news being cabled of the presence of a fleet, it becomes twice long, and only to the patient courage of sailors can such days of slow tedium and tiring drills be thoroughly appreciated or understood. Verily to keep one's temper and nerves in hand at such times is a no small task, and if greater is he who keepeth his temper than he who taketh a city, then are these men already great, for their patience is not exhausted nor their endurance overdrawn.

What hours of building up and preparation and watchfulness are required to develop the perfect fighting man and machine of to-day! As long as the ship is building—and it takes years to build a battle-ship—so long and longer it takes to develop the skilled officer and seaman. What shifting of material, conning every man's fitness, and testing each one's ability, till the ship and squadron shall be in absolute trim to meet the foe, to show its mettle, and fulfil its purpose!

No more hasty hurrying into battle half prepared, as poor Lawrence did with his ill-fated ship. To do so now would be more certain and terrible defeat. The engines of modern warfare, more swift than those of old, must be known, controlled, and held in leash with perfect skill till the hour strikes.

In judging the results of any modern naval engagement, here is what will hold the balance that makes for victory or defeat. Given the men and valor, the efficiency that comes of long-continued and exacting drill will win every time.

All day on Tuesday, the 3d of May, a fleet of colliers was busy about the big ships *New York*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, off Key West. The work of recoaling was going on. Tugs and despatch-boats puffed about, and in the harbor, now crowded with vessels, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery* were also preparing for another week of activity. Coal and water are necessities of life to these modern ships, and rumor was rife that some new and important move was about to be made.

At midnight the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit* moved silently away to the southward, and soon after daylight the *New York* followed after them, travelling at a rapid rate, and leaving a trail of black smoke and tumbling water. Soon after twelve o'clock, having come up with the fleet off the Cuban coast to the eastward of Havana, signals were made from the flag-ship, and the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *New York*, moved off to the eastward. The day was fine, and as the ships steamed swiftly along, it seemed at last that we were to see something more than blockading duty. Matanzas was passed at 3 P.M., and at nine o'clock we had Cardenas light full on our beam and showing dimly on the horizon in the track of the moon.

This was the rendezvous. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were soon made out coaling from a big collier; further away the *Montgomery* and *Porter* appeared, the ships forming two long lines, with the collier *Niagara* and the armed tug *Wompatuck* and some despatch-boats making a third. Dim and black and distant they looked in the gloom, and silently they rose and fell on the swell of the sea, while the night blew the spray across their decks and piped its melody through the iron stays and signal-halyards of their scant rigging, while signal-lights flashed their silent messages.

What mysterious errand are we on? Is it Porto Rico and the Spanish fleet, or Santiago de Cuba? Why the gathering of this powerful squadron?—were the questions we asked as we watched the scene. At 10.30 P.M. the fleet moved silently off, steering due east, the most distant ships lost to sight in the darkness. When morning came the *New York* took the Monitor *Terror* in tow, the *Iowa* the *Amphitrite*, and the *Montgomery* the *Porter*, forming the first line, with the collier and despatch-boats behind them, and the *Detroit* and *Indiana* bringing up the rear. At nine o'clock a Spanish bark appeared down to the southward under full sail and painted white. She made a fine sight as she bowled along over the blue sea; her captain proudly hung out his flag, and the *Montgomery*, being nearest, took possession of her, to the chagrin of the Spanish captain, who did not know that war had been declared. She was the *Lorenzo* of Barcelona, bound from Argentina to Havana with a cargo of beef.

Day after day the fleet steamed slowly along, the usual drills going on, and nothing eventful occurring to mark the time; no flags were shown by day nor lights at night, save necessary signals, which would flash for an instant and then disappear. On some of the ships we noticed a small canvas awning spread over the lookout in the highest fighting-top, which showed a thought for the men, for the sun blazes hot in these latitudes; and yet the quarter-deck people had to do without awnings, and to keep in the shade the best they could. Passing near the *Detroit* one day, we saw a small American flag stuck on the breech of the after 5-inch gun. The patriotic gun-captain put it there, and it meant his sentiments about his flag and his gun.

Wednesday afternoon, the 11th, at ten minutes past five, Admiral Sampson transferred his flag from the *New York* to the *Iowa*. The marines presented arms and the bluejackets lined the rail; no other ceremony, and in a few minutes the *Iowa* steamed off, taking place at the head of the line. The Monitors, which had been towed most of the way to save their coal, were now under their own steam, and slopped along through the heavy swell after the other ships, and bringing up the rear, with the cruisers acting as scouts. The night came on dark and cloudy, the ships moving silent as ghosts—a phantom fleet they seemed, but for one small red light that burned at the stern of the *Iowa*.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

At 3 A.M. on May 12 the fleet was off San Juan, the light showing for a time, but about 3.30 going out suddenly. With a glass the lights of the town could be plainly seen, and low in the sky a waning moon shed its pale glow over the rough sea and looming masses of the ships. The single red light showing only from the rear told the fleet the position of the flag-ship, the *Iowa*. Not a single light showed from any other ship, nor was there a sound, except the swash of the water and the piping wind that whistled softly through the rigging. The moon, hidden at times behind dark masses of clouds, gave the scene a weird and romantic aspect. Soon the first streaks of dawn lighted up the gloomy hills, and made the position of our ships and the harbor and forts plain enough. We were right off the entrance of the harbor, and in advance and close in were the *Wompatuck*, *Porter*, and *Detroit*, followed by the *Iowa*. The *Wompatuck* seemed to be cautiously approaching the entrance to the port. She had gone in to put down stake-boats as steering-guides. The Monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite* were close on our port side at this time, and we crossed the bows of the *Terror* to get to windward and be in position for a better view of what might follow. The ships were lined up in fighting order, but perfectly silent, and no flag or sign of activity on any of them. The *Wompatuck* disappeared for a time under the shadow of the land, and then reappeared to our sight, steaming slowly about. At this moment the *Iowa* broke out a large American flag at the fore, followed immediately by all the other ships, and in an instant or two afterward the dull boom of a gun sounded across the water. It was from the *Iowa*. Then the *Detroit*, farther in and right under the guns of Morro, burst into flames and smoke. It seemed a minute or two before any reply came from the fort, but it was probably much less. A flash and puff of white smoke from Morro, and the engagement was on, and flash and heavy thunder of guns reverberating among the hills followed rapidly. The first shots from the *Iowa* and *Indiana* fell short, sending up spurts of water immediately under the fort. The *New York*, following, seemed to have the range better, and clouds of heavy yellow dust hung over the spots where her 8-inch guns had struck.

At this time the *Detroit* was pouring in a perfect fury of fire, her guns making a continuous flare and roar, so it became impossible to distinguish the Monitors and the *Montgomery*, which had come into action. All this time the torpedo-boat *Porter* was lying close in, her flags flying out defiantly, and occasionally taking a shot with her small guns. The big ships drawing out of action at this time, she became a mark for the fire of all three batteries, and the water spurted up in jets all about her; but Fremont seemed to enjoy it, and did not budge an inch. The *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, and Monitors having gone out of range, the fire of Morro and San Cristobal batteries was concentrated on the *Detroit*, which lay quite close in off the Carmelo water battery, which the *Detroit* completely silenced after a time. The *Montgomery* during this first attack lay astern of the *Detroit*, and directed her fire against Carmelo. She was signalled, however, to drop out of the line of fire, to give the heavier ships a better chance. So, to their sorrow, the *Montgomery* people did not have all the opportunity they wanted to distinguish themselves.

At eight minutes past six the *Iowa*, having made a wide circle, came back to the attack, followed closely by the *Indiana* and *New York*, and reserving her fire till close in front of Morro, began with her forward 12-inch guns. The first two shots struck fair and square on the top of the hill and among the buildings of Morro, sending up a vast cloud of sickly yellow dust, that hung there for some minutes; this was followed by her broadside battery, which for the time seemed to silence the fire of Morro completely, San Cristobal and San Geronimo keeping up a continuous fire, however. The *Indiana* followed quickly the *Iowa*, the heavy roar of her 13-inch guns reverberating like the heaviest thunder, and the flash of fire followed by the thick yellow smoke completely obscured her for the instant; from the *New York* came the thunder of her 8-inch guns, and from the two Monitors the deep roar of their 10-inch turret guns. The scene at this time was grand and awe-inspiring. The crest of the high hill on which San Juan is situated was wreathed in circles of pale smoke hanging in curious forms about the guns, and relieved by the blue mountains beyond. Glimpses of the buildings of the town, fort, and barracks could be seen at times, while the flash and roar of the guns came steadily from all the batteries. Close in under the shore, which is backed to the west of the harbor by high ranges of hills, lay the ships, flame and smoke bursting from their sides; all around them, over, and short of them fell the fire of the forts' shells from the old guns of Morro, bursting in the air, and jets of white water showing where solid shot had struck. Every instant or two the deeper roar of a 13-inch gun would swell the chorus, and along the top of the hill, and particularly about Morro, hung a heavy mass of dust and débris, spreading out and sinking slowly, and telling where the shots were falling. Still the forts were not silenced, though their fire slackened perceptibly during this attack. We were lying at this time to windward of the fleet and about three or four miles off San Geronimo, making a fair target for their modern 8-inch guns, which had been well served, and had kept up a continuous fire; not being in range of the fleet, they had not suffered, and while the ships were drawn off to form for the third attack, they paid us the compliment of firing at us. The first shot was wide of the mark, but the second whistled unpleasantly near overhead, while the third came so near that had there been a fraction of an inch less elevation to that gun we would certainly have been struck; as it was, it passed over our heads and struck the water 100 yards beyond.

At 7.22 the *Iowa* again returned off the fort, firing slowly and with accuracy, and followed by the *Indiana* and *New York*. The *Iowa* fired only once from her forward turret guns this time, but remained for some time under the fire of the fort, a shell from Morro bursting over her and splintering one of her whale-boats, injuring slightly three men stationed at the secondary battery. The *Porter* had been signalled to leave her dangerous position, and moved over near the *Iowa*. At least a dozen shots fell in the water about them, sending up spurts of foam and doing no harm. The *Indiana* and *New York* remained in front of the forts nearly half an hour, pouring in a slow but careful fire, that at times covered the hills with dust and obscured the ships in their own smoke. When they drew off, as they did at a few minutes past eight o'clock, the *Terror* and *Amphitrite* remained, and the latter continued for some time to pour a heavy fire into the forts, whose fire was now coming slowly and at intervals, San Cristobal and San Geronimo alone keeping up a regular fire.

While the firing was at its height smoke and flames came from the buildings on the hill, and at one time the whole place seemed to be ablaze. From the opening of the engagement the entire city of San Juan was in a state of dreadful panic. It was known three days before, by cable from Cape Haiti, that Sampson's fleet was on its way to Porto Rico, and many of the inhabitants had fled inland, but when the opening guns announced the arrival of the enemy the rush to get out of town became a panic, people paying any price for carriages to drive ten miles into the country. San Juan lies on the inner side of a high hill, the northern side of which is crowned by the fortifications. Owing to the heavy swell and consequent uncertainty of elevation, many shots from the ships fell into the town, destroying buildings, public and private, with a loss of life that is not known to us at present.

In the harbor were a number of neutral vessels. Among them the French steam-frigate *Amiral Rigault de Genouilly*. This vessel arrived at St. Thomas the next day, and we learned from her that many shots had fallen about her, but had fortunately not struck near enough to do any damage.

Soon after eight o'clock the firing ceased entirely, except for an occasional shot from the forts that did no harm.

By 8.30 o'clock the fleet had been drawn off out of danger, and then we learned that the *New York* had also been struck by a shell, that burst over the port 8-inch broadside gun, killing one man, able-seaman Frank Wildmark, and injuring Samuel Feltman (leg broken), ordinary seaman, and Michael Murphy, William Rupp, and Michael Spron slightly.

The port waist search-light was smashed to pieces, and four ventilators were pierced by pieces of shell.

None of the other ships were struck at all, and no one was injured. The *Detroit* was under fire longer than any other vessel, and had any number of narrow escapes, but was not even scratched. She fired 180 shots in all, and we could not resist giving her a cheer as we passed by, which the *Detroit* Jackies returned with a will. We hailed the *Amphitrite* and asked if any one was hurt, to which was replied, "No."

"Were you struck at all?"

"No."

Then, as we turned away, they hailed us and said: "Yacht there! We had a first-rate time, thank you."

All the way down to San Juan we had kept near the *Terror*, so when we asked if any of her crew had been injured, they said, "Not at all"; and then remarked that "they had missed us from their starboard beam"—which would not have been a cool spot for us that morning.

The disappointment among Sampson's men at not meeting the Spanish fleet was very keen, from the Admiral down. They had come for that purpose, and not to take San Juan, and so if the finish of that work was not complete on the morning of May 12, it was not for inability to take or to hold the Porto Rican city, but to save their shots for the Spanish fleet if it should care to come.

Americans who object to the cruelties of war, and may not approve Admiral Sampson's action, should read the remarks of the San Juan press on Yankees, and what they would like to do with them. To my mind, they got off with a very light punishment; but the end is not yet.

Carlton T. Chapman.

THE MEN OF THE "MAINE."

Not in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conqueror,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the *Essex* sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay;
Yet no less faithful they,
These men who, in the passing of a breath,
Were hurtled upon death.

No warning the salt-scented sea-wind bore,
No presage whispered from the Cuban shore
Of the appalling fate
That in the tropic night-time lay in wait
To bear them whence they shall return no more.
Some lapsed from dreams of home and love's clear star
Into a realm where dreams eternal are;
And some into a world of wave and flame
Wherethrough they came
To living agony that no words can name.
Tears for them all,
And the low-tunèd dirge funereal!

Their place is now
With those who wear, green-set about the brow,
The deathless immortelles,—
The heroes torn and scarred
Whose blood made red the barren ocean dells,
Fighting upon the stanch *Bon Homme Richard*
With him who dared what none had dared before—
To wave the New World banner, freedom-starred,
At England's very door!
Yea, with such noble ones their names shall stand
As those who heard the dying Lawrence speak
His burning words upon the *Chesapeake*,
And grappled in the hopeless hand to hand;
With those who fell on Erie and Champlain
Beneath the pouring, pitiless battle-rain:
With such as these, our lost men of the *Maine!*

What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led,
And they are ours,—our dead!
If it be true that each loss holds a gain,
It must be ours through saddened eyes to see
From out this tragic holocaust of pain
The whole land bound in closer amity.

Clinton Scollard.

THIS BUSY WORLD

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT, in preferring active service in the field to the important place he filled in the Navy Department, only gave practical evidence of the strength of an opinion long held and clearly recorded. In one of the essays in his *American Ideals* he says:

> The men who have dared greatly in war, or the work that is akin to war, are those who deserve best of the country. None of our heroes of peace, save a few great constructive statesmen, can rank with our heroes of war.

Perhaps so; but wouldn't it be quite as true to say, "None of our heroes of war, save one or two great generals, can rank with our great constructive statesmen"? War and peace both contributed to Washington's renown, but the first place in the civil-war period belonged to a man who served his country, in Washington, in black clothes. If Colonel Roosevelt holds that Lincoln's work was "akin to war," as much can be said for his own recent labors as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Few generals in the field in the civil war served their country to better purpose than Stanton, or are likely to outrank him in history. The men who deserve best of their country are not necessarily either the heroes of war or the heroes of peace, but the men who have shown themselves to be the right men in the right places.

It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bryan seems to be moved by the same sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt has expressed about the advantageous opportunity for distinction that military service offers. He gives evidence of being sincerely desirous of smelling powder, and finding hinderances to his desire to lead a regiment to Cuba, he is trying, according to latest reports, to get an appointment to a place on the staff of General Wheeler. And if General Wheeler desires that the appointment may be made, here's hoping that Mr. Bryan may get it. He is certainly a representative citizen, and if he wants a chance to serve the country in the field it will seem a hardship if he does not have it.

At the meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, on the evening of May 24, in New York, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University made an interesting summary of the situation when he said that the four great forces with which persons who work for the betterment of society have to contend are infirmity, ignorance, appetite, and sloth. Against the first two, he said, progress is being made. Infancy and senility are being looked after, and the problem of caring for the weak and physically helpless has been worked out. His news of the fight against appetite and sloth was less satisfactory. Of the former, he said, "I don't know that we have made any progress against that evil in modern times"; and of sloth, "Perhaps we are gaining in that, but I doubt it."

It is a dull season when Barnard College is not perishing for lack of timely funds. Her effort this spring is to raise $100,000 to pay a debt incurred for the equipment of the new property of the college. On May 13, $23,000 of this amount had been subscribed, and $25,000 more had been promised by a woman whose identity has not yet been divulged, on condition that the balance of $52,000 should be raised by October 3. Subscriptions to complete the fund are earnestly desired.

It has been disclosed that Mr. Laurence Hutton has ceased to contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE the reviews of books which form the last department of each issue, and that his successor in the place that he has filled so long and so acceptably is Mr. John K. Bangs. It must not be supposed, however, that because Mr. Hutton has given up his department in the MAGAZINE he has said good-by to the readers of the Harper publications. The habits of a lifetime (almost) are not so easily discontinued as that. A man whose occupation has been literary as long as Mr. Hutton's has must go on writing, both to satisfy his own instincts and to pay the debt he owes to thousands of friendly readers. He will continue to write, and his name will continue to appear often in the publications in which it has long been honored and familiar, and if he spends less of his time in future in reviewing books, there will be so much more leisure coming to him for the making of other records and the setting forth of things equally indispensable, and doubtless of a more permanent literary value. So Mr. Hutton has only changed his chair and not his headquarters, and we have no occasion yet to say good-by to him.

In spite of war-times and the prevalent tendency to concentrate the mind on newspapers, the international literary weekly, LITERATURE, continues to grow in grace and strength, and especially in attractiveness for American readers. The discourses on American books and literary forces and tendencies by Mr. Henry James have proved even more edifying than was to be expected, and have furnished food for reflection to readers and matter for discussion to many journals and periodicals. The paper's newest recruit is Mr. Howells, who makes his appearance in the issue of May 25, and whose contributions for the present will alternate with those of Mr. James.

If there are two Americans whose deliverances from week to week on literary topics and on books would be read with more interest by Americans than those of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, LITERATURE certainly does not know where to find them. It is doubtful that they exist. Mr. James's point of view is not less valuable or interesting to American readers because it is not always that of his countrymen who stay at home. Mr. Howells's feelings and opinions about contemporary work and its value, comparative and absolute, are always his own, not reflected but produced, and have always the enlivening quality that comes from seasoned intelligence tempered by a vigorous individuality.

An esteemed one-cent journal speaks of "the Spanish treachery which caused the five deaths aboard the *Winslow*." Give the hidalgos their due. A masked battery isn't treachery. It is merely war. The rule that when a Spaniard is killed it is a case of American valor, and that when an American is killed it is a case of Spanish treachery, is liable, like other rules, to its exceptions.

On May 14 the Lowell Memorial Fund had reached $32,718, with two weeks left for its completion.

We have all lost an intimate, if not an old, friend in Mr. T. R. Lamont, associate of the Royal Water-Color Society, who died early in May of pneumonia in London. Readers who do not recognize his name will understand when they learn that he was the original of "The Laird" in *Trilby*. He and du Maurier were fellow-students of art. He was born sixty-five years ago, the son of a banker of Greenock, and as an artist worked chiefly with water-colors, though he also did much as an illustrator of books, and in black and white for the magazines. So we know now what became of "Little Billee" and "The Laird," and there is only "Taffy" left.

Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to *Pendennis*, in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray, has to do mainly with the educational period of her father's life. There is something more about the Charterhouse School, and about the young Thackeray's lack of affection for Doctor Russell, the head master. One of his companions there was the late Dean Liddell, to whose wife Thackeray once said, "Do you know that your husband ruined my prospects by doing my verses for me at school, and destroyed all my chances of self-improvement?" It seems that the elder boys at Charterhouse were obliged to learn all the odes of Horace by heart. That Thackeray staid long enough in the school to accomplish that feat does not appear, but it was there that his thorough assimilation of the Horatian measures began. At Cambridge began his acquaintance with Edward Fitzgerald, of whom Mrs. Ritchie says that her father's relations with him had perhaps some resemblance to those of Pendennis and Warrington. "And yet," she adds, "my father was not Pendennis, any more than the other was Warrington." It seems doubtful that Thackeray was ever quite so young as Pendennis is represented to have been while he was at "Oxbridge." Thackeray's intimacy with Fitzgerald did not develop until after their Cambridge days, and in that particular their friendship was like that of Pendennis and Warrington.

In the very earliest letters of Thackeray which are quoted in these biographical papers appear the evidences of that gift of expression which ripened into so admirable a style. In that particular, as well as in his drawings, the youth is clearly the father of the man.

A part, at least, of the dispute between the Medical College Laboratory in the City of New York and the New York University is likely to be settled in court. In a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY were stated the grounds for dissatisfaction, which led six professors of the New York University Medical College to resign and become members of the faculty of the new Cornell University Medical College. The six professors and their associates averred that the property of the Medical College Laboratory had been transferred to the New York University on conditions which had since been violated in important particulars. Chancellor MacCracken has since denied, in formal statements, both that the transfer of the property was conditional to a degree that interfered with the complete control of it by the authorities of the New York University, and also that the six bolting professors and their associates in defection had any reasonable grounds of dissatisfaction. There is no probability that the opinions of the six professors and the chancellor will ever be brought into agreement in this matter, but in so far as the judgment of a court can settle questions of fact or law, it is possible that the legality, at least, of the chancellor's actions may be determined by the lawsuit which the Medical College Laboratory has brought against the university for the recovery of its former property. This property, consisting chiefly of a building on East Twenty-sixth Street, worth with its furnishing $150,000, was conveyed to the university in February, 1897. Harmonious relations seem to have begun to be interrupted almost as soon as the property passed.

It has been said of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* that it set a great many people to thinking. So it did, but, so far, those who have tried to put the thoughts it inspired into practical operation have all made bad work of it. So far as appears, efforts to put Mr. Bellamy's ideas in operation have now pretty much ceased. Yet for a time they were very prevalent, and clubs abounded about Boston and in many parts of the country the purpose of which was to induce the approach of a millennium on the Bellamy system.

Looking Backward was a good book to read, even if, as yet, it hasn't changed the order of civilization. It may be said of it, too, that the ideas which it put into people's heads are still there, and may yet be fruitful of modified results even though they are never fully realized. The general idea of the book, that folks ought to work together for good, and that if they did they would find a huge profit in it, has too much truth to be forgotten.

Mr. Bellamy's writings undoubtedly made some mischief, and brought loss and disappointment to a good many worthy and enthusiastic persons. Yet no one thinks of him as a mischievous man or a demagogue. The purity of his purposes has never been questioned, and thousands of readers who have merely found entertainment in his writings think of him with regard, and regret his early death. He was born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, in 1850, and was the son of a Baptist minister. *Looking Backward* was published in 1888, and is believed to have had a sale of as many as a million copies. His last book, *Equality*, is reported to have sold well too, but the general verdict is that it is a good deal less interesting than its predecessor, and that it does not make up in instructiveness for what it lacks in entertainment.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, has made a good many persons angry by the opinions attributed to him about the rest of the Americans. He is quoted as saying that it is characteristic of us to be trifling; that we have acquired the varnish of civilized life without having our natures refined; that we are a good-natured people, gifted with a fatal optimism, with no serious thought of any of the grave duties of life; and that we have no fine sense of honor, and cannot distinguish between what is honest and what is dishonest. "I feel, with Horace Walpole," he is quoted, "that I could be proud of my country if it were not for my countrymen."

That seems to us a pretty hard saying, yet we must remember that it conveys substantially the same sentiment which we have been taught to believe has been repeatedly entertained by the Almighty since he made the earth. The Jewish writers constantly represent the Creator as pleased with His terrestrial composition, but desperately out of humor with the folks on it. Professor Norton has not, of course, expected that we would be pleased by his deliverances about us. We think no small potatoes of ourselves, and it is not in nature that we should like to be told that we are smudges on the fair face of creation. Shall we then be angry with him and call him names? A truculent contemporary in Rochester, the *Democrat and Chronicle*, suggests "trifling with him with the aid of a little tar, a few feathers, and a sharp-edged rail." There is that in Professor Norton that warrants the opinion that he would ride a rail in a dress of tar and feathers, in the cause of free speech and of what he believes is truth, with as much heroism as any son of New England that ever was born. But he is not a man with whom blackguards would do well to meddle either in print or otherwise. Nor is he a man to be angry with because of any honest criticism which he sees fit to divulge. If he were a selfish person or not a patriot, it might be different. But if he laments, it is not because he despises his country, but because he loves it. We may hear him with respect, as Englishmen were wont to hear John Ruskin, even though his opinions seem to be based on standards which are not ours, and in which, on the whole, we have not confidence. Our civilization and our literature have profited by his labors throughout a long and diligent life. His opinions now will do no one any harm, and may do some persons some good. At least, they will be endured with equanimity by every one who knows him.

That historic regiment, the Sixth Massachusetts, which marched through Baltimore on April 19, and shed some of the first blood of the civil war, has new associations with Baltimore now. It was invited to stop there on its way South, and receiving permission from the War Department, it accepted. It did not stop long, but it had a great time. Baltimore turned out to meet it, and it marched across the city from station to station through streets lined with cheering multitudes, whose enthusiasm seemed to have no limitations save those of physical strength. The Mayor addressed the Massachusetts men, and presented them with a big floral shield inscribed "Maryland to Massachusetts. Flowers, not Bullets. God bless you and bring you safely home." To each soldier, too, was given a ration of selected food in an ornamental lunch-box inscribed with hospitable and patriotic sentiments, among them this, "May the memory of 1861 be effaced by the welcome of 1898."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveller, of whose extended and remarkable travels in Central Asia there has already been published some preliminary account, has lately been to London to receive the gold medal voted to him by the Geographical Society, and the fellow of which goes to Lieutenant Peary. Dr. Hedin's full narrative of his explorations and adventures is finished as written, and the English translation of it is now being made. It will appear before long, and will be published in this country by the Harpers.

Here is a paragraph out of a recent letter from Shanghai, China:

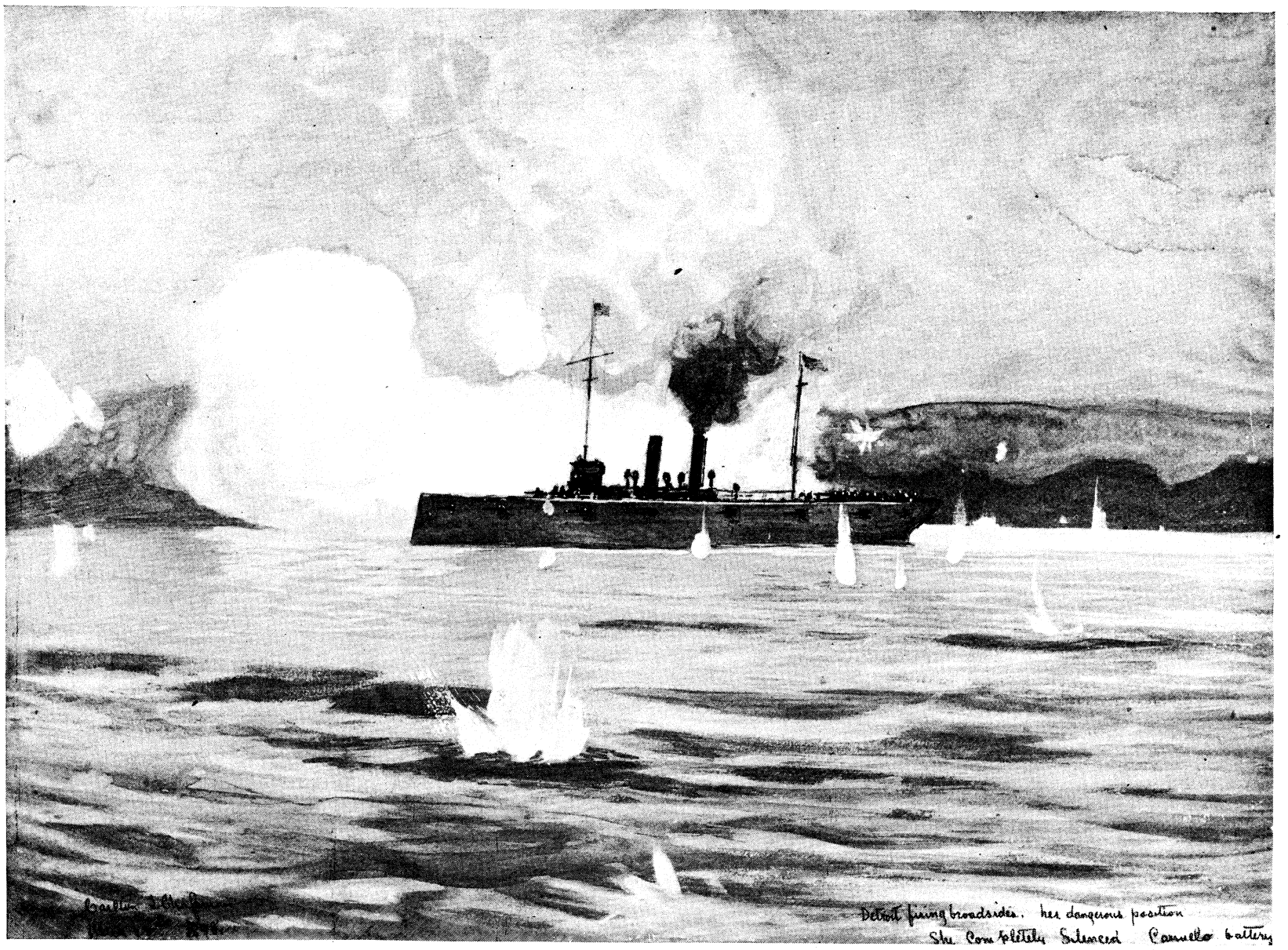
> Everything here in China is war just now. Our U. S. fleet sailed for Manila four days ago, and of course I am exceedingly anxious. Allan is going to have special duty of countermining for torpedoes, which may be a compliment to his superior knowledge on the subject; but I wrote to him yesterday that I would much prefer him to be a fool and stay at home with me.

Allan was doubtless glad he went. We know now that, whether or not he countermined, he was not hurt.

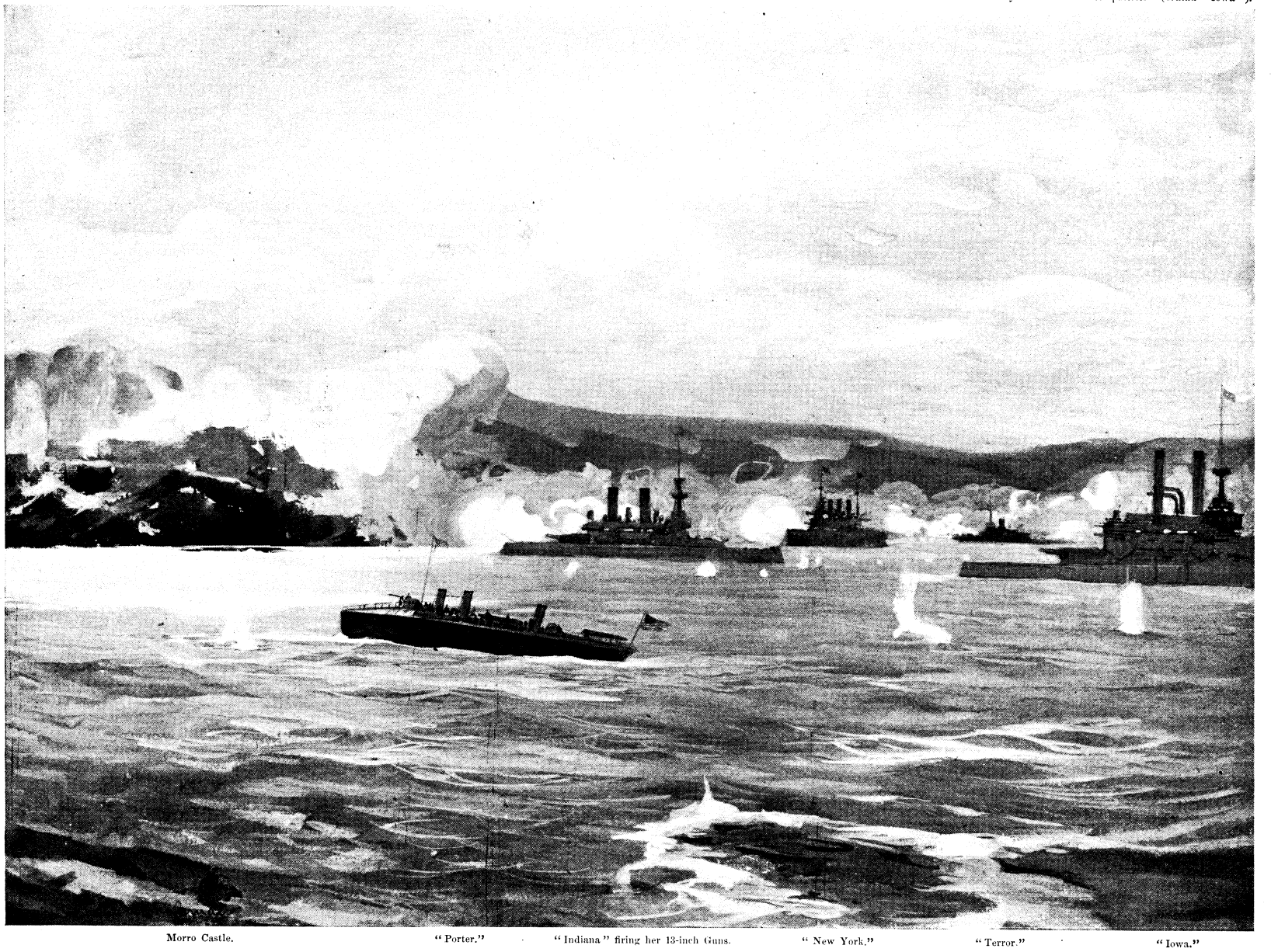
The reference in the WEEKLY of May 21 to the antiquity of the expression "are, and of right ought to be," has stirred Mr. Alexander Brown to trace that expression back to a Parliamentary use much earlier than either heretofore cited. He writes:

> Sir Edwin Sandys and other members of the patriot party were advocating in Parliament, during April and May, 1621, additional liberties for the colony which they were then establishing in Virginia, and defending the liberties of the subject from the encroachments of the crown, with especial reference to free fishing on the New England coast; but James I. put a stop to their proceeding in June by proroguing Parliament to November, and by arresting Sandys and some of his party friends.
>
> When Parliament reassembled in November, it promptly protested against the arrest of these members during the recess, and the final result of this was the celebrated protestation of December 18 (28), 1621, which contains the expression "*every member of the House hath—and of right ought to have, freedom of speech*," etc.
>
> It may be that this expression can be traced farther back than this, but its connection with this republic was first recorded on the page of the Commons Journal, which was torn out by James I. on January 9, 1622 (N. S.), which act Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, thought "the best thing that has happened in the interest of Spain since Luther began to preach heresy a hundred years ago"; but Gondomar was mistaken. If he could have read the handwriting on the wall, he would have seen the same influences which inspired those patriots to use this expression in their protest in behalf of the liberty of the subject afterwards cause our forefathers to do likewise in our Declaration of Independence, and again to inspire its use in behalf of the liberty of the subject in the recent resolutions of Congress about Cuba.

War has not been used to be considered an efficient promoter of domestic life, but certainly marriage is, and war—this present Yanko-Spanko war, at least—seems decidedly a promoter of marriage. We have read repeatedly of recruits who have had short furloughs to get married in; we have read of persons, not themselves personally concerned in the existing hostilities, who have plunged into matrimony because their relatives were plunging into war. Then, most conspicuous of all, is the case of General Merritt, whose engagement was announced on the eve of his departure for Manila. War, in its threat of prospective absence, seems to make the heart beat with a peremptory fondness. There will be a whole crop of Spanish war alliances for the romancers to trace and record before existing agitations are over. E. S. MARTIN.



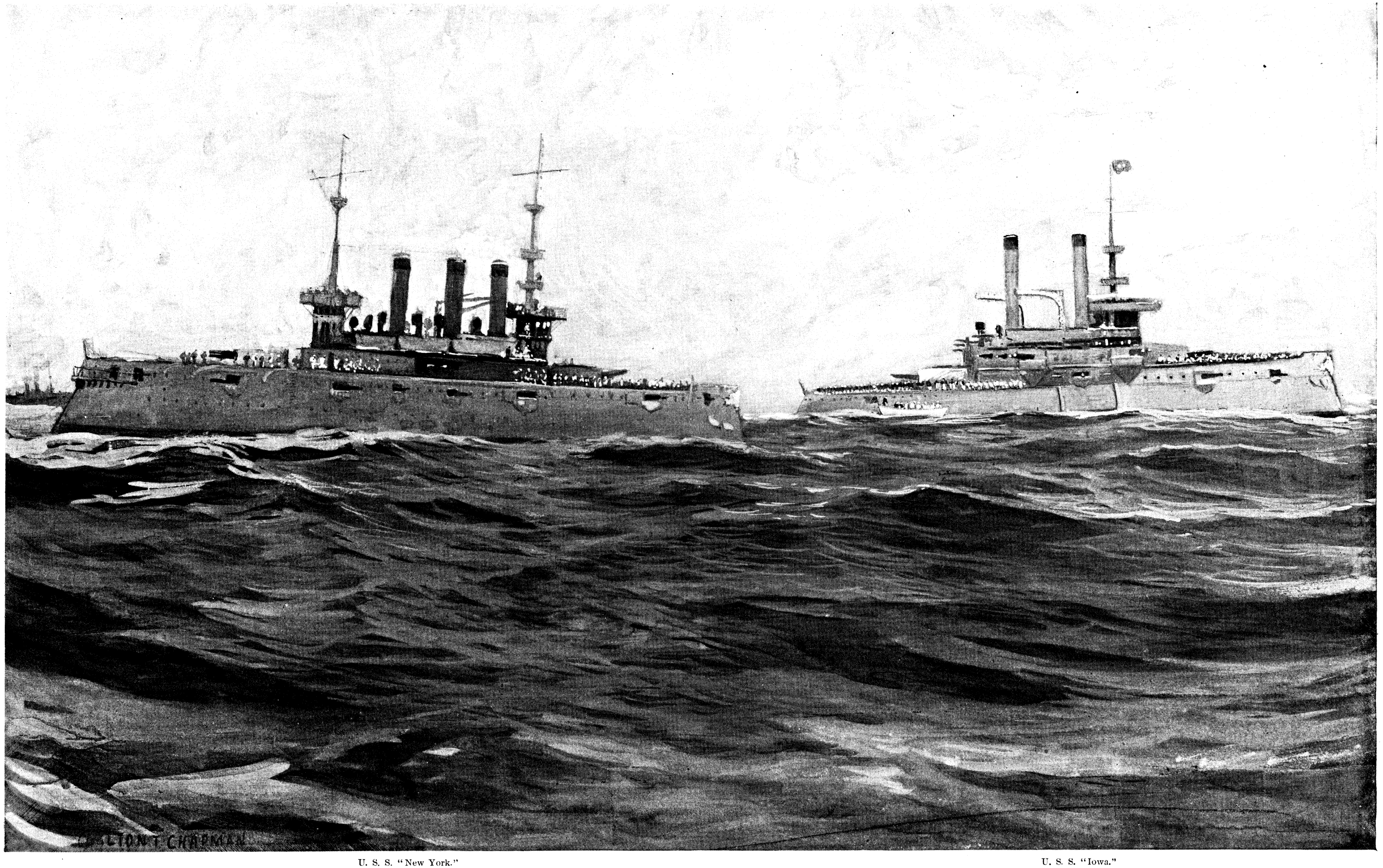
"NEVER TOUCHED HER!"—THE "DETROIT" SILENCES CARMELO BATTERY AND COMES OUT UNSCATHED.



THE ATTACK ON MORRO.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, MAY 12, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



U. S. S. "New York." U. S. S. "Iowa."

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN—ADMIRAL SAMPSON TRANSFERS HIS FLAG TO THE "IOWA," MAY 11, 5.10 P.M., SAN JUAN BEARING S.S.E. ABOUT SEVENTY MILES.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Fleet.—[See Page 538.]

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

IV.—WITH THE TROOPS BOUND FOR CUBA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

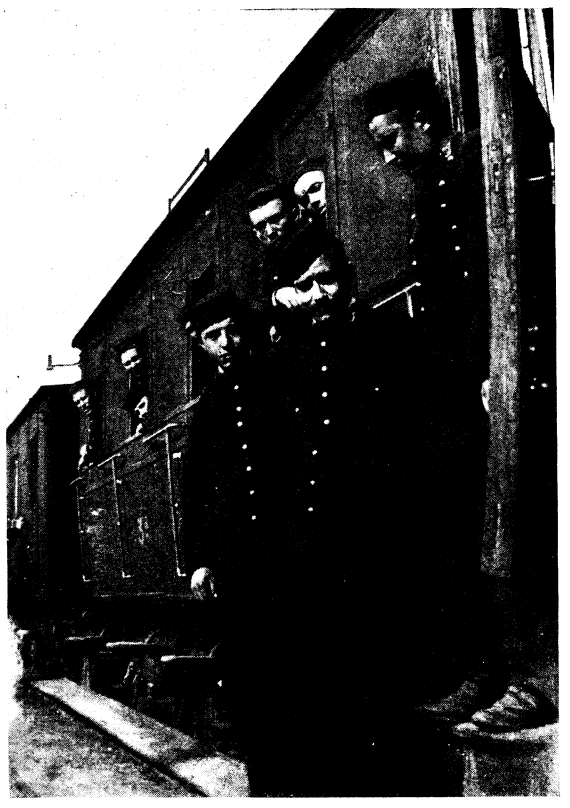
IT was between Vitoria and Burgos that an accident to one of our bikes forced us to take train to the next town which promised a repair shop. It was dusk, and the train was behind its time—to which two circumstances I owe one of the most entertaining railway trips of my life. As the long creaking concatenation of dirty cars drew up at our little station, every window showed soldiers peering eagerly out into the twilight. This was just what we wanted. But officers alighted, so soon as the train stopped, and commenced inspecting the third-class carriages to see if no one had deserted between the stations. I had no mind to risk anything by asking questions; so, tipping the wink to my companions, we disappeared behind the last carriage of the train, and waited until the signal to start had sounded. We heard the doors banging and the whistle sound. Then we made a dash for the foot-board of the nearest third-class carriage, and when the train had attained full headway we showed our heads to a carful of Spanish riflemen, and were at once made free of their mess—that is to say, dragged bodily into their midst. We did not open conversation by boasting of our citizenship at home. For the moment we were content that our reputation should rest under a cloud, and we therefore told them that we had just come from London, and were on a bicycling tour to Madrid. At once their hearts opened to us, and also their haversacks. They were soldiers, they said, and could sympathize with us in the hardships before us. They offered us their skins of wine, and we, in turn, treated them to cigarettes, and to some chocolate that had given two-thirds of our party a violent attack of indigestion.

The Spanish third-class carriage is eminently sociable. The seats, to be sure, face one another, as in England, but the partitions between the different compartments are no higher than the shoulder, and thus a whole car-load of sixty-odd can make merry together as one company.

The wine-skin passed from mouth to mouth several times at short intervals, and of course we excited much merriment by our clumsy efforts to pour the thin stream of wine down our throats while holding the skin at arm's-length. Whenever the wine squirted into our eyes or down our necks there was, of course, a shout of laughter, in which we all joined.

Spain is the country of cheap wine, which is at the same time insidiously strong. There being little else to do but to drink one another's health, and to laugh at our clumsy attempts to squirt a stream into our mouths at long range, no wonder that we soon became convivial, and let ourselves loose after the manner of grown-up boys generally.

Next to me sat a rifleman of the Second Battalion—Rodrigues, he said, his name was. We swore eternal friendship, in evidence of which he volunteered a song, which he regarded as replete with tender emotion. Love is the monopoly of no single country, and the song of love is the one in which has been displayed the highest lyrical capacity of poets and composers, from Apollo and Sappho to

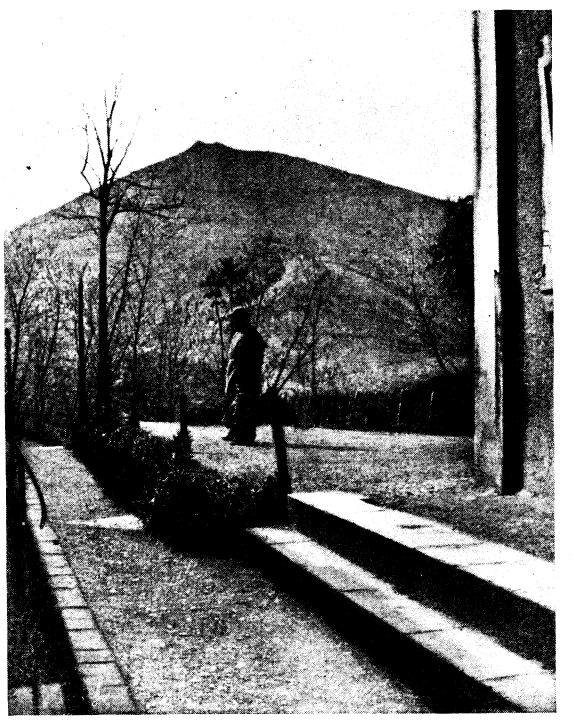


SECOND BATTALION SPANISH FUSILEERS LEAVING VALLADOLID FOR CUBA, MARCH 19, 1898.
With these Men we rode Six Hours in a third-class Carriage.

Tom Moore and Gounod. Rodrigues was doing his best, and his fellow-warriors listened with admiration, watching us meanwhile for signs of appreciation. It was a wailing nasal sort of a song, such as the blacks of South Africa sing all day long; it is heard in the Moorish bazars, from the Pillars of Hercules to the edges of India. The Bulgarian shepherd sings it at the mouth of the Danube, and I have heard its refrain in the tea-houses of Kyoto and Peking. It is, in short, the song of the savage the world over. It has disappeared gradually from before the people of Schubert and Beethoven, but lingers obstinately among those whose blood is tinged with that of the gypsy and the Moor. Rodrigues was from Toledo, the old Moorish stronghold, and his looks did not belie him. As I watched his swarthy features in the fitful light of the feeble lamp, I realized that the uniform he wore was but a thin veneer of civilization, after all. He would have looked and felt more at home with a turban on his head and a belt full of pistols and knives. That evening I preferred to be his friend rather than his enemy.

There was a guitar somewhere in the background, which strummed a mechanical sort of minor. The performer appeared to be asleep—perhaps he was. Indeed, there is a quality to this savage music which makes all accompaniment a mere matter of a minor strum on one key, or the beating of a tomtom with the occasional click of a castanet. No American familiar with our people of African descent will be surprised at the popular music south of the Pyrenees.

There was a chorus to the song of Rodrigues, and it was sung with force by the whole car-load, so that it must have penetrated to the locomotive. Then our turn came, and we put forward our tenor, who treated them to a bit of melody that had drawn thunderous applause from crowded houses in London, Paris, and New York. George sang his sweetest, and his audience listened to him with the characteristic courtesy of the Castilian soldier. George was even applauded—faintly, it is true, but yet enough to show that the company cherished no grudge on account of the music he had perpetrated. It was evident that George's music, whatever it might be to the degenerate ears in the great capitals, was not up to the level of the savage simplicity demanded by the occupants of a third-class carriage between Vitoria and Burgos.



FRONTIER GUARD AT SPANISH RAILWAY STATION.
He wears the national Basque Tam o' Shanter, and a Military Cloak much like that of the United States Army.

To take the taste of our tenor's song away, my warrior neighbor opposite—Domingo was his name—jumped up on to his bench and gave us a national song and dance. The song was of the Madrid café-chantant kind, and the dance of that ambiguous variety known as the danse du ventre. Domingo was from Madrid, and acted his part with much spirit, drawing furious applause from the delighted audience. We had intended telling Domingo that two of our party had been engaged for the principal parts in the leading opera company of England. It was well we did not. Domingo would have despised the musical taste of London.

I asked Rodrigues, in a lull between the songs and wine-skins, where his regiment was going.

"They say that we are bound for Granada—but we know what that means."

"What?" I asked, innocently, pretending not to know what he meant.

"Cuba!" was his laconic answer, full of eloquent pathos.

"But are you not delighted to go and fight for your country, and get medals, and come back covered with glory?"

He smiled bitterly, and the subject sobered him at once. He talked freely to all within range of his voice, making no attempt to keep his remarks for the stranger alone. His views were obviously shared by his comrades, for they not merely made no protest to what he said, but, on the contrary, nodded assent here and there, or even added corroborative testimony.

"If you would give me your clothes and take mine, I would slip over into France, and leave all the medals and glory to you, or to any one who wants them."

This produced affirmative grins and nods all around, and several made the motions of taking off their jackets and offering them to us. But even then our affection for them was not sufficient to induce us to embark for Cuba as their substitutes. Besides, it would have looked badly on the record had we turned up at Havana to discover that our first duty was to shoot at our own flesh and blood. That morning's papers had informed us that war was imminent, and I was more concerned with getting safely out of Spain by way of Paris than *viâ* Havana. Besides, I pointed out to my Spanish friends that I had but the dress of a cyclist, and they would surely be caught in such a rig, even if they knew how to bike, which they did not.

Rodrigues was a bit dashed by all this. It did not occur to him that, even if he and two of his friends succeeded in making their escape in our clothes, there was good reason for thinking that we should have but a brief career in the Spanish army. The next day would probably find us with our backs to a wall, shot as spies.

"See that man there," said Rodrigues; "his brother died of the fever in Havana, and now he is going too. He won't be long on his legs. We all go out there, but nobody comes back, excepting the poor wretches shaken to pieces with the fever. They say we have 50,000 men dead or dying of the fever. Wherever I go I find people in mourning for their relatives who have been drafted to Cuba. I would not mind this dirty dog's life of a soldier if all had to serve—rich and poor alike. But no—the rich buy themselves a substitute and stay at home, so that the great mass of the army is made up of the most ignorant, the most dirty, and the most vicious part of the people."

My friend was obviously of superior breeding and education, and explained to me that his family was impoverished, and could not afford the 300 pesetas necessary for the purchase of his release. Consequently for three years this young man must remain in the ranks, amid social surroundings revolting to him, forced to be companion with a peasantry little superior to cattle in general intelligence, and, finally, forced to serve out of his country in a cause wholly indifferent to him, where the chances are that he will be shot, or, in any case, suffer permanent disability by reason of the fever. I have had that fever, and speak feelingly.

Then Domingo opened out a big parcel, which proved to be his military travelling-baggage. All the outfit was tied up in a big "bandanna," stamped with the red and yellow of Spain, and additionally marked with his name and number. As he opened his kit he told me that he and his mates suffered much at night with the cold; that they were insufficiently provided for, excepting in warm weather. This I could well understand after an inspection of their kit.

Brushes were the most conspicuous articles of their military baggage. I was shown a hair-brush, another for blacking, another for clothes, and yet another for polishing the boots. Then there was a piece of wood so slit as to be used for the cleaning of buttons, and of course another brush for cleaning these. I looked in vain for a tooth-brush. I presume my friend wore all the under-clothing allowed him by the government, for the nights were freezing cold. The only clothing I could discover in his kit consisted of a coarse cotton jacket and trousers for working-dress. The brushes were of the flabbiest kind, whose alleged bristles were no stronger than oakum. The government may have paid for real brushes, in which case a handsome profit must have been reaped by some contractor.

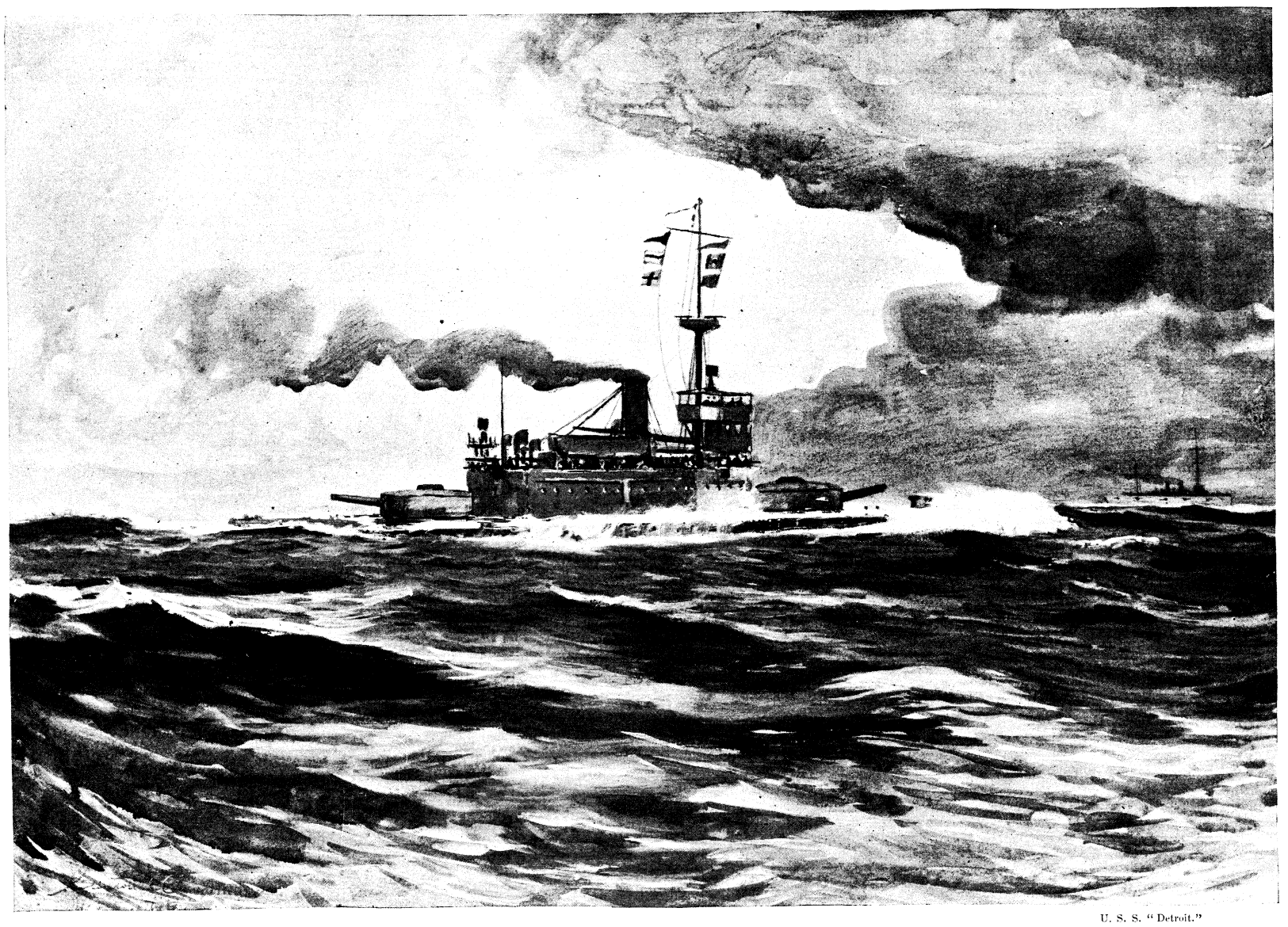
Rodrigues and Domingo were agreed that the Spanish soldier was not treated as he should be as regards the interior economy. His parade uniform is showy, to be sure, but he must remain satisfied with that. The government has money enough for the purpose of enrolling, uniforming, arming, and shipping to Cuba, but the detail of proper food and proper clothing appears to be left to the casual philanthropist. I could not help contrasting the bad outfit of these men, bound for the seat of war, with the ordinary kit of a British private, to say nothing of an American cavalryman. And yet these were picked troops, riflemen or sharp-shooters. There were in the same carriage some dragoons of a crack regiment, with a very showy uniform. But their kit indicated on the part of their superiors either indifference or something worse.

When we halted at a station our friends crowded to the windows and doors, and we took no particular pains to make our presence known. On the contrary, when at last the train slowed up at our destination in the middle of the night, we carefully dropped off on the side that concealed us from the railway officials, and more particularly from the officers in charge of these particular troops.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.



GUARDA CIVIL AT RAILWAY STATION, VITORIA.
Clearing the Station on the Approach of the Train, March 15, 1898.



U. S. S. "Detroit."

HOW THE MONITORS BEHAVE IN A SEA—THE "TERROR" KEEPING UP WITH THE PROCESSION.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

DAWSON CITY, YUKON PROVISIONAL DISTRICT,
March 12, 1898.

EVERYBODY seemed happy at Lake Lindeman, singing at their work. When a boat was ready to be launched every one turned in to help; for some had to be carried some distance to water. And when a boat departed it was with shouts of good wishes and a fusillade of revolver-shots. Nails were in great demand, bringing one dollar a pound; likewise pitch, which commanded the same. A few days before, in order to finish a boat, a man gave fifteen dollars for two pounds of pitch. No one would sell lumber at all.

Many parties were selling out and going back even from here. The last of September it snowed six inches, and continued snowing a little each day. We had to work under an awning. At Crater Lake there were said to be snow-drifts twenty feet deep. Still the people were coming, it being estimated that a hundred outfits were on the trail this side the summit, as compared with two hundred and twenty-five two weeks before.

On the 4th of October the snow went off. Our boat was not finished until October 5, on account of a week's illness. She was helped down to the lake, and next day we loaded the goods into her.

She stood 23 feet over all; 6 feet beam; bottom, 30 inches by 16 feet; draught, 18 inches with 1500 pounds of cargo.

We got started on the 6th, amid a salvo of revolver-shots. The lake was as smooth as glass—what Brown called an "ash breeze." So we gave her the ash oars until a real breeze sprung up, hoisted sprit-sail, and in a short while were at the foot of the lake, where several other boats were about to be lined through into Lake Bennett. It raised a great load of anxiety from our minds to have our little boat carry her load so well; above all, even when loaded, she responded to the oars in a way that delighted Brown. This proved a great advantage on the river, for we were enabled to gain a week on boats that left Lindeman and Bennett ahead of us. Between Tagish Lake and Stewart River alone we overtook and passed twenty-five boats.

While we were unloading, a man leading some horses with packs came down the bank of the lake. There was something familiar about him. A second glance revealed Burnham, of *Forest and Stream*, who I supposed was on the Skaguay Trail, and told him so, whereupon I learned that here, on Lindeman, was the end of the Skaguay Trail! Thirty-one miles from Dyea *viâ* Chilkoot; forty-five miles to Skaguay *viâ* White Pass!

The opening of the White Pass as a summer trail was not a blunder, it was a crime. When the British Yukon Company was advertising the White Pass Trail and booming its town-site and railway proposition, the trail was not cut out beyond the summit of the pass. There was at that time no trail, and there has been since no trail, but something that they have called a trail, marked by the dead bodies of three thousand horses, and by the shattered health and the shattered hopes and fortunes of scores—nay, hundreds—of men. Captain Moore, whose alleged town-site rights the British Yukon Company acquired, supposed the trail ought to come out at the Windy Arm of Tagish. The Exploration Party of the Canadian government, proceeding the natural course, went by way of Touche Lake into Taku Arm of Tagish, and, in consequence of their belief that there was the trail, established the custom-house at the outlet of Tagish. What switched it around, not even direct to Bennett, but midway of Lindeman, we have no means of knowing.

Burnham's party of five, seeing that all could not get through, undertook to put two through with full outfits, and this was the last load. They were to undertake the journey in four canvas canoes, two canoes loaded as freight-boats being taken in tow by the others. The story of the Skaguay Trail will never be written by one person. It is a series of individual experiences, each unique, and there are as many stories as there were men on the trail. How much of the awful destruction of horses was caused by the trail, and how much by the ignorance and cruelty of the packers, will never be known. One outfit killed as many as thirty-seven horses, and there were others that equalled or surpassed that figure. On the other hand, a Black Hills man, no other than he of the buckskins, at whom some smiled aboard the steamer, packed alone with three horses twenty-four hundred pounds from the "Foot of the Hill" to Bennett in eighteen days. Each night, no matter how tired, he put his horses' feet in a bucket of water, washed the mud off their legs and dried them, and washed their backs with salt water. He came through when the trail was at its worst, and sold horses at Bennett for a fair sum. He was one of the odd dozen passengers of the *Islander's* second trip that reached Dawson with complete outfits.

The attempt to blast the rock out of the trail ended in a fizzle. The giant-powder ordered from Juneau went back unused, and the well-meant efforts of the Skaguay journalist came to naught, while the only real work was done by the miners themselves in corduroying. Half-way in on the trail goods were given away, the unfortunate owners having neither money nor strength to pack them either ahead or back, and the trail being in such terrible condition that outfits not only had no sale value, but could hardly be accepted as a gift.

At Lindeman there were comparatively few boats sold, each party generally building its own. At Bennett, however, where there is a saw-mill, boats were built by contract, the prices fetched going from $250 to in certain instances as high as $600. Passage could be secured to Dawson for $50 light; with small outfit, $125. Hardly half the number of outfits got off daily from Bennett that went from Lindeman.

Having made connection with the Skaguay Trail, our journey down the Yukon may properly be said to have begun. We were on the thoroughfare, not without some peril on account of a rock in the middle of the last piece, which a less easily handled boat than a bateau could hardly avoid, and on which a boat or two had recently been smashed. The bateau's behavior in rough water in this very thoroughfare gave us courage at the canyon and White Horse.

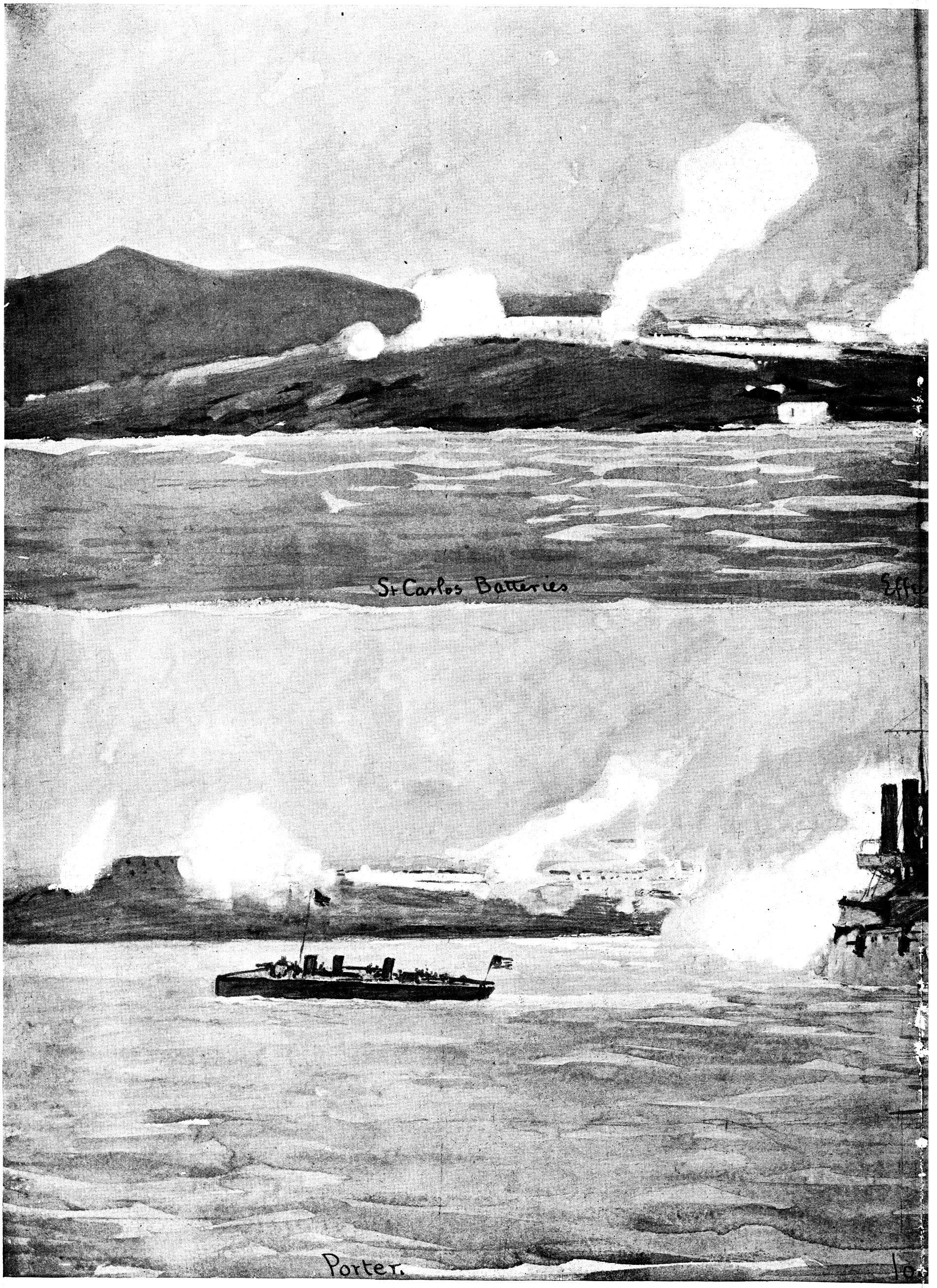
On the 9th of October, with a fleet of other boats, we got away from the head of Bennett, before a scudding breeze.

Dawson was in a state of excitement. Grub was undeniably short; the stores were offering none for sale; those who had put in their orders in the spring had been cut short; hundreds had come far down the river with insufficient outfits or with none at all. There would be certain starvation. Four or five hundred had gone down the river to the grub supply at Fort Yukon, and hundreds more were waiting for the river to close before starting for the outside world, while scores, already short of provisions and without means of getting more, had already started by boats and canoes up the river, or with sleds on the narrow strip of shore ice. The river was expected to close at any moment, making it suicidal for more to attempt to reach even Circle City by boat. Those who got out with hand-sleds were in great danger also, setting out on a trip of six hundred and fifty miles, never undertaken before except by those equipped in the best manner with dogs and fur robes. One or two left with packs on their backs. Flour, which the stores were short of, had been selling at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a sack of forty-nine pounds weight. It was no longer "Who are you?" but "How many sacks of flour?" Old acquaintances greeted those coming in from outside not with "How are you?" but "Have you got your grub?" There were many cases of theft, and caches had to be guarded. One man had been shot robbing a cache. That was the state of affairs on the 29th of October, when I reached Dawson.

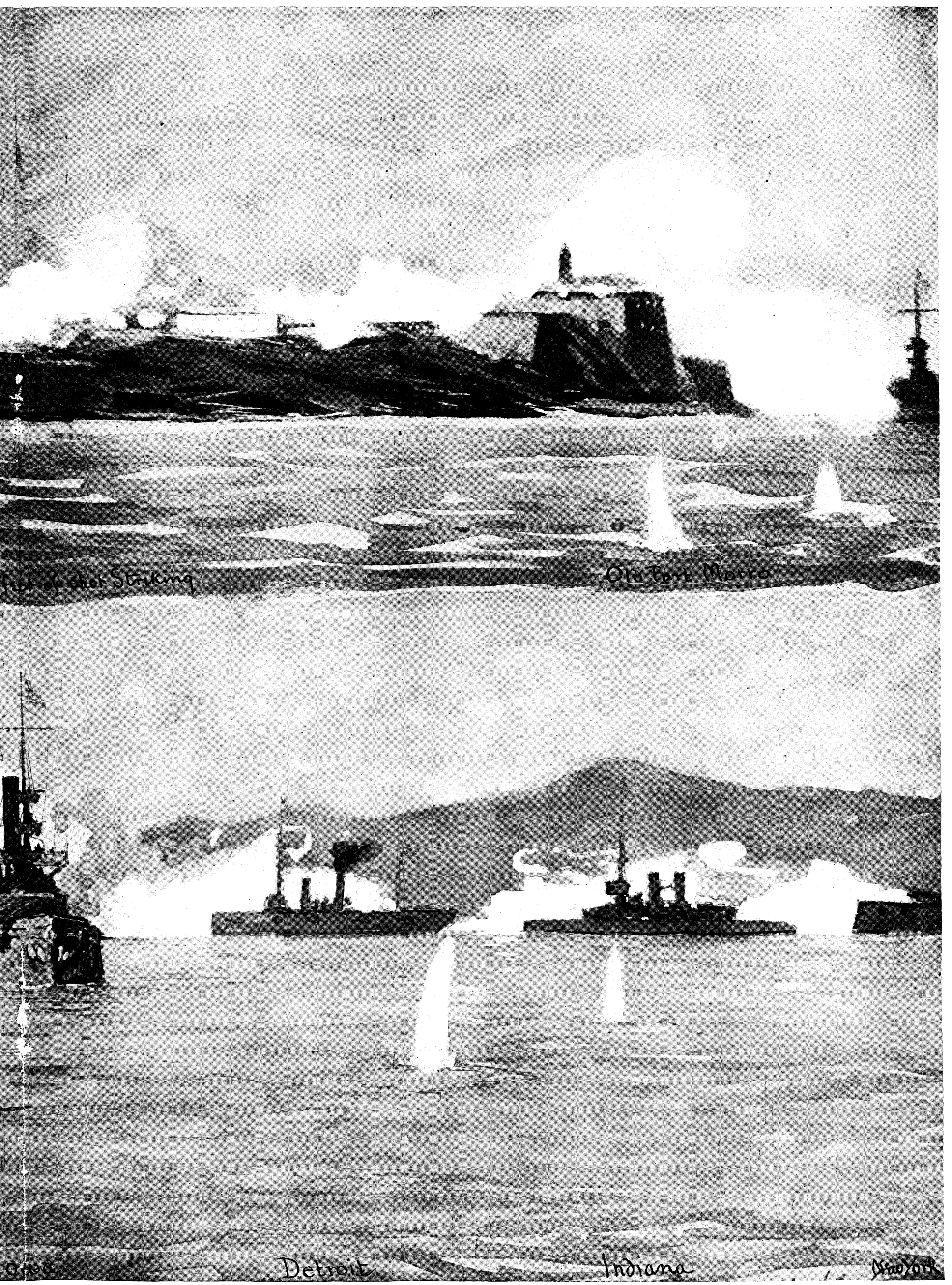
The story of how the shortage came about, and of the exciting time that followed when it was learned that the boats would not get up with even their usual cargoes, may be told as follows. It is one well illustrating the conditions under which we live in this inaccessible region, and which may be expected to be repeated until the present transportation companies have been supplanted by others more alive to the interests of the growing population of the Yukon.

There are two principal trading companies on the Yukon. The Alaska Commercial Company had monopolized the trade of the miners and Indians, until the formation of its formidable rival, the North American Trading and Transportation Company. Each of these companies has a fleet of light-draught steamers, with which the various forts along the river are supplied by way of St. Michaels, at the mouth of the river. The A. C. Company had always been in favor with the miners, and the new company had failed to supplant it in popular esteem. When the strike was made on Bonanza Creek on the Klondike, ten miles above Fort Reliance, both companies built large stores and warehouses at the new town of Dawson. When the miners came to put in their orders for the year's outfits, the more favorable prices of the N. A. T. Company induced them to forswear their allegiance, the A. C. Company receiving only a small number, while its rival was simply overwhelmed, the money being paid in advance and the orders guaranteed.

The N. A. T. had advertised extensively for the Klondike trade. They advised the river route as the best and safest, and assured intending miners that there was and would be nothing lacking of either necessities or luxuries, at reasonable prices, particularly setting forth that "there is now no more danger of starvation." They added the *Hamilton* to their other steamers, the *Weare* and the *Healy*. The *Hamilton* was advertised as guaranteed to receive the passengers of the *Cleveland*, but four days before the arrival of the latter at St. Michaels the *Hamilton* pulled out, ran down to the mouth of the river, where she took aboard twenty-seven passengers of the A. C. boat *Excelsior*, receiving therefor $90 for each passenger, and started up



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, 5.08 A.M., MAY 12, 1898.—DRAWN BY



BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

river. These were passengers that were to have gone on the steamboat *Alice*. The *Hamilton*, with 127 passengers, all told, started up the river, and got as far as the flats of the Yukon, eighty miles below Circle City, where she claimed the low water would not allow her to proceed further. She dropped down the river, taking some of the passengers as far as Meneck, others to St. Michaels, where they hoped to get inside. Sixty passengers of the *Cleveland* had bought for the sum of $12,000 a small steamer, called the *St. Michaels*, from the mission, and loaded her and a scow with thirty-five tons of provisions. The *Healy*, Captain Barr, arriving, they picked a volunteer crew of sixteen men, and started the *St. Michaels* up river, while the rest went aboard the *Healy* and started also. At the flats of the Yukon the *Healy* stopped. The A. C. boat *Alice* arrived at the dock at Fort Yukon at the same time. The two boats remained there two or three days, during which the captains of both boats went out in skiffs over the flats, made soundings, and reported that on account of the low water they would be able to proceed no farther. Captain Barr ordered every passenger with his baggage off his boat. He told them they were at their destination, his part of the contract was completed, and they might go to cutting wood for fuel, and for a large emergency cache they were about to build. Grub was offered for sale to passengers at Dawson prices, and a lot was disposed of. The contract, as stated by Captain Barr, was that the company was not to take the passengers farther than the river was navigable. He had the deck-hands put ashore the baggage of several who refused to go off the boat. The two boats spent several days unloading, and made ready to sail. There were about thirty of the *St. Michaels* people who wanted to go back and meet their boat, and about as many more who wanted to get to the mouth of the river. Barr demanded that they should pay fare, whereupon guns were pulled by the indignant miners, and bloodshed was narrowly averted. Captain Barr thereupon told these they could go back until they met the *St. Michaels*, which they did, and these got as far as Circle City. The *Alice* followed the *Healy* down the river, leaving most of her passengers at Fort Yukon.

TAPPAN ADNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HUGO GOTTFRIED, RED AXE OF THE WOLFMARK.

THEN cried Dessauer from the door to me as I stood thus holding my father in my arms:

"Haste you, lad; there are men coming across the yard with torches. They are gathering in groups about the door. Now they are on the stairs—many soldiers—and with weapons in their hands!"

And scarcely had he spoken, when the sound of the tramping of men in haste came to us up the turret, and the door of the garret was thrust violently open. A turmoil of men-at-arms burst in on us. I stood yet holding Gottfried Gottfried, his head on my shoulder, though I knew that he was dead. But as one came forward with a paper in his hand, I stooped and laid my father gently on his bed.

An officer of the Black Hussars, fantastically dressed in their church-yard array, with skull and cross-bones slashed in silver across his breast, accosted me:

"Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, in the name of the Duke Otho and the State of the Wolfmark I arrest you! Also you, Leopold von Dessauer, Chancellor of the Princedom of Plassenburg. You are accused as spies and enemies of the commonweal. Yield yourselves, therefore, to me without condition."

"I am indeed Hugo Gottfried," said I, "but you may see for yourselves the mission on which I have come hither. And for this hour, at least, you might have spared your brutal entry. Behold!"

I caught a torch from the nearest soldier, and let its light shine on the dead face of the fourteenth Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark.

The men started back. The terrible face of the dead affected them even more than the grim face of the Red Axe as they had seen him stalking from the Hall of Justice to the block.

"Ah!" said the officer, not wholly irreverently, "Gottfried Gottfried has gone now to the dark place to which he hath sent so many. But, after all, he is dead—and I heard a monkish clerk prate the other day, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' I have my orders, and the Duke Otho waits. Therefore I bid you follow me, Hugo Gottfried and Leopold von Dessauer."

So, leaving the body of my father lying on the bed in his garret, we were constrained to follow our captors down the stairs. Across the court-yard we were hurried, and through the Hall of Justice into the private apartments of the Duke.

Otho von Reuss, now Duke of the Wolfmark, was standing erect by the great chair, in which, as my father had so often described him to me, Casimir had sat so many days, with his head sunk on his breast. The new Duke stood up proudly, gazing at us with frowning brows and lowering, narrowed eyes. This was mighty fine, but I could not help thinking of the poor appearance he had made on the hill above the Hirsh Gasse as he slunk off when he saw an evil cause going desperately against him.

"So," he said, "gentlemen both, I have caught you spying in my land. You know what those have to expect who are thus caught in hostile territory in disguise."

I thought it was as well to take the high hand at once, especially since I saw that humility would avail us nothing at any rate.

"Before now I have seen Otho von Reuss in hostile territory, and a right cowed traitor he looked," said I, boldly.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

The Duke smiled upon me, like a man that has a complete retort on his tongue, but who is content for the present to reserve it.

"My friend," he said, suavely, "I will reply to you presently. I have a word to speak to your betters."

He turned him about to Dessauer.

"And what, Lord High Chancellor of Plassenburg, think you of this masquerading? Dignified, is it not? And your wondrous speech in court that was to have done such great things! Will you be pleased to abide with us here in the Wolfsberg? Or must you forsake us to pleasure the Emperor, who, poor man, cannot sleep in his bed at Ratisbon till the eloquent Doctor is come to cheer him with the full-flowing river of speech?"

"Duke Otho," said Dessauer, "my life is indeed in your hands. I hold it forfeit. A few years less or more are but little to Leopold von Dessauer now. But there is one who will most bloodily avenge us if a hair of our heads falls to the ground."

"Who?" said Otho, sneeringly. "Karl Miller's-Son, I suppose. Ah, fool that you are; I hold our poor Karl in the palm of my hand!"

"It is like enough," said Dessauer, with a quick look—the look of a keen fencer when he sees an advantage. "I have often enough seen the palm of your hand approach Karl Miller's-Son's treasury when I kept the moneys."

I saw the face of Otho twitch angrily. But he had evidently made up his mind to command his temper, sure of having that up his sleeve which would sufficiently answer all taunts.

"You mistake me," he said, with more subtlety than I had expected from the brute. "I had not meant to prove ungrateful. I am but newly come to my own here in the Wolfmark. I have learned from your host, Bishop Peter, how precious a thing forgiveness is. And I am resolved to practise it. There is a time to love and a time to hate, a time to war and a time to be at peace. This is the last news I had from the holy clerk. So lay it to heart, as I have done!"

"Glad am I," said Dessauer, courteously, as if he had been turning a phrase on the terrace at Plassenburg—"glad am I that in your hour you are to be mindful of old friends, for they are like old wine, which grows better and mellower with the years."

"It is indeed well," said Otho von Reuss, ironically. "I have known the Chancellor Dessauer many years, and he grows more honorable and more wise with each year.

"But now 'tis with this young man that I would speak," he said, changing his tone. "He at least is mine own servant, and so I have other words for him. Hugo Gottfried, you remember that you insulted me, striking me on the face with a glove, because I offered certain civilities to a maid of honor to the Princess of Plassenburg. You wounded me in the arm. Your father, of whose death I have heard but now, cast me forth like a cur-dog from a chamber window. Between you ye have shamed me, and would shame me worse—for the sake of the murderess of mine uncle, Duke Casimir."

"Well you know that the Lady Helene is innocent of that crime, or of any other," said I; "she is purer than your eyes can look upon or your heart conceive. Yet because she knows you for the foul thing you are—Helene lies in your dungeons to-night. I ask you to grant me but one boon—that I may die with her?"

"Nay, my friend, gentlest squire of dames, defender of the oppressed, I have better things in store for you and your maid than that."

He paused and looked a long while at me, as it seemed chewing the cud of revenge upon that which he had to say to me.

At last he came a step nearer, that he might look into my eyes.

"Hugo Gottfried," he said, slowly, "son of Gottfried Gottfried, you are my servant now. I said that I would forgive you all for the sake of old times in exile together. And now you and I are both again in our own land. They that kept us out of our offices are dead, and we standing in their places. There is a maid down there in the Wolfsberg dungeons who to-morrow must meet her doom."

He paused a moment, and laid his hand on my shoulder impressively.

"And you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Justicer of the Dukedom, Red Axe of the Wolfmark, art the man who must carry out that doom!"

Again he paused—and the world seemed instantly to dissolve into whirling vapor at his words. I had never thought of such a conclusion. Yet I was indubitably, by my father's death, Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark. Red Axe of Thorn I was, and I had returned in time to be installed in mine office, even as the Lady Ysolinde had foretold.

But a strong thought swelled triumphant in my heart.

"Well," said I, looking the sneering tormentor in the face, "if so be that I am your Hereditary Justicer, it will be long ere a sentence so monstrous shall be carried out by me. I will not slay the innocent nor pour out the blood of a virgin saint for a million deaths. You can torture me with all your hellish engines, and you will find that a Gottfried has learned how to suffer, as well as how to make others suffer, in fourteen generations. As God strengthens me, I will never carry out your sentence, do with me what you will."

"Nobly said, Justicer of the Mark!" said Otho. "I had thought of that! But in case you should refuse to do your lawful office, it may be well for you to remember that I have other instruments that mayhap will please you less."

He threw open a door suddenly, and we looked into an underground hall, where a dozen men were carousing—Hussars of Death, black-browed, evil-faced, slack-jowled villains, every man of them, cruel and sensual. A blast of ribald oaths came sulphurously up, as if the mouth of hell had been opened.

"Listen!" said Duke Otho, with his hand on my shoulder.

And a jest struck to our ears concerning the prisoner—the Little Playmate—a jest which sticks in my memory to this day. Even yet I hope to cleave the jester through the brain, meet him when I may.

The Duke shut the door, and turned to me again. His eyes narrowed to a thin line, which glittered with hate and triumph.

"If you, Hugo Gottfried, Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, refuse to do your duty, at the time appointed, upon the prisoner condemned, I, Duke Otho, solemnly declare that I will cast your fair and tender lamb into that den of wolves down there, to work their wills upon. Hark to them! They will have no misgivings—no qualms."

Then he turned to me airily and confidently.

"Well, my good Justicer, will you carry out the just and merciful sentence of the law, and baptize your Red Axe with the blood of her for whose sake you chose to insult and wound a Duke of the Mark?"

I turned away, sick at heart.

"Give me time. God's mercy—give me time!" I cried. "At least let me see Helene. I will give you my answer to-night. But, first of all, let me see my beloved."

"I am forgiving and most merciful," he said. "Observe, I do not even cast you into prison to make sure of you. Go your ways" (he sat down and wrote rapidly); "here is a pass which will enable you to visit the prisoner. At midnight I shall expect you to tell me that you will fulfil your office."

He handed me the paper and motioned us away.

"We are free to go?" said I, wonderingly.

"Surely," he replied, smiling. "Are you not both my friends, and can Otho von Reuss be forgetful of old times? Come and go at your pleasure. But be sure to be here to give me your answer at midnight to-night—or—"

He pointed with his hand to the door he had opened, and with the fingers of his other hand beat time to the blasphemous chorus which came up from below.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SERPENT'S BITE.

DAZED and death-stricken by the horror of the choice which lay before me, I hastened down the street, hardly waiting for Dessauer, who toiled vainly after me. I knew not what to do or where to turn. I could not think or speak. But it chanced that my steps brought me to the house of the Weiss Thor. Almost without any will of mine own I found myself raising the knocker of the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. Sir Respectable instantly appeared. I asked of him if the Lady Ysolinde would see me—giving my name plainly. For since Duke Otho knew me, there was no need of concealment any more.

The Lady Ysolinde would receive me.

I followed my conductor, but not this time to the room in which I had seen her on the occasion of my last visit.

It was in her father's chamber that I met the princess. The room was as I had seen it. Only there was no ascetic old man with keen deep-set eyes and receding forehead to rear his head back from the table as though he would strike across it like a serpent from its coil.

For the moment the room was empty, but ere I had time to look around, the curtains moved and the Lady Ysolinde appeared. Without entering, she set a hand on the door-post, and stood poised against the heavy curtain, waiting for me to speak.

Her face was pale, her nostrils dilated. Anger and scorn sat white and deadly on every feature.

"So," she said, intensely, as I did not begin, "you have come back already, most noble Hereditary Justicer of the Mark. Even as I told you—so it is. You come to ask mercy from the woman you despised, from the woman whose love you refused. You would beg her to spare her enemy. Ere you go I shall see you on your knees. Ah, that will be sweet! I have been on my knees—can I believe it? Nay, I shall not forget it. I, Ysolinde of Plassenburg, have pled in vain to you—to you!"

And the accent of chill hatred and malice turned me to stone.

"My lady," said I, "well do you know that I would never ask aught for my own life, though the Red Axe were at my neck. But it is for the maid I love, for the little child I carried out of the arms of the man condemned. I ask for her life, who never wronged you or any in all this world. You have heard that task which the Duke hath laid on me, because it is my misfortune to be my father's son—I must take away my love's sweet life, or if I do not—" I could proceed no farther for the horror which rose in my heart.

"I know it," she said, calmly; "my father hath told me."

"Then," cried I, "if the power lie with you, as you hope for mercy to your own soul, be merciful. Save the maiden Helene from the death of shame, and me from becoming her murderer!"

"Ah," she answered, with delicatest meditative inflection, "this is indeed sweet. The proud are suppliant now. The knee is bent that would not bend. Hearken, you and your puling babe, to the Princess Ysolinde! Were your lives in that glass to save or to destroy—her life and your suffering to make or to break—I would fling them to destruction, even as I throw this cup into the darkness!"

And as she spoke the wreathed beaker of Venice glass sped out of the window and crashed on the pavement without.

"Thus would I end your lives," she said, "for the shame that you two put upon me in the day of my weakness."

"Lady," I cried, eagerly, "you do yourself a wrong. Your heart is better than your word. Do this deed of mercy, I beseech you, if so be you can. And my life is yours forever!"

"Your life is mine, you say?" cried she. "Aye, and that means what? The wind that cries about the house. Your life is *mine*? It is a lie! Your life and love both are that chit's, for whom you have despised—rejected—ME!"

And I grant that she looked noble enough in her anger, as she stood discharging her words at me with hissing directness, like bolts shot twanging from the steel cross-bow.

"And lest you should think that I have not the power to save you, I will tell you this—when you shall see the neck bared for the blade of the Red Axe, the fine tresses you love, that your eyes look upon with desire, all ruthlessly cut away by the shears of your assistants—ah, I know you will remember that I, Ysolinde, whom you refused and slighted, had the power in her hand to deliver you both with a word, according to the immaculate laws of the Wolfmark. Aye, and more—power to raise you both to a pinnacle of bliss such as you can hardly conceive. In that hour, when you see me look down upon your anguish, you will know that I can speak the word. You will watch my lips till the axe falls and the young life ebbs red. But the lips of Ysolinde will be silent."

"Such knowledge is an easy boast, Lady Ysolinde," I answered, thinking to taunt her, that she might reveal whether indeed she had the power she claimed.

"There!" she said, pointing to the great collection of black-bound books and papers about the walls; "see, the secret is there—the secret for the lack of which you shall strike your beloved to the death to save her from the unnamable shame. I know it; my father has revealed it to me. I have seen the parchment in these hands. But—you shall never hear it, she never profit by it, and my vengeance shall be sweet—so sweet!"

And she laughed with a strange laugh that it was a pain to hear.

"God forgive you, Lady Ysolinde." said I, "if this be so. For if there be a God, you must burn in Great Hell for this deed you are about to do. Having had no mercy on the innocent, how shall you ask God to have mercy on you?"

"I will not ask Him," she cried. "Instead I will have had my revenge. And after that, earth, heaven, or hell, I shall not care. All will then be the same to Ysolinde."

I thought I would try her yet once more.

"The Little Playmate," I said, "the maid whom I have ever loved, though I am not worthy to touch her, is no chance child, no daughter of the Red Axe of Thorn. Leopold von Dessauer hath found and sent to Karl the Prince the full proofs that Helene is the daughter of the last and rightful Prince, and therefore in her own right Princess of Plassenburg."

"You lie, fool," she cried, "you lie! You think to frighten me. And even if it were true—thrice, four times fool, to tell me! For shall not I, the reigning Princess of Plassenburg, the wife of the reigning Prince, stand for my own name and dignity? I would not help you now though a thousand fair heads, well beloved, the desire of men, were to be rolled in the dust."

"Then farewell, Princess," I cried; "you are wronging to the death of deaths two that never did you wrong, who loved each other with the love of man and woman before ever you crossed their paths, and who since then have sought your good. You wrong God also, and you lose your soul, divorcing it from the mercy of the Saviour of men. For be very sure that with that measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

She did not answer, but stood with her hand still against the door-post and her head raised scornfully, looking after me, as I retired, with a smiling and malicious pleasure.

Without further speech I went out from the presence of the Lady Ysolinde. And so she had the first part of her revenge.

CHAPTER L.

THE DUNGEON OF THE WOLFSBERG.

AND now I must see the Little Playmate. Judge ye whether or no my heart was torn in twain as I went up the long High Street of Thorn back to the Wolfsberg, alone. For I had compelled Dessauer to return to Bishop Peter's, in order to avert suspicion, since our real names and errands were not yet known there.

And when I parted from him the old man was so worn out that I looked momently for him to drop on the rough causeway stones of the street.

Many pictures of my youth passed before me as I mounted towards the castle that night. I remembered the ride of the wild horsemen returning from the raid such long years agone, the old man who carried the babe, and the Red Axe himself who now lay dead in the Tower—my father, Casimir's Justicer, clad in crimson from head to heel.

Erelong I arrived at the Wolfsberg, and as I came near the Red Tower I saw that the gate was open. A little crowd of men with swords and partisans were issuing tumultuously from it. Then came six carrying a coffin. I stood aside to let them pass. And not till the last one brushed me did I ask what was their business abroad with a dead man at such a time of the night.

"'Tis one that had wrought much fear in his time," answered the soldier, for I had lighted on a sententious fellow; "one that made many swift ends, and now has come to one himself."

"You mean Gottfried Gottfried, the Duke's Justicer?" said I.

"Aye," he replied; "the Duke Otho is mightily afraid of the plague, and will not have a dead body overnight in his castle. Since they condemned the Saint Helene, God wot, the Duke is a fear-stricken man. He sleeps with half a dozen Black Riders at the back of his door, as though that made him any safer if a handful of minted gold were dealt out among the rascals. But when was a Prince ever wise?"

"My father's funeral," thought I. "Well, 'let the dead bury their dead'; Helene is yet alive!"

Surely I am not wanting in feeling, yet my heart was chill and cold. Nevertheless, I turned and followed the procession a little way towards the walls. But as I went, lo! the bell of the Wolfsberg slowly and brazenly clanged ten. I stopped. I had but two hours in which to visit the Little Playmate and tell her all.

"Good-by, father," said I, standing with my hat off; "so you would wish me to do—you who met God standing up—you who did an ill business greatly, because it was yours and you were born to it. Teach me, my father, to be worthy of you in this strait, to the like of which surely never was man brought before!"

The men-at-arms clattered roughly down the street, shifting their burden as if it had been much kindling-wood, and quarrelling as to their turns. I heard their jests coming clear up the narrow street far away.

I stood still as they approached a corner about which they must turn.

I waved my hand to the coffin.

"Fare you well, true father; to-night and to-morrow may God help me also, like you, to meet my fate standing up!"

And the curve of the long street hid the ribald procession. My father was gone. I had made choice. The dead was burying his dead.

I went towards the prison of the Wolfsberg; so it was nominated by a sort of grim superiority in that place which was all a prison, the castle which had lorded it so long over the red clustered roofs and stepped gables of Thorn, solely because it meant prisonment and death to the rebel or the refuser of the Duke's exactions.

Often had I seen the straggling procession of prisoners rise, head following head, up from that weary staircase, my father standing by, as they came up from the cells, counting his victims silently like a shepherd who tells his flock as they pass through a gap in the sheepfold.

For me, alas! there was but one in that dread fold to-night. And she my one ewe lamb who ought to have lain in my bosom.

I clamored long at the gate ere I could make the jailer hear. As the minutes slipped away I grew more and more wild with fear and anger. At midnight I must face the Duke, and it was after ten—how long I knew not, but I feared every moment that I might hear the brazen clang as the hammer struck eleven.

For time seemed to make no impression on me at all that night.

At last the man came, shuffling, grumbling, and cursing, from his truckle-bed.

"What twice condemned drunken roisterer may you be that hath mistaken the prison of Duke Otho for a trull-house?

"An order from Duke Otho—to see a prisoner? Come to-morrow, then, and meanwhile depart to Gehenna. Must a man be forever at the beck and call of every sleepless sot? 'Urgent,' was the Duke's mandate? Shove it through the lattice, that a lantern may flash upon it."

I pushed under the door a broad piece of gold, which proved more to the purpose.

The door was opened and I showed my pass. That and the gold together worked wonders.

The jailer rattled his keys, donned a hood and woollen wrapper, and went coughing before me down the chill, draughty passages. I could hear the prisoners leaping from their couches within as the light of his cresset filtered beneath their doors. What hopes and fears stirred them! A summons, it might be, to some one in that dread warren to come up for a last look at the stars, a walk to the heading-place through the soft velvet-dark night—then the block, the lightning flash of bright steel, the drench of something sweet like wine upon the lips, and—silence, rest, oblivion.

But we passed the prison doors one by one, and the jailer of the Wolfsberg went coughing and rasping by to another part of the prison.

"'Tis an ill place for chills," he said. "I have never been free of them since first I came to this place, nor my wife neither. She has been dead these ten years, praises to the Pyx! Ah, would you?" (The torch threatened to go out, so he held it downward in his hand till the pitch melted and caught again, and we stood blinded in the smoke and glare which the strong draught forced in our faces.)

At last—the door, a low iron-spiked grating, like any other of the hundred we had passed.

"Key-metal is not often weared on this cell," the man chuckled. "Those stay not long aboveground that bide here."

The door swung back on its creaking hinges. I slipped the fellow another gold piece.

"I must come in with you," he said; "you might do the wench an ill turn which would cheat the Duke of his show to-morrow!"

I slipped him another piece of gold, and then three together.

"Risk it, man," I said. "Have I not the Duke's pass? I will do her no harm."

"Well," he said, "pray remember I am a man with five motherless children. My wife died of falling down a flight of steps ten years agone—praise the Lord for His mercies! He is ever mindful of us, the sinful children of men."

The sound of his voice died away as the door closed. I turned, and was alone with the beloved. The jailer had stuck the cresset in its niche behind the door, and its glow filled the little cell.

At first I could not see the Little Playmate—only a rough pallet bed and something white at the head of it. But as the cresset burned up more clearly, and my eyes became accustomed to the bleared and streaky light, I saw Helene, my love, kneeling at her bed's head.

I stood still and waited. Was she asleep? Was she—was she dead? I almost hoped that she might be. Then the Duke's vengeance would be balked indeed.

"Helene!" I said, softly, as one speaks to the dying; "Helene—dear, dear Helene!"

Slowly she looked up. Her face dawned on me as one day the face of the blessed angel will shine when he calls me out of purgatory.

"My love—my love!" she said, sweetly, like the first note of a hymn when the choir breathes the sweet music rather than sings it.

Ah, Lord of Innocence, that pure loving face, the deepness in the eyes, the flush on the cheek as on that of a little child asleep, the soft curled hair which lay in the hollow of the neck—the throat itself—

Eternal God, that I should be alive to think of the horror!

But time was passing swiftly. The minutes were slipping by like men running for their lives.

I raised Helene from her knees, and she nestled her head on my shoulder.

"You have come to me! I knew you would come. I saw you on the day—the day when they condemned me to die."

I broke into an angry, desperate, protesting cry, so that I heard my own voice ring strangely through that dumb, horrible place. And I sobbed in her arms with my head on her shoulder.

"Hush, dear love," she said, clasping her arms caressingly about my head; "do not fear for me. God will keep your little one. God has told me that He will bring me bravely through. Hush thee, then; do not so, Hugo, great playmate! This I cannot bear. Help me to be good. It will not be long or painful. Do not weep for your little girl! I think somehow it is for our love that I suffer, and that will make it sweet!"

But still I sobbed like a child. For how—how could I tell her?

Presently the power returned slowly to me, seeing her smiling so bravely up at me, and rising on tiptoe to kiss my wet face.

Then I told her all—in what words I hardly remember now.

"Love of mine," I said, "I have but an hour or less to speak with you—and, ah! such terrible things, such inconceivable things, to say; a horror to reveal such as never lover had to tell his love before."

She drew one of my hands down and softly patted her breast with it.

"Fear not," she said; "tell it to Helene. If it be true that love conquers all, your little lass can bear it!"

"I came," said I, "with purpose to see you, and by treachery (it skills not to ask whose) I was taken at my dead father's bedside."

"Our father dead?" she cried, going a step away to look at me, but coming back again immediately; "then there are but you and me in the world, Hugo?"

"Aye," said I; "but how can I tell you all? My father died like a man, and then they took me, still holding the dead in my arms. I was confronted with a fiend of hell in the likeness of Duke Otho."

As I mentioned the Duke's name I could feel her shudder on my neck.

"And— But I cannot tell you what he has bidden me do, under penalties too fearful to conceive or speak of."

She put her hands up, and gently, timidly, lovingly stroked my cheek.

"Dear love, tell me! Tell the Little Playmate!" she said, as simply and sweetly as if she had been coaxing me to whisper to her some lightest secret of our plays together in the old Red Tower.

I was silent for a space; and then, spurred by the thought of the swiftly passing time, the words were wrenched out of me.

"He says that I—even I, Hugo Gottfried, my father's son, being now hereditary Red Axe of the Wolfmark—must strike off the head of the one I love. And if I will not, then to the vilest of devils for vilest ends he will deliver her. Ah, God, and he would do it, too! I saw the flame of hell's fire in his eyes."

Then I that write saw a strange appearance on the face that looked up in mine. As on a dark April day, with a lowering sky, you have seen the wind suddenly stir high in the heavens, and the sun look through on the dripping green of the young trees and the bourgeoning of the flowers, so, looking on my love's face as she took in my words, there awakened a kind of spring-time joy. Nay, wherefore need I say a kind of joy only? It was more. It was great, overleaping, sudden-springing gladness. Her eyes swam in lustrous beauty. She smiled up at me as I had never seen her smile before.

"Oh, I am glad, Hugo, so glad! I love you, Hugo! It will be hard for you, my love. And yet you will be brave and help me. I had far rather die at your hand than live to be the bride of the greatest man in all the world. Do that which will save me from shame; do it gladly, Hugo. I fear what I saw in the eyes of that man, Otho von Reuss. But *only* to die will be easy. For I love you Hugo. And I could just say a prayer, and then—well, and then—Do not cry, Hugo—why then you would put me to sleep, even as of old you did in the Red Tower?

"Nay, nay, dear love! You must not do so. This is not like my Hugo. See! I do not cry. Do you remember when you took me up and laid me on your bed? And our father came and looked. You said I was your little wife. So I was, even though I denied it, and now I can trust you, my husband. I have never been aught else but your little wife, you see—not in my heart, not in my heart of hearts!

"I have been proud with you, Hugo—spoken unkind things. For love, you know, is like that. It hurts that which it would die for. But now you will know once for all that I love you. For death tests all. And you *will* help me. You will not cry then, Hugo—not then when we walk, you and I, by the shores of the great sea. You will only send me a little voyage by myself, as you used to make me go to the well in the court-yard to teach me not to be frightened!

"And then you will be with me when I go. You will watch me; soon, soon you will come after me. Yes, I am glad, Hugo, so glad. For—bend down your ear, Hugo—I will confess. Your little girl is such a coward. She is afraid of the dark. But it will not be dark—and it will not be long, and it will be sure. If my love stand by I shall not fear. And it is but a little thing to do for my love when I love him so."

What I said or what I did I know not. But when I came a little to myself, I found my head on her knee, and Helene soothing and petting me as if I had been a child that had fallen down and hurt itself.

"I would have been a good wife to you, Hugo; I had thought it all out. At first I would have been such an ignorant little housekeeper, and you would have needed—oh, such great patience with me! But so willing, so ready, Hugo! And how I should have listened for your foot. I used to know it as it came across the court-yard at Plassenburg. But I could not run and meet you then. I could only slip behind the window-lattice and throw you a kiss. But when I was indeed your wife, how I would have flown to meet you!"

I think I cried out here for very agony.

"Hush, Hugo!" she said. "Hush, lad, and listen. There are stairs up aloft—I saw them in a dream. I saw the angels ascending and descending as I prayed, even when you came in to call me back. I shall ask God to let me wait at the stair-head a little while for you—till it should be time for you to come, my dear—my dear! You would not be very long, and I could wait. I would listen for your feet upon the stair, dear love. And when at last you came, I should know your footfall—yes, I should know it ever so far away. You would not be thinking of me just then. And when you came to the top of the golden stairs, there—there all so suddenly would be your little lass with her arms ready to welcome you!"

The door of the cell creaked open.

The jailer appeared. "It is time," he said, curtly, and stood waiting. We stood up, and I looked in her eyes. She was smiling, dry-eyed, but I—the water was running down my face.

"You will be brave, Hugo, for my sake. Next to life with you—to die by your dear hand, knowing that you love me, is the best gift they could have given me. They thought to hurt, but instead they have made me so happy. Till we meet again, dear love—till we meet soon again."

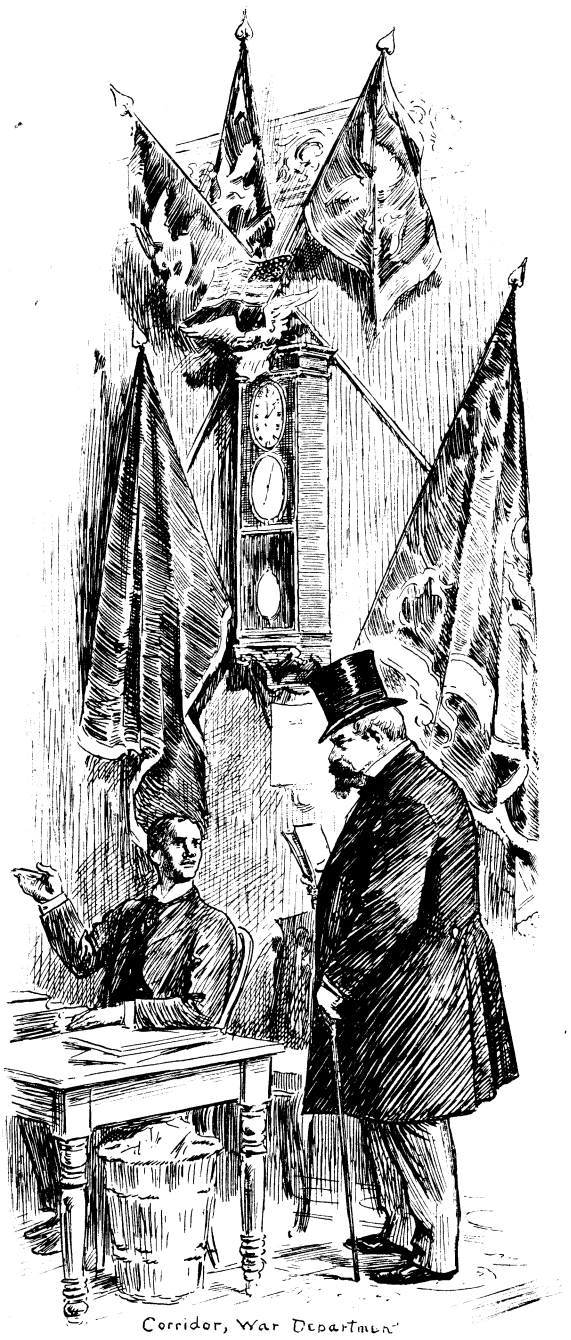
And she went with me to the door, and kissed me as I went out, standing smilingly on tiptoe to do it, even as of old in the Red Tower.

And the last thing I saw of her, as the door closed upon the darkness of the cell, was my love standing smiling up at me, with her eyes filled with the splendors of the love that casteth out fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



In Asst. Secy of War Meiklejohn's Room



Corridor, War Department



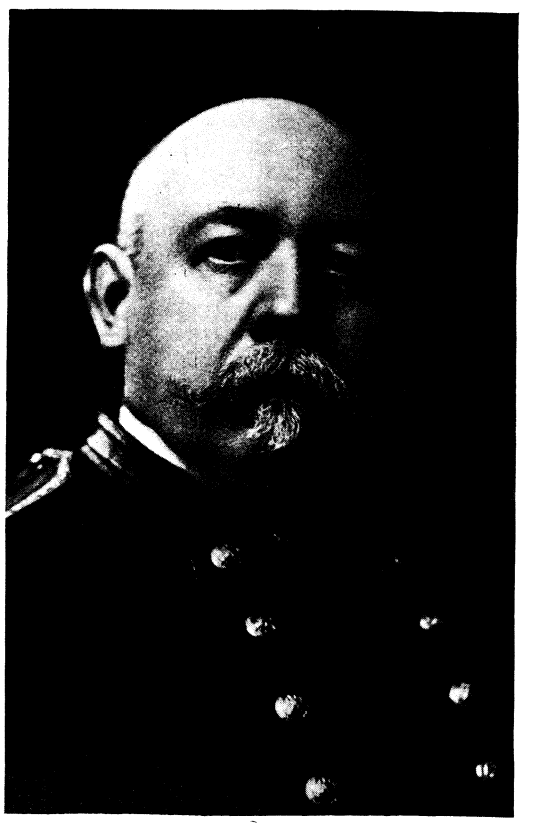
Correspondent's Corner — Navy Department.

AT THE NERVE-CENTRES OF WAR—SCENES IN THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS, WASHINGTON.

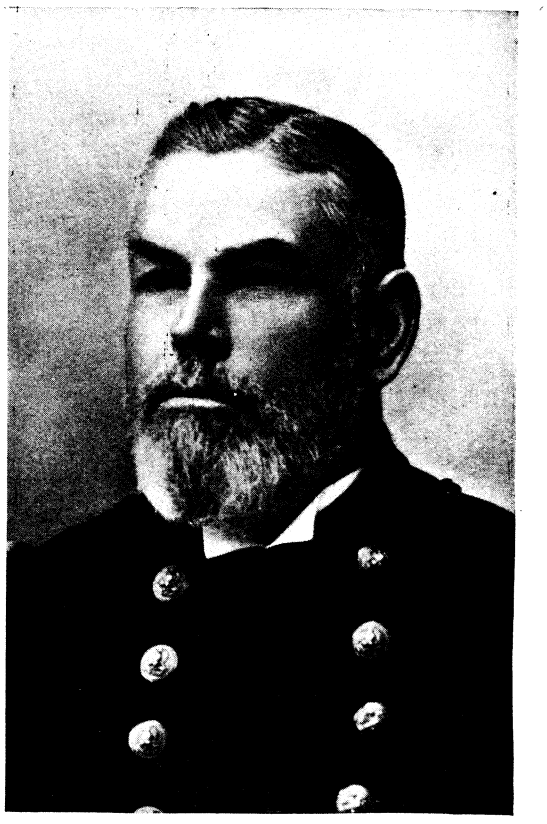
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



COMMANDER CHARLES J. TRAIN, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Prairie."



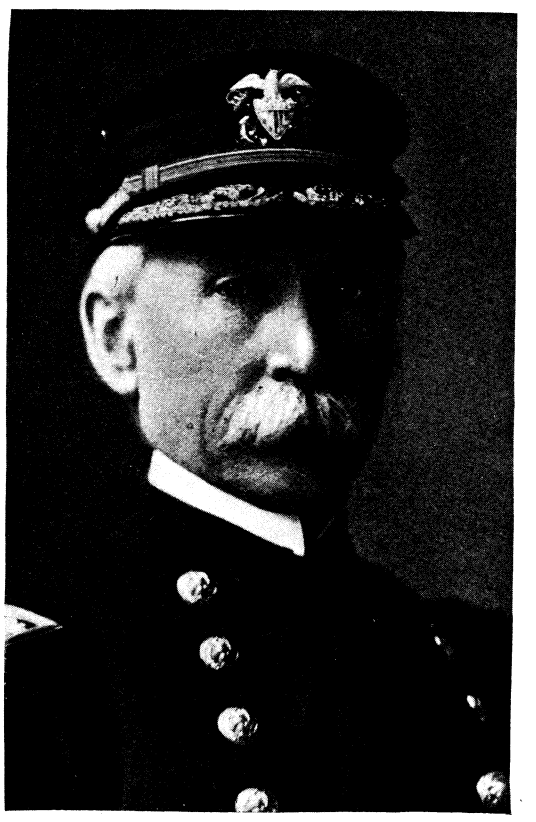
COMMANDER HENRY E. NICHOLS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bennington."
Photograph by Bushnell.



CAPTAIN MORTIMER L. JOHNSON, U.S.N.,
U. S. Monitor "Miantonomoh."



COMMANDER ROBERT E. IMPEY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Sterling" (Collier).



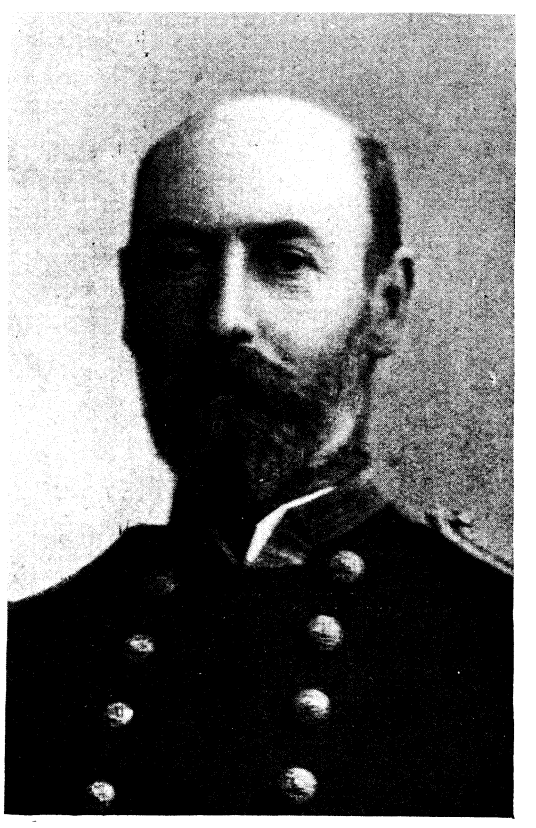
COMMODORE JOHN CRITTENDEN WATSON, U.S.N.,
Commanding Cuban Blockading Squadron.
Copyright, 1898, by F. Gutekunst.



COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Gunboat "Bancroft."



CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. FOLGER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "New Orleans."



COMMANDER CHARLES H. DAVIS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Dixie."



CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "Newark."

PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.

IN CAMP AT TAMPA.

With the Troops under Canvas, *May 22, 1898.*

Down here we are sweltering day and night, with the thermometer ninety-eight in the shade. Nobody dares complain, for fear of appearing unpatriotic. Still, it will do us no harm to hear a little of the truth, for this affair is turning out just as officers of the regular army have foreseen.

Here we are thirty days after the declaration of war, and not a regiment is yet equipped with uniforms suitable for hot weather. The Cuban patriots and other cigar-makers look happy in their big Panama hats and loose linen trousers, but the United States troops sweat night and day in their cowhide boots, thick flannel shirts, and winter trousers. In addition to this they wear a tunic at inspections—a piece of torture.

Who is responsible for this? No one knows.

The poor men have to sleep on the ground in the heavy, dirty sand. Their sweaty clothing picks it up, and their food is full of it. Every whiff of hot air blows fine dust about, and every horse, cart, or even passing person adds discomfort to men already miserable. How little it would cost to have the camp sprinkled once or twice a day! Or at least the government might have provided rough boards from which the men could have sawed themselves a few feet of flooring.

We are in the habit of pitying the soldier of Europe as hardly treated. For downright neglect, I have seen nothing to beat the way the American is treated by Uncle Sam.

Who is responsible for this meanness which is seriously affecting the health of our men?

In this hot climate we yearn for fresh fruit and vegetables, for anything that will quench thirst and at the same time cool the blood. Meat and all heating things we try to avoid by a wise instinct. The troops, however, are supplied with only that which is most unseasonable—greasy pork, and beans of that brown quality that makes one ready to spend the rest of the day in a watermelon-patch. I found officers with nothing but these rations, because the commissary had nothing else, and they could not afford to send for other things from the town. Is it a wonder that the men develop abnormal thirst, and rush off to satisfy this craving as best they can—some with plain water, some with milk-shakes, some with beer, some with other compounds? The result is that already the camp doctors are busy every morning with men and officers suffering from varying degrees of dysentery. We hush this up as well as we can, but to do so altogether is impossible. Who is responsible? No one can tell.

The war is thirty days in swing. It took less time than that for Germany to put half a million well-trained men on the French frontier in 1870. To-day we look in vain for a single regiment fit to take the field. We hear much in the political organs of throwing fifty thousand men over into Cuba and taking Havana, yet here we are drilling recruits and waiting for regiments to fill up. The strength of a regiment is nominally twelve hundred men. As a matter of fact, the average number is less than six hundred. Who is responsible? Every day raw recruits are dumped down here out of an incoming train, and they are taken out into the deep sand, and made to move their legs up and down until exhausted nature cries out for rest. Drill sergeants and recruits soon lose their taste for calisthenics in the roasting pine barrens of Tampa. The ordinary man asks why were not these recruits licked into shape up in the cool North, and sent down properly clothed and armed. Who is responsible? If the invasion should take place to-morrow, half the men would be in civilian dress, raw recruits who had probably never before had a gun in their hands.

Tampa is a seaport town, and therefore one might have expected that our superheated troops would have been so located as to enjoy a salt-water bath at least once a day. One or two regiments near Port Tampa have managed to locate near the beach, but the bulk of the troops are so far from the water that the journey to and fro robs them of any benefit they might otherwise derive from a swim. In parenthesis, let me explain that the fine dusty sand of Tampa is impregnated with charcoal dust, owing, no doubt, to the pine barrens of this neighborhood having been burned over. Thus our men in camp perspire streaks of black down their faces and necks. The government provides them no bath-houses, not even a trough at which they may take baths by instalments. So far the weather has been oppressively hot and dry. It will be a miracle if disease does not break out when the rains begin.

These matters are obvious even to the layman. They are not necessitated by the present state of war. While Uncle Sam's boys are parching for fresh food and vegetables, train-loads are leaving Florida filled with succulent fruit for Northern markets.

The great need at present, to prevent needless suffering amongst our men, is a proper organization of the commissary department and staff generally. The army is lumbered up with civilian staff-officers whose duty it is to see that our men are properly located and taken care of. The colonels and captains of the individual regiments are powerless in this matter; they can but obey the orders of their superiors on the staff.

In European armies staff-officers are selected from the most highly educated of the army. They have to pass special examinations in order to test their fitness for a variety of special duties of the most important kind; and of all important duties, the German officer regards the care of the men's health as the most important. When a German regiment marches to war, the staff-officer goes ahead to lay out a proper camping-ground, to provide wood and water, and in other respects to make the regiment about to arrive as comfortable as possible. When the weary men arrive they have but to cook their supper and curl up to sleep.

The United States troops who arrive in Tampa are dumped out at a railway siding like so many emigrants. No staff-officer prepares anything in advance for them. Regiments go off in any direction that suits them, looking for the nearest place where they may cook their pork and beans.

I am no pessimist. I have been camping with regulars, living their life, eating their food, and noting their courage and discipline under fire. In all the armies of Europe there are no better soldiers, man for man, than those of the United States infantry, and nowhere have I known officers who commanded more cheerfully the respect and obedience of their men.

On the other hand, in no army of Europe, not even in Spain, have I seen troops so badly treated through the incompetence of staff-officers, who to-day are strutting about in new uniforms, when they ought to be whistled out of camp as frauds.

Let us turn now from the matter of health and comfort to that of military efficiency.

The war authorities have crowded together in and about Tampa several thousand men on the plausible pretext that in a big camp of this kind the troops could be exercised in large bodies, and the superior officers thus get familiar with brigade and divisional formation. We must bear in mind that most of our troops have never since the civil war been brought together in larger bodies than a few companies at a time. Many colonels of regiments have never until this war seen all their men together on a parade-ground. Brigadier-generals have been created who have never seen the regiments that are to constitute their brigade. We have for this war laid out a complicated scheme of army organization, and intrusted the working of it in most instances to men who scarcely know the manual of arms.

Let us tell the truth, disagreeable as it is. We are strong enough to bear it, and to profit by it.

While the nation has been patriotically voting men and money for this campaign of alleged philanthropy, promotions have not been made wholly from deserving officers whose lives have been spent in active military work, but from the ranks of politicians, who may have had a smattering of militia drill, or may have worn a uniform forty years ago.

To-day, thirty days after the declaration of war, there has not been held at Tampa a single military field exercise likely to be of service to generals of brigade or division, let alone an army corps. The main reason is, no doubt, that there are no brigadiers or major-generals in Tampa who would know how to go to work in the matter.

General Wheeler, for instance, is supposed to be the dashing leader of a cavalry division. I admire the venerable warrior of the Confederacy, and his appointment is a beautiful tribute to the new spirit pervading North and South. But his place is in Washington, on a strategic board, not in the field, where young blood is needed. Besides, to put General Wheeler in charge of troops to-day is like putting on board a modern ironclad a naval officer whose knowledge of the sea was gained exclusively in the days of Farragut.

Aside from the incompetence of nearly every general so far manufactured by act of Congress, the heat of Tampa is so oppressive that a field-day of any kind is almost out of the question. The men would scarce be able to march to the manœuvring-ground and back, let alone go through fighting operations. As it is, the individual battalions have all that can be expected of them in merely dragging themselves out of camp in the early morning and going through a few exercises in a neighboring field, and then returning to spend the day sweltering in their tents until the sun goes down.

What superfluous energy there is must be given to drilling the newly arrived recruits.

What is now imperative, if the troops are to be brought into an efficient condition, is to put them at once on transports and bring them up North to a big camp of exercise on the most bracing part of our coast, say about Narragansett. Here they could be properly drilled in anticipation of an invasion of Cuba in November.

Here generals might learn the elementary duties of their new grades. Instead of our men losing their vitality from day to day, as they are at present doing, they would be storing up health.

Up in the North the people would more readily see the gross manner in which our brave troops are being exploited by politicians. If people up North could see what I have been seeing, there would be a cry of indignant protest throughout the country.

There is a German military attaché at Tampa noting all these things; and what is concealed from the American people in the North is carefully sent to Europe.

Nothing, I am sure, is so well calculated to encourage Spain in her obstinate resistance as the knowledge that our military resources are being squandered as recklessly as were those of France in 1870.

Finally, let us insist that for the successful conduct of a war there must be one man, and one man only, responsible for the command. To-day no one is in command. There are half a dozen people in Washington pretending to be directing operations. General Miles sits at the War Department, with no more influence than his doorkeeper.

There is no head to the army. The railway, express, telegraph, steamship, and other corporations are getting fat out of this war; so are all contractors who deal with politics. The more inefficient the army, the better it suits them. If this war should be dragged out for a year or so they would be more than delighted. Meanwhile brave boys in blue will be dying in the heat of Tampa, to say nothing of the Cuban swamps. And newspapers will be telling the same old lie—that all this is the inevitable consequence of war.

But it is no such thing. The United States army has competent officers. They are, however, not consulted.

There are those who hold that it is unpatriotic to lay bare the faults of the army at a time when the enemy may profit by the news. My answer is that the enemy already knows all this much better than do the people whose money is paying for this war. In times of peace our army has begged Congress to vote money enough to make the regiments effective. Even as late as January of this year our representatives declined to vote most pressing measures for making our fighting forces adequate. When the war came, not a single regiment of our army was at its full strength, not a single gun at Sandy Hook was provided with ammunition, not a single mine was ready to be put down in the channel of our greatest seaport. Our press cried "On to Havana!" just as the Paris press cried "A Berlin!" yet at the same time not a single regiment of either regulars or volunteers was equipped for war.

We can thrash Spain any time we choose. But just now it would do us all much more good to discover why, thirty days after war is declared, our troops are losing their vitality in Florida, with not a single regiment fit to take the field.

Poultney Bigelow.

FACTS ABOUT MODERN ORDNANCE.

The average velocity with which the projectiles leave the muzzles of modern American naval guns is about 2100 feet per second, when full service charges are used. This is equivalent to the enormous speed of nearly 24 statute miles per minute, and is not materially diminished at the ordinary fighting range of two miles or less.

The amount of energy contained in a mass of steel, weighing all the way up to 1100 pounds, moving at this rate, is appalling. For the 1100-pound projectile, which is that of the 13-inch breech-loading rifles on the battleships of the *Indiana* class, this energy is equal to that developed in lifting 33,000 tons a distance of one foot. In other words, as the *Indiana*, with all equipment, stores, crew, etc., on board, weighs about 10,300 tons, this energy of a single shot from one of her big guns would more than suffice to lift three vessels like her to a height of a foot.

It is very easy for any one to calculate the energy of a projectile. It is equal to its weight multiplied by the square of its velocity divided by twice the force of gravity, the mathematical formula being $E=\frac{wv^2}{2g}$, g being 32.2.

Assuming that 2100 feet per second is the constant muzzle velocity, the muzzle energy, in foot-tons, of any American gun may be quickly found by simply multiplying the weight (in pounds) of its projectile by 30.6. Thus the muzzle energy of the 6-inch rifle, the projectile of which weighs 100 pounds, is 3060 foot-tons.

"Cannon-balls" are now obsolete, all modern projectiles being long and pointed. Solid shot is rarely used, the common forms being shell and shrapnel. A shell has a bursting charge of powder inside of it, and so has shrapnel, but the latter also has in it a number of small shot, which scatter when it is exploded. Both are exploded by fuses, either on impact or at the expiration of a fixed time, according as a percussion or a time fuse is used. Armor-piercing shells, however, have no fuses, being exploded by the heat generated in passing through armor.

Guns are fired by means of primers, either percussion or electric. The recoil is taken up by means of hydraulic cylinders, in which a piston, moving with the gun, is checked by a liquid cushion.

The powder used in the larger guns is really not powder at all, but a collection of hexagonal prisms, about an inch in diameter, and brown in color. Smokeless powder comes in sticks resembling mouth-glue, or some kinds of taffy. The old-fashioned black powder is now used only for saluting purposes, or as bursting charges for shells, although some of the many higher explosives are now often used in the latter, in which cases their destructive power is greatly enhanced.

Arthur Dutton.

THE ARMY READY TO FIGHT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, Florida, *May 26, 1898.*

Just as we are joyously settling, after many cruel disappointments, to the belief that Cervera and his fleet are snugly trapped in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, along comes a report that the wily Spaniard is really at Cienfuegos.

Reports of such bewildering nature have assailed us within the last three days that acute melancholy and the merciless Florida sun are rapidly driving us into the last ditch. One hour we are told a terrific battle is raging off Cape Haitien, and the next we find the Spanish fleet at Santiago, or off Curaçao, or even Cienfuegos.

So long, however, as the "yellow" bulletin-board or the Madrid despatches, *viâ* Washington, do not spirit the Spanish fleet to the coast of Patagonia or into Hudson Bay, we think there is yet hope of retaining our equilibrium.

The value of our fast scout-ships in keeping track of the Spanish admiral's flittings hither and yon is at once obvious and incalculable. Really the most comforting bulletin I have seen since coming to Tampa is one posted this evening in the office window of the local paper, and reading, "Latest—We don't know a thing, and doubt if any one else does."

A truthful editor at last. And now let the war go on. As a matter of fact, the reports which have reached us here affirming the Spanish fleet to be inside and the American squadron outside the Santiago Harbor bear more the stamp of authenticity than any I have yet received. There is good reason to believe Cervera would put in at Santiago, and as Schley had sailed from Key West for the Caribbean Sea side of Cuba before I left there last week, he would reach Santiago at about the date he was reported to be there. Sampson, sailing from Key West two days after Schley's departure, could also be off Santiago long before now.

If Cervera is indeed within the harbor, he has supplemented several weeks of very smart manœuvring by a final move which must be considered a feeble one. That is to say, feeble if his ardor to meet the American ships is as intense as the despatches from Madrid would have us believe.

To scurry into the narrow Santiago Harbor was no doubt necessary, but to stop there long enough for the enemy, of whom he had at least two days' start, to overhaul him, can be explained only by events yet to come. Perhaps Cervera had no coal, or some machinery needed repairs; or perhaps, again, he is not so keen to fight as we have heard. At all events, there he is in a harbor admirably situated for refuge. The town of Santiago is about six miles from the sea, on a small bay that is only reached through an inlet a mile or thereabouts in length, and so narrow that only one large ship may enter at a time. As this passageway will undoubtedly be heavily mined, Cervera is certainly, for the present, safe from pursuit. On the other hand, the presence of the American fleet on the outside, where it commands by night as well as by day, cuts off all hope of his escape. Perhaps Cervera thought Schley or Sampson would emulate Dewey, but the entrances to Santiago and to Manila are dissimilar. The American fleet may drop some shells into Santiago Harbor in the hope of harrying the Spaniards, but unless the latter are so eager to fight as to tempt their venturing outside as the army co-operates with our fleet, a blockade of Santiago of indefinite duration seems the only imme-

diate outlook. It rather looks as if Cervera was not so foolish, after all.

His innermost conviction probably assured him of annihilation eventually, and he concluded his best game to be giving all the bother he could rather than seeking quick engagement and inevitable defeat. He has played his game well—and to the limit. It is now our lead. Having therefore bottled the Spanish fleet, it seems fitting to ask what we propose next. Shall we delay (what, again?) proposed operations in Cuba while we maintain a blockade until the Spaniards, driven to desperation by hunger, seek death more honorable by fighting than by starvation? Shall we land troops near Santiago and co-operate with our ships of war, or shall we leave Commodore Schley as the cork to the Santiago bottle, and set in motion that army of invasion which has long awaited the settlement of Cervera's fleet?

The Spanish fleet, being trapped and amply guarded, can no longer be considered a menace. It would be wasting time and effort to land troops at Santiago, for the main issue of this campaign is the taking of Havana, and as it looks now, this war will not be over until the Cuban capital surrenders, and the war will end with the fall of that city. All this being so, the cue now seems to be for an immediate, vigorous, and aggressive policy.

There has been much criticism of the policy pursued thus far, and as usual those with least reason for being heard have been the loudest and the most persistent talkers.

Undoubtedly there has been occasion for some criticism; it would be extraordinary indeed had there not been. But in my very humble opinion, formed on a careful following of events since the declaration of war by the United States against Spain, very little has been left undone to put a great resourceful, if wholly unprepared, country in position to wage its war with the smallest chance of its dignity or forces meeting reverses.

This great country could ill afford to rush impetuously into any engagement where even a momentary check was likely to be experienced. Nor could we fail of giving so insignificant an opponent as Spain every possible opportunity of withdrawing from combat so unequal and so certain in its conclusion. Therefore the policy has been one of moderation, giving Spain many chances to escape the direct consequence of the inevitable, and giving us time to collect our forces, so that when we did set forth on a vigorous offensive by sea and on land, no untoward results might belittle our position before the world.

I believe that any other policy would have been unwise and hazardous; unquestionably the administration has delayed invasion of Cuba not only because it hoped the annihilation of Cervera's fleet might be followed by the capitulation of Havana, and the consequent end of the war, but because we were totally unprepared to assume the aggressive in a strange land, where the enemy numbered one hundred thousand to our ten thousand, and an unfamiliar and sickly climate tremendously increased the difficulties of campaigning. It is well enough for those without responsibility in national affairs to point to the starving reconcentrados as sufficient reason for our hurrying a mere handful of men on Cuba, to march about impotently in an "established base," and probably sicken in a feverish tropical clime. But only a fool enters half prepared upon a conflict, and we shall do more for the reconcentrados, for the righteous cause we are entered upon, and for ourselves by waiting until we are prepared to enter upon aggressive movements that will not hesitate until Spain's rule in Cuba has been utterly crushed. God knows we are doing for the Cubans what no other people on earth would.

Surely we owe a duty to ourselves as well, and that duty is to prepare ourselves for this conflict, and then to sweep Spain from the Western Hemisphere. The timely question is, are we yet prepared to grip this barbarous foe by the throat? Judging from the state of affairs here at the front, I should say we are. Our ships of war command Cuban waters. They are sufficient to hold Cervera and his fleet, to convoy and cover the landing of the army, and subsequently to pour such a rain of shells into Havana as to silence forever every gun in and around the city. There are now here fifteen thousand five hundred troops, and at Lakeland, forty miles away, are three thousand three hundred more, making a total of eighteen thousand eight hundred men.

Of these, fourteen thousand five hundred are infantry, thirty-three hundred cavalry, one thousand artillery. Six thousand infantrymen are volunteers, comprising Second Georgia, which includes the famous Savannah company organized in 1802; First Florida, Thirty-second Michigan, Third Ohio, Second Massachusetts, Seventy-first New York.

Of the artillery seven hundred are divided among the ten light batteries, and three hundred make a recently organized siege train which will be considerably increased; there is also, of course, the usual and necessary engineer corps. There are twenty-two transports at Port Tampa under steam, with the gunboats *Helena* and *Bancroft* guarding the harbor, and the commissary department has ninety days' rations for seventy-five thousand men. The men are all fit and eager to fight. The horses and mules average higher than any similar collections I have ever seen. The outfit could be loaded and on its way rejoicing within four days after the word.

This is not a large force, especially when it is remembered that Spain has in Cuba certainly five and perhaps seven to eight times the number of soldiers. But it is sufficient perhaps to put well into action the movement that must end in the expulsion of the Spaniards. Except for the arrival of the volunteers, nothing has happened here this week to make one day unlike another. The nights continue full of brass bands and brass buttons, and the feminine world has in consequence invaded the army of occupation. Some hysterical concert hysteria concerning spies developed the other day among the volunteers.

The most indefatigable daring spies the Spaniards have had on American soil have been the "yellow" journal reporters. If the government would arrest un-American editors, it would do much towards furthering its movements against Spain. The treachery of these newspapers in persistently disclosing the government's movements, after being repeatedly requested not to do so, should be resented by loyal Americans and punished by the government. By-the-way, what has become of the bicycle corps whose efficacy in war used to be so loudy proclaimed? Nothing has been heard of it since its exhibition in Madison Square Garden. We are on the *qui vive* for orders to move. CASPAR WHITNEY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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"King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754."
"Old Feather Store, North and Ann Streets, 1680 to 1868."
"Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall Square, 1680 to 1895."
"Old Boston Theatre, Corner Federal and Franklin Streets, 1794."
"Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' built 1742."
"Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845, Lamb Tavern, 1746."
"Boston Common and State House, 1836."
"Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
"Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers' Building."
"State Street and Old State House, 1883."
"Adjacent Lean-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birthplace of a President of the United States."
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"Trinity Church, Boston, 1895."
"Mount Vernon, 1892, the home of Washington."
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It's a time full of good things—the season and the weather and the conditions are exactly right for bargains, and we are getting them right and left. With one reason and another, manufacturers and wholesalers are coming to us every day, with goods in their hands, anxiety in their eyes, and generosity in their hearts. They need our outlet, and they get it—if they make the price right. Therefore such offers as these:

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We can't tell you as to their beauty, for there isn't room, and the samples will talk more eloquently than we can. But we do want to tell you of their cheapness, thus:

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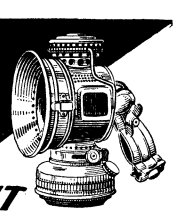


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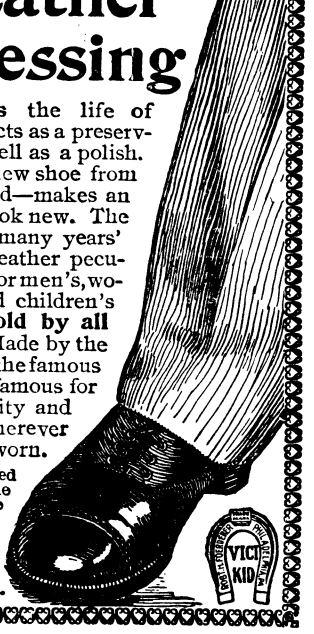


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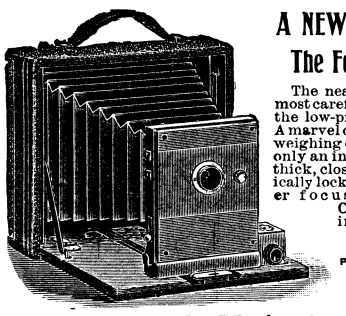
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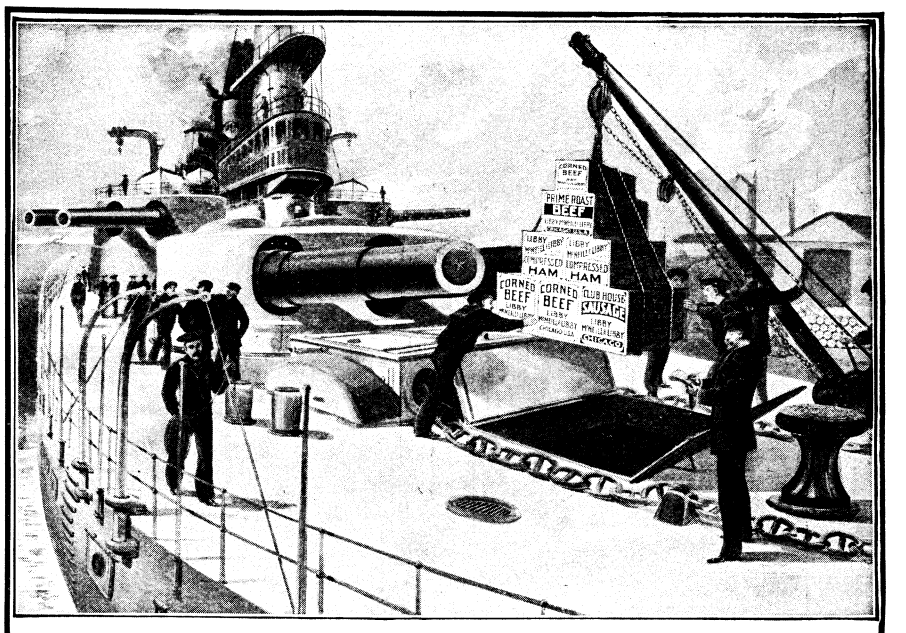
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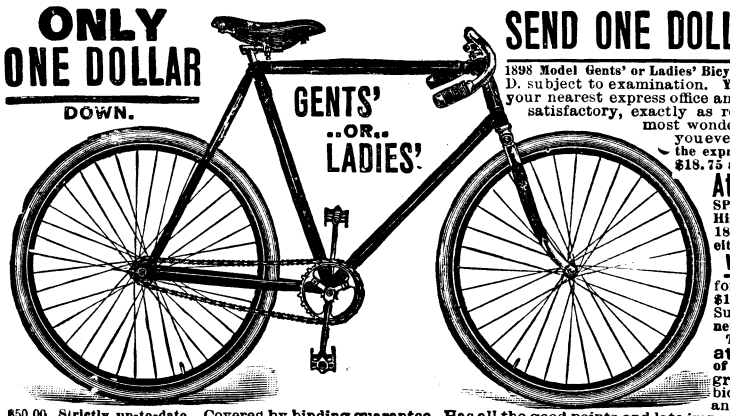
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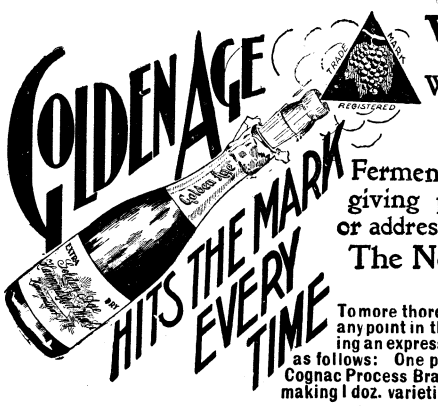
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LONDON.

May 14, 1898.

Lord Salisbury's return to England is the signal for a renewal of the protests against his continuing to attempt the duties of both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Both Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury have defended themselves against the charge of weakness and want of foresight on the part of the government which is brought against them by discontented supporters. Lord Salisbury's dejected defence amounts to this—that all is for the best; and if not, everything is inevitable. The enunciation of this doctrine dismays his adherents. In a speech delivered to the Primrose League at the Albert Hall, Lord Salisbury defended himself against attacks which had not been made, and left untouched the charges requiring serious reply. The government made demands of China one day, which they withdrew the next. They allowed British ships to wander into ports claimed by Russia, and aimlessly to retire on receiving a rough protest from Russia. The language of the government has been strong; their action feeble. The concessions they have made have been surrendered without consideration; not as part of a bargain in which British influence and interests were weighed in the balance as against those of Russia and other nations.

Private disaffection in the Tory party will shortly give way to public protest and revolt. The resignation of the Tory member for Newark, of which I speak later, is a case in point. Foreign nations have now got it fixed firmly in their heads that so long as Lord Salisbury is in office they have only to ask with menace in order to receive with alacrity. Sir Michael Hicks Beach's language about war and Lord Salisbury's pacific proclivities do not consort, and England resents being made ridiculous. Still, public opinion would not have supported a war against Russia to prevent her acquisition of a warm-water port, even though that port were Port Arthur. But the manner in which British diplomacy has been defeated and Russian ambitions gratified has made a deep impression upon the people. The Foreign Office gives no sign of being endowed with the faculty of thinking out the results of an event before it has happened. During Lord Salisbury's speech at the Albert Hall he was only able to accomplish his task with the aid of stiff brandy-and-water, and his voice was almost inaudible at the end of the discourse. His features are marked by a deadly pallor, and the traces of the insidious disease from which he has long suffered are unmistakable.

Lord Salisbury attended a dinner of the Bankers' Central Association on the 11th of May, and there seized the opportunity of again delivering a speech, which has created a profound impression in the minds of those who heard it. The press was excluded, for reasons that are unintelligible. A gloomy and pessimistic forecast of the national future pervaded the Premier's latest utterance. Vague prophecies and warnings, however, are useless to a practical people. If danger is ahead, the natural course to pursue is to harden our hearts, strengthen our navy, enlarge our army, and to take steps to victual the British Isles. At the present time there is little more than a month's food in the country. It should be frankly recognized that although the British Isles are fortresses, they are unvictualled fortresses. Naval preparations in France continue with unabated vigor and energy. Still, Mr. Goschen refrains from bringing in a supplementary estimate for increasing the navy, although the public revenue rises with leaps and bounds. The *Times* declares that well-informed people in the City feel some uneasiness as to the absence of results from the negotiations with France respecting West Africa. The City, however, has been occupied with other things, especially with the rise in American railways, and has not given much attention to the matter. My information is positive on the subject, and although anything is possible to a ministry so enamoured with the apostolic injunction of loving its enemies, or rather the enemies of its country, I cannot believe that the French withdrawal from Boussa can be postponed for more than a month or six weeks. Mr. Chamberlain's retirement and the break-up of the ministry would be inevitable if Great Britain were to surrender her rights in the Hinterland of Lagos.

Lord Salisbury's lugubrious forecast probably refers to the changes inevitable when Spain loses her colonies and Italy retires from the Triple Alliance. A strict censorship is exercised over all telegrams from Italy, and no one can tell at the present moment the extent of the Italian rebellion. The parallel between the condition of Europe to-day and in May, 1848, is singularly exact. It is not worth while to describe scenes which are better and more circumstantially narrated in the newspapers, but the insurrection at Milan indicates the fragility of the tie subsisting between the House of Savoy and the Italian people. Constitutional government is no longer even on its trial among the Latin races. It has been tried and found wanting; not because the system is inherently defective, but because no form of government is acceptable to a people taxed to the extent of sixty cents on the dollar. Charles Greville's description of the upheaval in France in the spring of 1848 might stand almost word for word as a record of what is happening in Italy. The weakness of the Italian executive, the evolution of social and anarchical elements, and the lamentable collapse of the colonial aspirations of Italy, all point to rapid and drastic changes in the south of Europe. If the sea power now commanded by Italy were to be transferred from the Triple Alliance and placed at the disposal of France and Russia, serious complications must arise. The dominion of Italy in Africa extends on the coast of the Red Sea from Cape Kasar to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. The length of coast is about six hundred and seventy miles. Massowah, the seat of government, would form a jumping-off place for Russia and France in the event of their obtaining the Italian succession and the colony of Erethrea. British rule in Upper Egypt would be continually menaced.

The inevitable success of America will raise a luxuriant crop of foreign problems, from Morocco to the Far East. Already Russia has sent up a *ballon d'essai* in suggesting a claim to Ceuta in the event of the dominion of Spain being restricted to the peninsula. The retention of Gibraltar and Malta by England, if Russia and France were established in the strait, would depend upon the result of a new Trafalgar.

There is much on the horizon to dismay the wisest statesman. Nevertheless, the tone of apprehension and foreboding that marks Lord Salisbury's recent utterances is completely out of harmony with the sentiments of the majority. England was in a worse plight a hundred years ago, but Mr. Pitt never gave the impression of despairing of his country, perhaps because continual recourse to good old port warmed his heart and enabled him to stimulate his countrymen into making such exertions as were required by the formation of a European coalition against England. So far as can be discerned, there is a general feeling in the House of Commons, among the majority, that the country is too much in the hands of old men who rely upon musty precedents for guidance, when no precedents exist for the actual situation that has to be met. A remarkable instance of this discontent has just been furnished by Mr. Harold H. Finch Hatton, Lord Winchelsea's brother, who has resigned his seat for the Newark division of Notts on the ground that he can no longer support the government. He considers that the present government sought for and obtained the suffrages of the electors at the last election under false pretences, and he declares that their legislation at home consists, for the most part, of attacks upon capitalists and owners of property as a class, and their conduct of foreign affairs "may rank with the most effete and pusillanimous era of radical administration." Although this is the language of exaggeration, Mr. Finch Hatton's resignation of his seat is a warning which cannot be disregarded. His views are widely shared by many members of the House of Commons who have not the courage of their opinions. The government received another blow yesterday in the loss of the seat for South Norfolk.

There is, however, ample time for the government to redeem past errors. Discontent with their administration does prevail to an extent that is perhaps not suspected by the public at large. Firmness and foresight in the control of foreign affairs, steady persistence in strengthening the defensive forces of the crown, a closer union with the colonies, and a careful selection of legislative measures of practical utility are what the country really desires. If the government show themselves unable to turn over a new leaf, there is trouble ahead for them. These changes of policy all point to the growth of Mr. Chamberlain's influence.

Mr. Gladstone is slowly approaching his end. He is constantly under the influence of soporifics, and his physical strength is decaying. He has not left his room for a fortnight. Rarely has a great man faced death before so vast an unseen audience of sympathizing well-wishers. A pathetic reconciliation took place between the University of Oxford and its former representative. It will be remembered how Mr. Gladstone, when member for the university, was forced by Tory malcontents to seek a seat elsewhere. It is usual for a university member to represent his constituency for the term of his natural life. When, therefore, thirty-three years ago, Mr. Gladstone left Oxford University for Southwest Lancashire, the relations between them were naturally of a strained nature. The vice-chancellor has recently written to Mr. Gladstone, expressing the profound sorrow with which Oxford is filled at the illness of her most distinguished son, and gives voice to warm and earnest wishes for his welfare. To this letter Miss Helen Gladstone replied, conveying an affectionate and touching message from her father, indicative of the love he has always borne for his Alma Mater. It is not without interest in this connection to recall a pathetic incident of his last visit to Oxford. Just before he took office for the last time he went up to All Souls for a ten days' stay. While there he delivered an address on Homer, at the Union. Sir Henry Acland and the late Archdeacon Palmer—the last survivors of his Christ Church contemporaries—proposed and seconded respectively a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Few of those who heard the Grand Old Man's magnificent peroration to his twenty minutes' reply will ever be likely to forget the impassioned terms in which he spoke of his Alma Mater. The very last words that he uttered, with both arms stretched out before him, were, "I love her, I love her!" Just one more anecdote. On arriving at Hawarden from Bournemouth last month, the Grand Old Man was heard to mutter, as he was carried up stairs, "Why cumber I the ground?"

A few people in society and two or three newspapers continue to express sympathy for the weaker nation. They do not think that America is disinterested. They dislike what they term American effusiveness, and they affect to believe that the inhabitants of the States are generally and permanently hostile to the English people. They fail to see that America is doing in Cuba what England has done six times in a dozen years in all parts of the world. Britain has interfered in Egypt, in Zululand, in Burmah, in Matabeleland, in the Himalayas, and in the independent territories of African chieftains on the West Coast. Englishmen have always assumed the right to suppress misgovernment on their borders. Britain is now intervening in the government of Crete, an island nearly three thousand miles distant from these shores. Spain's actions in Cuba are at least as indefensible as those of Arabi Pasha in Egypt, of Cettiwayo in Zululand, of Thebaw in Burmah, of Lobengula in Matabeleland, of the Emir Abu-Bekri in Nupe on the border-land of the Niger Coast Protectorate, or of Abdul-Hamid in Crete. As a nation we have done a dozen times over during the present century the very thing that America is doing to-day. If these interventions were right for Britain, the rescue of Cuba and the Philippines from the clutches of Spain is equally creditable to the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the argument that tells with thinking-men on this side in watching the dawn of an American Empire.

The burning of the Spanish ships at the battle of Manila has once more drawn attention to the question of fireproof wood for battle-ships. The tendency of the British Admiralty is to watch the improvements introduced in the navies of other countries, and then to adopt them if successful. Although the use of wood on board British battle-ships is reduced to a minimum, furniture-fittings, bulkheads, boats, furniture, joinery, etc., constitute a considerable element of danger. The fireproofing of wood employed on ships in the United States navy was the subject of a careful report by Mr. Philip Hichborn, chief constructor U.S.N., on November 17, 1897. At the battle of the Yalu the conflagrations on board both the Chinese and Japanese ships caused by the use of non-fireproofed wood attracted a great deal of interest, which, however, gradually subsided. The burning of the Spanish ships has again roused naval interest in the matter. A captain of one of our larger battle-ships stated the other day that he would not go into action with a boat on board, so great is the danger of fire from such an inflammable material as wood that has been untreated by a fireproofing process.

The Latin races are decadent. The process visible in Spain, of the disintegration of the nation, the decay of authority, and the loss of all governing capacity, is one that is not unlikely to be extended to France. When Lord Salisbury referred to the fact of the civilized world being divided between the weak nations and the strong, he probably did not mean to include France among the former. But government organization, capacity for rule, and public spirit are as conspicuous by their absence from France as from Spain or Italy. The decadent Latins and the undeveloped Slav races are clearly to be pitted against the Anglo-Saxon peoples in the struggle for the mastery of the world.

One of the most extraordinary and unlooked-for results that the war with Spain has developed is one that has at present attracted no attention; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that references to it have been designedly suppressed. The effect to which I allude is the division in the Irish Parliamentary Nationalists, caused by the Roman Catholic sympathies of a full half of the party led by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Healy, and others. No one could have anticipated that the rescue of Cuba would have inflicted a crushing blow on home-rule in the centenary of the Irish Rebellion. Such, however, is the case. Bitter difference of opinion rages in the bosom of the Irish party. The extreme Catholics are enthusiastically Spanish in their sympathies, and with difficulty are prevented from expressing their views in public. Discussions marked by characteristic acerbity of manner and violence of language have raged on the subject, and my informant, who is hostile both to Spain and to Rome, declares, with full knowledge of the facts, that a further split among the vociferous Irish Parliamentary patriots is already within the arena of practical politics.

The immense increase in the population of Egypt has obliged the British government to look ahead as to extension of land under cultivation, necessary to provide for an expanding community, which will shortly be checked unless new resources are provided. A new reservoir scheme is to be carried out, by contract with Messrs. Aird & Co., in five years from the 1st of July next, at a cost of $10,000,000. After making allowance for unfavorable contingencies, the total wealth of the country will be increased by an annual sum of $13,000,000. The value of reclaimed government lands will be increased by $5,000,000, while the revenue will benefit annually to the extent of nearly $2,000,000. The plans for the new reservoir provide that the more important of the temples on the island of Philæ will be free from all chance of submersion.

Although people are beginning to grumble at the increased price of bread, of flour, of bacon, and other foodstuffs, and many public men are seriously alarmed at the economic prospects of England in the event of a war with two great powers, the value of first-rate works of art has not diminished. At Christie's last week a snuff-box was sold for $18,375. It is an axiom among the great collectors that the cheapest things to buy are the best. These never lose their value, while second-rate pictures, statuary, jewels, or bric-à-brac may become valueless in times of great political excitement. The sale of a picture by Millais for $26,250 denotes the high-water mark of values for modern British art. The circle of wealthy collectors endowed with knowledge and taste as well as with capital, and the competition for art products of consummate merit, are continually increasing. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars paid for the Ansidei Raphael is the highest price yet paid for a picture in England, but it is by no means unlikely that similar prices will be realized at the dispersion of more than one collection destined to come to the hammer before long. Notwithstanding the severity of the law forbidding the export of pictures from Italy, domestic trouble in the unhappy kingdom and the growing poverty of the gentry will probably lead to the disposal of more than one Italian collection.

With the exception of "Waterloo," which is virtually a soliloquy, "The Two Roses," and the "Corsican Brothers," Mr. Henry Irving has not appeared in the costume of modern society since the production of those plays. The drama of "The Medicine-Man," produced at the Lyceum, marks a new departure in the policy of the *doyen* of the English stage. The Medicine-Man is a hypnotist, who acquires influence over neurotic and semi-insane persons in all classes of society. The part clearly has fascinated Sir Henry Irving's imagination, and he fills it with characteristic force and dignity. The subtle possibilities of the illicit influence of mesmeric experts, if not exhausted, have been well explored by previous writers. If the motive, however, is not new—and where can a new motive be discovered?—the structure of the play enables the authors to satirize the current foibles of the comfortable classes. General opinion is that the play is not a success, apparently for the reason that it is written in a key well over the heads of the average London play-goer, while the plot, terminating in a realistic murder on the stage, displeases a large class who go to the theatre for amusement or pleasure. The Prince and Princess of Wales sat through the whole of the play, much to the delight of a loyal assembly, who persisted in cheering the heir to the throne in a fashion somewhat unusual in a first-night Lyceum audience. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry received their friends as usual on the stage after the performance, while London society over a very late supper discussed with interest the merits of Sir Henry Irving's latest play. The critics, however, can neither make nor mar melodrama, and I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding prognostications to the contrary, "The Medicine-Man" will run to the end of the season.

Arnold White.








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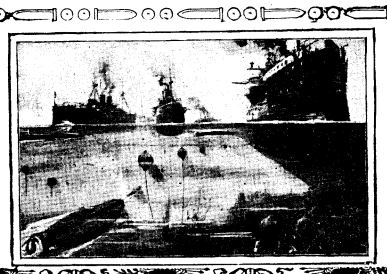
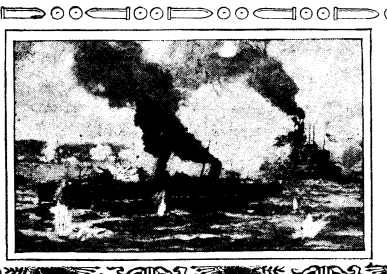


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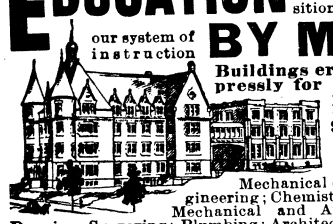
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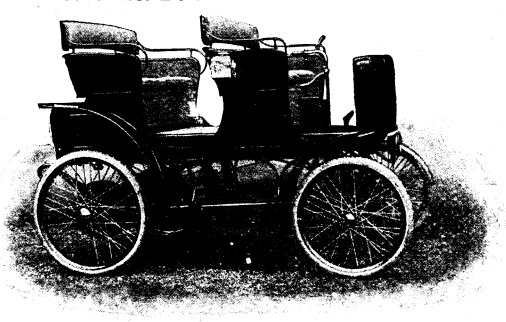
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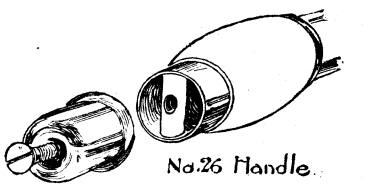
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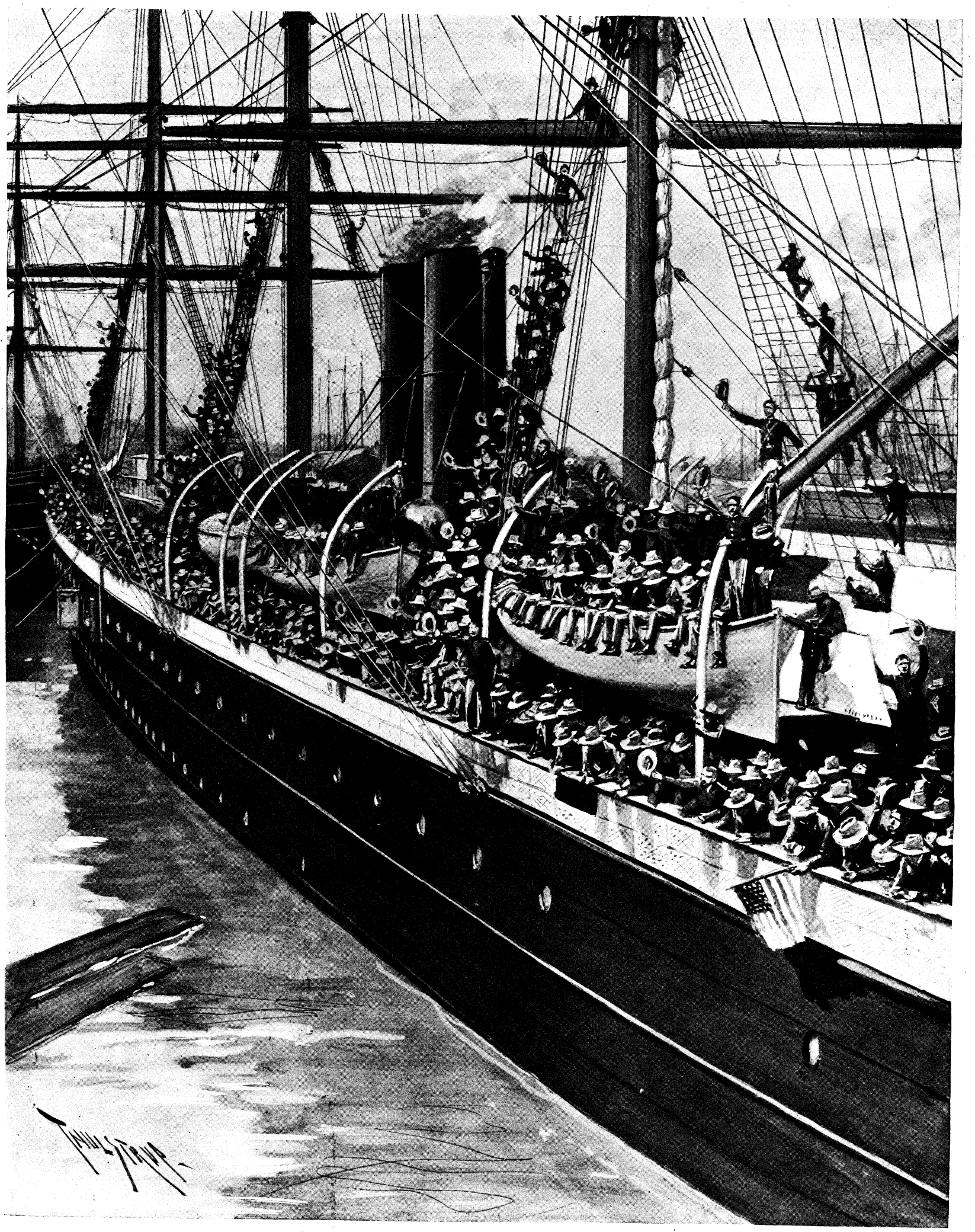
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE S. S. "CITY OF PEKING" PULLING OUT FROM THE WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

IT is very agreeable news that HILL and Tammany have fallen out. Not very many years ago we could not have been induced to believe that the best interests of the State would ever be promoted by a victory won by DAVID B. HILL, and yet apparently the time has come in the political history of New York when a victory by DAVID B. HILL in the Democratic State Convention is essential to save the State from absolute and complete disgrace.

THE Pennsylvania State Convention was held last Thursday. As was anticipated, Mr. QUAY won, and nominated his candidate, Congressman STONE, for Governor. Mr. WANAMAKER made a vigorous and excellent struggle against the boss, but the time has not yet come for the Republicans of Pennsylvania to break away from the corrupt tyranny which makes their party even a worse enemy to the State and to the republican form of government than Tammany Hall is in New York.

THE good news comes to us that Mr. KASSON and the French ambassador have agreed upon a reciprocity treaty under the provisions of the DINGLEY tariff law. The French tariff charges upon certain goods have been reduced, and, in turn, the President is to reduce our own tax upon certain French goods. What the rate of reduction is is of little importance compared with the fact that the treaty must mark improved trade relations between the United States and France. This is the kind of change in our foreign relations which the people of this country, we think, will hail with gratitude.

SENATOR LODGE feels seriously concerned as to the position of Congress before the country, and he is perfectly right in saying, as he did the other day in a speech in the Senate, that it has been the tendency of the country of late years to look upon Congress with less and less respect, and upon the President with more and more. The reason for this is evident. With the exception of a few men, among whom Senator LODGE may be counted, there is hardly any one in Congress who is sufficiently educated to discuss intelligently the grave public questions which are now before the country. We may sum up the whole case against Congress, perhaps, in a single phrase, in saying that if the country possessed a man equal to Mr. GLADSTONE in intellect and character, he could not possibly become a member of either the United States Senate or the House of Representatives. On the other hand, the President has shown himself both a conservative and a courageous power, ready to take the responsibilities that belong to him, and cautious in action when important interests depend upon him. There is an inclination among the people of this country to revolt against legislative tyranny, and both Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. MCKINLEY, by their conduct of their offices, have encouraged the inclination.

IT is pleasant to read of a change in the expression of French and German feeling towards this country. That there has been no real change of sentiment goes without saying. The people of Continental Europe are not kindly disposed towards this country, for many reasons, and they can afford to sympathize with Spain without injuring their material prospects. Moreover, the material interests of the French are closely associated with those of Spain, and the war is injuring them. The United States have no reason to care one way or the other, so long as these unfriendly sympathies are not strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards this country. But there was no reason at all why the sympathies of France, for example, should find expression in violent and vulgar insults to this country and its people. These did not make pleasant reading, and we are glad that they are stopped. Nor do we care very much that they were stopped at the dictation of dressmakers and jewellers. If, in addition to the rule of the army, the French press is governed by the opinions of dressmakers and jewellers, so much the worse for France, but it is largely a matter of indifference to us. We think, however, that the main reason for the change of verbal attitude towards us is the strong expression of English sympathy with the United States; and the silence which has fallen upon some of the Paris papers in the presence of that expression, and the haste with which some other newspapers have assured us that their insults are not to be taken seriously, are indications of what might be accomplished by a friendly alliance between the English-speaking peoples.

THE President has offered to the Hon. OSCAR STRAUS, and Mr. STRAUS has accepted, the position of minister to Turkey. It is creditable to Mr. MCKINLEY that he has made so wise a selection, and also to Mr. STRAUS that he has again, notwithstanding the sacrifice involved, taken upon himself the duties of minister to Turkey. When Mr. STRAUS served as minister before, under the first administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, those who were familiar with the condition of affairs prevailing at Constantinople, and with Mr. STRAUS'S eminently successful labors there, knew that the country never had been so well represented before. Mr. HARRISON wished Mr. STRAUS to continue in service, but it was impossible for him to do so without making a still greater and more serious sacrifice than he had already made in remaining minister for two years under Mr. CLEVELAND. During Mr. CLEVELAND'S second term, when the delicate questions between this country and the Porte threatened to lead to serious trouble, the missionaries and other American citizens in Turkey urged Mr. STRAUS'S return, and if he had been willing to go, Mr. CLEVELAND would probably have appointed him then. Dr. ANGELL is coming home in August or September to resume his duties as President of Michigan University. He has been a good minister; but the troublesome questions between the United States and the Porte are very urgent, and Mr. MCKINLEY feels the need of the services of the man who has before this succeeded best at the difficult post. Therefore he offered the appointment to Mr. STRAUS in a manner which distinguishes the method of the selection from that which ordinarily obtains. Mr. STRAUS has accepted the place, as he stated in his telegram to the President, regarding the offer "as a command," and deeming it his "patriotic duty to you [the President] and to the country to accept."

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S communication on the conditions prevailing among the troops at Tampa, published in the last issue of the WEEKLY, has attracted a good deal of attention and called forth much criticism. It is fair to Mr. CASPAR WHITNEY to give here, in brief, what he has to say in contradiction of Mr. BIGELOW, since his telegram reached us too late to permit of its publication in connection with his usual letter. Mr. WHITNEY says that Mr. BIGELOW'S criticism that the camp is not near enough to the sea to permit the men to bathe in it is baseless, because Tampa itself is nine miles from the sea, and that the men are taken there to be drilled because the "climate.... approaches that of Cuba." He adds:

> The facts are that the troops will receive not only the usual supply given them, but a greater and more frequent supply of "fresh food and vegetables" than any troops in the world; that the "civilian staff-officers" here at Tampa have proved most efficient; that every camp of the twenty-five thousand troops here is bountifully supplied with food and water; that all needful drilling has been done regularly since the troops first arrived; that the medical returns prove that in this general camp up to date there have been but twenty-seven cases that might be called "sick," and but one death; that on the day BIGELOW wrote that there was not "a single regiment fit to take the field" there were 12,000 troops equipped, rationed, and fit. . . .
>
> BIGELOW'S reference to General WHEELER reveals not only brutal disregard of the one happy phase in our war, but unpardonable ignorance of the quality and military fitness of that famous cavalry leader.

We give this also in fairness to the persons criticised by Mr. BIGELOW. As to the facts which are the subject of dispute, we cannot judge between the contending parties, because our knowledge is second hand. But this we do know, that the attempt to make it appear that Mr. BIGELOW has been guilty of deliberate misrepresentation and deceit, and that his letter was seditious, as is charged, is supremely foolish, and is unworthy of intelligent men. The underlying motive of this charge may be judged from the fact that it is repeated by a newspaper correspondent who was guilty of the same kind of "sedition" on the day before his denunciation appeared, in the same paper. Mr. BIGELOW knows a great deal more about troops and armies and about war preparations than many of his critics, and we think his judgment at least as good as that of any of them. As to the charge of "sedition," glibly made by men who evidently do not know the meaning of the word, Mr. BIGELOW believed that the condition of the army at Tampa would lead to disaster if the troops there were led into Cuba at this time. Under these circumstances he had the right to speak, and he would have done wrong if he had remained silent. The cowards, the untruthful, the slanderers, are the men who write in private letters what Mr. BIGELOW wrote for publication, and who now join in denunciation of him. They are the enemies of the country who are urging an invasion for which they know we are not prepared. We know that Mr. BIGELOW'S motives were excellent; and without, as we have said, judging as to the facts of the controversy, we regret that any one has been so silly or so wicked as to charge him with sedition. Some of Mr. BIGELOW'S critics pretend also that he has assailed the regular army. If they have intelligently read Mr. BIGELOW'S communication, they know that his criticism was levelled at amateurs, in Congress and out, who, he says, are responsible for the bad conditions under which the regular troops are suffering. Mr. BIGELOW is too old a friend of the regular army, and too proud of its character and achievements, to be easily discredited by false representations that are evidently deliberate and malicious. As for the WEEKLY, the army knows where it stands, and what its position is with respect to the regular establishment. The WEEKLY believes in the regular army, and has always resented the injustices done it by the politicians, and it is not criticism of this fine body of officers and men to publish a communication saying that they have neither a good camping-place nor the proper kind of clothing and food for a summer campaign in a tropical climate.

WHAT IS AND WHAT IS NOT AMERICAN.

THE time is coming when the country will be forced to consider seriously, as a question of immediate politics, the subject of territorial expansion. Indeed, the time has already come when preparation for the discussion must be made by those who oppose the adoption of a colonial policy by the United States, and when at least one phase of the subject may as well be settled. In the mean time, and as preliminary to the consideration of the question, we think that the advocates of what they hold to be a larger international policy than this country has heretofore pursued ought to be made aware that they cannot escape a debate on the merits of their proposed departure on the theory that, by our interference in Venezuela, and by our insistence on the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, we have already cast in our lot with the jarring nations of the Old World. If we have gone so far as to warrant the statement that unless we make a volte-face we are bound to take our place as a "world power," we have not gone so far that we cannot reconsider and retire from a dangerous position. But by insisting that Venezuela should not be oppressed by a strong European power, and that murder by starvation should cease in Cuba, we have not, in fact, set out upon a course of territorial aggrandizement and international intermeddling. Our chivalric errands accomplished, we may still withdraw from the field of war and of international complications, and devote ourselves to domestic improvement.

The immediate phase of the question to which we refer concerns us all. Which is the American course? Assuming that we have conquered Spain, and that we have taken Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, will it be American, in accordance with American honor, tradition, and sound policy, to keep them and try to govern them, or will it be American to rid ourselves of them as soon as we can conveniently and justly? For the Jingoes, the annexationists, the extensionists, are insisting that they are the true Americans, and that all who oppose them are necessarily acting and talking under foreign influences, and there is even manifested by a few of the most radical of the earth-hungry a disposition to banish those who believe that the country is large enough as it

is; that the problems of our republican government are puzzling enough as they are; that imminent dangers threaten us, dangers which cannot be met and overcome by public servants able to give only a divided attention to domestic questions; that the land within our present borders is abundant for all the demands that can be made upon it for new homes for centuries to come; and that the solemn promise which was made by Congress in declaring war—the promise that the country did not, and would not, seek aggrandizement—should be kept.

There are few reasons for the assertion that the doctrine of colonial expansion by this country is the essentially American, and therefore patriotic, doctrine, and these ought not to appeal strongly to one who is imbued with the fundamental principles of our republican government. They are, in the main, military and commercial. The military reasons are undoubtedly the weakest, for they are based on an assumption radically hostile to the genius of democracy. Peace and the remoteness of the danger of war have been among our happiest possessions. We touch so few powers possibly hostile; our industrial and commercial interests are of such overwhelming and absorbing importance; we have no burden of dynastic greed and ambitions; the people are so little prone to war when they are left to themselves, that we have been counted among the civilizing nations of the earth, and not among those ready, for the gain of lands or for the gratification of revenge, to drag it back into barbarism. We have been busy not only in our industrial pursuits and in growing wheat and corn for the world, but in demonstrating the value of democratic principles to the citizen. We have been making the individual larger, while the military powers of Continental Europe have been forcing him to wither: and our influence has penetrated to remote corners, where arms could not have carried it. We have deliberately refused to be a military power, or to tax ourselves heavily for military expenditures, aside from our unfortunate excursion of fifty years ago, except for the defence of the nation, or for the preservation of the Union, or in generous recognition of sacrifices made in our wars. Therefore, unless we are to change our national policy, it is absurd to say that military reasons demand that we undertake colonial projects, and to that end that we add to our territory the Hawaiian Islands and other "strategic points." If we are to continue not to be a military power, why possess strategic points, and why maintain the greatly increased army and navy which will be made necessary by such possessions? If we are to remain what we are, we need power enough for complete defence, and nothing more. If we are to change our national policy, then indeed we need strategic points because of our new frontiers and responsibilities. In other words, the advocates of a strong military policy are advocates of a change in our political ideals, while those who are opposed to expansion believe in the maintenance of traditions and of a policy as old as the republic itself. Why, then, are the first the advocates of the American policy, and the others not? There certainly seems to be a confusion of ideas involved in holding that those are un-American who advocate the maintenance of the traditional national policy. For answer to the assertion that we need territorial extension in aid of our commerce it is only necessary to say that it is the American theory that commerce goes where it reaps the greatest profit, and that, in the end, the needs and desires of men cannot be restrained or limited by such colonial policies as Germany and France are setting up. Already, without colonies, without intruding into international relations, the people of the United States have enjoyed all the commercial privileges which they have desired, and they will continue to enjoy them as long as they have bread and manufactures to sell to those who need them. Moreover, the markets for our products will be the larger and the more profitable the more we are able to maintain peaceable relations with the rest of the world.

The sound American believes in the genius of the republic and in the virtue of its institutions. His government was founded for the benefit of the individual citizen. Its task is the most beneficent of all the tasks performed by government the world over. Its burdens rest so lightly upon its citizens that they hardly realize its existence. It makes mistakes; it is sometimes ignorant; it is often awkward; it exasperates us; it is frequently inefficient as it is; it would be always inefficient if the burdens of large military establishments and of colonial government were imposed upon its executive power. Its virtues lie very largely in this executive weakness. But awkward and mistaken, inefficient and exasperating as it often is, it has worked more lasting good in the world than all the other governments combined. It does not govern colonies. It governs no man against his will, or without his consent expressed as to the smallest detail. Its accomplishments for the human race and its virtues are the consequences of its differences from other governments. Other governments can manage colonies because they possess the machinery for ruling men against their wills, for levying taxes without the consent of those who pay them. In the elements and features of our government, which differ from those of Europe, lie its Americanism, and those who wish to maintain the government as it was framed and as it has existed until now are the true Americans, while those who want to go abroad in distant oceans for new territory thus express their distrust in our institutions, and their longing for a return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. And for these would-be imitators of an Old World from which our fathers parted a century ago, no words are so pertinent and significant as these stirring lines of LOWELL:

O my friends, thank your God, if you have one, that He
'Twixt the Old World and you set the gulf of a sea;
Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,
By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,
Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,
As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page.
Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, all things make new,
To your own New World instincts contrive to be true,
Keep your ears open wide to the future's first call,
Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,
Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-scaling peaks,
And become my new race of more practical Greeks.

BRITISH SUZERAINTY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has made good his promise to "show the world whether we are a nation or no" by formally repudiating Great Britain's claim to suzerainty over the South African Republic. At the same time he expresses his willingness to abide fully by the London Convention of 1884. There is rather more in the President's action than a mere desire to find a less obnoxious word than suzerainty to define the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is the first official step towards the accomplishment of his scheme to make the Transvaal as independent in foreign as it is in domestic affairs; and as such is rather more important than most of the points that have been in dispute between the cautious old Boer and the agile Colonial Secretary.

It is true that the *word* suzerainty was omitted from the Convention of 1884 in a moment of somewhat foolish deference to Boer susceptibilities. But the *thing* suzerainty was contained in it clearly enough. "The South African Republic," said one of the clauses, "will conclude no treaty or engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen." In the face of this clause, it is impossible to contend that the Transvaal is an independent state. No state can be called independent which is prohibited from managing its foreign affairs in its own way. The Transvaal is free to negotiate treaties with the Orange Free State. With all other countries its relations are controlled by Great Britain.

The exact word to describe the position in which the two countries stand to one another is hard to find. Suzerainty is a doubtful term of the vaguest legal import. The Sultan of Turkey calls himself the suzerain of the Khedive, yet Egypt is governed by the British without a thought of the Yildiz Kiosk. The word has simply been adopted as a convenient one to define the peculiar relations of England and the Transvaal. To employ it adds nothing to the real efficacy of the Convention of 1884; to drop it does not diminish British authority in any way. Call that authority by what name one will—suzerainty, control, or the right to veto—the fact remains that the Transvaal, in one very important department of its national affairs, is absolutely subject to Great Britain.

When, therefore, President KRUGER solemnly repudiates British suzerainty, he is striking at the shadow of a name. He wishes to appear somewhat bolder than he really is. He would give the impression that he is throwing off all British control. In reality he is only quarrelling with the popular name by which that control is designated. A direct attack on the Convention of 1884 is more than he dare venture on. What he is aiming at is to undermine it by insinuation, to make the world, and especially Germany, believe that the essence of the convention is wrapped up in the word suzerainty, and that by repudiating the suzerainty he is also, by implication, repudiating the convention. It is a clever move, quite worthy of the astute old gentleman's past. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rushes to the defence of the suzerainty, as he is not at all unlikely to do, he will have a hard time proving his case. If he consents to forego the magic word, it will seem as though Great Britain had given up something worth keeping. Not for the first time in his long duel with the President has the lively Colonial Secretary found himself in a tight corner.

Apart from this personal interest, it seems a pity the matter was brought up. It is a side issue, the discussion of which will arouse considerable passion, while its settlement will bring no real benefit to either party. Great Britain is resolved to maintain the Convention of 1884 in its entirety. As the paramount power in South Africa, with possessions that girdle the Transvaal on the north, west, and southeast, she cannot permit any foreign nation to intrigue with the republic against her interests. In the internal policy of the state, except so far as it constitutes a breach of the convention or seriously affects British subjects, she is pledged not to interfere. But on foreign affairs she rightly claims the sole and final word, and the Boers seem incapable of realizing this without some palpable proof. They have violated the convention too often and too long to believe in it very seriously, and the true position of affairs will be anything but welcome when it is at last perceived. A revolution in the Transvaal is one of the certainties of the future. The men who pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes and own half the land cannot be kept out of the franchise forever. Everybody hopes that the change will come peaceably, through the quiet influence of time and education. But each question that is needlessly stirred up makes an amicable solution more difficult.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, May 26.—Major-General Shafter, commanding the Fifth Army Corps, issued a general order completing the formation of all regular and volunteer troops massed in Florida into corps, divisions, and brigades. The Fifth Corps is, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and Second Massachusetts, composed of regulars, and it includes the cavalry division (the First and Tenth regiments at Lakeland, and the Third, Sixth, and Ninth at Tampa) under command of Major-General Joseph Wheeler; the artillery brigade, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Randolph, and the signal corps—in all, nearly 18,000 men. The Seventh Corps, under command of Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, embraces the volunteer troops at Tampa—five regiments—and the troops at Jacksonville, or between 8000 and 9000 men.

Friday, May 27.—The volunteer army at Chickamauga numbers about 45,000 men.

Saturday, May 28.—A successful attack by 300 cavalry and 500 infantry, commanded by the Cuban General Carillo, was made on the town of Remedios, in Santa Clara Province. The object of the attack was the capture of provisions sent to that point for the use of Spanish troops.

The Navy Department made public this despatch from Admiral Dewey, which is dated Cavité, May 25, *viâ* Hongkong, May 27: "No change in the situation. The blockade is effective. It is impossible for the people of Manila to buy provisions, except rice. The captain of the *Olympia* (Gridley) condemned by medical survey. Is ordered home. Leaves by Occidental and Oriental steamship from Hong-kong the 28th. Commander Lamberton appointed commander of the *Olympia*."

Sunday, May 29.—Señor Leon y Castillo, after conferences with the Queen Regent and the new Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Madrid, returned to Paris.

Night attack of the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor* repulsed by Commodore Schley's squadron off Santiago de Cuba.

Orders have been sent to Major-General Shafter at Tampa to embark the greater portion of his corps on board the transports gathered at that place.

Monday, May 30.—A despatch from Commodore Schley was received at the Navy Department at 12.30 o'clock this morning, stating that he had seen and recognized vessels of the Spanish fleet in the Bay of Santiago de Cuba.

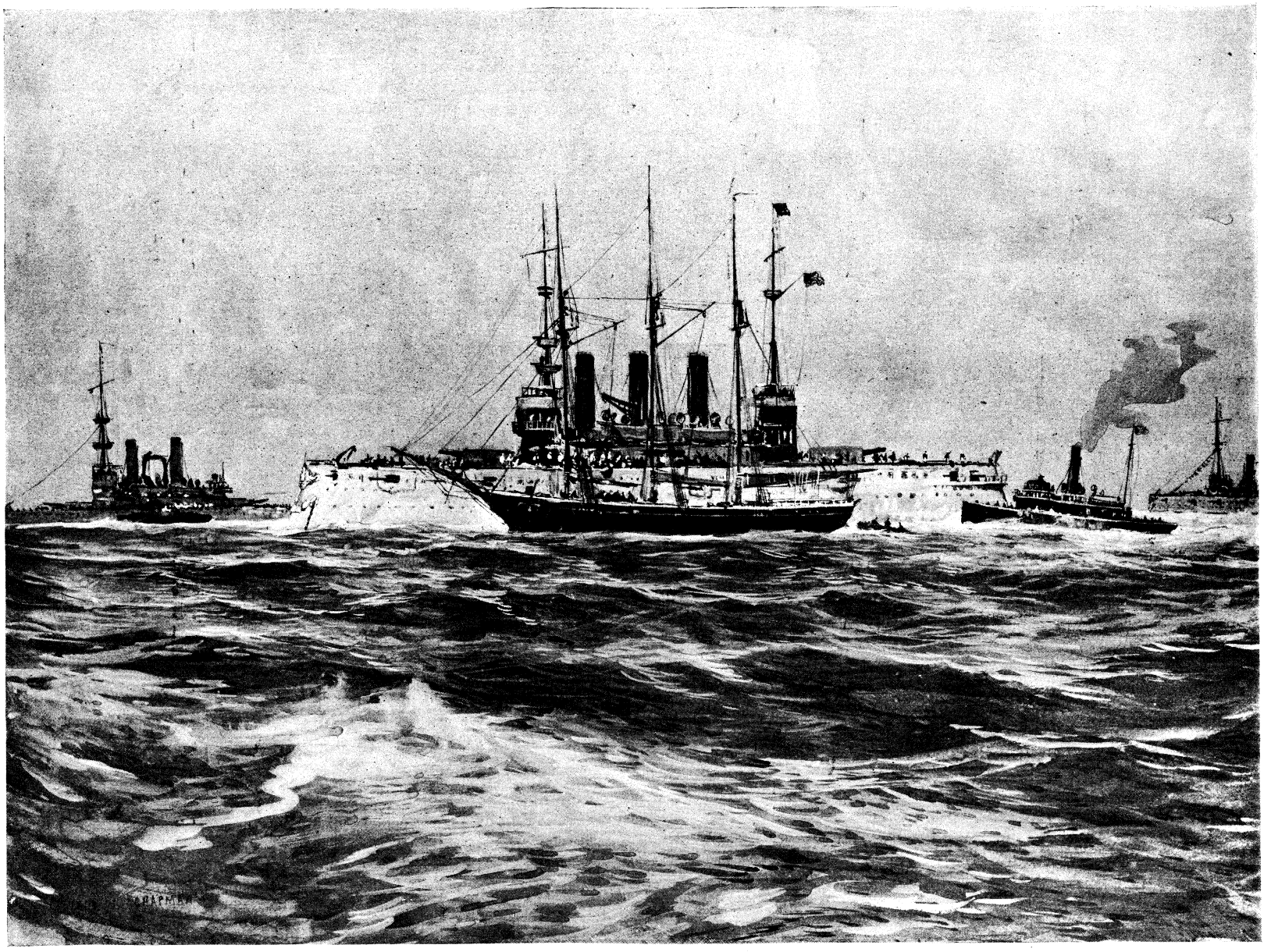
General Merritt took command of all the troops destined for the Philippines. An order was prepared, by the direction of President McKinley, adding 8000 men to the Department of the Pacific, thus increasing General Merritt's force to 20,000 men.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, accompanied by his personal and official staff, left Washington to-night for Tampa. It is understood that his present trip is for purposes of inspection, and that he will not personally take the field at once.

Tuesday, May 31.—The steamer *Florida* returned to Key West from Cuba, having successfully landed 380 Cuban volunteers, with large supplies of guns and ammunition, on the southern coast, in the province of Santiago.

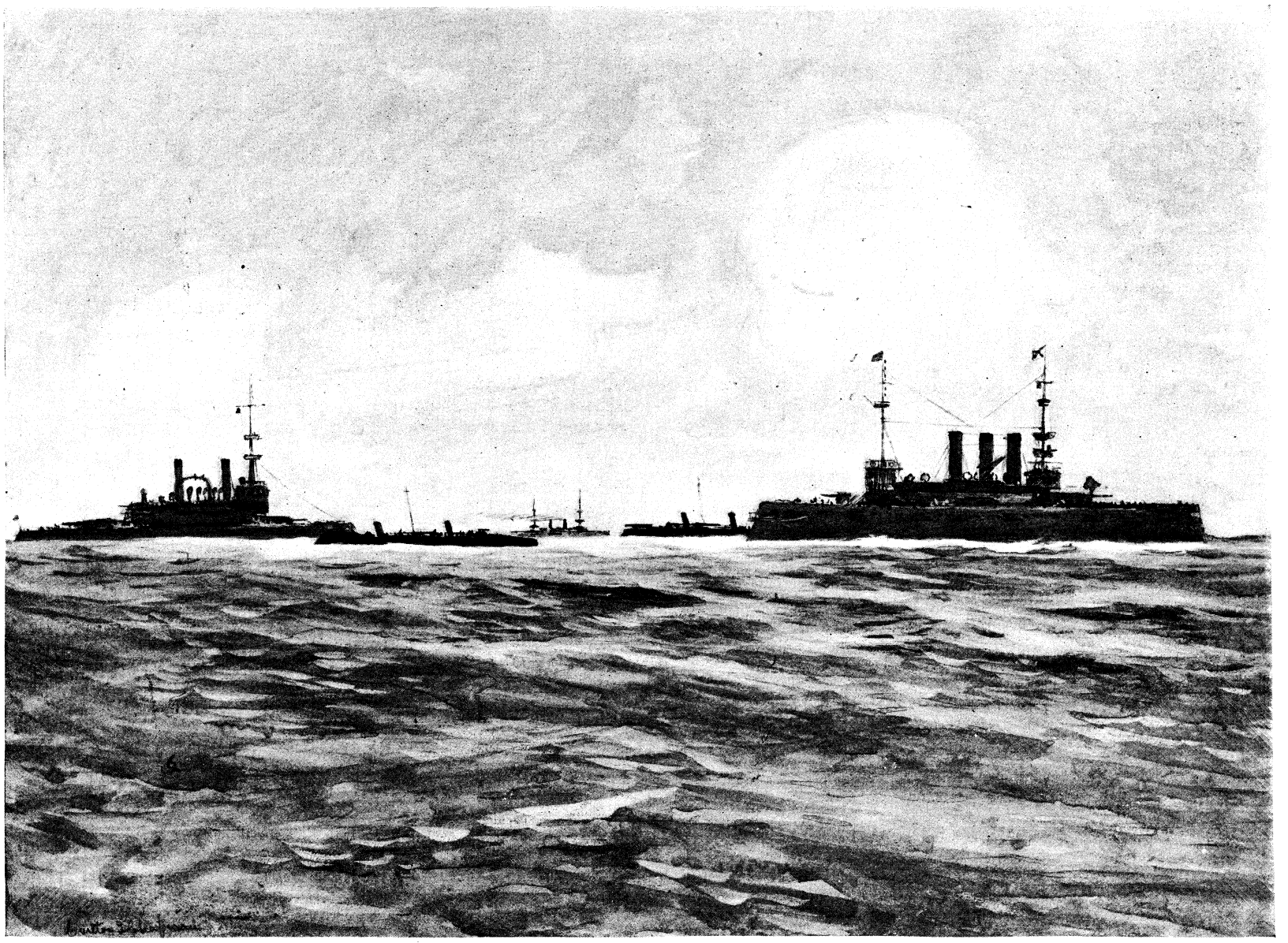
Three vessels of Commodore Schley's squadron, the *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *New Orleans*, open fire on the fortifications at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba and the *Cristobal Colon*, flag-ship of Admiral Cervera's squadron. The first shot was fired by the *Massachusetts* at 1.50 o'clock, and the last by the *New Orleans* at 2.25. The two batteries on the eastern side of the harbor were silenced, as was also one on an island in the centre; the *Colon*, however, and a battery on the western shore kept up a weak and badly directed fire for perhaps a quarter of an hour longer. Commodore Schley knew that several additional masked batteries had been constructed, and it was to ascertain the precise location and strength of these before the arrival of Sampson's fleet that the attack was planned. Our vessels, having in half an hour thoroughly done the work in hand—having drawn the fire of the batteries, put three of them out of action, and badly damaged the Spanish admiral's flag-ship—obeyed the signal to cease firing. They had received no injury whatever from the enemy.

(*Continued on page 575.*)



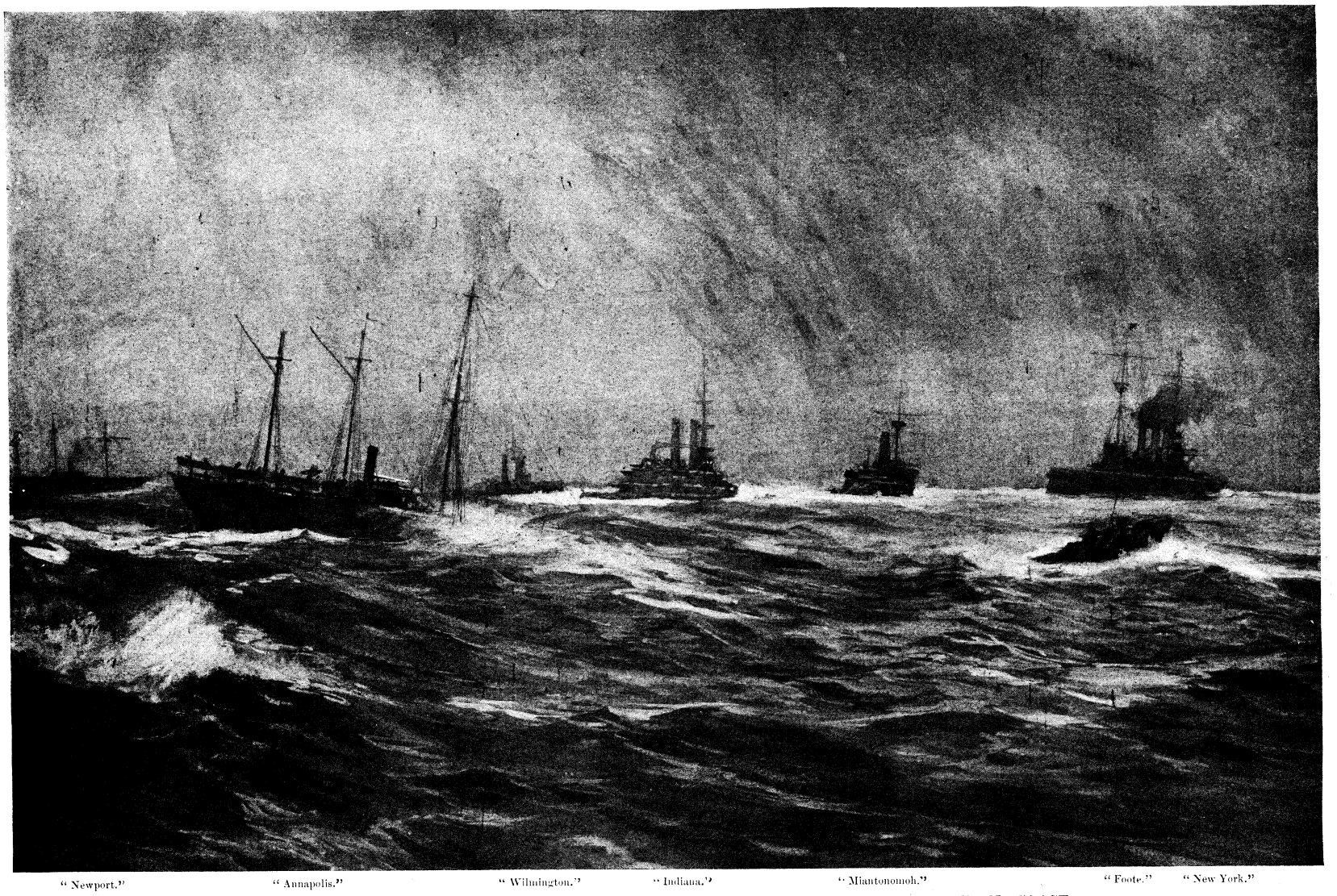
COALING THE "NEW YORK" AT SEA, OFF KEY WEST.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 578.]



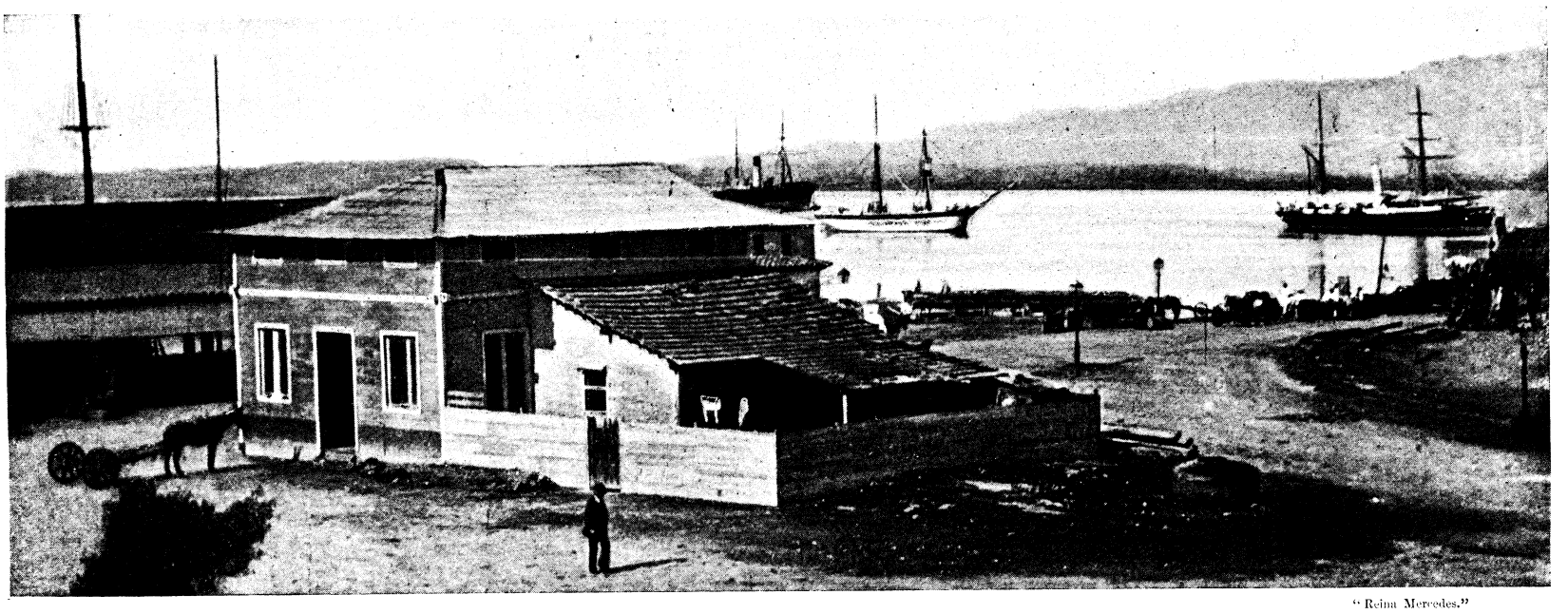
THE FIGHTING-SHIPS "INDIANA" AND "NEW YORK" FLANKED AND GUARDED BY TORPEDO-BOATS AND CRUISERS.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 578.]



UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS IN A BLOW—SQUALLY WEATHER OFF THE CUBAN COAST.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 578.]



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA MERCEDES" ON THE RIGHT.



A REVIEW OF SPANISH TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE INTERIOR.

IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

OUR GREATEST NEED.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Tampa, *June 3, 1898.*

If Havana were to capitulate to-morrow and not another shot were fired in Cuban waters or in the Far East, yet would the experience of the present campaign and the lessons of it amply repay us. It is not often one may acquire lessons at once so practical, so invaluable, at a cost so comparatively small.

The first lesson, perhaps the one least expected, teaches the advisability, the need, in fact, of reorganizing our National Guard. Whenever an attempt has been made to increase our regular army, opposing Congressmen have pointed to the 125,000 members of the National Guard as a standing army that filled all the requirements of this country, and was inexpensive. So long as the National Guardsman's most serious call was occasional firing over the heads of strikers, no opportunity offered to bring Congress face to face with actualities.

The opportunity did come, however, six weeks ago, and with it accumulative evidence of Congressional superficiality or indifference.

Had it been considered desirable to move the troops on to Cuba within three weeks after the first call for volunteers, it would have been utterly impossible to do so, not from a lack of numbers or want of rations, but because a considerable percentage of the volunteers were insufficiently equipped. Regiments were mustered into service and sent into camp without wagons, without uniforms, without even guns or blankets. Some excuse may be found for the absence of uniforms on volunteers with no regimental affiliations, but the absence of guns and blankets, while the armories held them in abundant quantities, certainly suggests the need of a new order of things. If the National Guard of America is to become the practical, efficient body its orators have asserted it to be, several things must happen after we get this war off our hands and have time to take up the matter:

1. The uniform of the privates must be that of the regular army, so that when called into service by the national government it will not be necessary to wait two or three weeks while uniforms are manufactured.

2. The guns must be of the model adopted by the regular army, so that complete co-operation with regulars will be possible; to-day we have regulars using a small-calibre, high-powered rifle, that is effective at two thousand yards, while the great majority of volunteers have the Springfield rifle of .45 calibre, which is useless beyond eight hundred yards. In other words, the two guns necessitate different tactics, formations, etc.

3. Regiments should be kept up to a campaigning basis, with tents, wagons, and all the needed munitions for actual service. Not a regiment came here with wagons; some had no cartridge-belts!

4. Greater care taken in enlisting men. The fact that the United States mustering officer in New York State had to examine 17,000 men (mostly all National-Guardsmen) to get 12,000 fit for service seems to indicate that my comment is not amiss.

If our National Guard is to be a really dependable body for other work than Decoration-day parading along with the G. A. R., reorganization is imperative.

The second great lesson which mediæval Spain has been the indirect means of teaching us is the need of manufacturing establishments attending solely to army supplies. The difficulties which have faced the War Department in getting sufficient supplies and ammunition to the front would have been positively fatal had our antagonist been a power that could have moved quickly and aggressively, requiring us to meet it without delay. The penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of our Congress would have put us for a time actually at the mercy of any first-rate power.

Take, for instance, ammunition. I am sure the average American will be dumfounded to learn that this great country has but one small government manufactory of cartridges. For years the army board has been endeavoring to get additional facilities and extra machinery to be ready for some such emergency as has now overtaken us, and for years the request or bill has been defeated in Congress. The reason our army took so long getting ready for war is not to be attributed to inefficiency of officers or of troops, but because the short-sighted, indifferent policy of Congress had put the army in a condition so impoverished that even the most insignificant country on earth would be ashamed to have disclosed it. Absolutely no reserve supply has been permitted the army at any time, and when war against Spain was declared, no country was ever less prepared. Taking all these well-established facts into consideration, the accomplishments of the last four weeks must be viewed as praiseworthy and extraordinary. I have taken up this subject for the benefit of those who criticise without knowing whereof they speak. We are spending tens of thousands to-day, whereas we should have been spending thousands had the attitude of Congress toward our army and navy been different. Meanwhile the pension list shows no appreciable lessening.

At last there are indications of an early movement of the troops on to Cuba—or at least Spanish soil in the West Indies. Some of the New York dailies have had us embarking since last Tuesday; but although the transports are being loaded and some of the regiments preparing to go aboard, the only definite orders given thus far instruct officers to hold their commands in readiness for immediate departure. What I shall have to say on the subject must be incomplete as to details, by order of the censor; but, unless the unforeseen happens, about eighteen thousand troops will be leaving Tampa next Tuesday, June 7, or thereabouts. This force will include all the regular infantry, and the Second Massachusetts and Seventy-first New York Volunteers, about two-thirds of the cavalry (dismounted), and about one-fourth of the light artillery, and a part of the siege train. Where we are going not a soul here knows, outside of General Miles, who arrived yesterday with his staff, and the commanding officers.

We can send at least 20,000 well-equipped, well-armed, and thoroughly provisioned troops from here now; and while they are not enough to take Havana, perhaps, they are more than enough to begin the forward movement either by taking Porto Rico or Santiago, or both. Indeed, the plan may be to take Santiago after having captured Porto Rico and left sufficient force to hold it; although if Commodore Schley has defeated Cervera, as rumor says, there would seem to be no necessity of going to Santiago.

At all events, the plan of movement is a good one, as it will result in establishing ourselves in the Spanish West Indies and giving the remaining volunteer forces time for drill and thorough equipment. If we start about June 7, we shall reach Porto Rico about June 17, and perhaps be ready for the move on to Havana August 1. It should take a month to establish order at Porto Rico or Santiago sufficiently for half the force to return and meet the oncoming army of invasion.

There are equally good reasons, from a military or naval strategic view-point, in occupying Porto Rico and Santiago. It will certainly cut off Spain's base of supplies, it will weaken the work of that reserve fleet with which Spain is threatening us, and it will assure us a port of great value now and in the future, when we stand as sponsor for Cuba.

Apart from the activity created by orders to be in readiness, there has been considerable movement here in the past week. Recruits continue to arrive, the cavalry has raised its troops from 60 to 75 men each, and the artillery has added one more gun to each battery. Within two weeks another gun will be added, and the complement of 6 guns and 140 men to each battery obtained. The siege train is being got ready, and will also be complete within two weeks, if not sooner. But for the need of Manila, both the light artillery and siege-gun train would have been on its recently advanced war footing several weeks ago.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst has just returned from his latest expedition to Cuba, and this time he successfully landed about 300 Cubans, 7000 Springfield rifles, and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, besides stores, mules, etc. The landing was wisely made at Port Banas, which is in the far eastern part of the island, where the insurgents are in force, and where landing is a very simple matter.

A Cuban who came here recently from Havana reports the Spaniards have six months' supplies, and are busily strengthening all the fortifications. The town is practically intrenched, all the stone walls have been given a topping of sand, and barbed wire has been stretched in every conceivable place outside and around the city. The Cuban's estimate of the Spaniards is 140,000, and of the insurgents 15,000—very much scattered, however, and unable to concentrate more than half that number. Last year there were 25,000. Next year there will be none. They'll be free.

Caspar Whitney.

OFF FOR MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

San Francisco, *May 23.*

As I sat in front of the hotel at Fort Monroe, the telegraph-operator came across the street with this message in his hand:

"Go to Washington with all haste. Get army passes and passports, and hurry to San Francisco to go to Philippines."

Half an hour to pack up and catch a train. The first expedition was due to leave San Francisco in five days. By the closest work it could be caught. A frantic rush about the departments in Washington the next morning—War, Navy, and State—and then across the continent.

How peaceful it was at the start! As we whizzed through the little stations the farmers were bringing in their milk-cans, just as if no guns were waiting to roar about Cuba and no soldiers were getting in shape to sail for Manila. Market-gardeners with crates of berries and garden-truck were loading up the platforms here and there as we shot along. Rows of 'buses stood idly waiting in the sunshine at the stations where we stopped. Then the limited, and no war at all. Business men dictating business letters to the train stenographer, the last magazines, the latest novels, idle gossip about the scenery and the backward spring, and the peaceful calm over all.

Thus for a day and a night, and another day and another night, and then Omaha and soldiers and the outward and visible signs of warlike preparations again. Now straight out through Nebraska. Somewhere troops are on the move to-day for the rendezvous at San Francisco. They are going over this road, and the people are beginning to turn out to cheer them on. Here a little company with a flag. There a band of school-children with flowers. Then a whole town full of flags, and now a band. At last Grand Island and a long wait, and here the soldiers catch us—the first battalion of the First Regiment of Nebraska Volunteers. The town throbs with excitement. It pours itself into the open space about the station, and cheers itself black in the face as the troop-train rolls in. There are Grand Island boys in the blue uniformed crowd in the train, and Grand Island shouts aloud in pride. The soldiers lean out of the windows, and the Grand Island girls run along beside the cars and grasp their hands and kiss their faces and throw them flowers and give them good things to eat, and everybody is laughing and shouting and cheering in hysterical happiness. Oh, war is grand now! The boys are brave and young and sturdy and very fine in their uniforms, and all the trouble and the heart-breaking weariness and toil and the danger are far away. So it's cheer again, and laugh and shout, and one cheer more as the train pulls out, and then back home again, where the boy's room is vacant, to the long, sober, quiet realization of the side that shows no glamour.

On with the train through the night, and in the morning the flat, desolate, barren, bunch-grass country, and Cheyenne. It's very early, but the crowds are out already. The troop-train rolls in, the soldiers swarm out for a bit of a run to limber up after the cramped night in a day coach. There's hot coffee aplenty here, and more girls to kiss and give buttons to; and before there's been half a chance to go around, the bugles are singing out the "assembly," and it's rush back for your car or disgrace your regiment by being left behind.

Now the mountains and snow and cold raw wind. Up through the clear morning, over the blinding snow; clouds in that valley below us, black and sullen; but above the bright sunshine and bracing breeze. Cities, towns, and villages all left behind now—just an occasional section house, or a ranch, but at nearly every one a flag, and somebody—often only a child, but always some one—to cheer as the soldiers pass. Then Laramie, and more coffee—no, it was ordered for the third division, and we can't have it. So on to Rawlins; and here Indians have joined the crowd waiting at the station—stolid, wrinkled-faced old bucks, and squaws in gaudy blankets. Some one shoots a gun by way of making more noise than he can get out of his throat. Instantly half a hundred others follow suit, and the boys hear the first volley of the war—fired by friends. Then Rock Springs, and a holiday. Schools dismissed, shops closed, mines shut down, and children, shopkeepers, miners, and band, with all the anvils from the blacksmith shops adding their ear-cracking roar to the general din of shouts and cheers and blare of brass horns. The train rolls in to the accompaniment of the E-flat tuba, booming out above all the frightful racket a steadfast and undisturbed bass to "The Star-spangled Banner." Purple-faced from his exertion, with eyes starting out of their sockets, but with triumphant determination in his soul, the E-flat tuba bellowed away, the conquering hero of that chaos of sound.

Then Green River and supper, and a chance to fall in by platoons and run about for ten minutes to warm up and stir the blood and ease the stiffened legs. And then night again. But no let up to the noisy welcome. It remains for Evanston to fit the capstone to the riot-making by turning loose a fiendish chorus of steam-whistles at midnight, and adding their dreadful din to the wild tumult of cheers and horns that wake the tired soldiers and keep their eyes open hours after Evanston was miles behind. That was the climax of the noise-makers' art. The fondest dreams of Halloween or Fourth of July night never stirred the breast of any boy with thought of such noise as Evanston called a welcome to sleepy soldiers. When Evanston enlists and travels through Nebraska, there are a lot of towns that will get sweet revenge.

Day again, and the Nevada desert. Providence had been good to the boys, and rain that fell in sheets kept down the dust that usually makes travel across the desert so uncomfortable. But big towns and little towns, villages, and solitary houses turned out to cheer. One more night, and then California. And if the other States had welcomed the Nebraska soldiers, what of California? It was holiday all along the road. Women and children swarmed about the train at every stop, and while the men and boys split their throats the women and girls scattered flowers and fruit among the soldiers. It was a procession of triumph clear to their camp out back of San Francisco, not the least part of which was the march up through the streets of that city.

But it was not until to-day that San Francisco turned out in force. This morning the First California Volunteers marched from their camp at the Presidio to the mail dock and boarded the transport *City of Peking*. They started out in heavy marching order—blankets, knapsacks, and all on their backs—forty pounds or more to the man. It was a long tramp over wretched cobblestone pavements, and the last two miles of it was not a march in company formation, but a single-handed fight through a mob. They started at seven o'clock, and it was noon when they reached the shelter of the pier shed. The police were utterly powerless to clear the streets. Mounted men cleared a path no longer than their horses. On the instant as they passed, the crowds that filled the streets swarmed back across the path of the soldiers.

It was a glorious day. The sun rode through a sky of unspotted blue, and a fresh breeze from the west cracked the myriad banners that floated from the house-tops like whips. Scarcely a window along the line that did not show at least one flag. The crowds in the street bore flowers by the armful—wreaths of great long-stemmed American Beauties, sweet-pease, carnations, violets, pansies, geraniums—blossoms of all the thousand kinds that teem in the Golden State. They threw them at the men and over their necks, hung them on their shoulders, piled them on their knapsacks, tossed them over their guns, and for want of other ways of demonstration, threw them on the ground for a carpet for the soldiers. Thousands of small flags added to the brilliancy of color. They were pinned to the soldiers' hats, stuck in their rifle-barrels, jammed into their knapsacks or blanket-rolls—any place where they would stick. So the First California marched away, the first United States soldiers to make attack on a foreign land oversea.

Only two tunes marked the departure. The bands that marched with the regiment played one of them. Over and over again they played it, and always the same—"The girl I left behind me." And all along the line the crowd responded in a booming chorus of

> John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
> And his soul goes marching on.

So down to the pier. And then form up again out of the straggling mass, surrounded by and mixed up with friends. Now good-bys are over. The trooper is just ahead. Make-believe is ended, war begins.

> Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.
> Time! Mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.
> Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er—
> Cheer, oh, cheer! We're going off where no one knows.
>
> Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses
> Ain't the sort o' things to take aboard the ship.

Oscar King Davis.

San Francisco, *May 26.*

P. S.—More impressive than the great spectacle of General Grant's return from the Orient was the farewell which San Francisco gave to the first Philippine expedition yesterday. The bay was alive with steamers, tugs, yachts, launches, and row-boats, and when the three great steamers weighed anchor and moved down the bay and out toward the Golden Gate, the sight was one long to be remembered. Hundreds of whistles sounded their shrill note, cannon boomed, and cheers of thousands on the water and on neighboring hills almost drowned other sounds of God-speed and good-by. The *City of Peking* sailed first; behind her came the *Australia* and the *City of Sydney*. Only a few minutes were required to bring the steamships out opposite the Presidio. Then against the rays of the setting sun they showed out as clear as an etching, every rope and spar fine and sharp, as their prows were pointed due west over the ocean that a Spaniard was first to see from the heights of Darien.

G. H. F.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE President has been freely criticised and censured for giving commissions and staff appointments to certain sons of distinguished fathers, and other gentlemen of no military experience. Some appointments of this sort, induced by political influence, have no doubt been bad, yet they seem in number and importance hardly to warrant the hue-and-cry that has been raised over them. Mr. Russell Harrison, Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mr. John Logan may not have demonstrated as yet that they are men of exceptional personal merit, but they won't swamp an army as big as ours. Mr. J. J. Astor's appointment has been criticised, but there are good grounds for considering it wise, and fully warranted by circumstances. A good many ornamental young men, whose interests heretofore have been mainly in society and sport, have got commissions, but the majority of these young fellows seem likely to make useful officers. Where so many appointments were to be made, and so much political influence was at work in connection with them, it was not to be expected that all would be faultless. The more important ones have been good, and of the less important a very large majority seem to have been suitable. That the President should have done much better was not within the bounds of a reasonable expectation.

It will take Admiral Dewey the rest of his life to catch up with his own reputation and inform himself of what has come to be known about him at home since that May morning when he became famous before breakfast. Every possible theory about his ancestry, habits, and state of mind seems to have been offered during the past month to the acceptance of his countrymen. His religious preferences, for one thing, have been the subject of several dissertations and ingenious hypotheses. It has been averred that his mother was a Jewess, and that the best materials in him were Jewish. It has also been confidently asserted that he is a Roman Catholic. The Buffalo *Commercial* has printed a letter which seems conclusive as to his religious affiliations. It is from Mr. Lewis, rector of Christ Church in Montpelier, Vermont, who says he is authorized by the Hon. Charles Dewey, of Montpelier, to say that the Admiral is a loyal communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Admiral's politics have been as much discussed as his religion, with the result of a failure to discover that he has any politics. But, after all, if he doesn't know whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, he is no worse off than many thousands of his countrymen ashore.

The Fourteenth Congressional District of New York talks of running Colonel Theodore Roosevelt for Congress. Just at present Colonel Roosevelt is a good deal occupied, but there is a fair prospect that he will be at leisure again before next March, and then we shall be delighted to see him in Congress. There is room there for honest, intelligent, educated men of all shades of opinion, albeit a man of Colonel Roosevelt's impetuosity might find Congressional discussions a trial to his patience.

On May 31 Professor Charles Eliot Norton delivered his last lecture as an active professor in Harvard College. He has been made professor emeritus, and will still continue some of his smaller advanced courses, but his courses on the history of art, which have been the most popular and best attended of all the Harvard "electives," will hereafter be undertaken by others. It is pleasant to read in the Boston *Transcript* of the expressions of respect and affection which marked Professor Norton's appearance on May 31 at his closing lecture. A huge bunch of roses, provided by a general subscription, awaited him on his desk, and long-continued applause from the waiting students as he came in testified to the warmth of a regard earned by forty years of service. Perhaps no one man who has served Harvard College has done so much for the promotion of culture and good manners as Professor Norton. In his case example has effectively supplemented precept, and the homely "handsome is that handsome does" has always had its due weight in his expositions of the qualities of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He is almost the last of that circle of friends which included Lowell and Curtis, and whose members lived in an enviable intimacy, of which there is more than one lasting token in American literature.

Professor Norton's views of our present war have been quoted, and doubtless misquoted, and anathematized a good deal in the last two months. It is interesting to find the *Transcript* representing him as saying that while he believes with Franklin that there never was a "good" war, it is everybody's duty to support the government, so that this present war may be finished as soon as possible.

On the 1st of June it was the opinion of men who thought they knew, that Mr. Joseph Leiter had found a profit of about $4,000,000 in his hypotheses about the price of May wheat. Mr. Leiter's more urgent labors as a forecaster of grain values seem to be over for the present, though as to that it is easier to surmise than to be sure. It may be presumed that he has had an interesting experience. It does not signify especially what his profits have been, as he already commanded an elegant sufficiency of funds, but besides making a fortune—if he has made one—he has achieved an ample celebrity. Wherever he goes he may be sure for a time to be pointed at with the finger. He is a greater man than William Hearst, almost as great a man as Robert Fitzsimmons. If he and Admiral Dewey were dining at the same restaurant, or on exhibition on the same platform, the spectators would look at both of them. That, of course, is much to say, since any man who aspires to divide attention with Admiral Dewey nowadays must be a notable of heroic proportions.

On the whole, most men find a reasonable notoriety rather agreeable. When you are presented to a stranger it saves time and trouble not to have to have it explained who you are, and what excuse you have been able to make for being alive. Mr. Joseph Leiter may presently put his profits back where he got them, but even if he keeps quiet from this time forward, which isn't likely, it will take him a long time to outlive the advertising that he has had and the celebrity that is his.

We have had so much to think of of late that the fact has been almost overlooked that Dr. George H. Hepworth, who lately went to Armenia to make a personal inspection of conditions there, brought back word that there was no future for Armenia unless something happened to drive the Turks out of Europe. Discoursing the other day before the Baptist Social Union in New York, Dr. Hepworth declared that the Turks were 3000 years behind the times, and were so unalterably opposed to the progress of civilization that if the Sultan tried to put into operation the reforms he had promised the powers, he would be assassinated within a fortnight. Inasmuch as the impression was somewhat prevalent that the purpose of Dr. Hepworth's journey was to give us a more favorable impression of the Turk than we had before, his conclusions seem somewhat notable. The only comfort he gives the partisans of Turkey appears in the suggestion that the powers were somewhat to blame for the tumults in the Turkish Empire, because the Armenians have believed that if they made uprisings the powers would come to their relief.

Assurance is given, though details at this writing are not fully disclosed, that the Lowell Memorial Fund was completed before June 1, and that the Memorial Park is assured. The amount that had to be raised by subscription was $23,333, the $11,667 needed to make up the required sum of $35,000 being provided by the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston, which now takes the Memorial Park under its care, as part of the Boston park system. The money came slowly. It is nearly two years since the attempt to raise it began, and the committee in charge is doubtless gratified and relieved to see its labors brought to a successful conclusion.

The Presbyterian Church seems not disposed for the moment to prosecute any further its differences with Princeton University. At the session of the General Assembly, on May 27, at Winona, Indiana, a recommendation



OSCAR S. STRAUS,
United States Minister to Turkey.—[See Page 558.]

specifically assailing the Princeton Inn was voted down, the Assembly contenting itself with a moderate resolution calling upon "all parents and teachers to exercise increased diligence and watchfulness over themselves and those committed to their care in respect to intemperance, in order that our homes and schools may be purged of the evil of intemperance and the drink traffic be driven from our land, and this without reflection on any collegiate institution."

The General Assembly also shows itself peacefully disposed towards Professor McGiffert, whose reputed heresies, as set forth in a recent book, it declines to stamp out by immediate formal action, contenting itself with a request to the professor that if he cannot reconsider his views he will withdraw from the denomination.

The London *Telegraph* lately devoted a column of editorial discourse to a suggestion of Mr. James Bryce that the British public wants cheaper books, and that if the publishers would supply that want the habit of reading books would be stimulated and the business of the publishers increased. Mr. Bryce's idea seems to have been that only by the cheapening of books was it possible to meet the formidable competition of the magazines and newspapers. The *Telegraph* is by no means ready to admit the expediency or effectuality of this method of cure. As to British readers, it says that "while a leisurely and contented class who buy books has not increased in number, the large chaotic and indeterminate class bred by the board schools and taught to read by expeditious methods have practically decided that they do not want books." It finds that the number of British readers who read literary work is relatively small, and that the great mass of the reading population is quite content with sixpenny magazines and newspapers. It notes the familiar fact that the circulating libraries are the mainstay of the British publishers of good books, and it doubts if the sale of such books could be materially increased by lowering the price of them. Obstacles to reduction of price it finds in many considerations that the publishers have to regard, and in particular in the cost of advertising and the large royalties paid to successful authors. Then even in the case of novels, the trade in which constitutes the most important part of the book business, the publisher has no assurance that a reduction of price will be followed by a proportionate increase of distribution. If you appeal to a particular class, says the *Telegraph*, it is always doubtful whether you will widen your appeal by lowering your price. Many and many a book has sold fairly well for twelve shillings and not a whit better for being reduced to five or six shillings.

Book reading, it adds, is subject nowadays to the competition of a much greater variety of entertainments than in earlier times. Theatres, concerts, and lectures abound more than of yore. Ay, and so do bicycles and all sorts of out-door sports, but yet the great competitors of books seem to be the newspapers and the periodicals.

It is not held that the demand for books is falling off, but only, apparently, that it does not increase in proportion to the increased number of readers. It seems to be the *Telegraph's* opinion that that desired increase may not be trusted to follow a reduction in the price of new books, and that it is by no means clear that a lowering of prices is the publishers' best policy.

Fifteen novels, all but one of recent date, afford the Edinburgh *Review* the materials for eighteen pages of discourse about "Novels of American Life." The list is headed by *Democracy*, which appeared sixteen years ago, and it includes Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke*, Harold Frederic's *Theron Ware*, Gertrude Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk*, Henry B. Fuller's *With the Procession*, James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, three books by Stephen Crane, *Gallegher* by R. H. Davis, and stories by F. J. Stimson, Alice Brown, Clinton Ross, and C. G. D. Roberts. The writers of all these books the *Review* classes as realists not bent on narrating incident, but given to the portraiture of character as it is discovered in the more trivial domestic events and emotions. It thinks that no country in the world's history ever offered a better chance than ours does for the portrayal not merely of the individual character, but of the character of communities. It finds here an extraordinary concentration of intelligence upon this task, and taking the writers noted as representative laborers in this field, it considers how and with what results they have gone about their business. It criticises Mr. Fuller, Mr. Frederic, and Mr. Crane as writers who, either in their style or their stand-point, show signs of European influence. It gives much attention and much praise to Miss Wilkins, whose tragic narrative it follows through its direful course, albeit it observes that her stories are old-maidish in temper, and that an atmosphere of soap and water pervades her books. It traces Mr. Frederic's tragedy to the point up to which "nothing could be better done," and thence faithfully on as it becomes "on the whole the most disagreeable study we ever read, although, as regards the central figure, a masterpiece of psychology." It finds it "the strongest American novel of recent years, and the most fully representative—a great novel, though inconsistent in the presentment of the principal woman's character; but not a book that is good reading for the average ignorant young man or young woman." It devotes two pages to Mrs. Atherton, "not only because she has been a success with some educated people, but because she presents in a kind of caricature the same tendencies in American nature which other novelists indicate in less glowing colors." Mr. Allen's *Choir Invisible* it describes as "a beautiful work," and commends as "a real effort of the creative imagination, and a real addition to the literature of its country." It says of Mr. Crane that he sees what he sees not directly, but, as it were, translated into print, but it has good hopes of him, because he has talent and is still young. The other books it regards in a group, but they help it to the conclusion that—

> Altogether the school of American novelists actually existing is rich in widely varied excellence of manner and widely varied range of interest. It is essentially conscientious in its workmanship, and serious, even scientific, in aim; upon the whole, a body of literature which is not marked out by any commanding achievement, but which, by its high average of power and vitality, might do honor to any age and any country.

The story that hardtack stamped "Remember the *Maine!*" has been part of the daily food of our sailors and soldiers is denied as a yarn born during the news famine. Whether true or not, it lasted long enough to inspire a formal remonstrance, addressed to Secretary Long by sundry bodies of Boston, against everything that tended to make a war undertaken for the relief of the oppressed appear to be a war of vengeance. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of the "Remember-the-*Maine*" spirit in the navy, nor does it seem likely to do harm there.

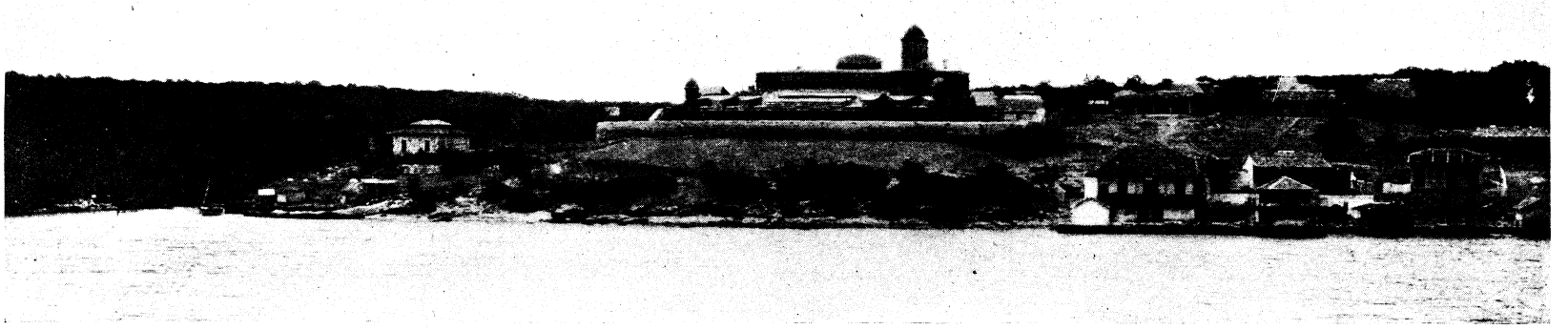
The appearance of the new trans-Mississippi postage-stamps was due on June 1, and before now they will have begun to be familiar in the more important postal centres. They advertise a great show, to which we all wish the highest success, and which seems likely just now to need all the advertising and good wishes and more substantial support that it can get. For it seems unlucky for the Omaha Fair that it has fallen upon war times, when every one's thoughts are running to matters military and naval, and when all eyes are on our camps and the movements of troops, and all ears are cocked for news of naval victories. Yet that may only be an apparent drawback to the fair's success, for, after all, it is a far cry from any of our scenes of war to Omaha, and no part of our country is as yet noticeably drained either of men or money. Perhaps the fair will be a Western centre of war news and war interests, and folks will go there all the more because they want in these stirring times to get together and talk over the country's prospects.

At any rate, the exposition opened bravely on June 1 with a parade three miles long, and with beautiful buildings crowded with exhibits. President McKinley, from Washington, addressed an assembly by long-distance telephone, and touched a button that set the machinery in motion, and a hundred thousand people took part in the opening. Pictures of the buildings have already been given in the WEEKLY, and everybody knows that in character and material they resemble the palaces of the White City of 1893. We shall all know them more intimately presently, either from seeing them or reading about them; for the fair will last long enough for all of us to know its features well, war or no war. Indeed, it may outlast the war, and very likely it will, and find its profit in celebrations of the return of peace.

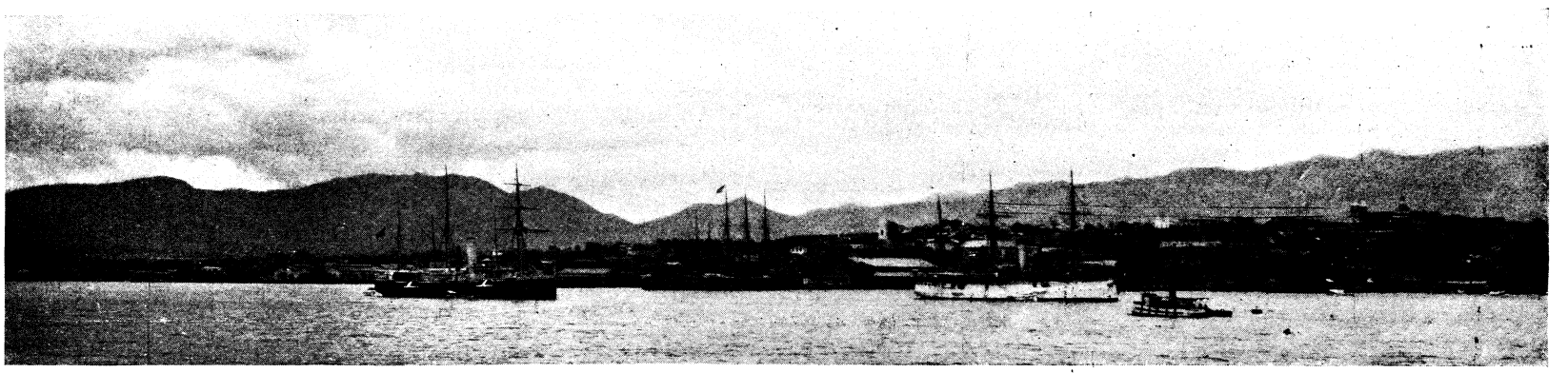
E. S. MARTIN.



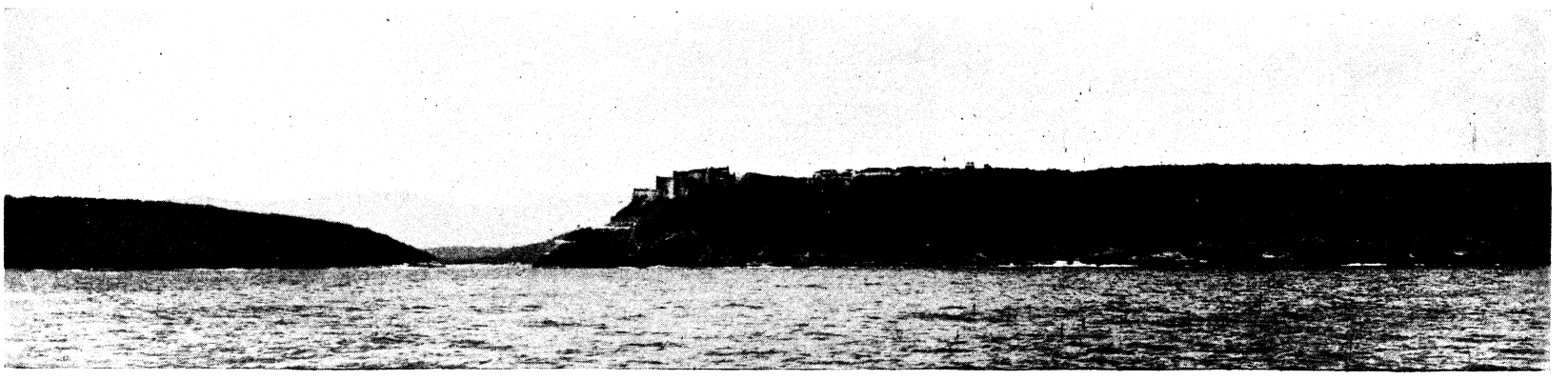
CIENFUEGOS, FROM THE HARBOR.



THE CASTLE AT CIENFUEGOS.



SANTIAGO, FROM THE HARBOR.



SANTIAGO'S MORRO CASTLE AT THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.



SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON PLANTATION "SOLEDAD," GUANTANAMO.

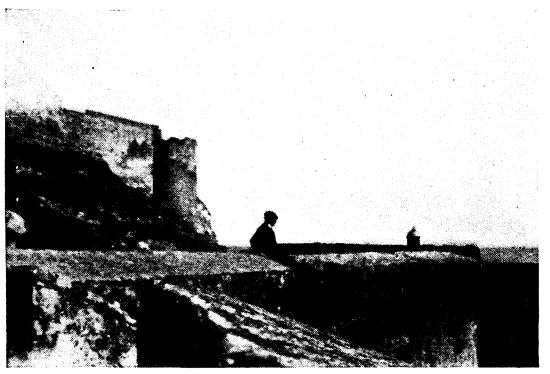
SPANISH STRONGHOLDS IN SOUTHEASTERN CUBA.—FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

V.—SMUGGLERS' CASTLES AND COAST-GUARDS.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

AT Villajoyosa I slept in a room with five images of saints on the walls. My tuneful companions were bitten in the night; I was not. Next morning I spoke of this to the host, who saw nothing strange in it—their room had no pictures of saints in it! This was a grand old tumble-down town, an ancient Moorish seaport, much like all the other little ports on this semi-African coast. I stopped to make a



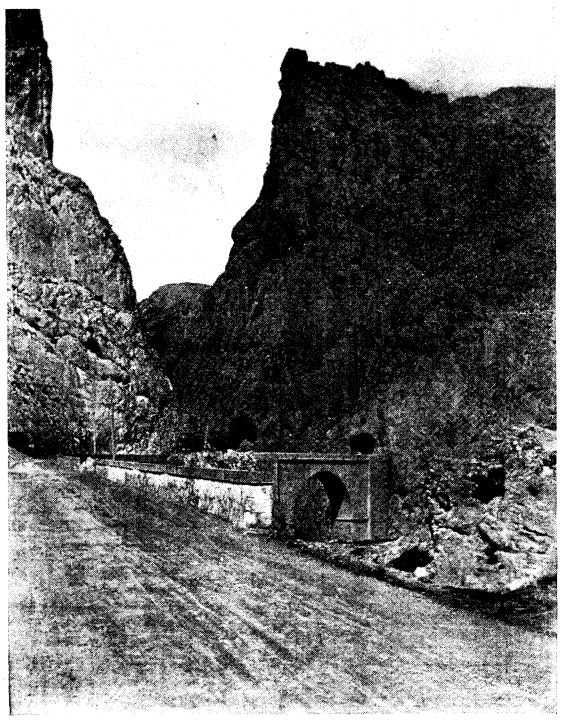
THE OLD CASTLE OF DENIA.

photograph from the gigantic bridge that forms the western entrance of the place, and was at once surrounded by interested towns-people. One man evidently regarded my photographing at this point as contrary to law, and said as much to some people about him, but those nearest to me immediately took my side, and vigorously protested that I was photographing only the buildings of the town, and nothing that could do harm. This was the first occasion in Spain when any opposition appeared to my kodak. I could not discover anything more military about this place than another of the dozens of ruined castles sprinkled all along our route, and particularly along this rocky shore-line, where many of them were in use as recently as the war against Napoleon. Some even now serve as coast-guard stations. I suppose we passed on any one day of our Spanish tour more castles than are on the German stream between Bonn and Mainz.

We noticed a marked difference in the police or frontier guard the moment we touched the coast. In the interior the gendarmes were our friends, with whom we exchanged cigarettes and wine-skins, to whom we appealed for information. On the coast, however, we were met by a reserved, not to say a suspicious, manner on the part of the policemen. They are a national force, armed with rifles, and intended primarily to prevent surprise by an enemy, whether that enemy take the form of a smuggler or a cruiser with the stars and stripes at the peak.

It would be mighty hard work for a boat's crew to land anywhere along this coast without the knowledge of the coast-guard, and smuggling must be a very profitable thing, to judge by the costly arrangements involved in its discouragement. We passed the quarters of this coast-patrol at every point where a fishing-boat could possibly make a landing, and when we would be taking a walk along the shore-line, and imagine ourselves peculiarly alone, we would suddenly come upon a sentry crouching under the lee side of a rock with a rifle between his knees, watching the movement of the fishing-craft in the offing. One sentry that I stumbled upon near Cape San Martin had his little boy with him. It was a bitterly cold day, by reason of a northwester that blew down upon us from the snow mountains. The uniform of this soldier was full of holes which defied ordinary repairing. It was a threadbare, ragged garment, fit only for the paper-mill. On his head he wore the regulation hat of the Spanish infantry—a sort of stiff glazed thing, which might be useful in bailing out a canoe, but of no earthly use in cold weather as a head-dress. This day the soldier had put on a night-cap underneath his shako. On his feet he wore the moccasins common to the peasants, and for overcoat he had the raggedest sort of a horse-blanket. But for his modern breech-loading rifle and his uncomfortable glazed hat, one might have mistaken him for a mendicant to whom a discharged soldier had given a castaway uniform.

Here was a man with honesty stamped upon every inch of his meagre attire. I don't know what the government pays him for giving his life to the protection of the national treasury, but whatever the amount may be, it obviously does not suffice to give him an overcoat in winter, or even a blanket fit for a New York ash-cart. If this man chose to be dishonest, he certainly could dress warmly, and also dress his child. I had a pocketful of peanuts, and offered some to the little boy, who seized them eagerly and ate with evident satisfaction. Then we sat down to rest on a rock by his side, and offered some to the father. He declined with thanks, in a manner to show clearly that he could not afford to encourage the advances of strangers who approached him with gifts in their hands. His eyes were following intently the manœuvres of a small schooner which was standing on and off beyond the fishing-fleet, and he no doubt suspected that I was concerned in some plot to bribe him. He was a rough, simple peasant, of honest and loyal nature, who would embark for Cuba to-morrow did his duty call him. He was ill paid and ill clothed; but what of that? In his veins ran the Moorish blood of fatalism, and it would not alter his creed to see his comrades rotting like dead dogs in a cause they cared nothing about. This is the soldier of Spain with whom we must reckon when war is declared; this is the type of man that knows nothing of government machinery, and asks nothing of public sentiment. He is loyal to government, whatever form that may take, and will march against Cuba, or against men on



THE ROAD OVER THE MOUNTAIN FROM CALPE TO DENIA.

strike in the next town, or against a foreign foe, with equal enthusiasm or indifference.

That night I was dining at Denia, and at the head of the table sat a great swell, whose mustaches were evidently the result of professional treatment, whose clothes were obviously from the most fashionable tailors of Madrid. He was of that bland colorless kind that makes successful politicians and gamblers. He radiated an atmosphere of fashionable serenity and luxurious ease. The finished manner with which he sipped his black coffee and cognac, lit his cigarette, and leaned back in his chair marked him as the lounging club-man of Madrid. He was a great power in these parts; probably the most important official who ever visited so remote a place. He was no less than the custom-house inspector, on an official round to the different posts along the coast. This is the type of the smooth official who lives luxuriously while his working force are starving and freezing at their posts. This is the type of man that goes to Cuba loaded with debts and returns with a large balance at the bank. This is the man who dreads a change of government, and prefers the desperate alternative of a war with the United States rather than a reform of Cuban administration.

Since so many people use the word corruption in regard to Spain in a vague and rather misleading way, it may be worth while mentioning that we three, at least, were never made to feel, either at the frontiers or elsewhere, that bribery could have assisted us with minor officials, gendarmes, and the like. Of course our experience does not justify generalization, but it at least forms a unit in the basis for some one else's judgment. I have constantly heard from transatlantic travellers that the only way to get through the New York Custom House was to bribe the man who inspected your trunk. I can only reply to this that I have never done so, nor ever found that I suffered in consequence. I only once offered a present to an inspector, and he declined it. My experience may have been exceptional. I hope not.

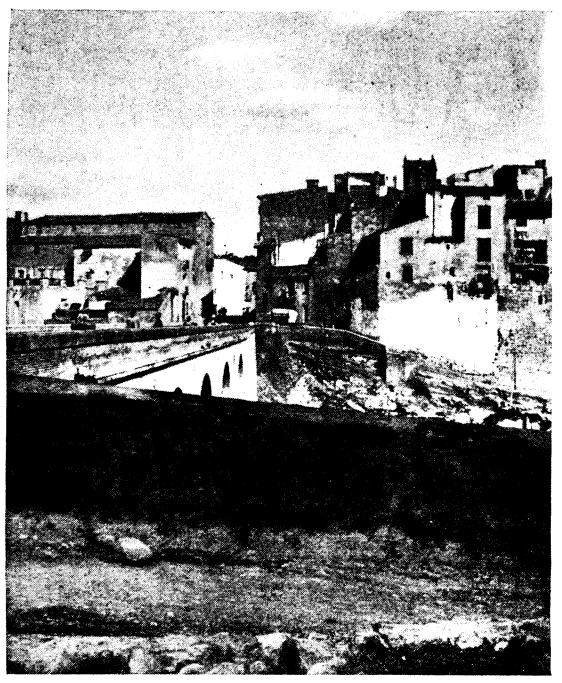
The most complete little smuggling-port I have seen is near Denia, at a point called Agua Dulce. We climbed out to it from Denia along a rocky trail, partly amongst hills, and partly along the coast. The road was marked as a government highway. At one point our forces divided upon two roads, each insisting that he was on the



OLD AND YOUNG HAULING IN THE SEINE AT VILLAJOYOSA.

real highway. We tested the matter by continuing carefully for a few hundred yards, when I discovered that my section was the dry bed of a torrent. I returned to the others, to find that, so far as road-repairing was concerned, there was no visible difference between the conditions of the two. There was some stiff climbing up to the top of a rocky promontory, on which was a tower in good repair, though uninhabited. A large stone fronting the sea was carved with the Austrian double eagle, telling us that it must have been built in the days of Hapsburg dominion. There was no door lower than ten feet from the ground, so that those who entered had to be pulled up by ropes. It must therefore have been a difficult place to take by storm. The view up here was a grand one, including magnificent mountains at our back, and on either hand a long perspective of lofty cliffs indented by narrow little coves, where the surf of the blue Mediterranean rolled in and twisted about amongst the caves. All this was beautiful, but we were looking for something else. A path led from this deserted castle towards the sea, and down we went in thirst of discovery. It brought us out at a beautiful little cove cut off from all interference from east or west. Here were the ruins of a Moorish castle, built partly on land and partly out upon the water, so as to completely conceal and effectually protect from surprise a little harbor capable of sheltering five or six coasting-craft such as the Vikings used on their plundering voyages. In the ruins of this old castle lived a peasant with his pretty wife and four little children. The husband was away, but the wife let us inspect these curious premises, which in days gone by played an important part. The sea rolled up under the floor of their one room, which was kitchen and general quarters. A narrow winding stairway of stone—so narrow that our tenor had to draw in his breath—led to a gallery above where the walls were pierced for crossbows or musketry. Half-way up was a platform with a big round hole in it like the top of a well. Down this shaft ropes were lowered to the Mediterranean beneath, the waters of which came roaring up into this narrow spout when an east wind forced the waves against this coast. Never before had I been in a house from which the deep-sea mariner could weigh anchor with one foot in his kitchen, and to which he could return with no port dues save those of his wife's making. The revenue officials coasting outside could see nothing beyond the walls of an apparently innocent peasant's dwelling. While the coast-guard might be prowling within rifle-shot, the

(*Continued on page 572.*)



BRIDGE ENTRANCE TO VILLAJOYOSA,
Where I was suspected of being a Spy.



FISHING-BOATS NOW IN USE AT VILLAJOYOSA.



LIEUTENANT COUNT A. v. GOETZEN,
German Military Attaché.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL S. SUMNER, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 1st Brigade, Cavalry Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, U.S. VOLS.,
Commanding 2d Division, 5th Corps.

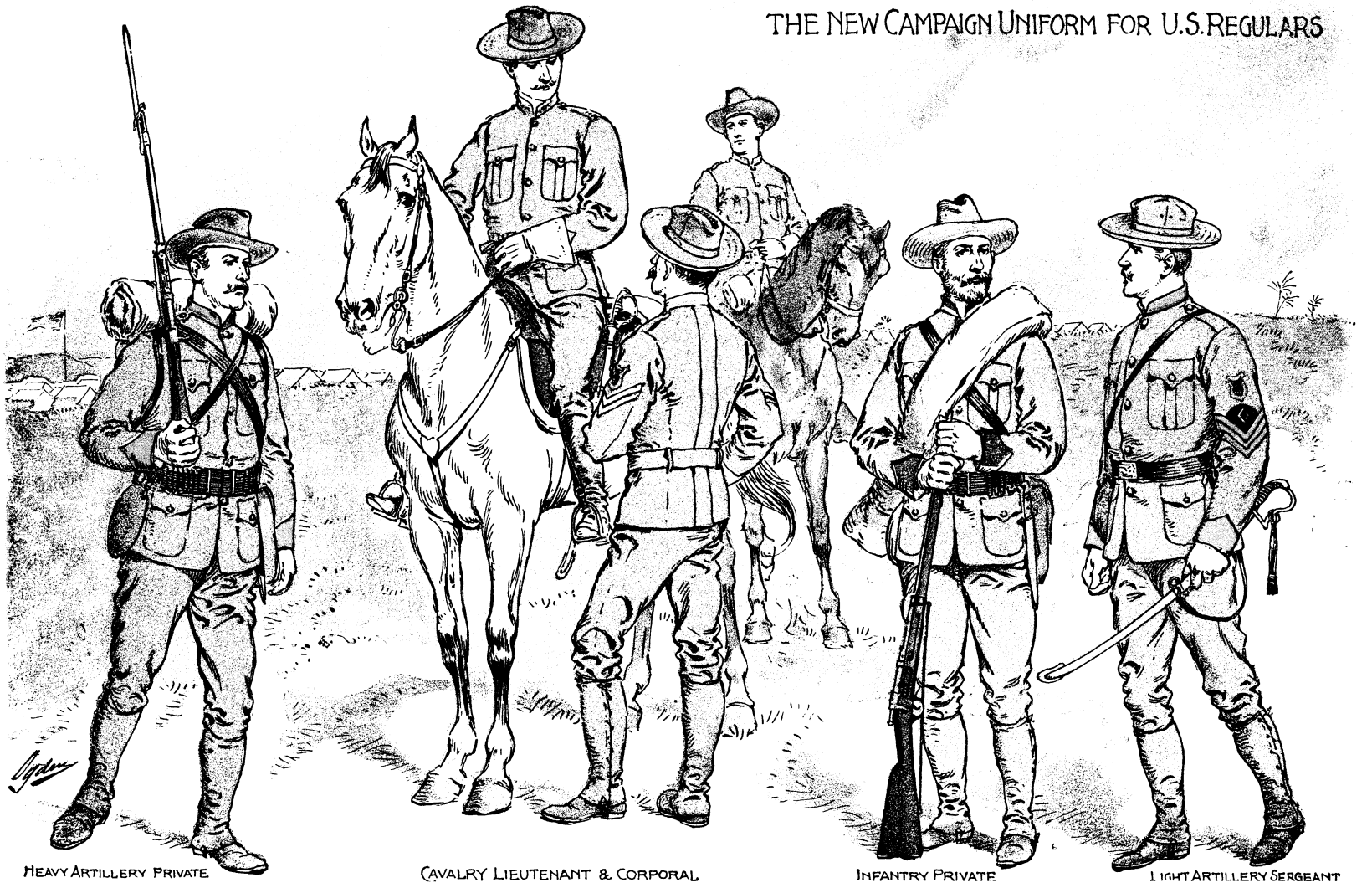


BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S. VOLS.,
Chief of Engineer Forces in the Field.

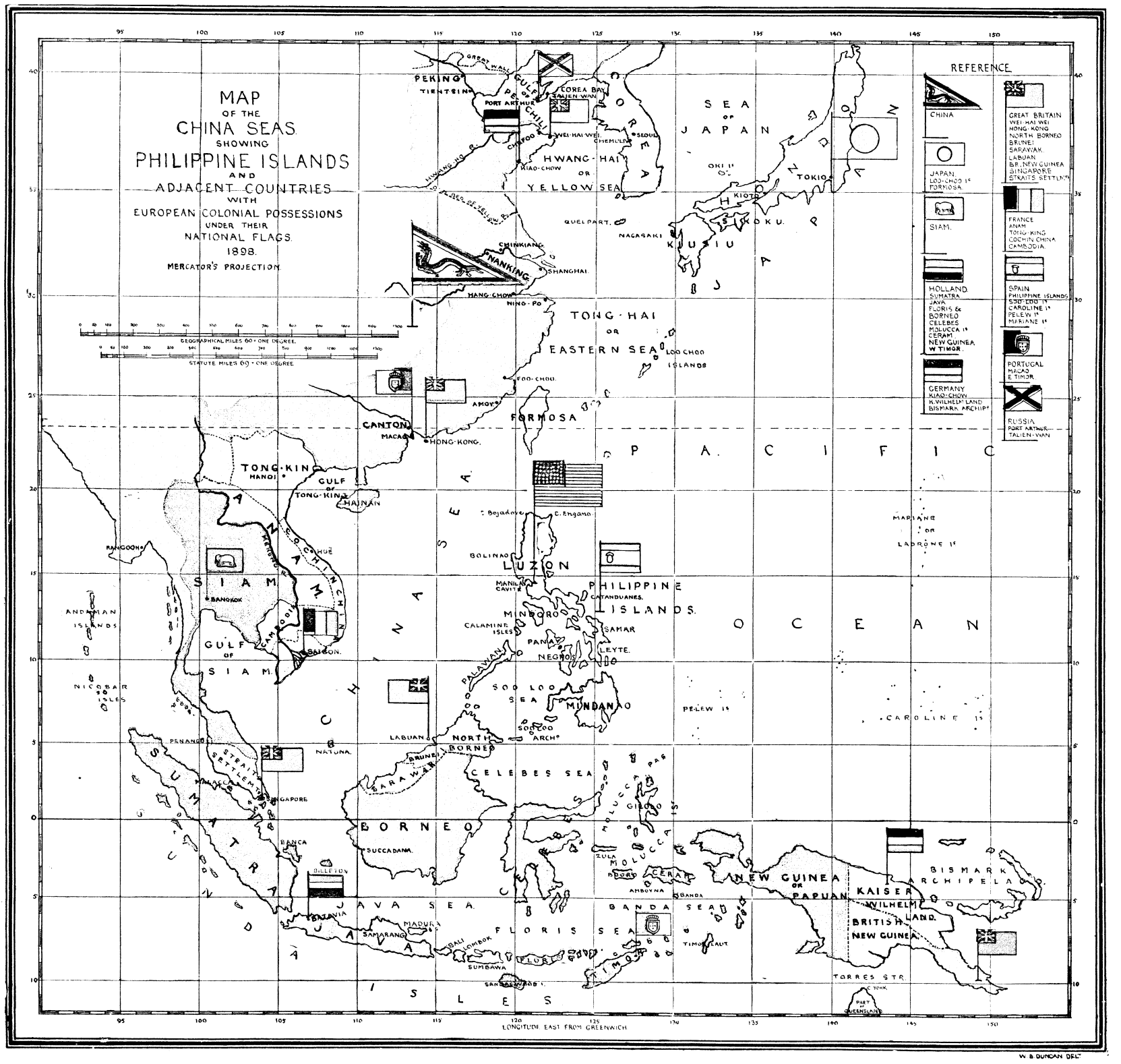
PROMINENT OFFICERS NOW AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

Drawn from Life by Frederic Remington, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" at Tampa.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN UNIFORM FOR U.S. REGULARS



HEAVY ARTILLERY PRIVATE — CAVALRY LIEUTENANT & CORPORAL — INFANTRY PRIVATE — LIGHT ARTILLERY SERGEANT



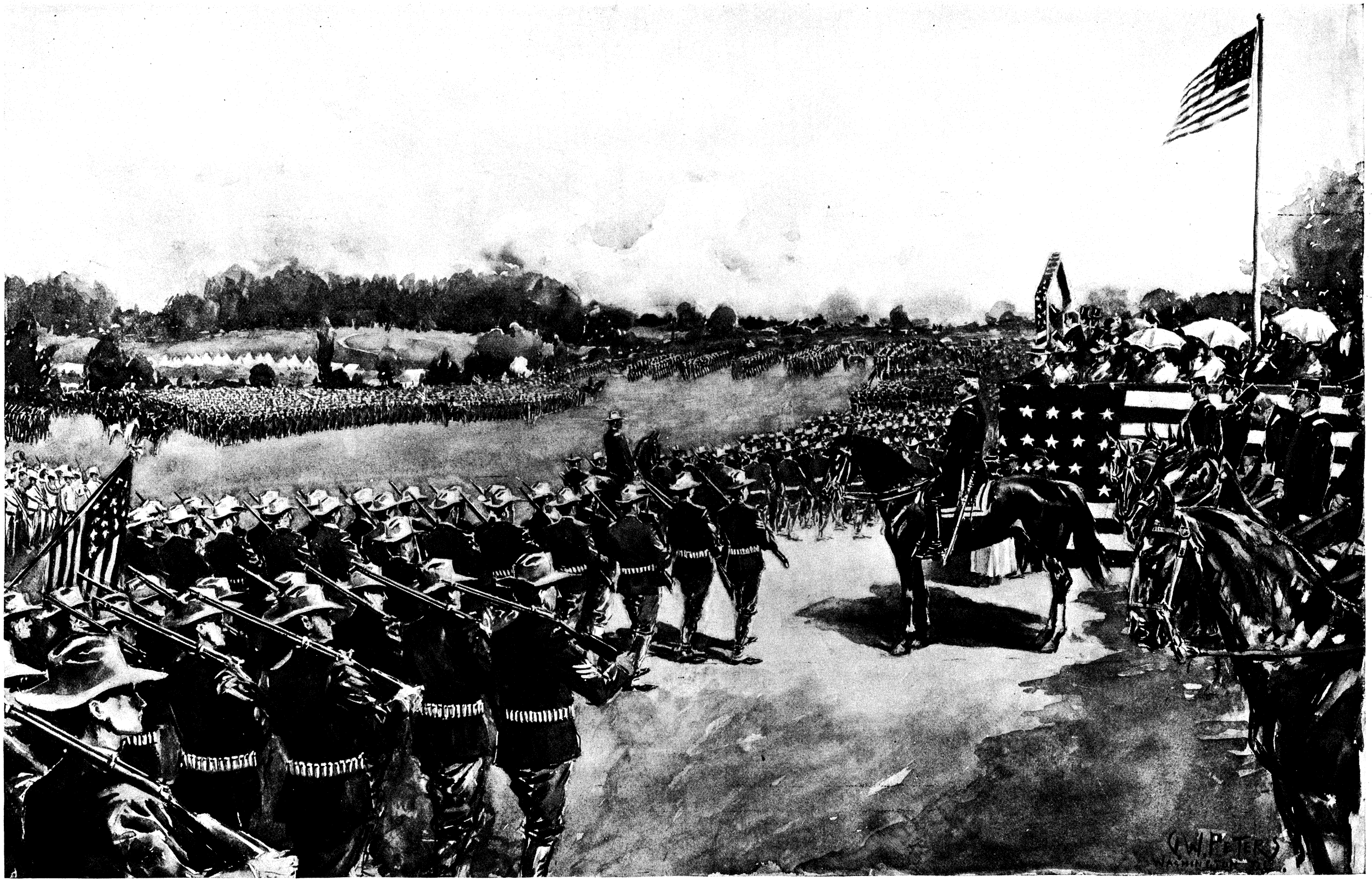
MAP
OF THE
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
SHOWING
EUROPEAN COLONIAL POSSESSIONS
UNDER THEIR NATIONAL FLAGS
1898.
MERCATORS PROJECTION

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
CARIBBEAN SEA
HALIFAX.
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
NORFOLK
C. HATTERAS.
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
MOBILE
PENSACOLA
TAMPA
KEY WEST
TORTUGAS
BERMUDA.
NASSAU
BAHAMA I.
TROPIC of CANCER.
MATANZAS
HAVANA
CUBA
I. of PINES.
SANTIAGO.
JAMAICA.
YUCATAN
BRITISH HONDURAS.
HONDURAS
HAITI
SAN DOMINGO
PORTO RICO
CULEBRA
ST THOMAS
ST JOHN
VIRGIN GORDA
ANEGADA
TORTOLA
ST CROIX
ST KITTS
NEVIS
MONTSERRAT
ANTIGUA
GRANDE TERRE
GUADELOUPE
DESIRADE
MARIE GALANTE
DOMINICA
MARTINIQUE
S. LUCIA
S. VINCENT
GRENADA
BARBADOS
TOBAGO
TRINIDAD.
ARUBA
BUEN AYRE
CURAÇAO.
CARACAS
VENEZUELA
PANAMA
BR. GUIANA.
S. VINCENT TO S. THOMAS 2300 MILES
GEOGRAPHICAL MILES AS ONE DEGREE.
ENGLISH MILES AS ONE DEGREE.
LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH
CORVO
FLORES
GRACIOSA
S. GEORGE
PICO
TERCEIRA
S. MICHAELS
S. MARIA
AZORES.
MADEIRA
CANARY ISLES
PALMA
TENERIFFE
GOMERA
HIERRO
LANZAROTE
FUERTEVENTURA
GRAN CANARIA
S. ANTONIO
S. V. CENTE
S. LUCIA
S. NICOLAS
SAL
BONA VISTA
MAIO.
S. IAGO
CAPE DE VERDE ISLES.
C. VERDE
OPORTO
LISBON
PORTUGAL
MADRID.
SPAIN
CADIZ
GIBRALTAR
AFRICA

REFERENCE.

- GREAT BRITAIN: BERMUDA, BAHAMAS, JAMAICA, BARBUDA, ANTIGUA, S. KITTS, NEVIS, MONTSERRAT, DOMINICA, S. LUCIA, S. VINCENT, GRENADA, BARBADOS, TOBAGO, TRINIDAD.
- SPAIN: CUBA, ISLE OF PINES, PORTO RICO, BLEQUE, CULEBRA, CANARY ISLES
- PORTUGAL: AZORES, MADEIRA, CAPE VERDE ISLES
- FRANCE: GUADELOUPE, GRANDE TERRE, DESIRADE, MARIE GALANTE, MARTINIQUE, S. BARTHOLEMEW, S. MARTIN.
- DENMARK: S. THOMAS, S. JOHN, SANTA CRUZ.
- HOLLAND: CURAÇAO, ORABA, BUENAYRE, SABA.
- REPUB. OF S. DOMINGO
- REPUB. OF HAITI

W.B DUNCAN DELT.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP ALGER, MAY 28.
13,000 Soldiers of the 2d Army Corps march past the President and Major-General Miles at Falls Church, Virginia.



"HELENE, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG, WHO IS ABOUT TO DIE, IS ALSO GUILTY OF LOVING ME, HUGO GOTTFRIED!"

(*Continued from page 565.*)

smugglers might be quietly unloading their boats into the kitchen, or overhauling their gear for another expedition when darkness should have arrived. The entrance from the sea to this wonderful little place was no wider than strictly necessary for a man-o'-war's cutter, and even she would have to shorten oars and be smart with the boat-hook in twisting into this rocky little gut. Tom Sawyer would have revelled in a place like this, where he and Huck Finn might have turned into first-class pirates. George and I fancied that we could become rich beyond the dreams of avarice if we could but live here for a year or two and apply to the smuggling trade the same technical skill employed in war or other wicked occupations. For instance, we proposed, in the first place, a stock company with abundant capital to fit out three beamy yachts that could cruise about without exciting suspicion. These should relieve one another in these waters, each bearing an assorted cargo of articles suitable for smuggling. Each of these yachts should have electric launches running at least twenty knots, and these should be used in running the contraband cargo swiftly and silently into our castle kitchen. Of course it would be manifestly selfish to keep all the profits of this magnificent enterprise to ourselves, so we proposed inviting as a preferred shareholder the gorgeous custom-house inspector, whose mustachios had excited our envy. His principal duty would consist in drawing dividends. At the same time, he would be expected to remove from this neighborhood any coast-guardsman so clever or energetic as to disturb our schemes for extending the area of free trade in Spain.

My note-books tell of many interesting episodes on this eccentric trip of ours—of a long climb up into the mountains at Benisa, and our long coast down on the other side: there must have been ten miles of it; then how the mules and donkeys danced madly out of their orbits as we passed them; how some mountain villagers stoned George by mistake, thinking he was the devil; and how I came in the rear for the stones that were meant for others. All these are sweet recollections now that they have been survived. Barcelona deserves a chapter, and Consul Bowen, who expects to be mobbed one moment and smothered in kisses the next. We sang the songs of "Dear old Yale" in his room, and that did us good.

Our Spanish trip was an immense success, and I advise every American to follow our example. We had bad roads in plenty and some hardships, yet never a dull day, never a discourtesy, never a meeting that did not result in friendship. And as for our three selves, we jointly regret it was necessary to go to war with people who have treated us so well.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MORN.

EVEN as the dwarf on the ledge of the clock-tower creaked his wires and clicked back his hammer to strike the midnight over the city, even as the first solemn toll of the hour reverberated over the Wolfsberg, I was at the door of the Duke's room waiting for admission.

The Chamberlain in attendance looked within, and seeing his master writing at a table, he was going out again without speech.

"Has Hugo Gottfried returned?" said the Duke, without looking up.

"Hugo Gottfried is here!" I replied, stepping unannounced into the room.

He looked up without smiling, a keen inquiring glance glittering from between eyelids so close together that only the faintest line of the pupil showed black under the lashes.

"Well?" he said.

"I will do the thing you have asked," answered I.

And said no more.

The Duke instantly became restless, and getting up, he began to pace about the floor like a caged beast.

"You have seen her?" he inquired, stopping in front of me like a dog that points the game.

"I *have* seen her," I replied as simply.

"Well?" he said again, with a keen eager note of anxiety in his voice.

"I am ready to do that which you have asked."

He seemed to be on the point of asking something else. But, changing his mind, he touched a little silver bell.

The usher appeared.

"Show the Hereditary Justicer of the Mark to the Red Tower. Give him all that is necessary to eat and drink. Bid a man-at-arms attend him, and set a sufficient guard at the door!"

So I went out from the presence, and the Duke and the Duke's new Justicer bowed to each other gravely as I stood a moment on the threshold.

"Till we meet again, Red Axe of the Wolfmark!" said Duke Otho.

"Till we meet again!" said I.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

In little more than ten minutes after I had entered them, I stood outside the Duke's apartments, and with my escort I strode across to the empty Red Tower, the home of so many memories. My head was reeling with the overpress of excitement; I could not sleep. So, bribing the soldier, my companion, who had been charged by the Duke not to lose sight of me, to accompany me, I went up to my father's garret.

There I found all things as they had been when my father died.

I set the windows wide, cast the tumbled bedclothes out upon the dust-heap beneath, and bared the whole to the clean wholesome breezes of the night. I saw the fateful Red Axe lean as usual against the block, and taking it up, I found it keen as a razor. It was spotless, and the edge gave back the long low room and our one glimmering candle like a mirror. It must have been my father's last work in this world to polish it.

Then I went down to my own room and laid me down upon the bed in which, on that night of the first homecoming of the Playmate, I had laid my little wife.

The soldier couched across the door, rolled in his cloak and some chance wrapping he found about the house.

God keep me from ever spending such a night again. I thought it would never come to an end. Out in the square in front of the Wolfsberg I could hear a knocking —dull, continuous, reverberant. At first I thought it must be within my own head, so I asked the soldier after a little if he heard it also. I had some faint idea that it might be Prince Karl of Plassenburg with his army thundering at the gates of Thorn.

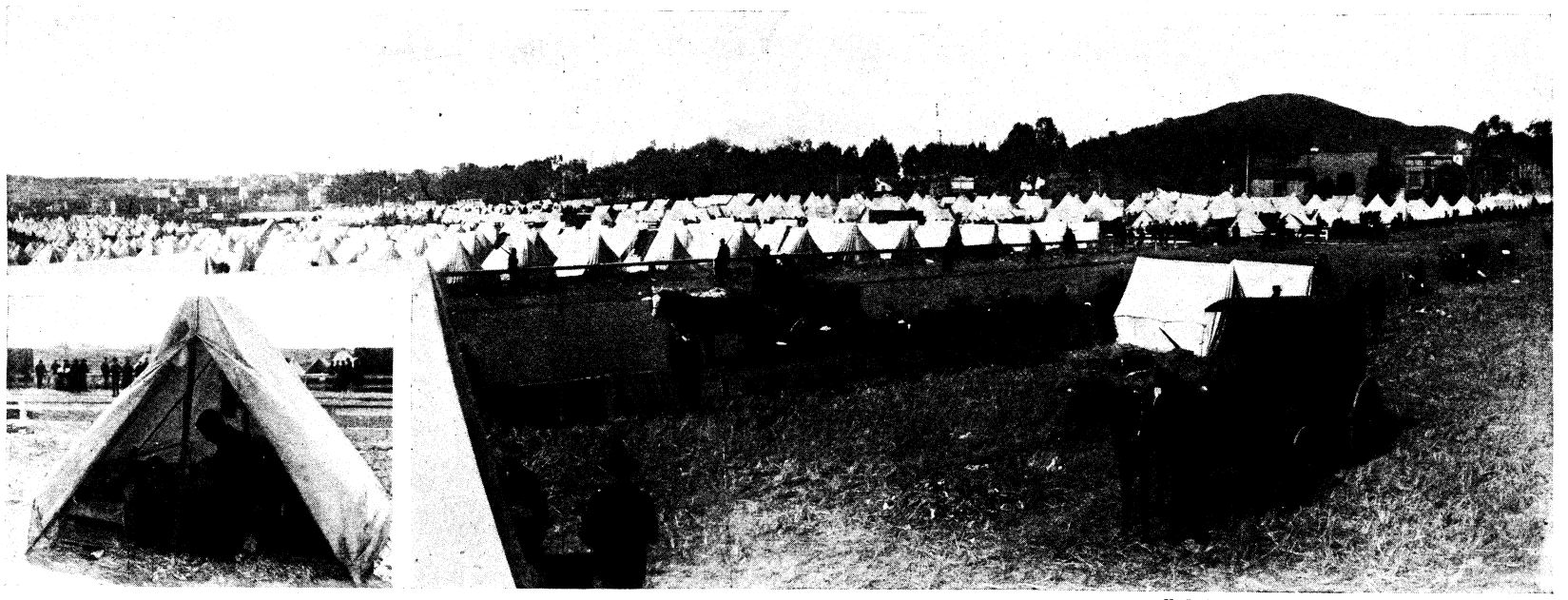
"'Tis but the scaffold going up in the Grand Place without!" said the soldier. "I heard that the Duke had bidden them work all night by torch-light."

I tried to sleep, but the knocking continued, aching across my brows till I thought I must go mad. After a while I went to the window from which I had so often looked down wistfully upon the play of the city children.

Opposite me, in the middle of the open space, loomed a dark mass—a platform, it seemed, raised a dozen feet above the road—the black silhouette of a ladder set anglewise against it, and that was all. Lower, plainer, somehow deadlier it looked than a gibbet, with its flamboyant beam, which one never sees empty without imagining the malefactor aswing upon it; the heading-block did not frown, it grinned—yes, grinned like the eye-holes of a skeleton with a candle behind them, as the torches glinted through the interstices of the frame-work as it was being nailed together.

All night the dull *dunt-dunting* went on without. And I sat awake by the window and awaited the dawning.

The city seethed beneath. When first I looked from



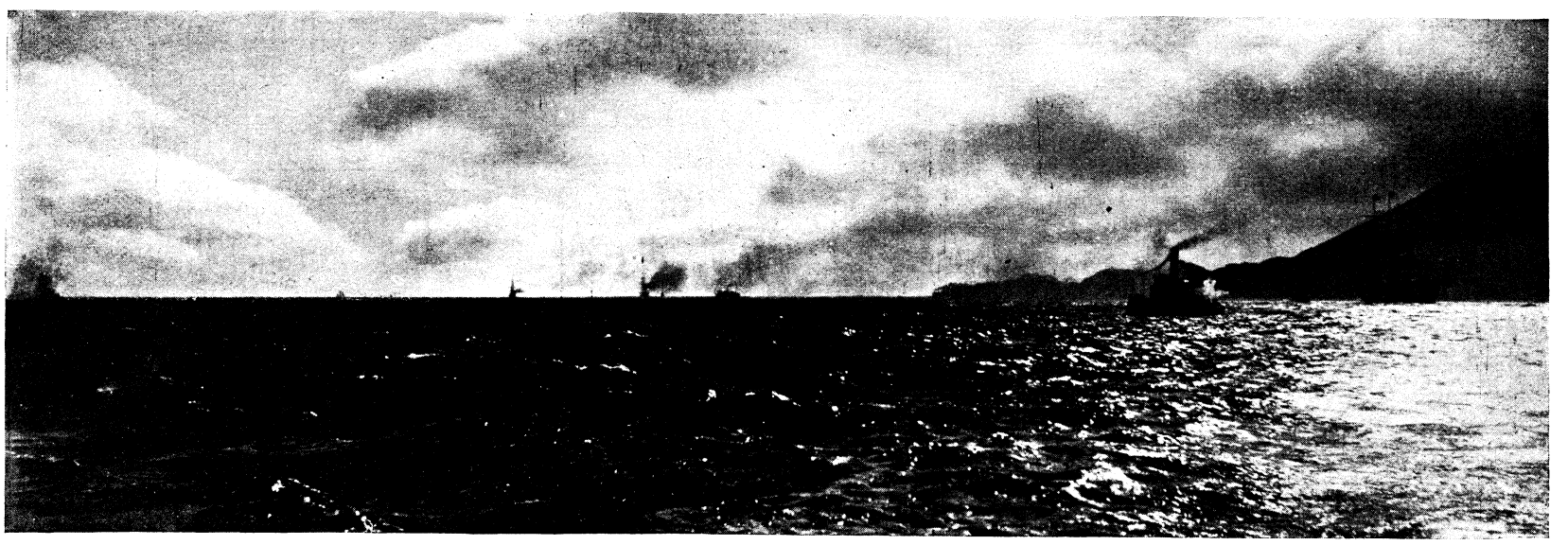
A LETTER HOME.

U. S. Army Ambulance.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, NEBRASKA, AND KANSAS REGIMENTS IN CAMP AT BAY DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN R. JACKSON.



FIRST REGIMENT CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING ON THE "CITY OF PEKING."—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.



THE THREE VESSELS—"CITY OF PEKING," "AUSTRALIA," AND "CITY OF SYDNEY"—PASSING OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WEIDNER.

OFF FOR MANILA—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MILITARY EXPEDITION FROM SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

my chamber window the square was free to all who chose to enter it. But as the knocking went on the news spread through the town of Thorn.

"They are making the scaffold for our Saint Helena!" So the word ran.

And the courts and alleys of Thorn belched forth thousands of angry men. Pikes were carried like staves, the steel head hidden up the long white burgess sleeve. Working-men of the trades, 'prentices, and market porters drew their swords, and came forth with the bare blades in their hands, leaving the scabbards at home to take care of themselves, as was their custom.

Wives cried from escalier windows to their men to come in by, and lie decently down, to be ready for their work in the morning. And the men so addressed paid not the least heed, as the manner of men is. These things and many others I saw, scarce knowing what I saw.

And so with the hum of gathering crowds the hours passed slowly over. But the temper of the people in the square grew more and more difficult, and soon the guard had to be brought down from the castle. The great gates beneath me were open, and the Wolfsberg vomited the black men-at-arms to keep the Duke's peace.

But this brought only the quicker strife. Yells received them as their steel partisans showed up in the square.

"Oppressors of the people, ye come to your reward!" cried many voices.

"We will give you your last breakfast—of cold, tempered steel!" cried another from the bowels of the crowd.

"To the Wolfsberg—ho! Break in the doors! We will have our Saint Helena forth of their cursed prisons!"

It was no sooner said than done. Like a wave the people rushed in a black irregular mass at the front rank of the guard. The soldiers of the Duke were swept away like chaff; I could see one here and another there struggling in the vortices of the angry multitude.

"On to the Wolfsberg!" cried the crowd.

But when the first of them reached the castle gates, lo! they stood open, and there behind them stood file on file of matchlock men with their matches burning in their hands, and their pieces trained upon their rests.

"Give them the fire!" cried a voice, that of Duke Otho, as the crowd halted a moment irresolute.

The bright red flame started out here and there from muzzle and touch-hole, and then ran along the line in an irregular volley.

A terrible cry of fear went up from the folk. For though they had heard of the new ordnance, and even seen one or two, they had never realized the effect of a fusilade. And when a man on either side sank down with a hollow sound like an ox that is felled, and the man in front went over on his face without a sound, the multitude turned, broke into groups, fled, and disappeared in a moment like a whirl of snow which the wind takes down the street in a veering flurry.

Then the gates shut to, and the deep lines of matchlock men were hidden from view. The city now thrilled and murmured worse than ever, humming like an angry hive. But the Wolfsberg kept its place. Not yet had deliverance arrived for the captives within its cells.

And the dread morning was coming fast.

At last, wearied out with crowding emotions, I went and cast me down on my bed, and, instantly falling asleep, I slept like a log till one touched me on the shoulder. Looking up, I saw the Duke Otho. He had come to make sure of his vengeance—the vengeance which I knew well was not his, but that of Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg.

CHAPTER LII.

THE HEADSMAN'S RIGHT.

"Rise, Justicer of the Wolfmark!" said Otho, smiling mockingly upon me like a fiend.

I started up and gazed about me, bewildered, as the coming terrors of the morning broke upon me.

"'Tis scarcely an hour to sunrise," he continued, "and I warrant the Noble Red Axe will desire to feel the edge of his tool and see that his assistants are in their places."

The Duke paused as he went out of the door, and looked at me.

"I can promise you a distinguished company at the first public performance of your honorable office," he said, with a polite gesture.

So soon as he was gone I rose to my feet. Across the broad, black oaken stool whereon from boyhood it had been my habit to place my clothes neatly folded up, I found a suit of new red cloth, plain and rich, with an inscription upon a strip of vellum laid across the breast, bearing that these were a gift from the most Illustrious Duke Otho of the Wolfmark.

Since, after all, my fate was my fate, there was little use in straining at the gnat. So I set to and did upon me the garments of shame. They were made after the fashion of my father's, with cap and hosen and shoon all of red, with a cloak of red to cover all.

Then I went to the Playmate's room, and before the niche where her little Prie-Dieu had stood, I kneeled me down and said such a prayer as at the moment I could compass. But little was needed. For I think God in Heaven Himself was praying for us both that day.

When I went forth into the square, few there were knew or remembered me, but all knew my attire. Then indeed it did my heart good to hear the great unanimous roar of execration which went up from the multitude as I came out. The soldiers had their work cut out to push a way for me to the scaffold.

"Butcher him—tear him to pieces—wolf's cub that he is—he that was her foster-brother to slay our Saint Helena!"

It made me proud to hear them. And as they rushed furiously against the escort we swayed from side to side.

"Down with the Red Axe!" they cried. "Down with the bloody house of Gottfried and all that belong to it."

And then I felt inclined to say "Amen!"

Then when I had mounted the few steps which led to the platform on which stood the black headsman's block, I gazed about me in wonder, holding the Red Axe in my hand. And to my disordered vision I saw the crowd swell and whirl about me on earth and in the air, bubbling and tossing like a pot boiling furiously. Then I bethought me of the work I had to do, and prayed that I might be given strength to do it swiftly and featly, that the suffering of my love might not be long. Also I thought of the lecherous demons of the Black Riders, and was somewhat comforted. At the worst, I could give my love a better end than that.

Then appeared my Lord Duke Otho. An enclosure had been formed for him by the palace wall, covered with a red hanging, as though my sweetheart's death were a gala sight. And when he had come to the front and arranged his folk, lo! there by his side stood Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg, with her father, Master Gerard. They had a place close by the Duke, and Otho ofttimes bent over to speak with his councillor. But Ysolinde looked neither to right nor left, nor yet spoke to any, keeping her eyes fixed on the shining blade of the Red Axe in my hand.

Then as these fine folk stood waiting and gloating among the festoons of their balcony, the devil or God (I know which, but I will not say, lest I be thought a blasphemer) put an intent into my heart. I looked at the edge of the scaffold, and I looked at the barrier of the enclosure. They were of the same height, and the distance between them little more than six feet.

I examined them again, and yet more intently. I saw the steely smile on Duke Otho's face. Already he was tasting the double sweetness of his revenge.

"Wait," I said within my heart as I also smiled a little—"wait, Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark. Wait till this bright edge is sullied with my sweet love's blood. And then—then will I leap upon you, and the Red Axe shall crash deep into the brain that hatched and fostered this hellish intent. And by the gentle heart of her who is about to die, so also will I serve Gerard, the lawyer, and Ysolinde, his daughter, for their treachery against the innocent. Then, amid the flash of steel and the heady whirl of battle, shall Hugo Gottfried be content to die!" It would take more than one stroke to dull that which my father had sharpened. And I lifted up the Red Axe and felt the edge with my thumb. It was razor keen.

But the action was observed, and taken as a proof of callousness. And then what a yell of hate surged up around me! I could have taken those burghers of Thorn to my heart. And I thought if only our Karl would come. Alas! it was a full day too soon; for I felt sure that these burghers would proclaim him at the gates, and that the house of Otho and Casimir, the brood of the Wolff, would, like the shadow of the raven as it flits in the sunshine, pass away. For by that time there would be no Otho. They would find him low enough, with an axe cleft in his head.

When the sun's light tipped the eastern clouds with rose, the Black Hussars came riding forth. The guards and matchlock men lined the way from the castle gates. They blew up their matches to be ready. Suddenly in the midst of the armed throng there appeared a radiant figure coming down the steps of the castle from the Hall of Judgment.

The people threw themselves wildly in that direction. The dark lines of the guard reeled and wavered. There was the sharp click as the pikes engaged. The shouts of the captains of the matchlock men were heard. But the trained bands stood fast, and the rush was stayed. Then came our Helene down towards me, walking delicately, yet proudly erect as a young tree. She was clad all in white, and her hair was plaited high upon her head, so that the shape of her neck was clearly seen.

And I who stood there with the axe in my hand seemed to have a thousand years to think all these things, and even to mark the pattern upon her dress. I saw her come nearer and nearer to me. Yet feeling was dead within me. I seemed to sleep and wake and sleep again. And when at last I awoke, there came a strange feeling to me. It was my wedding-day, and my bride was coming to me, lily pure, clad in whiteness.

Then at the foot of the scaffold there came one forth from the ranks, a captain of the Duke's guard, and with honor and respect offered Helene his arm.

She declined it with a proud smile, and all that were near could hear her clear voice say: "I thank you, sir; I need no help. I am strong enough to walk thus far."

And she mounted the steps of the scaffold as though they had been those of the grand staircase at Plassenburg.

But when she saw me standing in my habit of red from head to heel, she seemed a little taken aback. Quickly, however, she came forward and took me by the hand, looking up at me with the love-light making her eyes glorious.

"Hugo," she said, "I am glad you are here—glad that I am to die by no less loving hand. That will be sweeter than to live with any other. And, indeed, I deserve so much, for I have not known much joy in my life, save in the old days that of being your Little Playmate."

Then there came a stern voice from the enclosure,

"*Executioner of the Mark, do your duty!*"

It was the voice of Master Gerard.

And then I looked over and saw Gerard von Sturm standing a little in front, with his daughter's wrist held tightly in his hand as though he would drag her back. With that a loathing came over me, for I said within me, "Is the woman so anxious for the blood of the innocent whom she has hounded to death that she would intrude on the scaffold itself?"

Then I remembered the duty of the Justicers, ere the sentence was carried out, to recite the crimes of the condemned.

So I cried aloud, even as I had heard my father do:

"The crimes of Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, sole daughter of Dietrich, lately Prince thereof—guilty of no evil save that she has been the saviour of this people of Thorn, and their deliverer in time of pestilence!"

The people hushed themselves with astonishment at my words, and then a cry went up,

"The Red Axe speaks true—she is innocent—innocent!"

But the stern voice of Gerard von Sturm came again,

"*Executioner of the Wolfmark, do your duty!*"

Scarce knowing what I did, I went on with my formal accusation.

"Helene, Princess of Plassenburg, who is about to die, is also guilty of loving me, Hugo Gottfried, son of Gottfried Gottfried, and of none other crime. For this the Duke has decreed that she should die. It is her own will that she should die by my hand."

Helene came forward and put her hand in mine in token that I spoke truly, and there fell a great silence across the people. I saw the Lady Ysolinde straining at her father's hand, like a dog in a leash when the quarry rises.

Then my love kissed me once, as though she had been saying good-night in the Red Tower, simply and sweetly like a child, and laid her head down on the block as on the white pillow of her own bed.

"*God do so, and more also, to them on whose head is the innocent blood of my love and my wife.*"

The words burst from me rather than were uttered.

I raised the blade.

But ere the Red Axe could fall there rose a wild scream from the Duke's enclosure. Some one cried: "Let me go! He has said it! He has said it! I will not be silent any longer." It was the Lady Ysolinde who had broken from her father's hand.

"The girl is his wife," she went on. "He has claimed her—according to the laws of the Wolfmark that cannot be broken, he has called her his wife. It is the Executioner's right. One woman he can claim as his during his term of office—one only, and for his wife. Duke Otho, I call upon you to allow it. Chancellor Texel, I call upon you to read the law. I have it here in my hand. Read! Read! *I will save my soul! I will save my soul!*"

And the Lady Ysolinde, sobbing and laughing at once, had overleaped the light barrier, and was thrusting a parchment with a seal into the hands of the Chancellor Michael Texel.

"She is mad. Let the justice of the realm be done!" cried again the voice of Master Gerard.

And I think the Duke would have ordered it to be so. But there arose not only a roar from the people, but, what Otho minded far more, an ominous murmur among the nobles and gentlemen and from the men-at-arms.

"The law! The law! Read us the law!"

And even Otho dare not trifle with the will of the free companions of the Mark. For in all the realm they were now his only supporters. Helene had risen to her feet, and stood, pale of face but erect, resting, as was her wont, one hand on my shoulder.

Then Michael Texel read the scroll aloud.

"It is the immemorial privilege of the Hereditary Executioner of the Mark, being of the family of Gottfried—a privilege not to be abrogated nor alienated—that during the term of office of each, he may claim, not as a boon, but as a right, the life of one man for a bond-servant, or the life of one woman for a wife. Thus, by order of the States' Council, to be the privilege of the Gottfrieds forever, it has been proclaimed!"

As Michael Texel went on, I saw the countenances of the Duke and the lawyer change. I knew that salvation had come to us like lightning from a clear sky, and I hastened to demand the right which was mine.

So soon as he had finished I shouted, with all my power,

"I claim Helene to be my wife!"

Then went up such an acclaim from the people as never had been heard in the ancient city. Even the gentlemen in the enclosure threw their hats in the air. The soldiers put their helmets on the points of their spears, and the captains waved their colors as at a victory. The thunder of the cheering roused the rooks and jackdaws from the towers of Thorn and the bastions of the Wolfsberg till they went drifting in a black cloud clamorous over the city.

Then Helene put her arms about my neck, and before all the people we plighted our troth.

"The Bishop—the Bishop Peter!" cried the people.

And, leaping upon an officer's horse, a messenger rode post-haste to the palace, the crowd making way for him. Duke Otho disappeared through a private door, for the thing was over-strong even for him. He knew his weakness too well to war with the privileges of the Wolfmark.

Rulers stronger than he had been broken in doing battle against ancient rights and amenities. Besides, the nobility were afraid of their own perquisites if one of so ancient a charter as that of the Hereditary Justicer were refused.

Then from the palace came the Bishop, with due and decorous attendance of crosier and solemn procession. And there, amid the turmoil of joy and the ringing of every bell in the city, we, that had gone out to be together in death, were joined in the bonds of youth and life.

But the Lady Ysolinde saw not, heard not. For they had carried her out white and still from the place where she had fallen fainting at the foot of the scaffold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICKAMAUGA.

Late one afternoon recently two stalwart soldiers bore an iron safe to the headquarters that are comfortably fanned by every grateful breeze that rustles the leaves on Lytles Hill. The box was honored with an escort of two armed guards, who staid conveniently near while the paymaster raised the lid and took out packages of a delicious green in color, decorated with patriotic scenes, and eloquent with promises to pay, and with numerals, from the cheerful 1 to the exhilarating 50. It was the box of Pandora—if money be the root of all evil; and surely the ills that flesh is heir to took no swifter wing to the ends of the earth from one box than this essence of evil took from the other when the lid of each was raised. To officers' wives—lonely women at lonely posts—those bills fluttered; to the army girl at school, just now a heroine doubtless among her schoolmates; to the old father, the widowed mother, the young sister, the children of the plain soldier. And the local shower from the gay, the reckless, the unregenerate, was as a shower of leaves after a killing frost and a hard rain. Ever good-humored, ever generous, ever mellow, is the spirit of the army; but a rich warmth was in the atmosphere next day that did not come from the sun, except indirectly, and through the skin of a grape or the beard of corn. The best that was in town was far from being any too good for the open-handed sons of Uncle Sam. A black warrior took up a ragged little compatriot from the street with one hand, put him on a stool in a clothing-store, and sent him home arrayed like a dusky son of Solomon. A young lieutenant passing into a restaurant halted in front of a discharged soldier, miserable and hungry-looking.

"I'll match you for a dollar," said the officer.

The soldier smiled miserably, put his fingers mechanically into his waistcoat pocket, felt something, and smiled again with much good cheer.

"All right," he said, holding out his shut hand and opening it. In his palm lay a broken match.

"Won!" was the officer's cry, and the coin rang on the counter; and the soldier took martial tread for the bar and "set 'em up" like a king. Everywhere soldiers plied knife and fork on shad and tenderloin, or said "How!" joyously with comrade and civilian, and swaggered the streets, and kept shooting-gallery and bar-room merry until a late hour, all jolly, but all singularly well-behaved.

At Chickamauga sundry ingenious changes were rung on the work-a-day routine of camp life, for the soldier is as little of a "paper sport" in peace as he is in war. Bottles popped and gurgled at the canteens, and in the groves round about there were some sly throwing of craps and playing of poker and chuck-a-luck, and that winsome game of the West, "Rush Reuben."

In front of the post-office hung a sign: "Rubber boots for sale."

A jolly trooper stopped before it, ran his rolling eyes over it once, looked at the dust about him, and smiled.

"Hic—thash joke!"

He read it again and laughed softly to himself and beckoned to a comrade. The comrade came, and the trooper stirred up the dust with his foot; and the dust was three inches deep. Then he pointed to the sign, but this time he did not laugh.

"Thash insult!" he said, solemnly, and began pulling his pistol.

The other pulled too, saying, sympathetically, "Yesh, thash insult th—army—whole army!"

Several others ran up as they levelled their guns, and in a minute a fire by platoons was making a sieve of that unlucky sign.

In spite of incidents of this kind, which landed some of the rioters in the guard-house, nobody was hurt, and it is safe to say that no body of civilians, under the same circumstances, would have been better behaved.

Early next morning a little body of men in queer-looking uniforms climbed rather heavily from the train and started on a march through the camp. They were old boys, and they went rather slowly, but they stepped jauntily, and in their natty old-fashioned caps and old jackets, pointed into a V shape behind, they looked jaunty in spite of their years. Not a soldier but paused to look at these men in gray, who marched thus proudly through such a stronghold of blue and were not ashamed. And nobody smiled or laughed or joked one with the other, for all knew that they were old Confederates in butternut, and once fighting-men indeed. All knew that these men had fought battles that made scouts and Indian skirmishes and city riots, and perhaps any battles that are to be seen with Spain, but play by contrast for the "tin soldiers" upon whom the regular smiles with such mild contempt; that this thin column had seen twice the full muster of 7000 strong camping there melt away on that same field in a single day. Your true fighter, the world over, to the true fighter doffs his hat, and the little remnant of men in gray, a remnant of thousands upon thousands strong, marched through an atmosphere of profound respect, and on through a mist of memories to that Calvary of the battle-field, the rocky little hill where the Virginian Thomas—"the Rock of Chickamauga"—stood against seventeen fierce assaults of hill-swarming demons in butternut, whose desperate valor has no parallel since history began the record of the battles of the earth, unless it then and there found its counterpart in the desperate courage of the brothers in name and race whose lives they sought that day. They were bound to a patriotic love-feast with old enemies in blue, these men in gray, and they held it near Snodgrass Hill, where stand four monuments with four bronze figures to represent the three branches of the service, which Tennessee has erected to her sons who fought on either side at Chickamauga.

One only of the figures is a Federal, for the Federals constituted but one-fourth the Tennessee troops who fought that day.

"If the combatants had not already learned it," said ex-Governor Porter, when he turned over the monuments to the United States, "they learned on this field that educated Americans of every section of the Federal Union were alike brave in action, and that advantages won by either side resulted from the character of its leadership.

"Twenty-one commanding officers of Tennessee regiments conspicuous on this field fell within a year in the forefront of battle. Not many States can show such a roll of honor; no State can mourn the loss of so many distinguished sons."

"While granting to the soldiers of both armies a sincere desire to do right as each could see the right," said a Federal general of Nashville, "yet, speaking from a Federal stand-point, the friends of the national government can never cease to be grateful that, in the providence of God, East Tennessee chose to cast her best strength to aid in maintaining and preserving the union of the States."

"Other wars may come and go," wrote an ex-Confederate Senator, who could not be present, "but they can never erase from the page of history nor from the memory of the people the brief, brilliant, and eventful career of the Southern Confederacy. They can never remove from the cluster of flags that belong to history our modest little ensign with its stars and bars hovering beneath the cross of St. Andrew. . . . We still dwell with rapture on the victories won beneath its folds, at whatever sacrifice, and now, after the lapse of a third of a century, we take the greatest pride in perpetuating in bronze the memory of those who fell in the cause of which it was the emblem."

And the poet said:

O valorous Blue . . .
O glorious Gray . . .
. . . . the message you left through the land has sped
From this marbled field to the heart of man.
Let the past be past and the dead be dead—
Now and forever American!

And so said one of Forrest's cavalrymen at the "camp fire," at the Auditorium in town that night. Mason and Dixon's line was somewhere off Key West now, he declared, and Lee and Wheeler were going down to push it even farther south.

Meanwhile the regulars were breaking camp for the hot sands of Tampa, and that night bugles blew lonely taps to the chafing soldiers left behind. JOHN FOX, JR.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 559.*)

Wednesday, June 1.—The Monitor *Monadnock*, now cruising off Puget Sound, is to be made ready for service at Manila. Orders to this effect were issued to-day to her commanding officer and to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Rear-Admiral Sampson arrived off Santiago de Cuba, and relieved Commodore Schley in command of the entire American fleet at that point. The united squadrons comprise about sixteen war-ships.

A despatch from Madrid says that the government, to secure funds for the prosecution of the war, has intrusted the Bank of Spain with negotiations for a loan of 1,000,000,000 pesetas. Grave doubts are expressed as to the ability of the bank to raise the loan.

Thursday, June 2.—To-day's Treasury statement of government income and expenditure for May shows that during the month just ended $9,093,000 was spent on the navy and $17,093,000 on the army. During April, $12,557,000 was spent by the government on the navy and only $6,223,000 on the army.

The House unanimously passed an urgent deficiency bill appropriating $17,845,000 for war expenditures.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR INFANTS.
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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

ONLY one best—and that, THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—ABBOTT'S.—[*Adv.*]

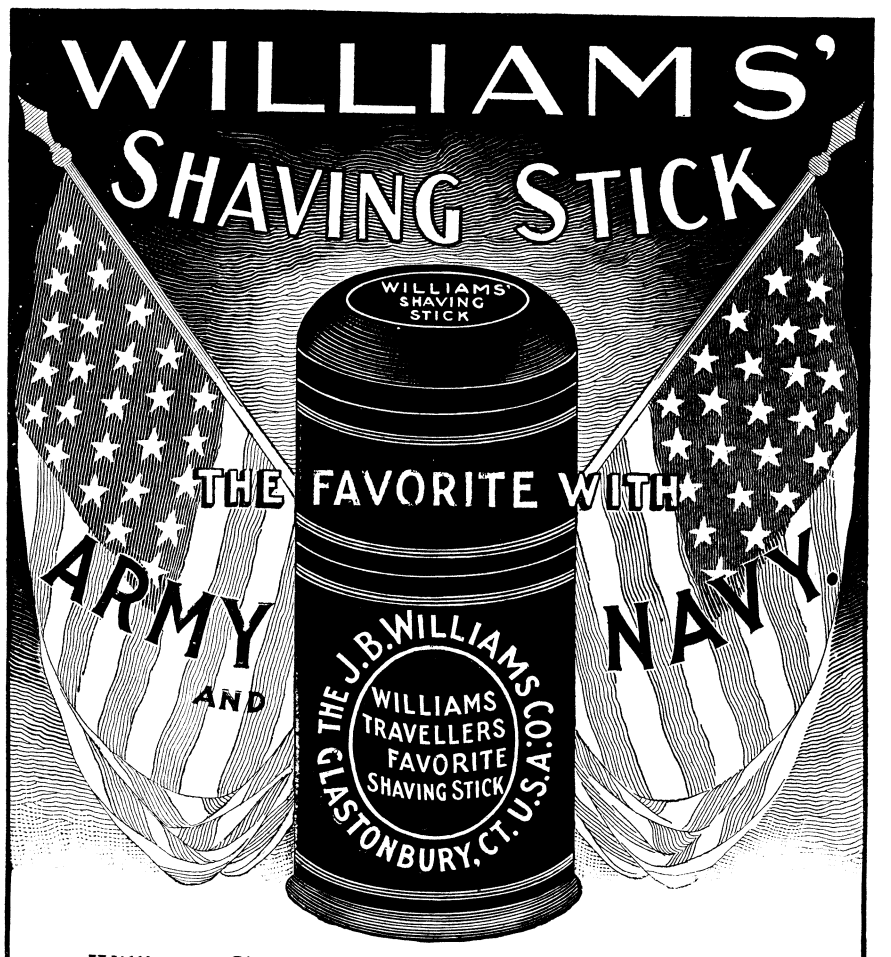
USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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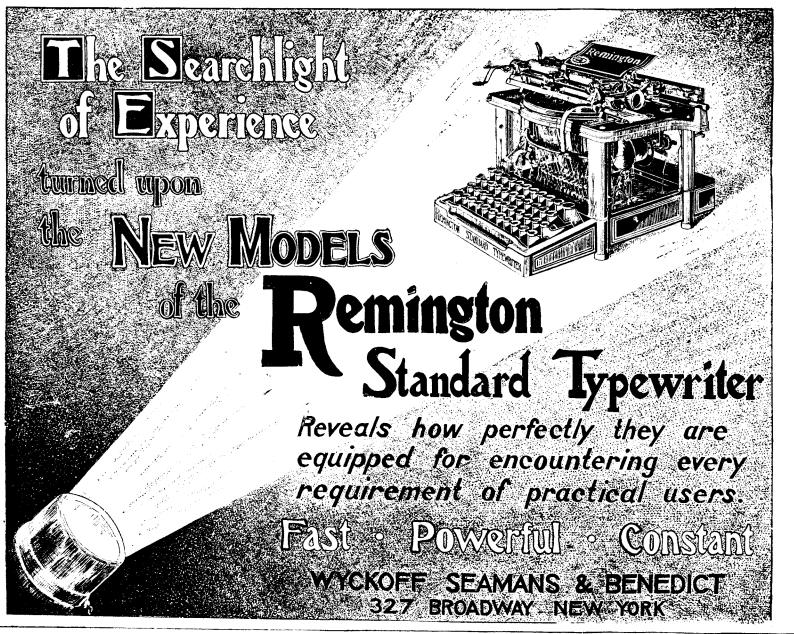


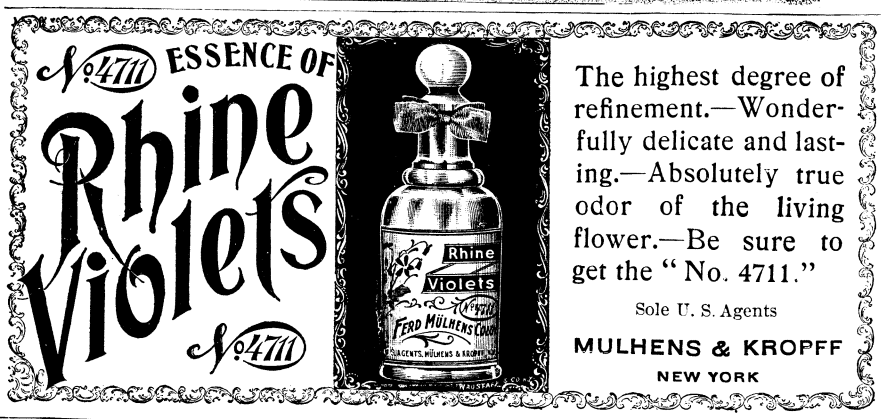
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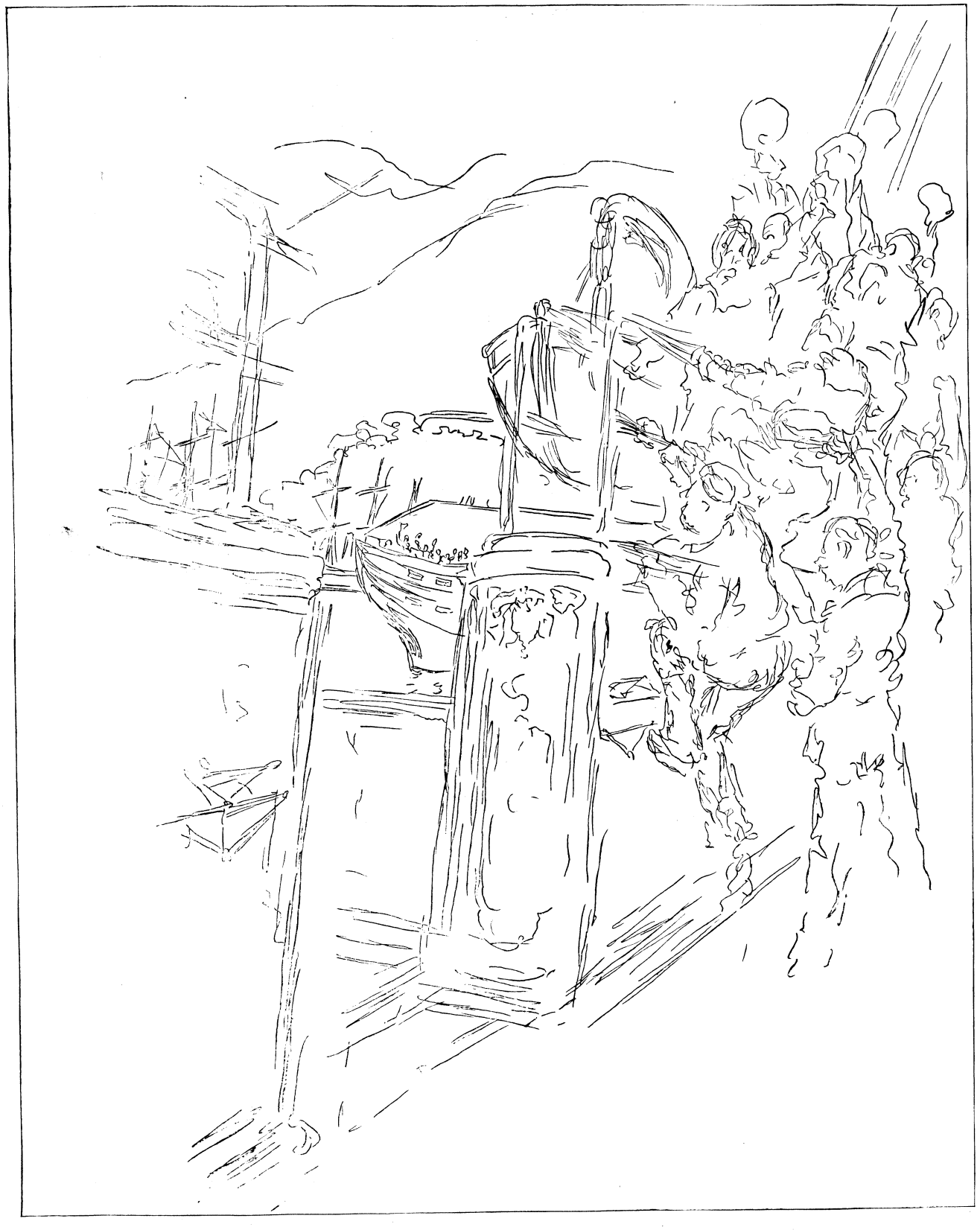




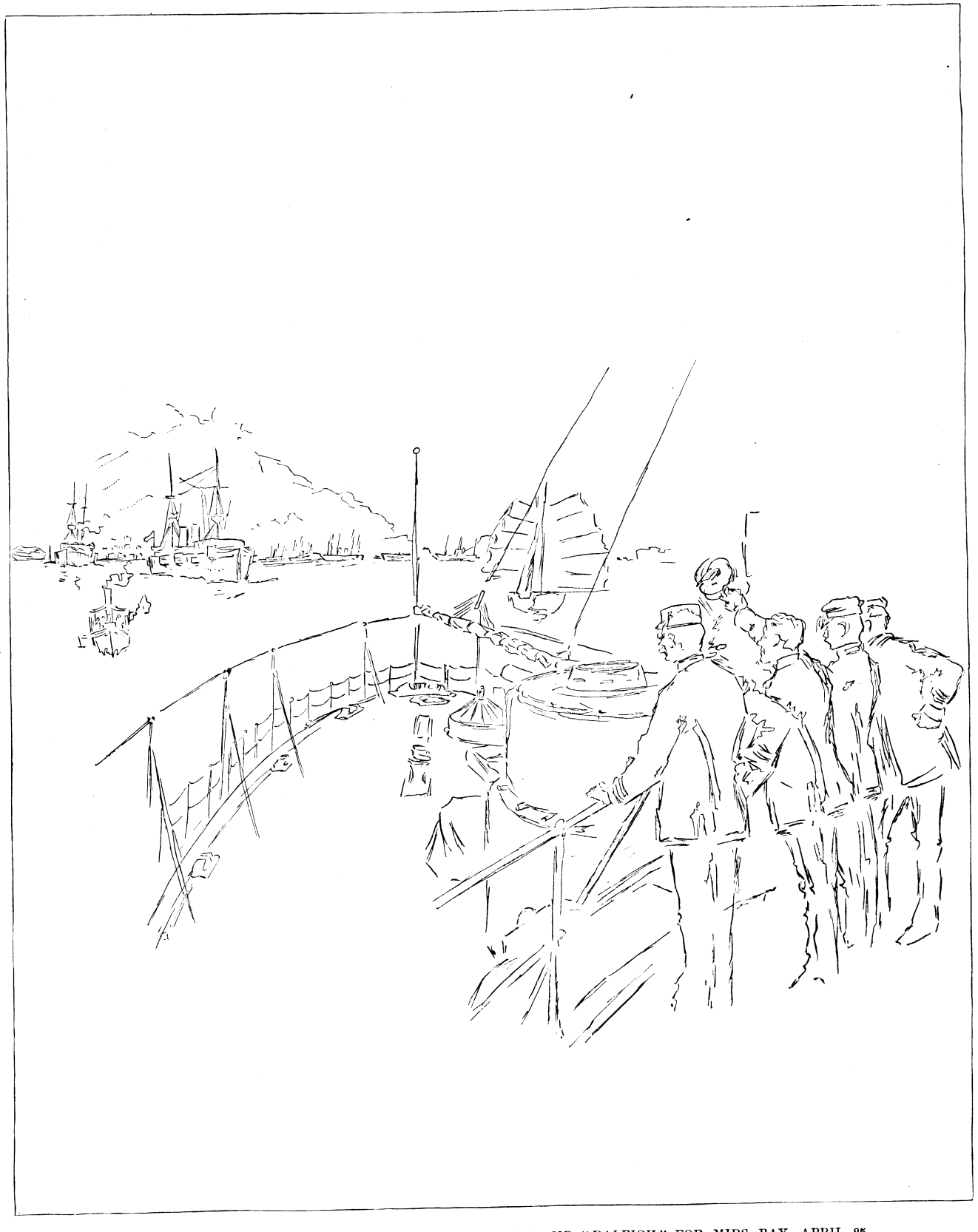
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The Crew of the "Olympia" replying to the Cheers of the Crew of a British Troop-Ship.



DEPARTURE OF U. S. SHIPS "OLYMPIA," "BALTIMORE," AND "RALEIGH" FOR MIRS BAY, APRIL 25.
U. S. Consul Wildman waving Farewell to the Officers of the Flag-Ship.

WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET—LEAVING HONG-KONG FOR MANILA.
SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.



THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—LANDING HORSES THROUGH THE SURF UNDER FIRE FROM THE SHORE.

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.—[See Page 578.]

CRUISING ON A TRANSPORT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Port Tampa, Florida.

It is early morning, yet the sun is well up, and Havana is bathed in a bright white light, and the mist is rising above the crowded houses, thick and heavy, obscuring the hills behind the city. We are very close in—I can plainly see the embrasures of the big battery under the Cabañas.

A curious-looking craft this on which our expedition is embarked, with her hull painted a brilliant red, her upper works and huge paddle-boxes white, and the old-fashioned "walking-beam" seesawing up and down. Bales of hay covered with canvas are stacked on the hurricane-deck; huge red water-tanks cumber the forecastle. From below, the occasional stamp of hoofs and the braying of mules mingle with the odor of the stable and the chug-a-chug-chug of the paddles, a Gatling gun shoves its many barrels over the rail forward, while everywhere about the ship the soldiers are scattered, leaning over the rail and gazing towards the land, as hardy, athletic, fine a lot of lads as ever shouldered rifle.

Our ship is the transport *Gussie*. Close alongside lies the "converted" revenue-cutter *Manning*, and as, turning our bows westward, we slowly steam away, she follows in our wake—a trim little ship, very businesslike in appearance. The object of the expedition is to land arms and ammunition for the insurgents, and cases of rifles and cartridges, clothing and supplies, fill the holds, while a number of mules and horses stand in stalls betweendecks. Some Cuban officers, with their asistente, or camp servant, an interpreter, and one or two pilots, are on board, and to-day we hope to land the officers for a mission to their people. As we proceed slowly along the coast we gradually creep closer and closer to the land. The houses of Havana mass into one shining spot astern, the light-house on Morro Castle silhouettes against the horizon, and but for the flickering flashes on the distant hills, where the heliographs are working, the whole coast seems deserted. But the apparent calm on shore is deceptive, and watchful eyes are following every movement of the lumbering old ship.

Up on a hill, where some buildings, bluish-white, show through the trees, a body of the enemy's troops appears, moving out from behind the walls of the houses, and forming in a mass near some great trees to the left of the buildings. On our consort the crew has gone to general quarters; the men are grouped around the guns, and as she quietly slips up to a position between our ship and the shore her batteries open, while a wild cheer breaks out from the soldiers gathered along the rails and crowding the hurricane-deck of the transport, eager and excited at this their first sight of the foe. As the smoke drifts away not a soul is in sight on the hill; the Spaniards have disappeared, as if by magic, from that particular point; but the noise of the cannonade has seemingly roused the whole neighborhood into action. Slowly we move past Mariel, opening out the beautiful bay, and looking right at the red-roofed houses. Our Cuban friends are buckling on their machetes and accoutrements, and handling the Springfield rifles that have been issued to them this morning. Their saddles and horse equipments lie ready on the deck. We are nearing the point where we hope to land them. Suddenly we see a man, waist-deep in the grass, running swiftly towards the thick brush beyond, and almost simultaneously up over the crest a number of horsemen come into view on the road. The flash of steel and the color of uniforms show the new-comers to be a body of Spanish cavalry, that has no doubt been following us all the way from Mariel. Then, detaching themselves from the mass, four troopers ride forward, disappear in the dense jungle, and emerge in a few moments directly abreast of us on the sandy beach.

Putting their horses into a gentle canter, they move along, keeping up with us, and paying no attention to the rifle-shots from a tug that has been accompanying the ship from the start. Riding well out to the front, the leader sits astride a handsome gray horse; the others canter a few yards behind, as brave and reckless a "set of fours" as ever delighted the eye of a cavalryman; there is more than one expression of generous admiration at the intrepidity of our enemies. Where a break in the shore—a little cove—stops their further progress, the Spanish troopers rein in, and after watching us for a few moments longer, the horses' heads are turned inland, and, with a parting defiant fist-shake from the man on the gray horse, all four riders are swallowed up in the dense undergrowth. There is no use to attempt a landing here. Every now and then the distant prutt of a volley from the shore warns us that the bush is swarming with the enemy; but the smokeless powder of their Mausers gives us no clew to the exact location of the firing, and we gradually draw out without replying.

It is well on in the afternoon as we near the entrance to Cabañas Bay, and it is decided to attempt a landing on Arbolitos, the point on the western side. Sounding constantly, the big red hulk of our ship creeps closer and closer in towards the reef. With a roar of chain and upward splash of spray the anchor takes the ground, and we swing slowly abreast the beach—in sea parlance, "close enough to shy a biscuit on shore." The gunboat, with gentle, easy dip and roll, lies just off our quarter; a little further out to sea the graceful lines of a diminutive cruiser, the United States gunboat *Wasp*, show up in a gray mass on the unbroken surface of the sea. Of course the *Gussie* is short-handed—who ever knew of a hired transport that wasn't?—and it takes some time to lower the boats. Amid some confusion, for there seems to be no one aboard experienced in such matters to direct their movements, two of the boats are filled and manned by the soldiers, the boat first "shoved off" moving up the reef, as if seeking an opening, the second pulling direct for the shore. As it nears the reef the swell begins to lift it, sending it in quick-succeeding leaps rapidly forward, until in a burst and smother of foam it plunges right into the surf, almost disappearing from view. For a moment we on the ship hold our breath in anxious expectation; then, as we see one blue-clad form after the other boldly plunge overboard and rush through the water, stumbling, falling full length, picking themselves up again, in eager emulation to reach the land, while others grab the gunwales of the boat on either side, and shoving it along between them, carry it bodily up on the strand, an enthusiastic shout bursts out, as cheer on cheer goes up for the first American soldiers to set foot on Cuban soil.

Meanwhile the first boat seems to be hard and fast on the reef, teetering up and down in the swell like the *Gussie's* walking-beam; but the fine athletic fellows are out of her in a jiffy, and soon, strung out in long skirmish-line on the beach alongside their comrades, move forward into the bush. The Cubans are quickly landed, and the task of setting the horses ashore begins. The great port, opening at the side from the deck where the stalls are placed, is swung wide, a line made fast to the halter of the horse is passed to men in a small boat alongside, and the startled animal is pushed and driven to the opening, until with a desperate leap he plunges into the water. Guided by the man in the stern, while his companion heads the boat for the shore, the horse, snorting in alarm, but swimming easily, reaches the reef, and finding foothold, scrambles through the surf, making for the shore, where he is soon standing tethered to a tree, and apparently none the worse for his experience. The second horse gives less trouble; or perhaps the men who are taking him ashore have benefited by the experience of the first landing; and now the third animal is well on his way towards the beach. On the hurricane-deck of the ship, lined up under cover of the hay-bales, the men who form the covering party have been watching the proceedings with anxious interest. Suddenly some way up the beach, right on the edge of the brush, we see something moving. Two or three blue figures emerge partly, and are running forward, arms at a trail; one drops on knee; with quick, jerky movement up goes rifle to shoulder, and we see the flash of the discharge. "By God, they're attacked!" speaks a voice at my side, and simultaneously the air about us is filled with a whirring, humming sound, followed by a distant pattering noise, like fire-crackers on Independence day. Zip! hum! buzz! the angry bullets come flying, and a thin blue haze floats over the brush just beyond where one of the boats has been hauled up on the shore. "Ten shun!" The hardy figures behind the hay-bales become rigid. "With magazines, load!" A momentary rattling and clicking of steel on steel. "Aim just to the right of the boat on the shore! Steady! Fire!" and like the discharge of a single piece the volley hits back at the attacking enemy. Again and again, quietly and as on drill, the men respond to the orders. The fire on shore rolls here and there, now falling, now rising again, slacking finally to a few scattering shots, then dying away. The enemy's attack is repulsed, and he has retired, leaving behind him the bodies of an officer and two soldiers, victims of the first encounter between American and Spanish soldiers on Cuban shores. But, victorious as are our men for the time being, their position on shore is exceedingly precarious. Our morning's work has shown us that the country is swarming with Spanish soldiery. Cabañas is not far distant, the enemy knows our force, and it will not be long before he can confront us in overwhelming numbers. We must try to make the woods too hot to hold him, and so word is sent to our friends of the gunboats with request to shell and drive him away, while dispositions are made to re-embark.

It is a pretty sight to witness as the two gunboats move slowly broadside to the beach. Their fire sweeps the entire length of the jungle, and the boom of the guns, the whir of the projectiles, and the sharp burst of the shells as they plunge in among the trees mingle in one continuous roar, and are added to by the rumble of the storm over the land yonder. Time presses, the afternoon is waning, the tide is falling, and the roar of the surf strikes heavier and heavier on the ear. Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, the officer in command of the expedition—his boat upset on landing, casting him and all its occupants into the sea—stands with the Cubans by the trees where the horses are.

Word had been brought off to the ship that our allies, alarmed by the presence of the enemy, hesitated to carry out the mission for which they had been put ashore; but now we see them saddling the horses, and soon they mount and ride off up the shore, picturesque figures in their wide-brimmed hats and loose cotton garments. Our men have gone forward into the bush again, ready to repel the enemy should he renew the attack, but now the bugle sounds the recall, and we see them emerging from the trees and gathering in squads on the beach. It is going to be more difficult to re-embark even than it was to land. The boats have to be shoved out to the reef, where the water deepens abruptly, and the surf is angry and growing more violent every moment as the swells run in from the open sea. The men wade into the water, pushing the boat before them, until the reef is reached, and scramble in; some, up to their necks in the water, throw their rifles into the boat, and clinging to the gunwales as the light craft is driven out over the swells, are dragged in by their comrades. A boat from the *Manning*, as close in to the reef as it can get, lies on its oars waiting to take Dorst off, and I own to a grateful feeling of relief when, after struggling neck-deep through the surf, I see him safe in the stern-sheets of the *Manning's* boat, the last to leave the shore.

Our good ship *Gussie* seems to like Havana. Here she is again, her red hull bobbing up serenely in the morning light, her white upper works shining, and her old walking-beam swinging up and down, as if wigwagging morning greetings to our old friends in Morro. Here we go, lumbering down the coast again in the same easy, friendly way as yesterday, with our guard and escort *Manning* steaming sociably along in company, and our little friend *Wasp* buzzing along off our bow.

"Something done drap in de watah ovah dere, sah," says one of the negro cabin-boys to me, as I pass out of the cabin on my way to the upper deck, and looking towards the shore away off yonder on the hill-side, where long rows of palms are standing, I see a little blue cloud melting away against the brown background. A flash, another cloud of smoke puffing out in a round cottony sort of cloud, and something else "done drap in de watah," just astern, so close this time as to send the spray showering high up over the rails, and I am not long in getting out and up on the deck above. Just off our bow on the shore, half hidden in the thick of the underbrush, a circular gray-white tower gleams in the sunlight; just beyond there is a gentle rise in the ground, and up from over the bushes there another cloud bursts out, and swish-wish-wish a shot passes over us. Look at the *Manning* jump forward, gallantly interposing her slender gray shape between the *Gussie's* old red hulk and the shore, while there comes graceful little *Wasp* right up across our bow, bristling with stings, and humming away to a merry tune as her very first shot, straight and true, strikes in the very midst of the battery on the hill-side. Another and another, right home she drives them, and the Spanish guns up there speak no more. Turn about, *Gussie*, old girl! there's no room for you here. The Spanish welcome is too full of passionate fervor for your brittle old sides; so steam away, and watch the gallant little fighters from a safer point of view. Your call has been close enough for the time being. Lieutenant Ward lingers awhile, with the *Wasp* flirting about and just praying for another chance, but courteously refraining from joining in the conversation the other gunboat is having with the gentlemen behind the tower. The *Manning* is banging away at a great rate over there; we can see the water splash around her, and a villanous crack and puff of smoke right under her bows show that her opponents are doing all they can to keep up their share of the conversation. The little gunboat, true to her sex, however, has the last word, and soon all is silent along the shore; but it is rather a battered and discouraged looking tower that she leaves behind her on the point there.

The jig is up for this part of the coast, so far as you are concerned, *Gussie*—at any rate, for the present. You will make another attempt to-night; for Dorst, as brave a cavalryman as ever threw leg over horse, is loath to give up; but everywhere, by night or day, you will find our Spanish friends alert and watchful, and the game, under present circumstances, isn't worth the candle. All I can do is heartily to wish you better luck next time.

R. F. Zogbaum.

WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Despatch-Boat "Kanapaha," *May 21 to 28, 1898.*

From Havana eastward to the Bahama Channel, from Cuba on the south to the Bahama Islands on the north, the fleet of Admiral Sampson has scoured the waters since Monday last, looking in vain for a sail or sign of smoke that would indicate an enemy's vessel. Nothing but silent sea and sky, nothing but torrid sun or tropic rain-storm, to mark the days; the nights set with brilliant stars, from the great Dipper dear to Northern eyes to the fair Southern Cross hanging low over the dim coast-line.

Monday morning, in the mist and rain, rolling on the tumbling waters, the flag-ship gathered about her, like a hen her chickens, the scattered cruisers, the big *Indiana* alone unmoved by the noisy seas, the *Mayflower*, *Annapolis*, *Newport*, *Machias*, and the torpedo-boats *Foote* and *Rodgers*, and started off to the eastward. We knew that Schley's fleet had gone to the south side of the island, and from off Havana to the east meant a definite purpose of some sort, which strengthened during the day to our minds as we kept steadily on past Matanzas and Cardenas. A cloud of black smoke on the western horizon heralded during the afternoon an addition to the fleet, which overhauled us rapidly, and proved so complete a stranger as to make us think for a time that the mythical Spanish fleet had at last a representative; signals flew from the flag-ship's lofty signal-yards, answered by a cloud of flags from the new ship, which, passing near enough by this time, we found to be the *New Orleans*, foreign built, but now flying the stars and stripes, and making a fine sight as she roamed along at a high speed, her long low hull, bristling guns, and fighting-tops giving her a warlike and formidable appearance.

At noon of Tuesday (the 24th) the smoke of several steamers loomed down to the eastward; the fleet moved off quickly in that direction, one of the torpedo-boats darting ahead, and the rest of the ships trailing after the *New York* and *Indiana*. Again disappointment followed, for instead of Spanish ships, the Monitors *Puritan* and *Miantonomoh* appeared, and fell in line behind the *Indiana*, flying signal-flags of greeting and report. A third smoke materialized into the supply-ship *Supply*—a welcome addition to the fleet, for fresh provisions are scarce and valuable things on blockade duty. The *Montgomery*, flying the flag of Commodore Watson, and the *Wasp* joined the fleet during the afternoon, and all moved off to the eastward at night in three long lines, veiled and hidden at times in squalls of rain.

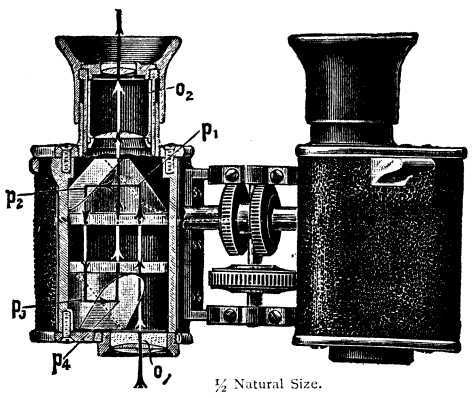
Wednesday morning early the *Cincinnati* and *Vesuvius* joined the squadron, composed now of sixteen vessels, and all headed west. "What are they doing. I'd like to know?" "We have come out for nothing, and are going back because we came," were the discontented remarks that passed current.

At no time but war-time would it be possible to get men to endure what the officers and men are going through with to-day in the apparently fruitless quest of the Spanish fleet—living on paymaster's stores, no ice, no fruit or vegetables of any kind on many or most of the ships; bulkheads torn out; all comforts pitched overboard; the engine-rooms intolerably hot; men coming out of these heated "hells" with a temperature of 130 degrees to sleep on deck, or any place they can, with the thermometer at 102 degrees. There are no awnings over the blistering decks; rain or the kindly mantle of night can alone cool or comfort the overtaxed endurance, and yet no one complains; only the impatience of brave men to meet the enemy and have done with him. The excitement of battle would be easy work compared with this weary task of waiting and watching.

Wednesday night brought a heavy squall of wind and rain, and the day closed with the ships pitching and rolling, and drenched with water from sea and sky. On Thursday smoke was again reported to the east, and the fleet promptly turned back to investigate, but again disappointment, and once more headed toward the west, the fleet moved slowly back toward Cardenas, continuing all day Friday—a perfect day alone of the entire week. At night the *New York* steamed back to Key West, and we followed, arriving on Saturday morning, and passing outside the *Oregon*, her long journey ended, and now surrounded by coal-schooners, from which her bunkers are being refilled.

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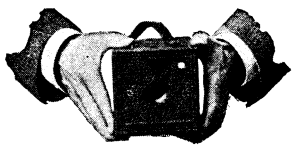
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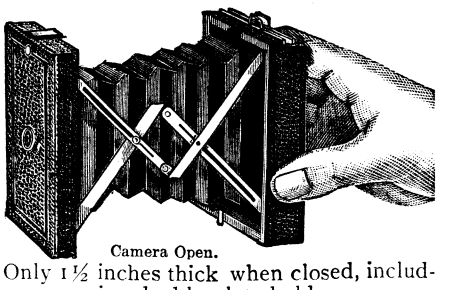


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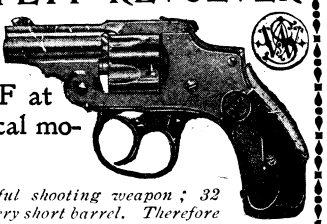
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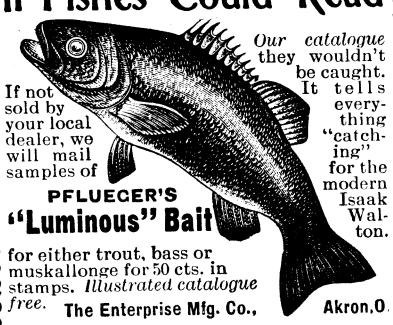


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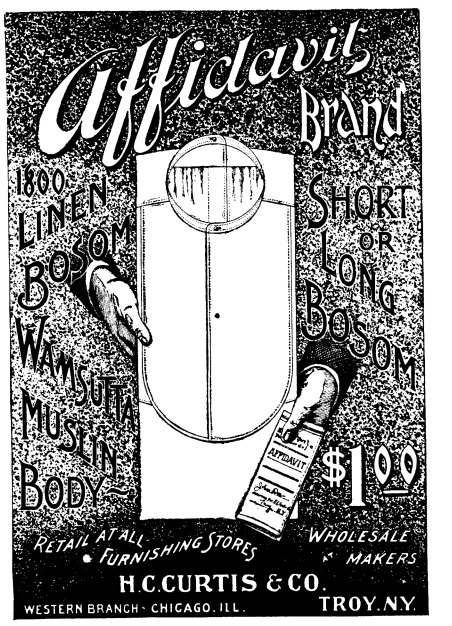
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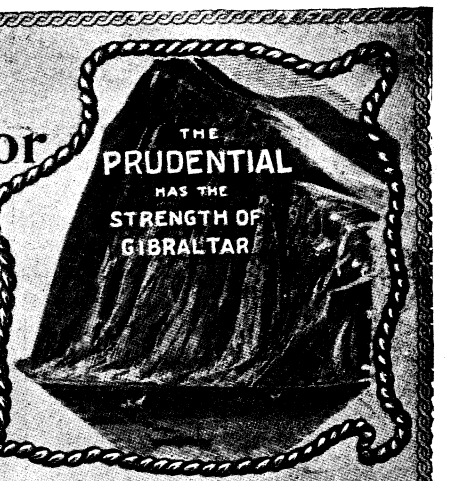
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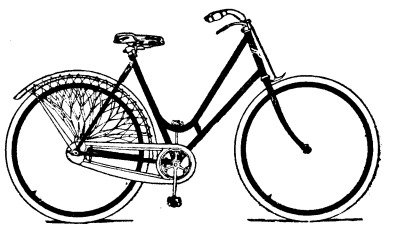
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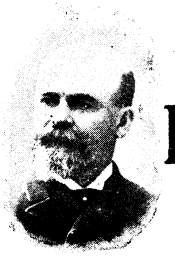
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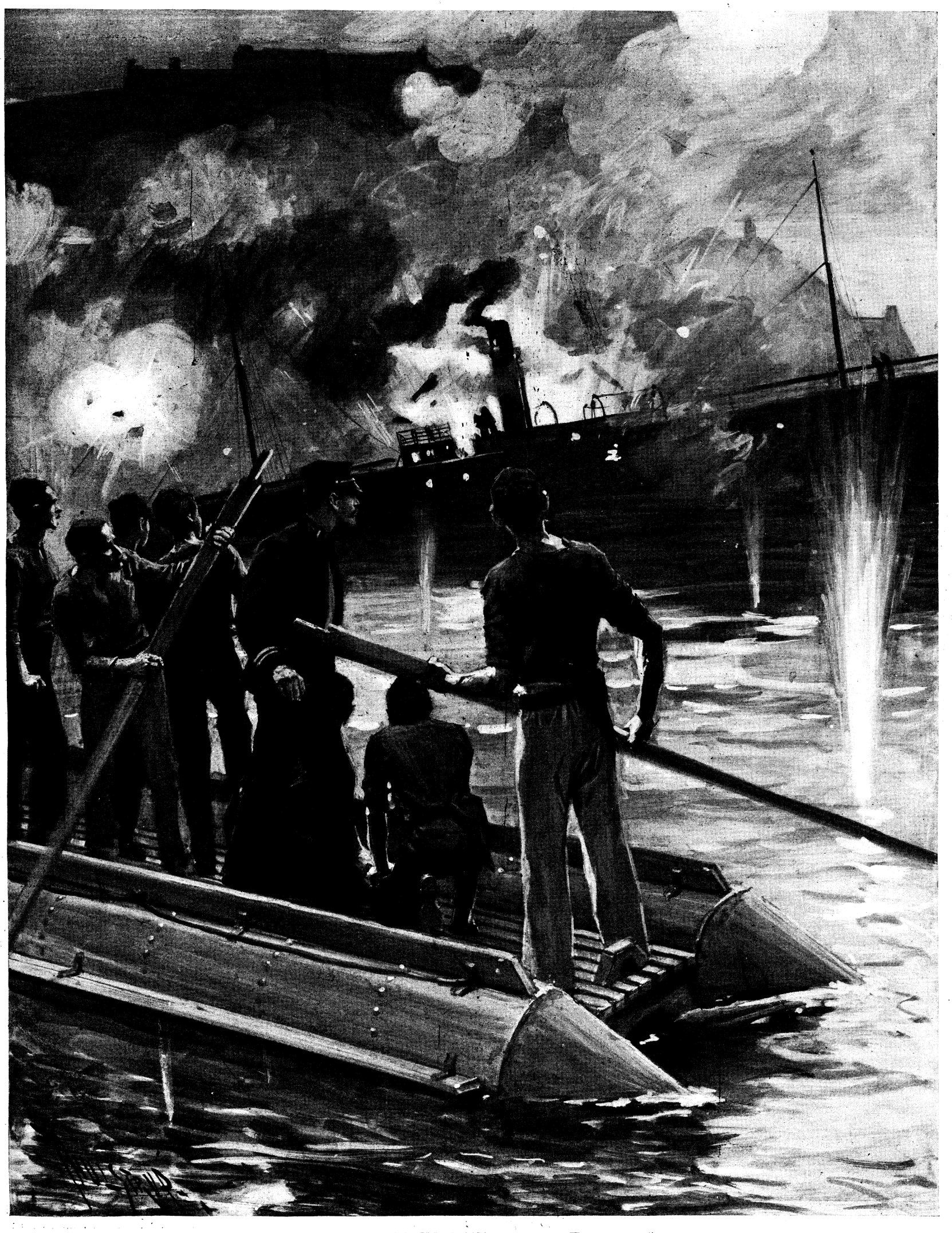
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"CORKING THE BOTTLE."

ASSISTANT NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR HOBSON'S HEROIC EXPLOIT IN BLOWING UP THE COLLIER "MERRIMAC" AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, 4 A.M., JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM DESCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

"The water was foaming with the commotion made by the shells and bullets. Hobson and his men floated down stream 150 yards, dragging the wires out after them. This was the distance for the contact to be made, and it was done."—*Press Despatch from Key West.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 18, 1898

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T. DE THULSTRUP	HAROLD MARTIN.
W. A. ROGERS	CLYDE D. V. HUNT.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

ONE of the votes taken in the Senate on the passage of the war-revenue bill affords a striking illustration of how greatly war and national calamity steady the minds of the politicians. It is not long ago that Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE were the objects of vigorous attacks for issuing bonds under the act of 1875. Naturally their right to do so was questioned and denied. Senator PETTIGREW of South Dakota, believing that he might put an end forever to what he considered the pretence that this power existed, moved as an amendment to the revenue measure the repeal of the power, and his resolution was voted down, 43 to 31. So, whether this Congress had voted bonds or not, the government would not have been left helpless.

THE question as to whether Hawaii shall be annexed is part of a very large question, as Mr. DOCKERY said the other day in the House of Representatives. It is the question of the future policy of the United States as to extension and colonization; for it will not do to say, as Mr. LODGE and his friends have said, that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands at the present time is a necessity of the war. The only advantage that we can gain in the present war through the annexation of the islands is the use of them as a coaling-station and a military depot, and that, as the friends of annexation well know, we now possess through the friendliness of Mr. DOLE and his government. We cannot by annexation get more than they will give us without annexation. But it will be said that if the Hawaiian government is not strictly neutral Spain will have a cause of war or a claim for damages against the island. The answer to this is that if the United States cannot arrange a matter of this kind for the protection of Hawaii, she cannot conquer Spain.

THERE is one virtue in the revenue bill, which at this writing is in conference between the two Houses of Congress, and that is, as has been pointed out by a writer on financial questions, that taxes will be brought home directly to those who pay them. We doubt if the price of beer will be any higher to the consumer on account of the increased tax, but probably the quantity of beer in a glass will be smaller. The price of tea also will be increased, and every time a citizen draws a check or takes a receipt or executes a conveyance or mortgage his attention will be called to the fact that he is helping to support the government. These taxes are annoying, of course, but they are necessary, and under the present conditions they will be cheerfully borne. But all taxes, at all times, ought to be thus brought home to the taxpayer; in other words, the tax-payer ought always to know just what the government is exacting of him. Then he will be in a position to criticise tax bills intelligently, and his representatives will be careful how they lay imposts upon him.

THE regular Republican machine carried the primaries in the city of New York last week. These were the first primaries held under the new law, which was intended to give all members of a party, machinists as well as anti-machinists, equal rights. It has been claimed that the Republican machine has been able to carry the Republican party primaries because Mr. PLATT'S "boys" counted out their opponents. Therefore a law was passed requiring an official enrolment, and, it seems to us, merely a semi-official primary. The reason the anti-machine Republicans were defeated was that they did not enrol. There are many reasons for this perhaps, but the fact remains that they did not show the same interest in the primary as the machine Republicans did, and therefore they did not succeed in making much impression. Perhaps they will do better in the fall, when the enrolment can be made without personal trouble to the voter. But the fact remains, of course, that that element of a party will control its nominating machinery which takes interest enough in politics to transact the business of politics.

THE Oregon election has gone Republican by an increased majority, and the two members of the House of Representatives will be Republican, while the new Senator will be of the same party. Moreover, they are all gold men, since the Republicans were frankly for gold, and were opposed by a combination of Democrats, Populists, and silver Republicans. Oregon has now only one Senator, so that the election of a gold Senator adds one sound-money vote to that body. This election recalls the fact that the elections for members of the House of Representatives occur this November, and no more important elections have taken place since the close of the civil war. The voters of the various districts ought to ignore party entirely in the coming elections. Neither party opposed the war, and neither party is wholly responsible for it. The war issue, therefore, ought not to enter into the election, but care should be taken to make the House of Representatives as intelligent a body as the nominations of the two parties permit. We want in the next House sober-minded men who will deal intelligently with the questions that will arise out of this war, and who will save the country from a crazy departure from its traditions, and from financial vagaries and disasters.

THE voting down by the Senate, with the help of Democratic and Populistic votes, of the proposition to issue greenbacks is a hopeful sign. It does not mean, of course, that the Senate itself has become a sound-money body because it adopted the WOLCOTT revenue bill requiring the coinage of that fanciful thing which the unsound-money men call the seigniorage. The reason we say there is hope in the vote is that it indicates differences of opinion in the conglomerate organization which followed BRYAN, touching a point that is likely to become an essential one in the next campaign. We take it that the cause of free silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one is distinctly weakened. As we all know, ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa has parted company with his old friends, and has told them that it is impossible and would be unfortunate to compel the free coinage of silver at that ratio. There have been indications given by other old-time friends of the cause of silver of a broadening of their financial madness. BLAND himself is one of those who have widened their intellectual mirage. In fact, the friends of free silver who do not own silver-mines have been moving rather rapidly towards a frank declaration of their design to advocate fiat money pure and simple. This vote in the Senate points, at least, to disintegration among the fiat-money hosts, and the tendency towards disintegration among the dangerous elements has always been a strong preservation of political sanity.

THE President is doing his best to make the new army of the United States—that is, the army composed of both regulars and volunteers—an efficient military organization. He has been hampered by the politicians, who invariably come to the front when there is any pelf or patronage to be distributed, but he has met them, yielding to them where it was necessary, but, on the whole, keeping them in hand better than was to have been expected, when the force of the pressure upon him is taken into account. Among the gross wrongs that have been perpetrated on the nation by Governors of States has been the sending into the field of incomplete regiments under the first call. A State having a certain number of men to furnish should have organized the quota into regiments of three battalions, each being composed of four companies, and each company of one hundred and six enlisted men. The general observation of this rule would have made the tactical units of the army equal in size, and therefore of equal value. But the politicians did not want this. What they wanted were as many commissions as possible for their friends, and therefore, in many States, the quotas were divided up into as many regiments as possible, a company in many cases being composed of only seventy-five men. In the State of Pennsylvania alone this plan gave the State fifteen regiments instead of ten, the latter being the proper number, and therefore five sets of unnecessary line-officers for the politicians. Mr. MCKINLEY insists that this wrong shall be remedied, and that under the new call the regiments furnished under the first shall be filled up to the required standard. Governor PINGREE of Michigan positively refuses to obey this decision of the President. He probably does not know that this inequality of tactical units imperils the success of their operations, and is a blow at the country. Probably if he had education enough to know this he would not take the position that he does. But it is to be hoped that Mr. MCKINLEY will bring him to his senses, if he cannot enlighten him, by refusing to accept any more troops from Michigan, and, if necessary, filling up those now in the field that have not the requisite number by men taken from other States. Of course it is not really necessary to do this, for if Mr. PINGREE sends his new skeletons into the field the Commander-in-Chief can make that use of them which he deems to be essential to the perfection of his military organization.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR.

WHEN it comes to a question of personal daring or effective fighting, the American usually gives a good account of himself. The sailors and soldiers of the country are not only excellent war material, but our officers are as intelligent and as well instructed as any officers in the world, except of course in the actual handling of large masses of troops, such as are brought together every year in France and Germany at the army manœuvres. There are among the older men in the army, however, those who have commanded considerable bodies of men, and Generals MILES and MERRITT are distinguished examples of these; but the officers who have entered the service since the end of the war have not had much material to work with in the field on account of the size of our army, and have not had the happy occasions which are provided as part of the regular tasks of the officers of Continental Europe. Yet their theoretical training has been so thorough, and their intelligence is so marked, that they can be depended on to pick up very quickly in the field of actual war what they might have learned in advance if the opportunity had been afforded them, on the field of mimic war. It is only by the working of the vicious system of Congressional control and of politician command that the effectiveness of the army is impaired — for some reason the navy, neither here nor in Great Britain, suffering so much as the army from amateur interference. And yet even the navy has heard some mutterings against its failure to do more—to find CERVERA'S fleet, for example, while it was slipping about on the pathless seas; to finish the first bombardments of San Juan and of Santiago—while the Naval Strategy Board, so-called, is regarded with contempt by newspaper admirals who do not possess an iota of information as to what it is or is not doing or advising.

There has not so far, however, been an opportunity for real action that has not been amply improved; and while it has been the navy that has thus far gained the laurels, no one who knows the army doubts that the achievements of the soldiers will rival those of their brethren of the sea when they have their chance, and when they are actually engaged in the work for which the politicians, whose interference is naturally confined to the carrying out of projects that do not lead them into danger, have no stomach. The achievements of the war have been vastly to the credit of the nation, and they might have been even greater if the politicians had permitted the army to be as well prepared for war at its breaking out as the navy was. But let that pass for the moment, for we are really engaged in the work of making an army, and there is still hope that the soldiers may have their way in this arduous task; and if they do, the 260,000 men of the regular and volunteer forces will be as effective a body of troops as any body of equal size in Europe.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, may be taken as an illustration of our Continental European critics. With the heart of a Spaniard, he writes with the pretensions of a judge, and he was at first able to impress himself even upon some unusually ignorant English friends; but not, it ought to be said, upon English officers of the navy, the best informed of whom, like Sir CHARLES BERESFORD, for example, know that, man for man and ship for ship, our navy ranks with theirs. But M. MARC LANDRY, who, for all that we know, may be also M. Four Stars, who recently wrote a paper for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he advised the Spaniards to invade New England at the latitude of the Delaware, and to es-

tablish a naval station on the island of Nantucket—this M. LANDRY announced that at first our navy would meet with a great defeat, because the Spaniards had better ships than we; because their officers were better instructed; because our own officers, lacking instruction as they did, were not as brave as the Spaniards; because our crews were made up not of Americans, but of a miscellaneous lot of international offscourings. He added that they lacked discipline; that they could not be as loyal to the flag as the Spaniards naturally were to the flag of their native land; that, joined to bad ships, insufficient material, and lack of docking facilities, the native cowardice of Americans, the ignorance of our officers, the disloyalty and poltroonery of our sailors, would bring us humiliation and shame, although in the end, and if Europe permitted us to carry on the war for a long time, we might win, on account of our great natural resources and the exhaustion of Spain. Even after the war had lasted a month, and after DEWEY'S brilliant achievement at Manila, M. LANDRY asserted that Spain's advantages were greater than ours, because CERVERA had succeeded in crossing the Atlantic without having been seen. Thus far we have not heard this wonderful naval critic's opinion as to the performance of the *Oregon*, nor, indeed, do we very much care to hear it. His follies have been so numerous that they have ceased to be interesting.

To leave M. LANDRY and to come to the speaking of the truth: At the outset of the war the navy was in as perfect a state of preparation as the number of its ships and the size of its personnel permitted. Commodore DEWEY was able to make his way to Manila at once and without hesitation, with a remarkable self-confidence due to his faith in his men, to his knowledge of the bay, and his confidence in his ships, his guns, and his gun crews; he destroyed the Spanish ships in the Pacific, and relieved American commerce from all fear of capture in that quarter of the globe. This was the first answer given by the American navy to the charge that the American officer is uninstructed, that the American sailor is disloyal and undisciplined, and that both lack courage or enterprise. On this side of the water the fleets under the command of Admiral SAMPSON and Commodore SCHLEY have developed the position of a dodging enemy, and have securely imprisoned the fleet which our French critics predicted would ravage our coasts and bombard our great cities. In doing this, an occasion was presented to young HOBSON to perform a feat of splendid and useful daring which stands out among the great achievements of personal courage which have adorned naval history, and especially the naval history of this country and Great Britain, and in which neither France nor Spain has been lacking. HOBSON'S deed, by which CERVERA'S fleet was put out of the war, is one of the most useful of the historic exhibitions of bravery, and in carrying it out he illustrated not only the character but the intelligence and the training of the American naval officers. And, as if in answer to foreign sneers as to the disloyalty and cowardice of our crew, four thousand officers and sailors volunteered for the hazardous expedition, while the whole fleet was envious of the opportunity of the lucky eight, and yet generously proud of the glory that their comrades won—as generous as CERVERA himself, whose quick impulsive recognition of the daring of HOBSON and his men marks him also as made of heroic stuff.

The navy, at this stage of the war, has done all the work that it has been permitted to do, and it has done it well. It has displayed its readiness; it has demonstrated its discipline; it has proved its surprising skill in gunnery, the result of careful training; it has shown that it is worthy of its splendid traditions—traditions of which M. LANDRY either was shamefully ignorant, or which he conveniently, not to say mendaciously, disregarded. We may rest content with the achievements of the navy; and we firmly believe that if the regular army had consisted of 50,000 men at the outbreak of the war, physically as perfect, officered and trained as well as the regulars who were so quickly mobilized at Chickamauga and on the Gulf, the war in Cuba would have been ended by now, and that Spain would now be without her American possessions. If the war is to continue, the army will have a chance to assert itself, and it will then be found that there are no better troops in the world than our regulars; but in the mean time the army should be turned over to the control of its soldiers, at least to the extent that the navy has been left to the control of its sailors. An amateur soldier may be more efficient than an amateur sailor, but there is hardly anything else that he excels. Let politics go to the rear for the rest of the war. Let the Governors fill the ranks of their regiments, and cease to plot for chances to make places for field-officers by sending skeleton regiments to the front. Let the business of the war go on as the navy has begun it. Let Mr. MCKINLEY, who knows a soldier and respects him, have his way.

THE BOSS AND THE GOVERNOR.

ONE of the questions arising under our political system which have never received a final or satisfactory adjudication is the relation of the Governor to the boss, where the incumbents of the two offices do not happen to be the same man. It seems likely that this interesting question will soon come up for settlement, in that peculiar aspect of it which is presented by the Republican politics of the State of New York.

This is an aspect in some respects novel. Of course there can be no question of the several spheres of the two offices when they are united. That was the case with Democratic politics in New York during the Governorship and boss-ship of Mr. HILL. It was once difficult and useless to distinguish between the things which he did in his capacity of Governor and in his capacity of boss. That case has not arisen in the Republican politics of the State within recent years. Senator PLATT, whose term as boss has already outlasted the terms of several Governors, has uniformly been backward and bashful about exposing himself to the direct suffrages of his fellow-citizens, even on the rare occasions—as, for example, the campaign of 1896—when it seemed that he might have done so with safety, that having been what is technically known among practical politicians as a "yellow-dog year" for the Republicans in New York. Nor can any case fairly arise when the Governor is and recognizes himself to be the boss's "man." The respective rights and duties of the parties are in such circumstances regulated by what may be called an ante-nuptial agreement. Such an agreement seems to have subsisted between Boss PLATT and the predecessor of Governor BLACK, during whose term no evidence was permitted to come to light of friction or want of co-ordination in the working of the duplex machine.

But the present Governor of New York is neither the boss nor the boss's "man," and, as might be expected, evidences of friction increase and multiply. The Governor owes the boss no subscription. Each of two favored henchmen desired the nomination for himself, and the boss could favor neither without risking an insurrection led by the other. The natural outcome of the situation was a *tertium quid*. Mr. BLACK was that *quid*. He owed the boss nothing, except for not opposing him. He was apparently at liberty to administer his office according to his own lights. He has shown "velleities" of independence in some of the most discreditable as well as in some of the most creditable of his official acts. The unspeakable appointment of LOU PAYN to be Superintendent of Insurance is one for which the Governor cannot avoid complete responsibility on the one hand. On the other, it is understood that his boss, as well as the Tammany boss, was fully committed to the equally unspeakable bill for muzzling the public press which was introduced at the last session, and that it was the knowledge that the Governor would decline to approve that measure which led to its withdrawal; and a like opposition proved equally fatal to a measure, only less objectionable, of which it was announced in the Legislature that Mr. PLATT, described as an "influence," had instigated the introduction.

Evidently here are sufficient occasions of friction, and they are not all. Boss PLATT and Boss CROKER worked together for the election of a Tammany Mayor, and they walked hand in hand through the corridors of the next Legislature, figuratively speaking, of course, for, as a matter of fact, they sent for their respective law-makers instead of going to them. But now the bosses have "fallen out," that the proverb might be fulfilled, and the Republican boss in 1898 demands revenge upon his Tammany ally of 1897 for turning out, through his man, the Mayor of New York, Senator PLATT'S men, the Republican Police Commissioners. It is given out that he demands that the Governor shall exercise his constitutional power of removal at the expense of Mr. CROKER'S Mayor. But the Governor is very unlikely to put out of office by a stroke of executive power a Mayor who was put in by a plurality of 80,000 votes, and whose action in the premises, however offensive to Mr. PLATT, does not seem to be objectionable to any of those who voted for him. It is also suggested that an extra session of the Legislature, for which there is a plausible occasion in the exigencies of the war, shall be employed to inflict upon the offending boss and Mayor the penalty known as "charter-tinkering."

It is very questionable whether the Governor is disposed to oblige the Mayor to this extent. The certainties of his past and the uncertainties of his future course promise to add much zest to the proceedings of the next Republican convention in the State of New York. The outcome may be a settlement of the question stated at the beginning of these remarks. It is, however, already well settled that the only "final disposition" of a boss is to defeat him at the polls. But that desirable consummation of this controversy has been rendered extremely unlikely by the egregious unwisdom of the Democratic party in Washington and elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 3.—At four o'clock this morning, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, sank the collier *Merrimac* in the narrow channel of Santiago de Cuba, thus effectually closing the entrance of the harbor and imprisoning Admiral Cervera's fleet. The plan, which was most gallantly carried out, was suggested to Admiral Sampson by Lieutenant Hobson, and had been under consideration for several days. Wednesday night was first selected for the attempt, but, as the work of stripping the collier was not finished in time, a postponement to the early hours of this morning was announced. Practically the entire companies of the ships volunteered for the dangerous service. The following six were chosen: Osborn Deignan, George F. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague, J. C. Murphy; and to these must be added Randolph Clausen, who was at work on the *Merrimac* and declined to leave her. Torpedoes were fastened outside the hull on the port side, about ten feet below the water-line. They were placed against the bulkheads, and vital spots, and connected with the bridge and (by a wire under the ship's keel) with each other, so that they could readily be exploded by Lieutenant Hobson from his position on the bridge of the vessel. Soon after three o'clock the *Merrimac* steamed away from the fleet, Lieutenant Hobson and his crew of seven taking her first towards the western shore of the harbor entrance. The launch of the *New York*, in command of Naval-Cadet Powell, followed closely until the *Merrimac*, changing her course, headed straight for Estrella Point, off which, in accordance with the design, she was to be sunk by opening the sea-valves and exploding the torpedoes. Although exposed to a cross-fire of the Spanish batteries at short range, our men executed every detail of the plan with the utmost precision. The collier swung across the channel and went down—an impassable barrier. The eight men, who had finished their work for the day, drifted ashore on a catamaran. By a flag of truce from the Spanish Admiral, "sent in recognition of their bravery," Admiral Sampson was informed that all were prisoners of war, and two slightly wounded. In offering to exchange them for Spanish prisoners held by the Americans, Cervera said, through his chief of staff, "Daring like theirs makes a bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes."

This afternoon the last cable strands binding Cuba to the outside world, except those connecting Santiago and Guantanamo with Haiti, and Havana with New York, were cut by a cable-vessel convoyed by the *Dolphin*.

Saturday, June 4.—The gunboat *Marietta*, which has made a longer trip even than her companion the *Oregon*, dropped anchor at Key West. The *Marietta* left Sitka, Alaska, December 9, and San Francisco January 16.

A letter from Lieutenant Carranza, formerly Spanish naval attaché in Washington, showing the existence of an elaborate spy system in this country, was made public.

Captain Charles V. Gridley, who commanded the flagship *Olympia* at the battle of Manila, died at Kobe, Japan.

Monday, June 6.—The Monitor *Monterey* and the collier *Brutus* sailed this afternoon for Manila.

The Navy Department posted the following bulletin: "Admiral Dewey reports that the insurgents have been actively engaged within the province of Cavité during the last week. They have won several victories, taken prisoners about 1800 men, 50 officers, of the Spanish troops not native. The arsenal at Cavité has been prepared for occupation by the United States troops upon their arrival."

Despatch from Manila, *viâ* Hong-kong: "Chief Aguinaldo has said that the insurgents are eager to rush upon Manila forthwith, but that Admiral Dewey refuses to allow 'hosts of passionate semi-savages to storm a civilized metropolis.'"

A bombardment of the Spanish batteries and fleet at Santiago de Cuba was maintained by ten of our ships for two hours and a half this morning. About fifteen hundred projectiles are said to have been fired, to such good purpose that the forts were silenced, and the *Reina Mercedes* was sunk. Later in the day the defences at Aguadores, a coast town a little to the east of Santiago, were also reduced, while it is reported that at Daiquiri, just beyond Aguadores, marines were landed and formed a junction with the insurgents, after driving back the Spanish military forces that were guarding the place. Meantime Cuban troops attacked Santiago. Spanish accounts concede severe losses in killed and wounded.

Tuesday, June 7.—Great prominence is given in the despatches to Aguinaldo, insurgent leader in the Philippines. Since his landing, three weeks ago, he has assembled and armed a force of 3000 men, captured two batteries, won the whole province of Cavité, and declared himself "Dictator of the Philippines."

Admiral Sampson's despatch of this date to Acting Secretary-of-the-Navy Allen, so far as has been made public, reads: "Bombarded forts at Santiago de Cuba, half past seven to ten A.M., June 6. Have silenced works quickly, without injury of any kind [to our fleet], though within 2000 yards."

Wednesday, June 8.—A communication from Captain-General Augustin, at Manila, was published to-day in Ma-

(*Continued on page 604.*)



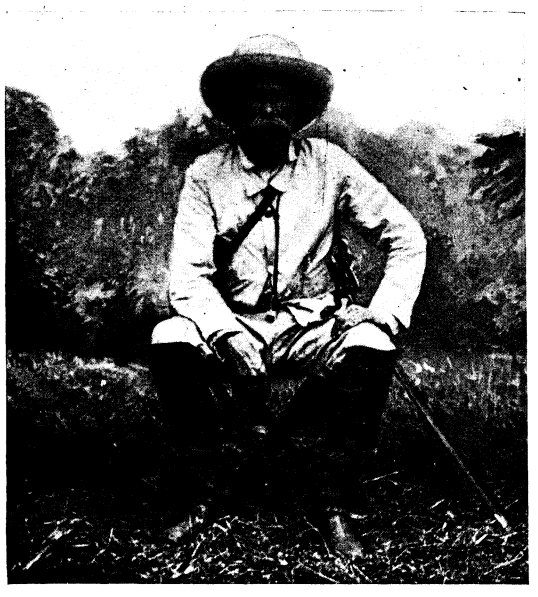
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Commanding Insurgent Forces near Puerto de Banes.



A YOUNG INSURGENT, AND OTHERS.



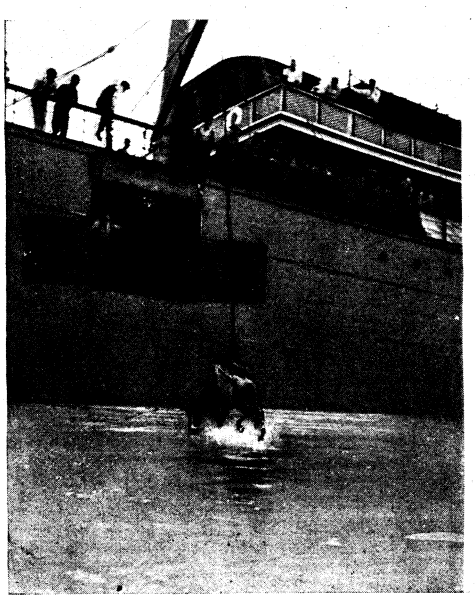
GENERAL SANGUILLY AND STAFF.



PACIFICOS WHO TOOK MOST OF OUR QUININE.



A GROUP OF VISITORS TO CAMP.



PUTTING AN ARMY MULE OVERBOARD.



SWIMMING FOR SHORE.



TERRA FIRMA AT LAST.

TO CUBA ON THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA"—SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF CUBAN VOLUNTEERS AT PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA.
From Photographs by Clyde D. V. Hunt, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.—[See Page 599.]



OFF FOR MANILA—CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS SAYING GOOD-BY, ON THE WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO, BEFORE EMBARKING.—Drawn by J. A. Cahill, San Francisco.

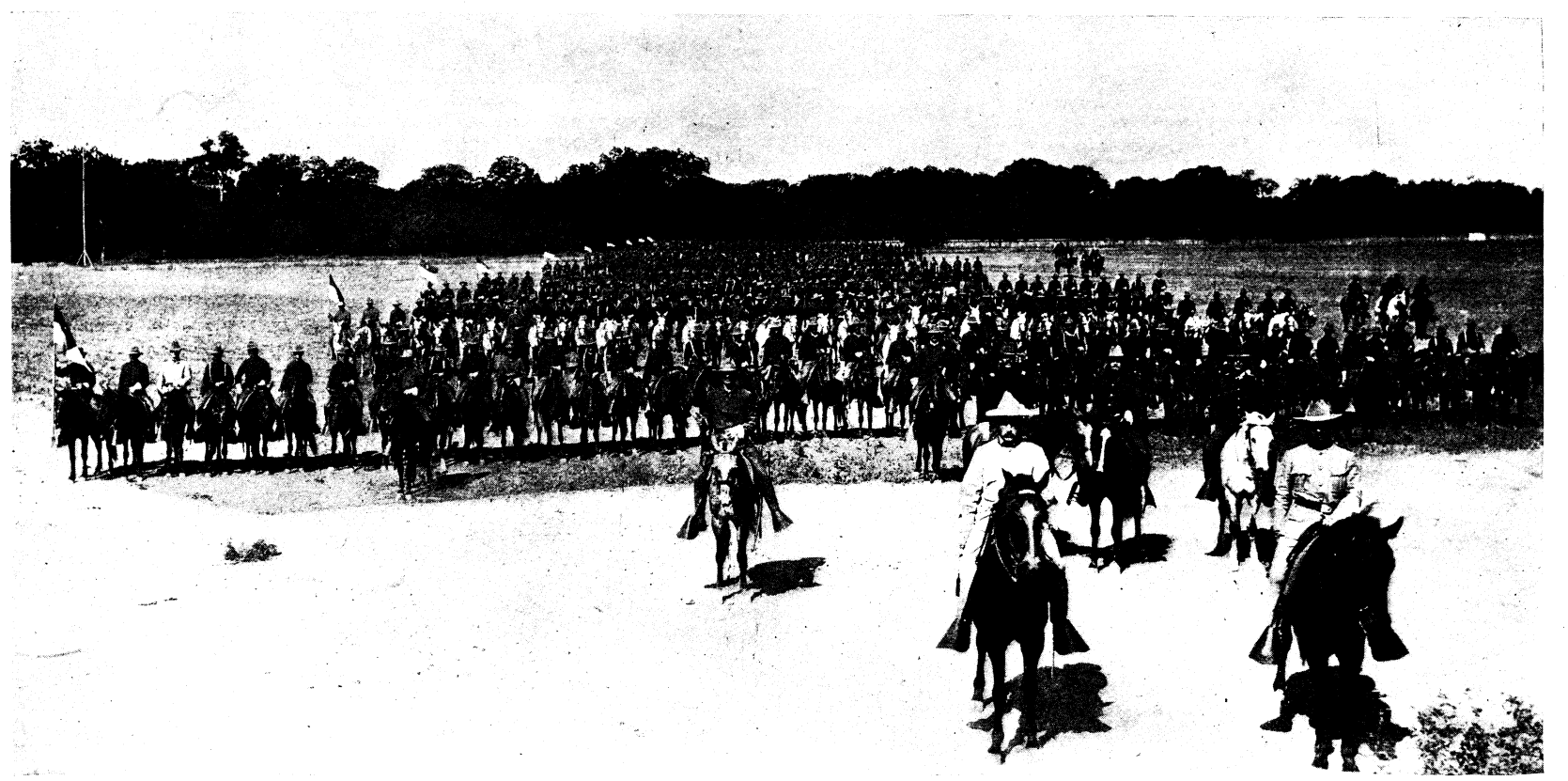
THIS BUSY WORLD

There has not been much important war news in the papers of late (though there may be by the time this writing becomes reading), but there has been a vast deal of minor news from camps, and about promotions and appointments, which has been eagerly read by folks everywhere who have wanted to know what their particular soldiers were about. There are millions of readers now who have relatives or near friends in the army, and who search the newspapers just as diligently when the news seems trivial as when there is something great to tell. It is the newspapers' excuse for existing just now that they supply this demand for personal information. Real war news they are not allowed to print, except in minute quantities, and ordinary news, not relating to war, readers scan with feeble interest. We ought, for example, to be exercised just now over June weddings, Commencement orations, and the prospects of college oarsmen and base-ball-players, but interest in all those matters is slack. Out of the kindness of their hearts the news censors in the South have allowed us to be informed of the movements of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and for that we are grateful, though when once the "Terrors" have got aboard a transport we shall doubtless hear no more even of them.

The American Unitarians are not very zealous in proselyting, and in particular are not much disposed to compete with their orthodox brethren in the work of Christianizing the heathen. They have, however, at least one foreign mission in Japan, of the condition of which an encouraging report was made at the recent annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Secretary Eliot, in his report, announced that this Japanese mission, which had always been regarded with misgivings by many members of the association, had in the last year taken the longest forward step in its history, and had done a work of great practical value in attracting the attention, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, of many of the best minds of Japan.

Not so satisfactory are all reports of Christian enterprises in Japan. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is grieved at the backsliding of Doshisha College in Kyoto, founded in 1875 by Dr. Neesima, with the assistance of the Board, and aided since then to the extent of $100,000. For fifteen years it was a strong force in Christian work in Japan, but after the death of its founder in 1890 it began to lose its grip on Christian principles, until four months ago its trustees eliminated Christian instruction altogether from the school. This action seems to have been taken to obtain government recognition and sundry privileges incident to it, but the American Board considers it a breach of trust, and wants its money back, to wit, $98.456 paid for land, houses, and equipments in Kyoto, and $75,000 given by the late J. N. Harris, of New London, "to found a school of science in connection with the Doshisha, to constitute a part of a Christian seminary." The Board expects to have trouble in getting back its funds, and anticipates a lawsuit and other interesting complications.

Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, the older sister of James Russell Lowell, who died in Boston on June 1, was eighty-eight years old, and was the widow of Samuel R. Putnam, a Boston merchant. After her marriage in 1832 she lived much abroad, and her earliest published writings were articles on Polish and Hungarian literature, which appeared in 1848–50 in the *North American Review*. Besides the Lowell aptitude for writing, she had the family capa-



Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

COLONEL WOOD'S REGIMENT OF ROUGH RIDERS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Photograph by Barr.



city for patriotic self-sacrifice, which found its special opportunity in the civil war. Her son, William Lowell Putnam, was wounded at Balls Bluff, and died of his injuries. She wrote a memoir of him, and also one of Charles Lowell. The generation of American mothers who sent sons to the civil war is nearly past now, but a new set of mothers have begun to realize how they felt.

It will be a relief to Admiral Dewey to learn that a new naval hero has transpired. Unless the Admiral's disinclination for publicity and all kinds of fuss has been exaggerated he must regard it as specially providential that Manila is ten thousand miles from home. Constructor Hobson's feat, however, will make it easier for him to come back, and before he gets ordered to our part of the world again there may be further subdivisions of glory which will help to make his native shores less ominous to him. Constructor Hobson himself seems to be a person who is more likely to be disturbed than over-exalted by applause. His record is that of an able and very thoughtful man, devoted to his profession and its problems, and bent on doing business rather than on gathering renown. Yet it is obviously the record of an ambitious man who has meant to get as near the top as his abilities and opportunities would warrant. What his abilities were he has demonstrated by the steady work which caused him to graduate second in his class (1889) at the Naval Academy, and then to be sent abroad for further instruction. His opportunities he has seized when they offered, and when they haven't offered he has invented them. He is credited



VICE-ADMIRAL CAMARA,
Commanding Spain's reserve Fleet at Cadiz.

with proposing the post-graduate course in construction at the Naval Academy, of which he had charge when he got permission to sail with Admiral Sampson's fleet. His chance to take the *Merrimac* into the Santiago channel was also of his own making, and all that he seems to have to thank fortune for is that he got away alive. The moral, therefore, of Mr. Hobson's sudden rise into celebrity is a particular sound and edifying one, considering that it is born of war. It is that success in feats of arms, like all other success worth having, waits on preparation, and that the man who turns out to be the right man in an important place is the man who learned how beforehand.

Sigourney Butler, who died in Boston of pneumonia on June 7, was one of the best beloved of the younger generation of Boston men, and his death causes the deepest sorrow to those who loved him as a friend, and very deep regret to thousands of others who valued and esteemed him as a citizen. He was forty-one years old, and was the son of the late Peter Butler, of Quincy. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of '77, which included in its membership the late Governor Russell, and which was, in a way, a famous class, though its brighter lights are burning out before their time. Mr. Butler inherited Democratic political preferences, and developed early into a leader among the younger Democrats of Boston. His relations with Governor Russell were intimate, and in Mr. Cleveland's first administration he served as a comptroller of the Treasury. After that he settled down earnestly in Boston to the practice of law, for which he had



CAPT.-GEN. DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN,
Governor-General of the Philippines.



SEÑOR AUÑON,
Spanish Minister of Marine



SEÑOR GAMAZO,
Spanish Minister of Public Works.



DUKE OF ALMODÓVAR,
Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

prepared himself by a full course at the Harvard Law School. His interest in politics continued, but he declined an appointment offered him in Mr. Cleveland's second term. Refusing to support the free-silver platform in 1896, he became a leading delegate to the Indianapolis convention of honest-money Democrats.

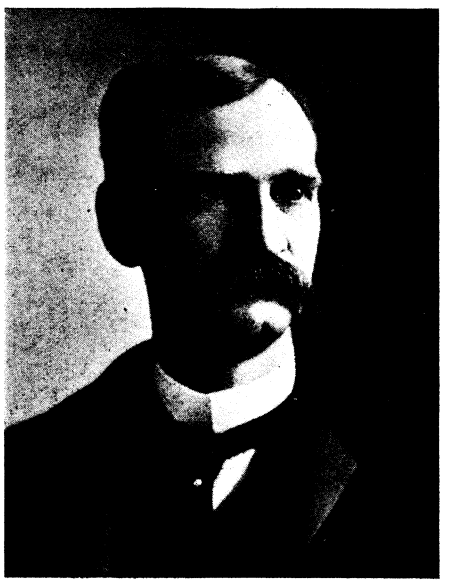
His standing at home, outside of politics, was attested the other day, when his name appeared as one of the Harvard graduates selected by vote of the alumni to be a candidate for overseer of Harvard University.

The rehearsal of Sigourney Butler's political activities touches on so small a part of his life that it seems comparatively unimportant. The politician was upright, honest, useful, an admirable citizen, exceedingly well qualified in some particulars to deal with men, and excellently equipped by study and practice to be concerned in the management of municipal and other public affairs. But the politician's work others may do. It is the man whose loss will seem irreparable—the son, faithful and devoted; the friend, full of cordiality and good-will; the companion, charming and delightful; the admired and beloved of his fellows, and yet unharmed by popularity, instant in well-doing, firm of purpose, driving himself by daily effort to the accomplishment of duty and the full development of his powers. It is not a careless use of language that terms the loss of men like Butler irreparable. To their fellows of their own generation it is never made up in this world. It is just so much gone out of life.

The Harvard men have a 6-pounder Nordenfeldt gun ready to be put aboard the cruiser *Harvard* whenever she comes within reach. The money to pay for it was raised by subscription, and Commander O'Neil, of the Bureau of Ordnance, is to supply the gun. A stand of colors and a silver loving-cup are additional tokens of Harvard's interest in the cruiser that bears her name.

Yale's gift to her cruiser, as will be remembered, was a pair of rapid-fire Vickers-Maxim 3-pounders, which were arranged for so promptly that it was possible to put them aboard before the vessel left port on her first cruise in government service.

A bit of news that seems worth remarking comes in the form of a despatch from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, dated June 6, which says that Storer Post No. 1, G. A. R., of that town, has adopted resolutions proposing to full membership all soldiers and sailors who serve in the present war with Spain. "The Commander-in-Chief," says the despatch, "now has the proposition under consideration." The resolution is full of suggestiveness of various sorts, and contains possibilities of lively interest. Could the G. A. R. assimilate the new soldiers without a considerable change of quality and modification of purpose? Will the coming veterans care to be assimilated? There will be much meat for meditation in this proposal if it promises to have practical results.



W. V. SULLIVAN,
Newly Appointed U. S. Senator from Mississippi.
Photograph by Bell.

To all appearances, at this writing, Mr. W. J. Bryan is the sure-enough colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers, and is going to war as soon as his organization is called for. Mr. Bryan's ambition to serve his country in the field has triumphed over serious vicissitudes. In order that the Governor of Nebraska might have a colonel's commission to offer him, it was necessary that the Secretary of War should allow Nebraska's last batch of volunteers to be formed into a new regiment, instead of being used to fill up the two short-handed regiments the State had already furnished. This concession, objectionable in itself, was felt by the administration to be expedient in Mr. Bryan's case, and doubtless it was. Mr. Bryan's qualifications to be colonel of a regiment seem to be all included in his possession of a reasonably sound body and a mind capable of understanding how the country may find honor and prosperity in the free coinage of unlimited silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1. Although doubtless he is as good a patriot, according to his lights, as another, it is impossible not to suspect a connection between his military aspirations and the disposition of nominating conventions to look with favor upon candidates who have served with distinction in war.

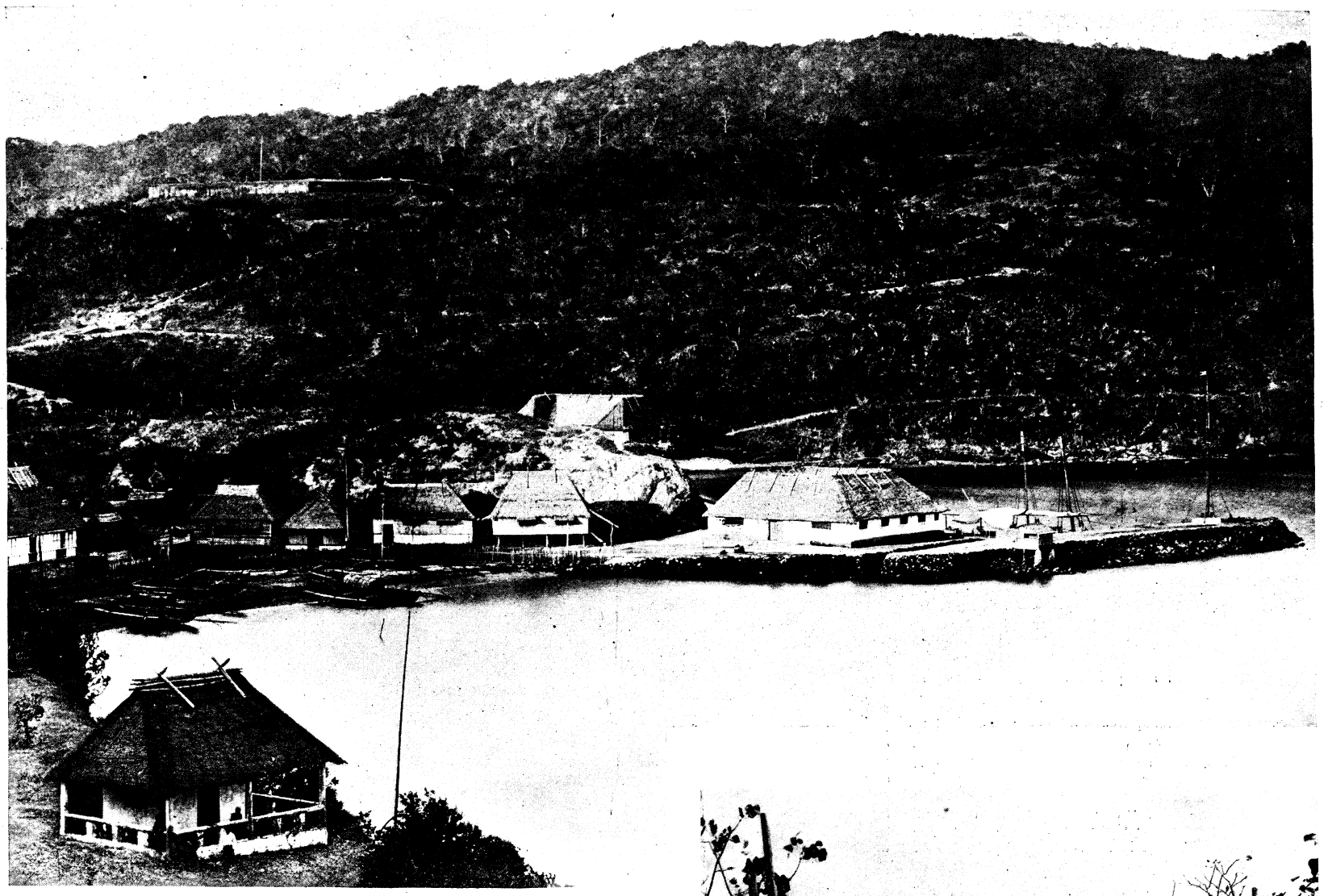
This would be a better world if all men who have made their mark in it had made it to as good purpose as Samuel Plimsoll did. He made his on the outside of the merchant vessels of Great Britain—the "Plimsoll mark" on the load-line—where any one can see it, and know that the vessel that keeps it in sight is not loaded deeper than the law permits. He died in England on June 3, seventy-four years old. The services which earned him the name of "the sailor's friend" were long continued, and pursued with devotion and at great cost of time and money. In 1853 he went into business in London, and doubtless in the course of his own affairs became acquainted with the methods of ship-owners, for when he was sent to Parliament from Derby in 1868 he set about the reform of the shipping laws, and in particular the prevention of overloading. Deck-loading was prohibited by British law from 1853 to 1863. Then the restriction was removed. Mr. Plimsoll demonstrated, in 1873, that the loss of life at sea had been quadrupled in consequence of the removal of the restriction. He spent $50,000 in his investigations, and earned the gratitude of sailors and the respect of all good men.

He came to this country two years ago, when there was so much talk about American dislike for the English, and looked into the report that it was due to the incendiary character of our school histories. He thought the school-books were much to blame for it. It is to be hoped that he lived long enough to believe that there was less bad blood between us and his countrymen than he feared, and that our school-books had less mischief in them than he fancied. Somehow the idea that young America must hate the English because he learns his country's history is much less plaintively dwelt upon than it was.

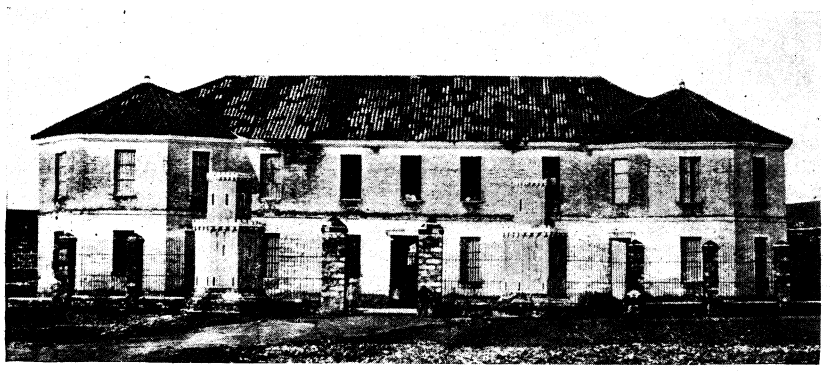
Are we to have no issue of special postage-stamps to celebrate our Spanish war? It is certainly a bigger thing



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT FORCES.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



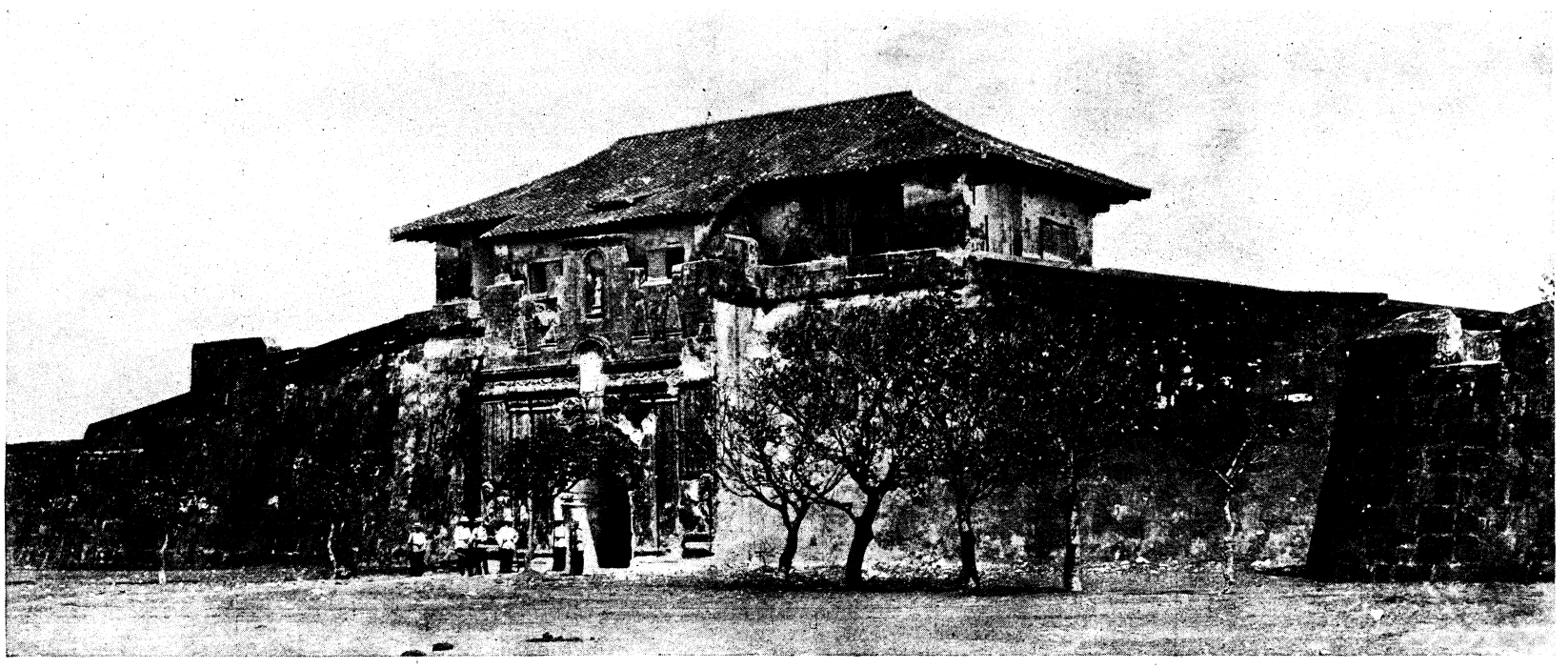
CORREGIDOR ISLAND.



THE PRISON, MANILA.



HOUSE OF THE COMANDANTE, CAVITÉ.



GATE IN THE WALL AT CAVITÉ.

THE PHILIPPINES—IN AND ABOUT MANILA.

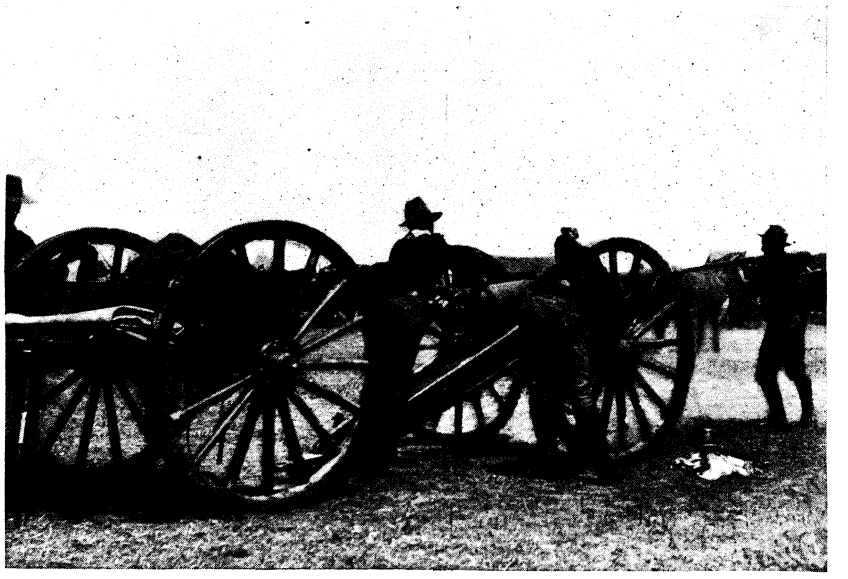
than the Omaha Fair, and is costing very much more money, for which we shall have much less to show. To be sure, we may have the Philippines to show for our disbursements, and maybe Porto Rico, but very many citizens look gloomily at the Philippines, and regard them as a good deal worse than nothing; and when we take Porto Rico, all Europe will declare our war was a war of conquest, and not of humanity. Let's have the stamps, and not the Philippines. The stamps will cost less, be far less troublesome, and it will be easier to distribute them so that each citizen may have at least one. There may be enough of the Philippines to go around, but that is uncertain, though geographers aver that there is an immense number of them.

The New York *Herald* says that Mr. Imre Kiralfy, a person of some note as a purveyor of public spectacles, is about to petition the Park Commissioners of New York to allow him to erect in Central Park a gigantic Eiffel Tower seesaw, 400 feet high, and having a horizontal spread of three blocks. If Mr. Kiralfy supposes that our Park Commissioners will allow any such edifice as that in Central Park he must have a disposition sufficiently sanguine to give him a great deal of innocent pleasure. He should try Coney Island, or possibly Boston Common, where nowadays "enterprise" seems disposed to find a congenial field.

E. S. MARTIN.



BATHING FOR MAN AND BEAST.



CLEANING UP AFTER DRILL.



BATTERY-WAGON—ARTIFICERS AT WORK.



U. S. CAVALRY DRILLING ON THE BEACH.



U. S. LIGHT-ARTILLERY DRILLING ON THE BEACH.

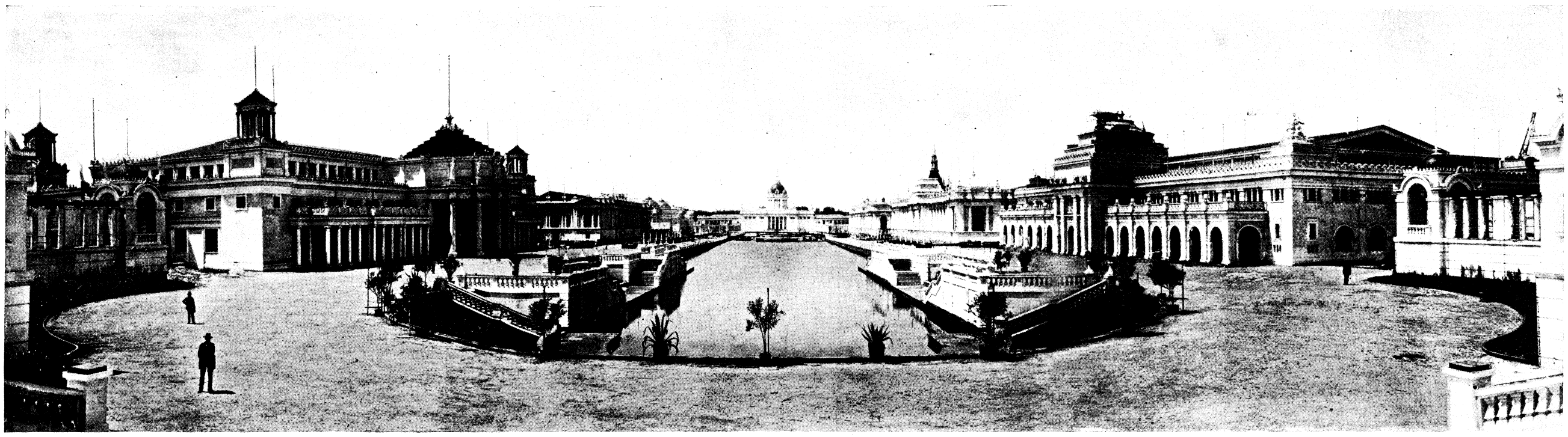


BATHING PARADE—U. S. CAVALRY.

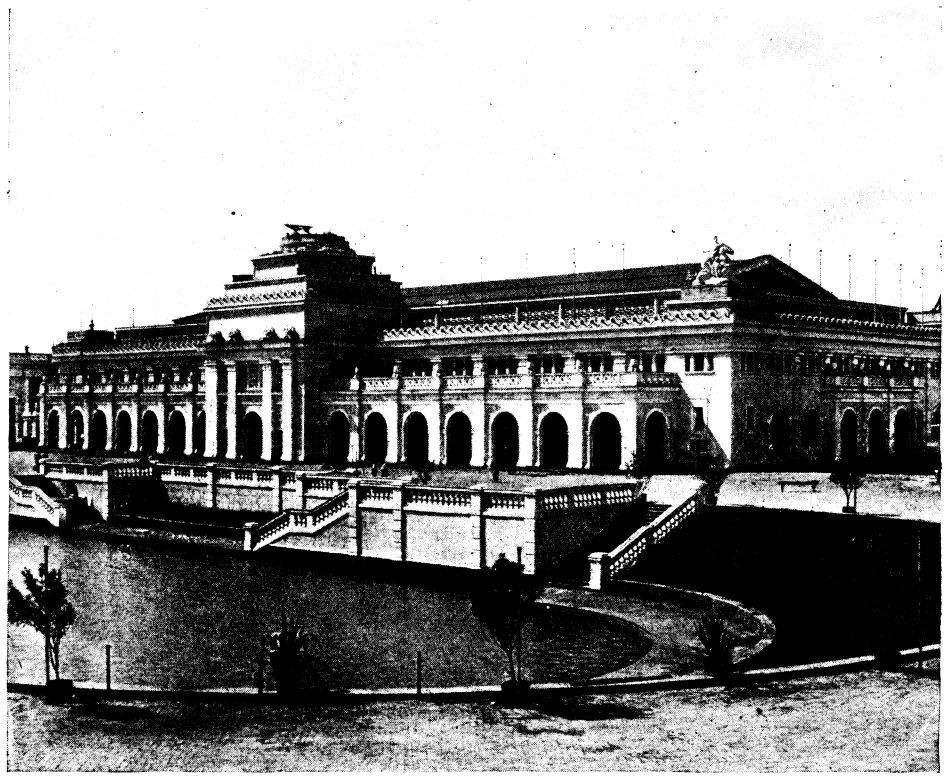


LIGHT-ARTILLERY CAMP.

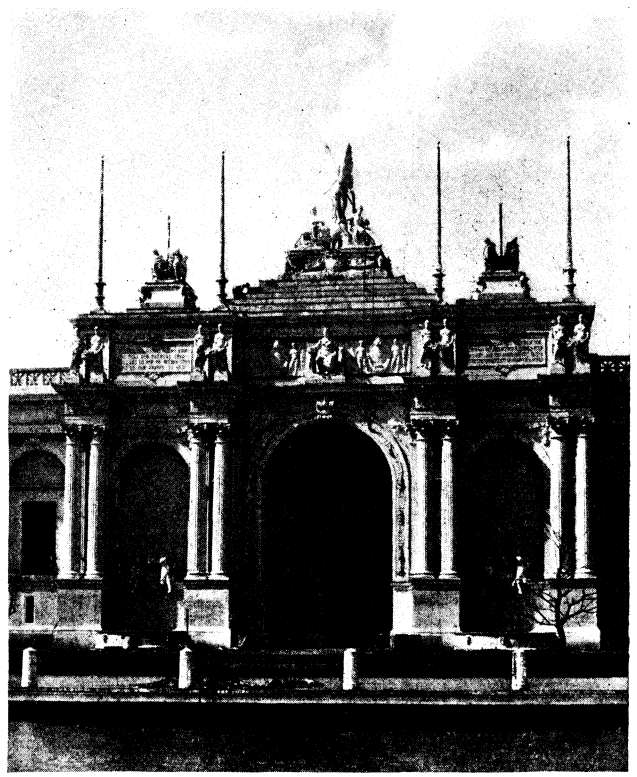
WITH U. S. REGULAR CAVALRY AND LIGHT-ARTILLERY AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



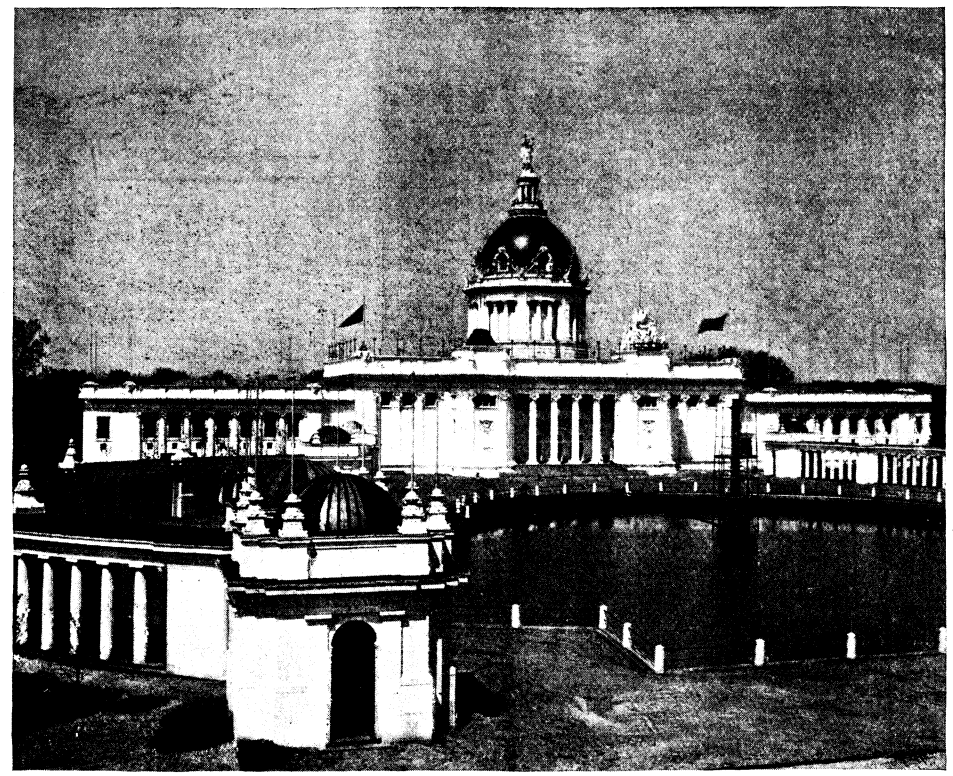
LOOKING WEST ON THE GRAND COURT.



MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY HALL.



MAIN ENTRANCE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION—OMAHA'S GREAT FAIR, OPENED JUNE 1, 1898.—From Photographs by Rinehart.

VOLUNTEERS IN THE BLUE-GRASS.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

DAYBREAK again, and birds singing the dawn in. Ten minutes swiftly along the sunrise and across an invisible line, and the world is changed. From nervous exaltation of atmosphere to an air of balm and peace; from dark grim hills to the rolling sweep of low green slopes; from a mist of thin verdure to full-leafed summer; from giant poplar to broad oak and sugar trees; from log cabin to homesteads of brick; from wood-thrush to meadow-lark; from mountain to the blue-grass.

And thus, indirectly, from the camp of the United States regular to the camp of the volunteer.

On one side of the once sleepy old town of Lexington, that is now fast taking on the smart ways of a city, stands a tall monument to Henry Clay; across the town is his old home, Ashland. Almost on its lawn is the drill-ground, and in a beautiful woodland park, under forest trees and in a rich growth of blue-grass, within twenty yards of the house that was once James Lane Allen's home, is the camp of the Kentucky volunteers.

It was Sunday morning, and the Kentucky gentleman of the old school was in quivering shame to discover that his sacred soil was pressed by the feet of a single coward. A procession, headed by a yellow flag, had just formed in honor of a coward, who "did not like the fare," when I reached the camp. His comrades tossed him in a blanket, and rode him on a rail through jeers and to the tune of the "Rogue's March" through the camp. The poor wretch escaped once, and, I was told, took refuge in one corner of the park, where were camped a company of Kentucky mountaineers. To these men he was an under dog and badly abused, and in their country they allow no man to be imposed on, no matter what his deserts. So they got out their guns to protect him, and were sternly told by the Colonel that they must not harbor a coward.

These mountaineers created a good deal of interest. Twenty-five per cent. of them were rejected, I was told, because of their extraordinary height.

One big fellow went to town, turned into a saloon, and called for whiskey.

"I haven't had a drink for ten years," he said. "I came down here to fight for the United States and to free Cuba, and they won't let me fight, so I'm going back home and tell them that they say down here that I am too big to fight. I haven't had a drink for ten years, but I am going to get on a big drunk now." And he did.

The rest of the rejected cavalrymen went home weeping and cursing by turns.

It was a contrast to the camp of the regulars, this camp of volunteers. It was like a picnic-ground. All the soldiers who were not on actual duty seemed to go where they pleased and do what they pleased, and they were flirting and playing pranks and singing like a crowd of undergraduates on a lark. One sentinel fearlessly walked his beat with a girl on his arm, and I myself saw a typical scene. A Lieutenant was escorting the Colonel's daughter through one of the camps, and a sentinel stopped and presented arms.

"Why, is that George?" said the girl. "Dear me, I didn't know you! Can't you shake hands with me?" she added to the serious soldier, who stood at rigid attention.

George grinned helplessly, and with a comical compromise between his dignity as a soldier and his personal relations with his superior, said, "Yes, I can, if Jim there will let me."

Lieutenant Jim at once let him.

"May I see your gun?" said the Colonel's daughter.

"Sure," said George; "with pleasure."

Lieutenant Jim smiled uneasily and looked conscientious.

"You go to the guard-house for that, George," he said. "Don't you know you mustn't give up your gun to anybody but your commanding officer?"

"I am the commanding officer here," said the Colonel's daughter, and the gallant Lieutenant took off his hat. I do not think George went to the guard-house.

The central point of interest was the Colonel's tent; and, by-the-way, in comparison with the headquarters of a major-general at Chickamauga, the Colonel, to put it mildly, reposes in the lap of luxury. I saw a wicker basket on the floor of his tent, which is some two feet from the dampness of the ground, and other signs of cheer. To one side were four beautiful saddle-horses, the Colonel's favorites, and about him was a staff of fine-looking young men, not to mention the Colonel's daughter, her sister, and another lovely Southern girl or two. And yet the discipline of the camp is perfect, for the Colonel is the father of the regiment, and is beloved as such. He eats the fare of the private, hears the complaints of his men, and treats them as though they were sons of his. Sometimes they line up before his tent and give him three cheers out of good-humor and gratitude. Sometimes they even take a joke out of the Colonel, as follows:

The volunteer always has trouble getting his rations from Uncle Sam. There is but one way to get rations, the regulars say, and it is a hard and narrow way, and must be travelled often.

At first the volunteers almost starved. So one morning a company lined up before the Colonel's tent, sang him a song, and told him how hungry they were. Then they said they had a request to make which they feared he might not grant. The Colonel told them to make the request fearlessly.

"Please, sir, have you a calendar?" asked a deep voice, respectfully, at one end of the line.

"A calendar?" said the Colonel. "Why, certainly. Orderly— But what do you want with a calendar?" he asked, a bit mystified.

"Please, sir," said a squeak from the littlest man, at the other end of the line, "we should like to eat the dates." And thereupon the soldiers ran.

Now this dearth of food got abroad and proved a blessing. It touched the hearts of the mothers in bear-grass and blue-grass, and now these boys have the fat of the land in plenty.

That afternoon there was a regimental drill in one of the pasture-lands of Ashland, through knee-deep blue-grass, and with the singing of meadow-larks overhead. The mountaineers, who had no uniforms and were undrilled, kept the crowd back. One big fellow in a slouch-hat, who was pushing it back firmly, saw a girl with a bicycle, and her escort, retiring before him.

He put one big sunburnt hand on the man's chest, and with the other took off his hat. "Lady," he said, "you come out here where you can see."

They drill well, these volunteers—some of the companies exceedingly well—and the officers, charging up and down the field in a running walk or rack or gallop on their Southern-gaited horses, were a contrast to the sturdily trotting regulars, and—Shade of Custer and Substance of Chaffee at Chickamauga—I saw one of these officers, when his horse did strike a trot, "post" to it!

At dusk the crowd melted away, and the star and crescent rose over the monument of the Great Commoner and sank among the hills of the capital, where lived that gallant Crittenden who, with 150 other Kentuckians, went to Cuba in 1851 to fight the fight we are fighting to-day. Crittenden and fifty Kentuckians were captured, and shot in platoons of six. It was when he was ordered to kneel, with his back to the firing soldiers, that he made his famous assertion,

"A Kentuckian kneels only to his God, and faces his enemy."

And he died standing, and with his front to Spain. All these volunteers know this story, and when they get to Cuba they will have something more than the *Maine* to remember. They will remember Crittenden.

To-morrow the First Kentucky Regiment goes to Chickamauga.

Taps now.

My old Kentucky home, good-night!

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

STAND here this rare first day of June, beneath this cloudless sky of the West, and look far down this noble court, with its great buildings, massive and magnificent, classic in their architecture and rich in ornament, their snowy façades mirrored in the long lagoon that stretches away two thousand and more feet to the fountain playing before the splendid public building erected by the general government in recognition of the progress and the power of the great West. It is indeed a fair sight.

Just a moment ago the President of the United States touched a tiny electric button in the capital city of the nation, and now the machinery of a great exposition is in play, responsive to his finger. Turning from the toil of war to the noble pursuits of peace, he has set in motion the energies of one of the most important expositions of any day.

The red-suited members of the Marine Band from Washington have played sonorously, the chorus of singers have sung and the speakers have spoken, and the vast audience has rendered its response of applause—the Trans-Mississippi Exposition has begun.

Just as one expects to find in a new Western town tokens at every turn of the spirit of Western enterprise, so one quite naturally expects to find evidences of sectional—indeed, of national—thrift and enterprise in this exposition now under way in this hustling, rushing, bustling Western city of Omaha. Enterprise and sincerity seem to me to dominate in this really quite remarkable fair. If the people of this region had done nothing more than afford this fine token of sincerity in fulfilling promises, it would have been worth the pains and the millions that have gone into it. In carrying out the plans of this exposition, those in charge have had two important advantages—immense area for grounds and cordial assistance. Nearly or quite two million five hundred thousand dollars has been expended in preparing this exposition.

Nearly as many acres of ground as Paris will have for her exposition in 1900—200 acres, to be precise—bordering the edge of a bluff, with the lazy, mud-stained Missouri in the distance, have given fine opportunity for the development of the exterior scheme of the exposition. The grounds where the more important buildings stand are in the form of a great quadrangle over two thousand feet in length, and perhaps five hundred and fifty in width. In the central portion of this lies a lagoon. Bordering it are fine stretches of turf, with much promise of bloom when the hotter summer comes, and at their edge rise beautiful buildings, snowy white, large, artistic, architecturally exquisite. Strong men in architecture from various American cities have united to produce about the sides of this long lagoon the most imposing and attractive series of buildings ever erected for similar purposes in America, save for the buildings which distinguished the Columbian Fair above all other expositions of the century.

The quadrangle lies east and west, and at the eastern end, lying at right angles, are the State buildings, structures highly creditable to the dozen or more Western commonwealths which are represented. Beyond the State buildings that inevitable feature of the modern exposition the Midway displays its manifold attractions.

Perhaps the candid Nebraskan would tell you in a moment of frank contriteness that the prime object of this exposition was to boom Omaha. And yet this is not an exposition of the common commercial type. It is something much higher, and keenly sympathetic with higher elements of life.

Had there been no White City at the lower end of Lake Michigan, this must easily have been the most striking and important public enterprise of the kind in the history of American fairs.

Beginning at the viaduct over one of the city streets crossing through the grounds, the buildings stretch away in white beauty along the lagoon. The buildings are large, imposing indeed, and so cleverly treated in their adornment of staff that they quite completely carry out the illusion of permanency. They are fitted out for the best possible display of the exhibits of home and foreign tokens of the world's progress. Over three hundred thousand square feet of space had been contracted for before the exposition opened. To your right as you look down the great quadrangle the snowy buildings extend until they fall into a fine perspective at the extreme western end cut by the Government Building, a vast structure five hundred feet in length. First the Electrical and Machinery Hall, then the Manufactures Building, the Administration Building, Building of Agriculture; then the immense Government Building stretching across the whole western end of the court. At its right, continuing on around the court, come the Fine Arts Building, of a noble type of architecture and admirably suited to its purpose, the tall arched entrance-way, the arch of States, rising opposite the Administration Building, then the Building of the Liberal Arts, the Mines and Mining Building, and at the eastern end, at the viaduct, the Auditorium for holding public meetings.

Utility and art have been capitally combined in these buildings. They have the general appearance of permanency in cornice and wall and massive pillar to give them an air of noble strength, while at the same time they are so admirably arranged interiorly that the best opportunity is afforded of display, whether it be the newest wrinkle in electricity, or the widest scope of modern mining, or the best in art, or the richest in husbandry.

Connecting important buildings of the quadrangle are long shady colonnades, pillared and canopied in the all-pervasive staff, and yet massive and lasting to the eye. The great extent of the grounds would make walking from building to building decidedly unpleasant in shine of sun or time of rain were it not for these colonnades. At either end of the great lagoon they spring into arched form, adding a striking note of beauty to the general view.

Here and there about the grounds, so disposed as to interfere in no degree with the general architectural effect, are smaller buildings, some of them devoted to the interests of trade, and all of them delightfully novel and interesting.

But at no point has the prevailing good taste been allowed to lapse. Novelty has not been allowed to displace elegance, nor has any freakishness been given play. Dignity and harmony characterize the buildings and the arrangements of the grounds of the exposition. Over on the Midway ample scope has been afforded for such display as suggests the incongruous or the unreal, and even here there is apparently a steadfast purpose toward fidelity of representation.

Taken all in all, the general impression of this exposition must be decidedly satisfactory.

In a deeper sense, it would seem to be an exposition of much significance, illustrating as it does the commercial, the manufacturing, the agricultural, and the mining progress of a section of the country—a vast resourceful empire in itself.

The opening-day of the exposition, June 1, brought many thousands of people from the regions roundabout, as well as a liberal proportion of Omaha's one hundred and fifty thousand of inhabitants. One would hardly believe it possible a musket was in the hands of the nation, to look out over the great court on the opening-day and see the assembled thousands. Reduced rail rates have, and will have, no doubt, their influence in attracting people, aside from the genuine beauty of the exposition, while nearly one hundred national conventions—medical, humanitarian, religious, ethical, commercial, and the like—will add their thousands to the throngs. So, take it all in all, Omaha promises to have her hands full this summer. The exposition closes on the 1st of November.

The exposition-grounds are easily accessible by electric railway from the downtown part of the city.

Taking advantage of experiences in electrical effects produced at other expositions, the managers of this department have provided an admirable display, both in the ornamentation of the buildings with innumerable lights and in producing novel and striking effects in the fountain immediately in front of the Government Building at the western end of the ground.

It would not be easy to estimate the value of such an exposition as this in illustrating to the nation at large the immense resources of the region which lies in the great Mississippi basin and contiguous to it. The railroad trains, which these weeks past have been entering the grounds, and stopping now at one, now at another, great building to unload immense boxes of exhibits, have brought their freightage from many States and from a vast region of country. These exhibits of the mining, the manufacturing, the agriculture, the forestry, the horticulture, the commerce, the business of this vast region, from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico, are not mere advertising dodges. The States themselves, through appropriations, have provided the funds to show to the world the best of the material resources of their commonwealths; and while art and music and all phases of the æsthetic have not been neglected, it is perhaps this fine panorama of the material West which is here afforded that most will interest. Cast in a different figure, this Trans-Mississippi Exposition is an epitome of the wealth—and not only of the wealth, but of the progress—of the great central region of the nation.

One of the speakers at the opening of the exposition put the progress of the region in a nutshell when he made note of the fact that in the land where only fifty years ago the Indians wandered at will, there are now 22,000,000 people, with an aggregated wealth of twenty-two billions of dollars.

In the telegram which President McKinley sent to the exposition, after setting in motion its machinery, he paid a tribute, for which the success of this exposition will give warrant, when he said that nowhere have the unconquerable determination, the self-reliant strength, and the sturdy manhood of American citizenship been more forcibly illustrated than in the achievements of the people of the region this exposition exploits.

The officers of this Trans-Mississippi Fair are:

Gordon W. Wattles, president; Alvin Saunders, resident vice-president; Herman Kountze, treasurer; John A. Wakefield, secretary; Major T. S. Clarkson, general manager, with an executive committee of seven, and vice-presidents for each of the twenty-four Trans-Mississippi States.

The corner-stone of the exposition was laid on Arbor day, 1897, so that the vast enterprise has been accomplished in a year's time. Many of the States of the region have contributed liberally to the exposition in the way of suitable buildings, while the general government appropriates $200,000 for its building, and in it has placed exhibits of great interest. The government has also taken official notice of the exposition in the issuance of a series of postage-stamps, from one cent to $2, inclusive, commemorative of the event. Over three hundred million of these stamps were ordered for the first instalment. The designs on the stamps are appropriate to the great West and its progress, illustrating phases of pioneer life.

The stamps were to have been ready for distribution June 1, but the issuance was delayed a few days.

Much that is of particular rather than general interest in the many features of this exposition must be reserved for future consideration. The Trans-Mississippi Fair appears to be more important than it promised to be—an exposition of wide scope and value. W. S. HARWOOD.



WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—U. S.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL



S. CAVALRY PASSING AN ARMY PACK-TRAIN ON THE ROAD.

IAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT TAMPA.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VI.—MORE SPANISH POLITICS IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE—LUXURY BY THE ROAD-SIDE, ETC.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was our duty to inspect and admire enthusiastically the magnificent cathedrals in the large towns in our path; but we soon discovered so much of rare architectural beauty in little places not even mentioned by guide-books that we finished by regarding one cathedral more or less as of slight importance compared with the great pleasure of discovering in nearly every village remains of architectural greatness apparently forgotten by the searchers of to-day. Burgos has one of the most famous cathedrals in Europe; yet I must confess that the thing about it which has hooked itself most firmly in my memory is the notice in big black letters on its wall that boys must not use it for their game of handball, or pelota. This game is so popular to-day that one may almost say that the Spaniard's rule is, "when in doubt, play pelota." It is analagous to baseball in America. In my time, wherever two boys met out of school-hours one of them was sure to produce a ball and commence a game of "pass," and if three appeared, then it became a game of "one old cat," and so on up to a full game of baseball. In this way we found pelota the game for all Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. In the northern provinces we rarely discovered a village so small that it did not have a court for pelota, even though it might not be paved with asphalt or stone, and could not afford a roof of glass as in Madrid. The little boys we met were usually tossing pelota-balls, in poor imitation of the real game, and if we entered a village in the hours when men were at leisure we were apt to find the main street occupied by a practice at ball-tossing.

The interior high plateau of Spain has been described as a bleak desert by many writers, but to me it appealed most sympathetically. There are vast expanses limited only by snow mountains in the far-away distance. Burgos itself is nearly three thousand feet high, and is commonly said to enjoy a climate made up of nine months winter and three of hell. Snow is often found there in June, followed in a few days by the heat of Arizona. There are people who dislike such a climate—I am not one of them. The cold nights and blistering hot days of our run across this great Spanish desert were to me most



TWO GENDARMES WHO HELPED ME TO GET MEAT AT QUINTANA—THE THIRD IS A ROAD-MENDER.

delightful; they reminded me of happy cowboy days in Colorado; they made me homesick. Great herds of cattle were passed, and vaqueros who looked as though transplanted from southern California. The arroyos, or deep ragged ditches cut by the rain-water, lent further similitude to this American picture. Indeed, I was made to feel frequently on this journey that many things in Spain which seem very strange to a German or an Englishman would, on the contrary, appear homelike to an American familiar with our States of Spanish origin. Perhaps the hospitality to the stranger which is so noticeable a feature of the true Western American is, after all, of Spanish inheritance—it is certainly not a peculiarity of New England.

For instance, we had an accident to one of our bikes on the road beyond Burgos, and trudged along in search of the nearest village, where we might get something to eat and learn something about the facilities of reaching Valladolid for the sake of the repair shop which we had learned to expect there. The nearest place was called Quintana, a little village without even an inn. The women of the place were seated on chairs in the middle of the road, sewing and gossiping, evidently to emphasize the fact that in that part of the world the highways were not for wheeled vehicles; and as for pack-animals, they could take their way round them. Just before the village, we passed the good word with an official in charge of some road-repairing, and asked him where we might get something to eat, as we had had nothing since our morning coffee save a bit of dry bread, some nuts, and wine. He at once dropped his work for the pleasure of waiting upon us, and took us to a house with no outward sign of being aught else than a peasant's dwelling. He explained that Quintana was not grand enough for an inn, that travellers rarely passed that way, and that therefore the posada, or wine-shop, did not show a sign-board merely for the people of the neighborhood. We entered the little house, and found the first room made up chiefly of a big fireplace without a fire, and in one corner a loaf of bread and some skins of wine. In the only other room of the house was a woman ironing the shirt of her husband; for to-morrow was a saint's day, and therefore on



OUR HOST AT QUINTANA, OUTSIDE HIS POSADA.

the eve thereof he was doing without his shirt in order that he might show due honor to the holy-day. The señora had other wash to prepare for the morrow, the day was waning, and she was visibly pressed for time. We asked for a good hot dinner, but were told that she had nothing but bread and wine. I asked for meat. She had none, and obviously had no mind to interrupt her work to cook us anything. She went on ironing vigorously, while I unfolded to her our state of destitution, the smashing of our bicycle far from home in a strange country. Having got thus far with material enough for her to ponder upon in my absence, I went out to the most intelligent headquarters in all such small places—the house wherein lived two gendarmes who patrol the roads of the neighborhood. Here I inquired if I could buy some meat.

Of course there was no such thing as a shop of any kind in the place, let alone a butcher shop; but at once an obliging citizen escorted me to the house of a villager who might, he said, accommodate me. The villager was not at home, but his wife interrupted the nursing of her infant to wait upon me. She got a huge key, and with the babe in her arms and several children at her heels, showed the way to an out-house, in which was hung a goodly section of an ox. I was too much interested in procuring a square meal to question her as to how this co-operative butchering arrangement was managed. I accepted and paid for cheerfully several pounds of juicy tenderloin, and ran with it back to the lady at the ironing-board. Her soft heart must have been moved somewhat by my recital, for when I returned with the meat she had so far relented as to promise us a soup by six o'clock. And what a soup it was!—full of unexpected and delicious little bits of herbs, and garlic of course, and cuts of crust, and seasoning to perfection—the whole rich in the strength imparted by the generous allowance of meat. The most expensive restaurants of London or New York could not have matched that soup served in a peasant's house of Spain, in a room the whole furniture of which would not have fetched three dollars at auction. But that was not all; the good lady had more than kept her word. The next course was made up of boiled beef with delicious Saratoga potatoes. This was followed by an omelet, or tortilla, that was worthy of an artist in cookery, and to wind up we were offered excellent cheese, followed by oranges and café noir. The whole meal cost us



OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON WHERE COLUMBUS DIED, VALLADOLID.

about sixteen cents each. We left our hostess, praying that in our years to come we might have to eat no worse dinners than such as were furnished us by the least promising villages in Spain.

We had the good fortune to catch that night a train to Valladolid, though I am not sure that there is more than one train a day. There was no place in Quintana where we could have spent a comfortable night, and we therefore made a virtue of necessity by hurrying on by rail to the next place promising a repair shop.

The third-class carriage into which we climbed was pretty full, and I found myself at close quarters with two intelligent men, one from Burgos and the other from Valladolid. In the corner opposite sat a rather dispirited young man of about twenty, though he looked a mere boy. He wore nothing but a tropical suit of blue and white striped cotton, with a round cap on his head similar to the forage-cap of the German army. His face spoke distinctly of swamp fever, and I was not surprised when my neighbor told me that the poor fellow had been invalided home from Cuba. It was commencing to freeze out-of-doors; for on the table-lands of Spain March is a winter month, in spite of a hot sun at noon. We found ice every morning on the pools that we passed. Packed closely as we were, with our overcoats, we were none too warm, yet there sat a poor devil of a soldier in something no warmer than my summer under-clothing, while his own blood was impoverished by a disease which makes one peculiarly sensitive to chills. The fellow had neither overcoat nor blanket, and I asked my companion if the government did not provide him with necessary clothing.

He received my naïve remark with an expression of great scorn. "Government?" said he. "What does the government care whether we live or die?" Then he went on to tell me that he had already served his term in the ranks, and that his brother had come home from Cuba with a bullet wound through his hand, which had necessitated amputation above the wrist.

What interested me particularly about this man's talk was not so much the hearing of a stray individual opin-



THE ROAD-MENDER'S FAMILY.

ion as to find that all his words, addressed to a stranger like myself, were spoken without reserve to all within range of his voice, and were listened to not merely without protest, but rather with signs of approval. My neighbor on the other side said, "We are all Republicans here," and with this he waved his hand over the fifty-odd fellow-travellers about us. I could not but think, as I sat in this gathering of men accidentally thrown together, that, after all, there must be something of a public sentiment in this country, if the military authorities would only seek for it in the manner I am now indicating to them.

Our shivering little warrior from Cuba soon left us to change on to a branch line, and to suffer still more from the cold as the night wore on. Those he left behind in the car expressed anew their sorrow for his pitiful condition. They did so, however, after the manner of fatalists who do not expect much immediate improvement as the result of prayers or protests. Their tone was that of New-Yorkers who daily curse the crowding on the elevated railways or the struggling suffering of our horses in the Fifth Avenue stages and the cross-town cars. We protest, as did my Spanish fellow-travellers on the way to Valladolid, from a generous impulse, let us admit, but with no immediate prospect of improvement. The Spanish character of to-day is the product of three centuries full of political wrongs committed against a noble people by a crafty and cruel priesthood. The army and the King have usually been mere organs of the Church; and though to-day both Church and Crown cease to command the respect they did in the past, yet they have so thoroughly incapacitated the people for organization that a republic in Spain to-day would be almost as anomalous as was the republic in the Germany of 1848 or the France of 1789.

I shall soon have to tell of Spanish public opinion in Madrid, amongst people with their fingers constantly on the pulse of the nation. Looking back, however, over the whole field of my talks with people of many ways of thinking, I incline to the opinion that those who told me the most political truth were those who spoke to me as did these men of the people in the publicity of a third-class railway carriage.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LUBBER FIEND'S RETURN.

ALL these things had overpast so quickly that when Helene and I found ourselves alone in the Red Tower it seemed to both of us that we dreamed.

We sat on the low window-seat of the old room, hand in hand. The shouts of the people came up to us from the square. We heard the tramp of the soldiers, who cheered us as they passed to and fro. Being at last alone, we looked into each other's eyes, and we could not believe in our own happiness.

"My wife!" I said, in another fashion than I had said it on the scaffold.

"My husband!" answered Helene, looking up at me.

But I think, for all that we realized of the truth, we might as well have called each other King and Queen of Sheba.

We had been conducted with honor to the Red Tower. For since it was in virtue of my hereditary office that I had obtained the great deliverance, I dared for the present seek no other dwelling-place. For Helene's sake I should have felt safer elsewhere. Besides, desperate and full of baffled hatred as I knew Duke Otho to be, I did not believe that he would dare to molest us—for some time at least. The rage of the people, their unbounded jubilation at the deliverance of their Saint Helena from the jaws of death on the very scaffold, were too recent to be trifled with by a prince so insecure in his ducal seat as Otho of the Wolfmark.

So that I thought we might at least be safe enough till my good fellows of Plassenburg, with the Prince at their head, should be hammering at the gates of Thorn.

To us, thus sitting hand in hand, there entered the Bishop Peter.

"Hail!" he said, blandly, and in his grandest manner, as we knelt for his benediction. "Hail, bride and bridegroom! God has been good to you this day. Bishop Peter, the least of His servants, greets you well. May you have long life and prosperity unfailing."

I thanked him for his gracious words.

"The folk of the city are full of joy," he said. "I think they would almost proclaim you Duke to-day."

"I desire no such perilous honor," I replied, smiling. "It were an ill omen to have a Duke habited all in red."

"It is your marriage dress, Hugo!" said Helene. "I will not have you speak against it."

Ever since the strain of the scaffold, she had not once broken down nor wept, but only desired to sit very close beside me, touching me sometimes, as if to make sure that I was real. Deliverance had been too great and sudden, and that which had come so near to us both—death and the Beyond—had left a bitter spray on our lips.

"And what of the Lady Ysolinde?" I asked the Bishop.

Now the Bishop Peter was a good man, but, like many of his brethren, a lover of great swelling words.

"The Lady Ysolinde," he said, "by the immediate assistance of the city guard, was placed in a litter and deported, all unconscious as she was, to her father's house in the Weiss Thor, where she still remains. But her most seasonable extract from the laws of the Wolfmark, which so opportunely saved the life of your fair wife, and led to this present happy consummation, I have here by me."

And with that the Bishop drew the rolled parchment from his pocket and handed it to me, with all the original seals depending from it. I had small gift for the deciphering of such ancient documents, being only skilled in the common script of the day, and not over-well in that. So that I had to depend upon the offices of Bishop Peter for the interpretation.

"I think," said Bishop Peter, after he had finished reading it over, "that this document had best remain in my own possession. It may be safer under the seal and protection of the Church—even as, to speak truth, you and your wife would be. I am a plain man—" the Bishop continued after a pause, "but remember that there is ever a place of refuge at the palace—and one which even Duke Otho is not likely to violate, remembering the experiences of his predecessor, Duke Casimir, when he crossed his sword against the crozier of this unworthy servant of Holy Church."

"I thank you," said I. "I would that it were possible to avail myself of your all too generous offer. But it will be necessary to abide at least this one night in the Red Tower."

"Ah!" he said. "Why this night?"

"Great things may happen this night, my Lord Bishop!" said I, and glanced significantly in the direction of Plassenburg.

"Ah!" said the Bishop again. "So, then, the power of Holy Church may not be the only restraint upon Duke Otho by to-morrow at this time!"

And calling his attendants, the suave and far-seeing prelate made his way with gravity and reverend ceremony down the streets of Thorn in the direction of his palace.

So, bit by bit, the long day passed away, and I thought it would never end. For Helene and I sat and waited for that which might happen, with beating and anxious hearts. Ofttimes I ran to the top of the Red Tower, and sometimes it seemed that I could see a moving cloud of dust, and sometimes a flurry of startled cattle afar on the horizon. But till dusk there came no better evidence that the lads of Plassenburg were coming to our rescue and to the deliverance of the down-trodden city of Thorn.

The soldiers of the garrison were still encamped in the great square. There was also a constant swarming and mustering of men upon the ramparts of the Wolfsberg. Duke Otho had certainly enough men to make a creditable resistance. True, they were free companions, and without other loyalty than that which they owed to their paymaster.

And beneath all lay the city, rebellious and turbulent to the core, the merchants longing for unhampered rights of trade and security in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors, the craftsmen claiming freedom to work in their guilds without a payment of labor-bond tithes to the Duke, and especially without the fear of being snatched away at any moment from their benches and looms to join in his forays and incursions.

Towards the gloaming I had come down from the roof of the tower, and was standing gloomy and little like a bridegroom at the little window whence I had so often looked down upon the playing children of Thorn. Suddenly a great hand was reached up from the pavement, a folded paper was thrust in at the window, and I saw the face of the Lubber Fiend looking up at me from the street below.

"Come up hither, good Jan," I cried to him. "I will run and open the gate!"

But the Lubber Fiend only shook his head, till his ears flapped like burdocks in the wind by the wood edges.

"Jan will come none within that gate to tell where I have been," he said. "Jan is a fool, but he knows better than that."

"And where have you been?" I asked, eagerly.

Jan the Lubber Fiend stood on his tiptoes and whispered up to me, with his elbows on the sill,

"You are sure the Duke is not behind you?"

"There is none here—except my wife," I said, smiling. And I liked speaking the word.

"I have seen the great Prince," said Jan, nodding and smiling mysteriously, "and he is coming; but not by himself. There are such a peck of mad fellows out there! There will not be much to eat in Thorn when they all come in. Better make a good dinner to-day, that is my advice to you. And I was bid to tell you that when all was ready for their coming a fire is to be lighted, and then the Prince will come to the gates."

I longed much to hear more of his adventures, but neither love nor money would induce the thrice cautious Jan to set a foot within the precincts of the Red Tower.

"I will light a bonfire when it is dark at the White Gate," he said. "I know what will make a rare blaze. And the Prince cannot come too soon."

So indeed I thought also, as I looked out and saw the swarms of the Duke Otho's men in the court-yard and about the square, and reflected on our helplessness here in the Red Tower, within the defenced precincts of the Wolfsberg.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE CROWNING OF DUKE OTHO.

BUT at long and last the longest day comes to an end. And so just as fast as on any common day, the sun at last dropped to the edge of the horizon and slowly sank, leaving a lake of orange color behind.

The red roofs of Thorn grew gray with purple veins of shadow in the interstices where the streets ran, or rather burrowed. The nightly hum of the city began. For, under the cruel rule of the wolves of the Castle, Thorn was ever busiest in the night. Indeed, the cheating of the guard had become a business well understood of all the citizens, who had a regular code of signals to warn one another of its approach.

Lights winked and kindled in the Wolfsberg over against me. I could see the long array of lighted windows where the Duke would in a little be dining with Michael Texel, Gerard von Sturm, and most of his other intimates. There beneath were the stables of the Black Riders, and before them men were constantly passing and repassing with buckets and soldier gear.

I wondered if the Duke had news of the approach of the enemy.

So soon as I judged it safe I went to the top of the Red Tower and unfolded the paper which Jan the Lubber Fiend had brought me. It was without name and address or signature, and read as follows:

"To-night we shall be in readiness. When the time is ripe let a fire be lighted upon some conspicuous tower or high place of the city. Then we will come."

Then Helene, being lonely, climbed up and sat down beside me. I handed her the paper.

"To-night will be a stormy one in Thorn and the Wolfsberg, little one," said I. "I fear you and I are not out of the wood yet."

The Little Playmate read the letter and gave it back to me. I tore it up, and let the wind carry away the pieces

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

one by one, small, like dust, so that scarce one letter clave to another.

Her hand stole into mine.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I am beginning to believe in it now. To-night may be as dangerous as the yestreen. But at least we are together, never to be separated. And to us two that means all."

It was a strange marriage night, this of ours—thus to sit on the roof of the Tower, under the iron beacon which had been placed there in my grandfather's time, and listen to the hum and murmur of the city, straining our eyes meanwhile through the darkness to catch the spear-glint of the army of the Prince.

"If they do not come by midnight, or if Jan Lubber Fiend does not light his fire by the White Gate, we must e'en risk it and light this one here on the Red Tower."

So the night passed on till it was about eleven, or it might be a quarter of an hour later. Then all suddenly I saw a little crowd of men disengage themselves from that private entrance of the Hall of Judgment by which, on the day of the trial, Dessauer and I had entered. They made straight towards the Red Tower, at a quick run.

"Dear love," said I to Helene, "see yonder! Be ready to light the beacon. I fear me much that our time has come to fight for life."

"Kiss me, then," she said, "and I will be ready for all that may be. At worst we can die together, true husband and true wife."

Presently there came a thundering knock at the door of the Red Tower. I crouched on the stairs behind and listened intently. I could hear the breathing of several men.

"He is surely within," said a voice. "The Tower has been watched every moment of the day."

Again came the loud knocking.

"Open—in the name of the Duke!" cried the voice. And the door was rattled fiercely against its fastenings.

But I knew well enough that it could hold against any force of unassisted men. For my father had ever taken a special pride in the bars and defences of the single door which led into his much-threatened residence.

So I crouched in the dark of the stairs and listened with yet more quivering intentness. Presently I could hear shoulders set to the iron-studded surface, and a voice counted, softly, "One—two—three—and a heave!" But though I discerned the laboring of the men straining themselves with all their might, they might as well have pushed at the rough-harled wall of the Wolfsberg.

"It will not do," I heard one say at last. "We cannot succeed thus. Bring the powder-bag, and prepare the fuse!"

So then I knew indeed that our time was at hand. I mounted the stairs three at a time, till I came to the room where Helene was waiting for me in the dark.

"Fire the beacon on the Tower!" I bade her. "Our enemies are upon us!"

"And after that may I come to you, Hugo?" she said.

"Nay, little one, it is better that you bide on the roof and see that the beacon burns. You will find plenty of tow and oil in the niche by the stair-head."

I could hear Helene give vent to a little sigh. But she obeyed instantly, and her feet went pattering up the stairs.

Then I waited for the explosion, which seemed as if it would never come. I had my dagger in my belt, but of pure instinct my right hand seized the Red Axe. I had more skill of that than any other weapon, and as I had cast it down when they brought us in from the scaffold that morning, it lay ready to my hand.

So I waited at the stair-head, and watched keenly the narrow passage up which the men must come one by one. I measured my distance with the axe-handle, and made a trial sweep or two, so that I might be sure of clearing the stones on either side. I could not see that there would be much difficulty in holding the place for a while, if only Prince Karl would haste him and come. For to me the game of breaking heads and slicing necks would be easy as cracking nuts on an anvil—at least so long as they would come singly.

Presently I heard the roar of burning fuel above me, and immediately after a cry from below. Through the narrow stairway lattice I could see the uncertain flicker of flames lighting up the street. Men ran backward from the open square, looking up as they ran. So by that I knew that Helene had done her work, and was now watching the burning beacon as the flames flicked upwards and clapped their fiery palms.

But at the same moment, from the foot of the stairs, there came the loud report of the explosion beneath the door of the Red Tower, the rumble of stones, and then a larger rush of men to see what had been effected.

"Now for it!" I thought, as I gripped the Red Axe.

But it was not to be so soon. The iron bars, which my father had engineered so that they sank deep into the wall on either side, still held nobly, and I heard the loud voice crying again for a battering-ram. The soldiers of the attacking party went scurrying across the yard, and presently returned, carrying between them a young tree cleared of its branches, but with the rough bark still upon it.

Without, in the square, the turmoil increased, and the streets echoed with shouting. A wild hope came into my heart that Prince Karl had not awaited the summons of the beacon, and that his troops were already in the streets of Thorn. But even as the thought passed through my brain I knew that it was vain.

On the other hand, I knew that in the town the general alarm had been given, for the trumpets blew from the ramparts of the Wolfsberg, and the call to arms resounded incessantly in the court-yard. I doubted not also that many a stout burgher was getting him under arms, and but few of them to fight for the Duke.

Suddenly the bars of the door jangled on the stones under the swinging blows of the battering-ram. I heard feet clatter on the stair. They came with a rush, but long ere they had arrived at the top the pace slackened. Only one man at a time could come up the stairway, and it is always a drag upon the enthusiasm of an assault when at least two cannot go together. The light flickered and filtered in from the streets, and the reflected glow of the bonfire on the roof made the stair-head clear as a lucid twilight.

I waited, with the axe swinging loosely in one hand. A head bobbed up clad in a steel cap. But as the unseen feet propelled it upward, the Red Axe took little reck of the head. Betwixt the steel cap and the rim of steel of the body armor appeared a gray line of leather jerkin and a thinner white line of neck. The Red Axe swung. I bethought me that it was a bad light to cut off calves' heads in. But the Red Axe made no mistake. There was not even a groan—only a dull thud someway underneath, such as you may hear when the children of the quarter play football on the streets.

Then the foremost were blocked by the fallen body, and the feet of the men behind were stayed as the strange round plaything rebounded among them.

"Back!" they cried who were in front.

"Forward!" cried those who were hindmost and knew nothing.

"Come, men, on and finish it!" cried the voice which had commanded the powder-flask and the tree—the voice which I now knew to be that of Duke Otho himself.

But the kick-ball argument of the Red Axe was mightily discouraging to those immediately concerned, and as I felt the muscles of my right arm and waited, I could hear Otho reasoning, threatening, coaxing, all in vain. Then his tones mounted steadily into hot anger. He reviled his followers for dogs, cowards, curs who had eaten his bread and now would not rid him of his enemies.

"A thousand rix-dollars to the man who kills Hugo Gottfried," he said. "But, hear ye, save the girl alive!"

Yet not a man would first attempt the hazard of the stair.

"Knaves, traitors, curs!" he cried. "Would that there were so much as a true man among you—but there is not one worth spitting upon!"

"Cur yourself!" growled a man somewhere in the dark. "You have most at stake in this. Try the stair yourself, if you are so brave. We will follow fast enough!"

"God strike me dead if I do not!" shouted Otho; "if it were only to shame you cowards."

He paused to prepare his weapons.

"Follow me, men!" he shouted again; "all together!"

Again there was the clatter of iron-shod feet on the stone steps beneath me.

My grip on the Red Axe became like iron, but my joints were loose and swung easily as a flail swings.

"Welcome, Otho von Reuss," I cried. "Ye could not be crowned without the death of Helene my wife. Come up hither and I will crown thee with the iron crown."

There, at last, was mine enemy at the turn of the stair, rushing furiously upon me, sword in hand.

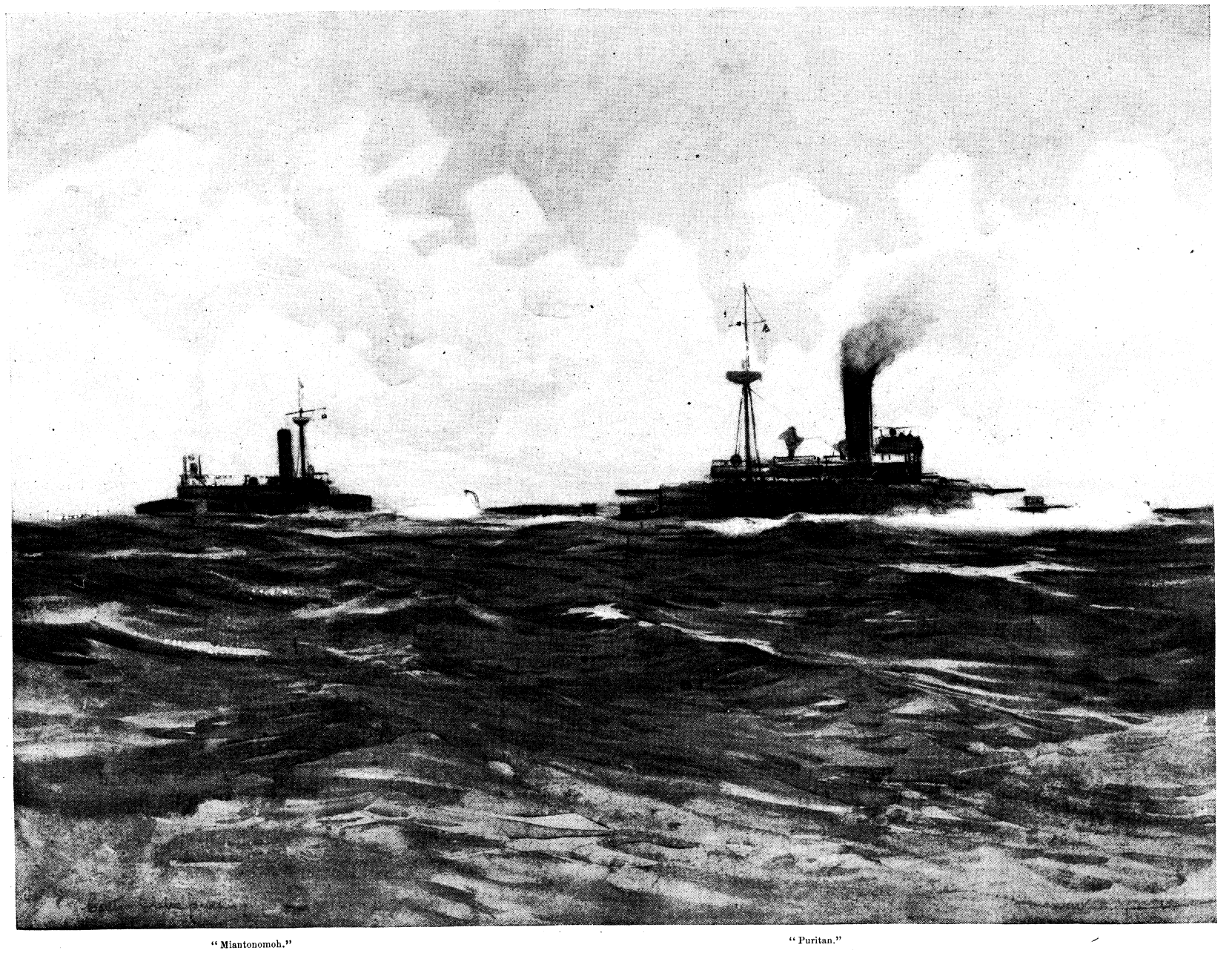
"Traitor!" he cried, and his sword was almost at my breast, so fast he came.

"Murderer!" I shouted.

And almost ere I was aware the Red Axe flashed as it swept full circle with scarce a pause, as it took the head of a man with it on its way.

Otho von Reuss was crowned. Helene, the Little Playmate, was avenged.

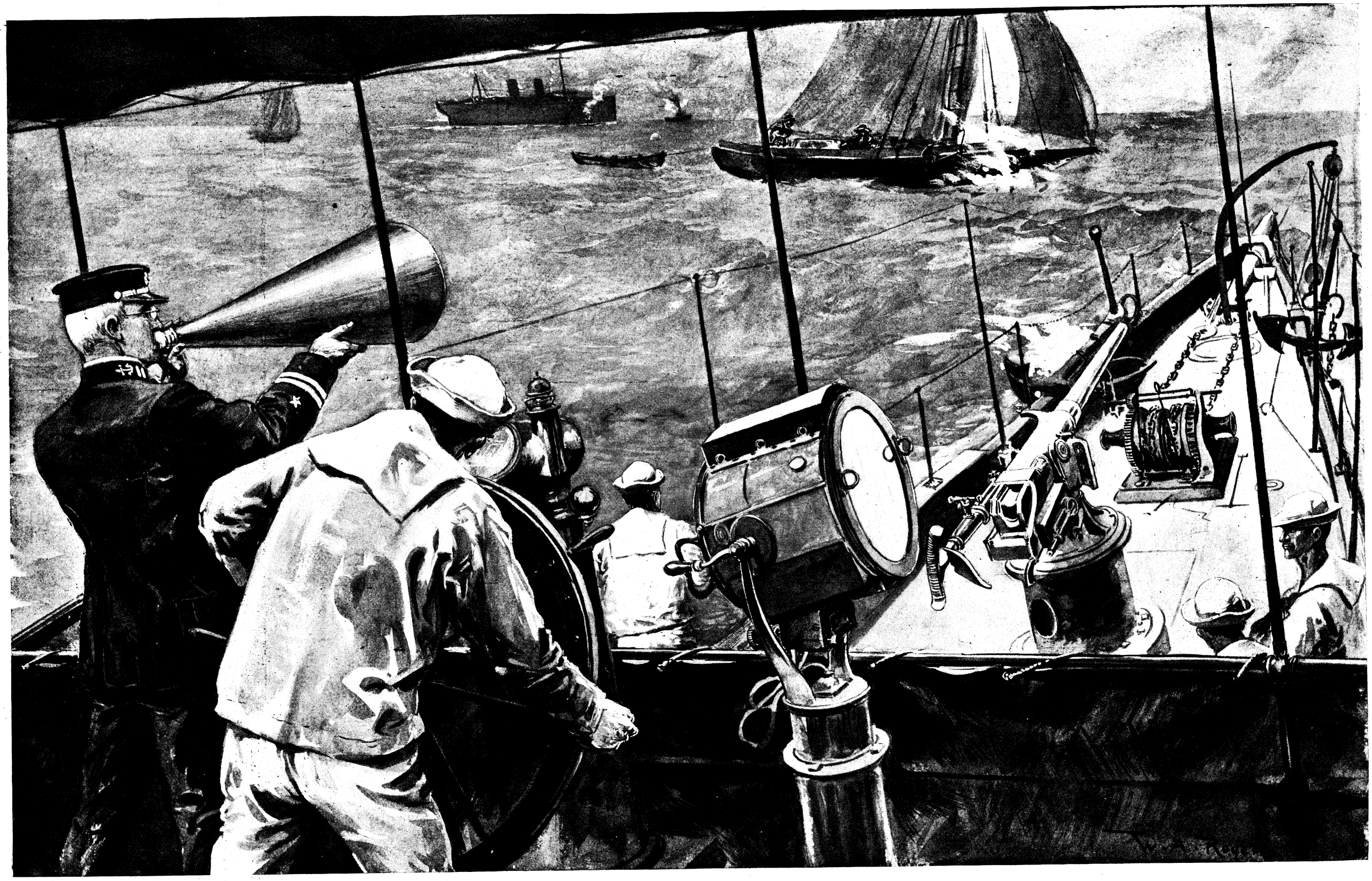
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"Miantonomoh." "Puritan."

THE MONITORS AT SEA, MAY 25.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



WITH THE COAST-DEFENCE FLEET—ON A PATROL-BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 602.]

LONDON.

May 28.

I HAVE just returned from the Abbey. Mr. Gladstone's funeral was stately in its simplicity. Except for the gorgeous attire of the Lord Mayor of London and the colored garb of the Chinese ambassador, the service might have been that of a village church. The effect of the three thousand voices singing "Rock of Ages" and "O God, our Help in Ages Past" was magnificent. Mrs. Gladstone, supported by her son, and little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grandchild, presented a pathetic contrast. I was present in the Abbey at the Jubilee celebration of 1887, and again at Lord Tennyson's funeral. On neither of these occasions was the nation represented in the sense that it was represented to-day. The congregation was a miniature or microcosm of the nation. When Mr. Gladstone was laid in the grave among the dead men who ruled England before him, it was felt that an epoch was also buried in that grave. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, was charged with all the arrangements for the funeral. He has worked sixteen and seventeen hours a day, and with signal success. Nothing could have been better managed or more in keeping with the wishes of the nation. The ceremony was in marked contrast with the extravagant and indiscriminate language of the last week.

No one would have denounced more sternly the hysterical gush with which we have been flooded than Mr. Gladstone himself. The papers have been filled with suggestions by which the memory of the great man was to be honored. A walking funeral from Cheshire to London was one of them. Such poetry has appeared as,

> From the Creator's mouth this mandate ran,
> Fill me the measure of a perfect man.

Descriptive reporting has run riot over the details of Mr. Gladstone's long illness, his death-bed, the funeral preparations, and finally the obsequies in Westminster Abbey. The lying in state of the body of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Hall recalls the fact that the body of William Pitt received a similar honor previous to interment in Westminster Abbey. The ceremonies followed in the case of Pitt largely formed the precedent in Mr. Gladstone's funeral rites. The body of Pitt, it is true, lay in the Painted Chamber of the old Palace of Westminster. This chamber was a survival of the original palace. Edward the Confessor died within its walls. On Thursday, February 20, 1806, and the following day, 60,000 persons visited the body of the Great Commoner. It is not yet known how many persons have passed the coffin of Mr. Gladstone. They were passing yesterday at the rate of 12,000 an hour. Some 300,000 souls gazed on it.

Already Mr. Gladstone's memory has passed into the domain of history. A careful analysis of the judgment given on his career by men of all ranks and of every race tends to show that he will live in history not chiefly for his intellectual attainments, nor in the purely academical, least of all in the political sphere, but pre-eminently as a man of the highest moral tone, with large sympathies for mankind, although destitute of knowledge of men. This point was well brought out by the late Lord Houghton, who wrote,

> We spake of two high names of speech and pen,
> How each was seeing, and how each was blind;
> Knew not mankind, but keenly knew all men;
> Knew naught of men, but knew and loved mankind.

Lord Houghton was referring to the two great political chiefs, for in a conversation some one remarked that, if Lord Beaconsfield was a good judge of men, Mr. Gladstone was a still better judge of mankind. The epigram was applauded, and Houghton put it into the above verse.

The extravagance of the language employed about Mr. Gladstone is certain to produce a natural reaction. Already signs of it are not wanting. The Newcastle *Chronicle*, to whose sympathies with Spain reference has been made in a former letter to the WEEKLY, has taken the opportunity of recalling the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone announced to an astonished world that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. This celebrated utterance was made at Newcastle, and is quoted as an instance of Mr. Gladstone's want of insight in affairs outside the sphere of domestic activities. Critics who are honest with themselves are bound to admit that the time has not yet come when justice can be done to Mr. Gladstone. Our troubles in the Transvaal, with Russia, and in Egypt are the direct results of the great man's policy. Mr. Gladstone was the representative figure of an age which but yesterday seemed to be our own. To-day, as his body was reverently laid among the ashes of the illustrious dead of the English-speaking race, we perceive that that age is buried with him. At the present time the majority of thoughtful people, in their heart of hearts, are the critics of his career as well as the admirers of his character. Mr. Gladstone was the personification and the embodiment of his epoch and his countrymen. His censors, therefore, are at the same time the critics of this epoch and the censors of this nation.

The Queen's messages of condolence and sympathy to Mrs. Gladstone and her family express true womanly feeling. It has not, however, escaped the notice of onlookers that her Majesty has not marked the death of Mr. Gladstone by any such expression of affection and esteem as that with which she distinguished the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. On April 19th, 1881, the Queen addressed the nation through the Court Circular as follows: "The Queen received this morning, with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the sad intelligence of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in whom her Majesty loses a most valuable and devoted friend, and the council of the nation one of its most distinguished statesmen." Nine days have now elapsed since Mr. Gladstone's death, and the Queen has made no sign. An attempt to force her Majesty's hand failed, as it deserved to fail. Mr. Gladstone has been buried without one official word from the Queen.* It would be affectation to ignore the significance of the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone held his last official interview with his sovereign. The interview took place at Buckingham Palace after the defeat of the Home-Rule bill by the Lords. The meeting is understood to have been marked by the expression of strong feeling on both sides. Mr. Gladstone wished to obtain power to override the opposition of the Lords by the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill through the Upper House. In urging his point, he addressed her Majesty with characteristic vehemence. In speaking of Mr. Gladstone's manner, the Queen is reported to have said to one of the ladies of her court that Mr. Gladstone habitually addressed her as if she were a public meeting. On this memorable occasion, however, his vehement nature carried him farther still. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone indicated the dangers to the throne that might ensue if the advice tendered by him were not accepted. Convinced that Mr. Gladstone did not command a majority in the country, and determined that the nation should be consulted before resorting to so drastic a measure as the coercion of the Second Chamber, the Queen firmly set aside her Prime Minister's warnings, and is understood to have declared that in such a matter as the safety of the throne she considered herself responsible, and until she sought advice on the subject Mr. Gladstone's anxieties in that direction need not be expressed in the audience-chamber. The interview is said to have closed not without tears on the part of the Queen; and it is a fact that Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons visibly under the influence of strong mental excitement. That the Queen's judgment was vindicated, and her good sense exhibited for the hundredth time, was shown by the result of the elections. An enormous majority of the constituencies pronounced against the home-rule proposals of Mr. Gladstone, thus indicating that the Queen had read the heart of her people more accurately than had her aged minister.

* After Mr. White's letter was posted the Queen expressed her sympathy for Mrs. Gladstone in a letter in which, however, no tribute was paid or gratitude expressed for Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship.—Ed. WEEKLY.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on May 13 is described to me by one who accompanied him as being one of the most marvellous exhibitions of oratorical power that was ever heard. My friend's enthusiasm was, however, damped by the reception of the speech in the press next morning. The *Times* and the other newspapers, it is true, referred to it, but seemed to attach no special importance to Mr. Chamberlain's excursion into the domain of foreign affairs. Nor did they seem then to regard his references to the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance as being significant of more than general good-will towards the United States, which forms part of the working creed of British statesmen. In forty-eight hours, however, the explosive condition of the political atmosphere was indicated by the reception of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances in foreign countries. It excited politicians from China to Peru, from Christiania to Cape Town. Some critics read in it a notice to France that she must budge on the Niger. Others discerned in it a declaration that the English-speaking people intended to have their own way. Others again saw in it a defiance to Russia, and in the quotation of the proverb that "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon" the expression of rooted hostility towards our chief rival in Asia. Taking a wider view, there is reason to believe Mr. Chamberlain to mean that the question of the Far East is not whether this port is to be open or that province occupied by a European nation, but who is to be master in Asia? For a hundred years the Anglo-Saxon has ruled the roost. The Slav race is now a candidate for the first place. Mr. Chamberlain's speech, therefore, is most accurately to be construed as meaning that the solution of the problem as to who is to be master in Asia during the coming century is less likely to be accomplished by the writing of despatches than by the exertion of force—still the dominant factor in human affairs.

It should be noticed that whether or not this theory be correct, one thing is certain. Mr. Chamberlain has not been repudiated by Lord Salisbury, and still continues to hold his place in the cabinet. Defiance to Russia and the proffer of a working friendship with the United States may therefore be held to have the official sanction of the British government. The celebration of the Queen's birthday at Tampa and in many other parts of the United States produced a deep impression. The demonstrations of the United States troops are significant of much, especially to those who see in the Spanish war no greater issue than the entry of the American government into the circle of European powers. If the centre of gravity in international affairs is being shifted from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, it is inevitable that the English-speaking people of the world must unite for common objects if they are to retain the position now threatened by the Slav and the Latin races. To emphasize this fact Mr. Chamberlain laid extreme stress on the vast importance of the Chinese question. It is not a matter of ports or provinces, but of the whole Chinese Empire. If an Anglo-Saxon alliance be formed to maintain the "open door," it will be founded not on political convenience, but on identity of material interests and racial sentiment.

I have recently referred to the differences of opinion on the subject of the Spanish-American war which are alleged to exist among the Irish Nationalists. In the *Daily Chronicle*, a paper favorable to Irish Nationalist aspirations, a recent article appeared in which it was said that the conflict of view in the Irish party between the sympathizers with Spain and the friends of the United States had been suppressed with difficulty. As this is a matter of high importance in the development of the political situation at home, I asked Mr. John Dillon, M. P., for permission to make an authoritative statement on the subject in the WEEKLY. However hostile a Unionist like myself may be to Mr. Dillon's avowed political aims, it is, I think, only fair to record the conviction held by every one acquainted with the facts, that no one but an honest man could occupy the position held by the honorable member for Mayo. The ordinary attractions to a political life are absent in the case of the Irish Parliamentary leader. He is not likely to revive any serious interest in the home-rule question through constitutional efforts in the Parliamentary arena. These things being so, Americans know what weight may be attached to Mr. Dillon's opinions. Mr. Dillon tells me that, so far from the seventy-one members of his party being equally divided, on a resolution of sympathy with the United States being submitted to a private meeting of the party, there was but one dissentient, and after some discussion the resolution in question was made unanimous. It is true that four or five others have expressed academic sympathy with Spain, but this affinity with the countrymen of Weyler proceeds not from antipathy to the American people, but from the traditional connection between Ireland and Spain, and the sympathy created by the blending of some of the best Irish blood with the Spanish nobility. The Prendergasts, the O'Donnells, and others of the Irish gentry compelled to flee their country in the bad old days of Protestant ascendancy, now form part of the flower of Spanish chivalry. It is impossible to obliterate the traces of such an association, even if it were desirable. Substantially, Mr. Dillon informs me, the Irish Nationalists are solid for the States, and if there be a few members of the party personally disinclined to conform with the resolution referred to, they are bound by the rules that govern the Irish Parliamentary organization loyally to accept the decision arrived at as binding upon them.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Parnellite party, has also been good enough to make me acquainted with the facts relating to the allegation of Spanish sympathy existing in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary representatives. Mr. Redmond declares that, so far as the Parnellites are concerned, unanimity prevails. To a man they are for the United States and against Spain; but, he adds, that in the party led by Mr. John Dillon there are a few Spanish sympathizers. As this statement confirms that made by Mr. Dillon himself, there seems to be no doubt in the minds of the Irish leaders that the friends of Spain are putting their money on the wrong horse. In the course of further conversation with Mr. Redmond on the subject of the political situation created by the death of Mr. Gladstone, I gathered that the opinion of the Parnellite leader is that the air will now be cleared in regard to the Irish question. As Mr. John Redmond deservedly enjoys the reputation of being clear-headed, and possesses a logical mind, the following opinion, with which I thoroughly agree, deserves attention. The Irish leader considers that the death of Mr. Gladstone will lead to the open repudiation of home-rule by the Liberal party; that the Liberal party, or, at all events, that portion of it which is in touch with Lord Rosebery, will publicly shed the convictions they have professed during the last twelve years with regard to the solution of the Irish difficulty. Sir William Harcourt is old and unpopular, and his views on the subject are not of signal importance. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, never had a free hand. His principal supporter in the House of Commons was always caballing against him, and his belief in home-rule, so far as it went, was partly based on opportunism and partly on affectionate reverence for Mr. Gladstone's opinions. Mr. Redmond, therefore, believes that when Lord Rosebery returns to public life, an event that cannot much longer be delayed, he will openly abandon the Irish alliance, with the approval of those Liberals who for a dozen years have declared on every platform in the United Kingdom that a measure once inscribed on the banner of the Liberal party is never removed until it becomes the law of the land. The situation thus created, if Mr. John Redmond's prognostications should come true, will be that the Irish party will be face to face with the Liberals and the Unionists, and will once more occupy the independent position in which Mr. Gladstone found them when his conversion to the cause of Irish autonomy happened to coincide with his researches after a majority.

Discontent in Ireland and the failure of the constitutional agitation will be accompanied by a revival of the activities of the physical-force party. Mr. John Redmond, as a member of Parliament, does not take part in this movement, but, as an honest man, he admits that he does not disapprove of it. On the contrary, if his reading of Irish history be correct, he contends that at no time has the cause of Ireland advanced except when revolutionary energy has accompanied and supported constitutional agitation within the walls of Parliament. Prophecies of this kind are apt to cause their own fulfilment, especially when the prophet openly sympathizes with the movement he predicts.

As the principles which Mr. Redmond propagates and embodies are more widely held in America than the number of Mr. Redmond's followers in the British Parliament would lead one to expect, his views on the Anglo-American alliance are not without importance. He frankly expresses his determination to do what he can to prevent it until the wants of Ireland are satisfied. He does not believe that America has anything to gain from a good understanding with England, and that any steps taken to bring about common action between the two countries would be in the interests of England. How far Mr. Redmond's views are colored by his wishes I will not presume to say, but it must be admitted that Mr. Redmond is a good honest hater of this country, and the establishment of permanent and cordial relations between the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic is an aim the accomplishment of which he will do his utmost to frustrate. To speak plainly, Mr. Redmond is an avowed and bitter enemy of this country. In the event of war between England and two first-class powers, not only his sympathies, but his aid, would be given to England's enemies. There is something attractive in the outspoken and irreconcilable hostility of the Parnellite leader. Nevertheless, time is on our side. The healing process in Ireland has begun. It is not likely to be completed by any vast or dramatic change of policy on the part of the people of Britain. At the same time, the establishment of good relations between the United States and England will undoubtedly dispose the people and rulers of Britain to deal with Ireland in the spirit of justice and on the principle of equality. The Irish question is, after all, no matter of mere local government or of sops or doles. It is, as Mr. Gladstone once said, an imperial question of the highest order. It may be, therefore, that when Admiral Dewey's guns sunk the Spanish ships at their moorings in Manila harbor, the Irish question got "a lift in the powder-cart." In other words, the identity of imperial interests between the two branches of the English-speaking people revealed by the Spanish war extends to the Irish question as well as to the "open door."

Much regret is expressed privately that the Anglo-American dinner, which is sure to attract a considerable amount of attention, is not in the right hands. A small coterie closely identified with the extreme, radical, humanitarian, and socialistic party, have practically captured the movement. Had it been in stronger hands, I have no hesitation in saying that fifty times as many representative Englishmen would have come forward. While there is every desire to promote the union of the English-speaking people, no particular enthusiasm is manifested by the leaders in society, politics, literature, or art for making that object an instrument for the advertisement of men and movements which have no hold on the people of this country.

As foretold in a former letter, a private sale of the late Princess Mary of Teck's possessions has been going on at White Lodge. Madame Bricka, her constant attendant, is selling the things, and the friends of the family go over to buy little mementos of Princess Mary in price from £1 to £25. These, of course, are the small things. Princess Mary's jewels have, by arrangement, become the property of the Duchess of York; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has bought the plate for £4000.

ARNOLD WHITE.

CUBA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA,"

Wednesday, May 25, 1898.

IT is just a week since we embarked from Port Tampa with our cargo of Cubans, mules, horses, and ammunition. At Key West we found Admiral Sampson's fleet, which left the day after for Cuban waters. The tug *Osceola* with four guns, two of which are 6-pounders, was detailed to act as our escort to Cuba, and to go a round-about way to avoid, if possible, any collision with the Spanish fleet. We left Key West Saturday night, have come by the route shown on enclosed chart, and with the exception of a few merchantmen the first day out, have thus far met nothing. For the last thirty-six hours we have been going but five knots an hour, in order not to strike the Cuban coast before the evening. Puerto de Banes, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, is where we will try to make a landing. General Lacret will command the expedition after landing. I understand that the Vice-President, Domingo Mendez Capote, has left Cuba for Jamaica, and will go to New York, with the intention of representing the Cuban Republic in the United States.

PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA, *May 27, 1898.*

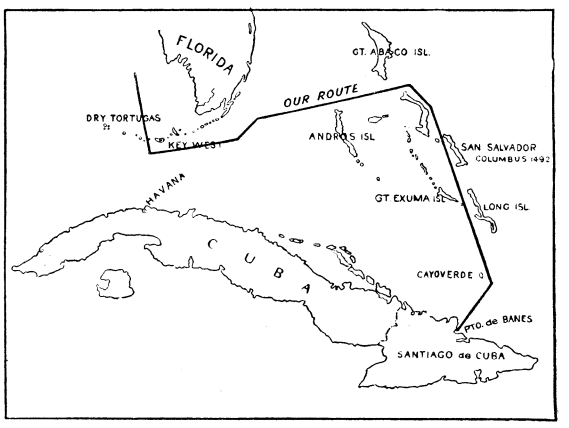
By the light from Lucrecia Light-house, which is kept up by the Spanish, our transport and her escort slowly felt their way towards Puerto de Banes Wednesday night. At twelve o'clock a small boat was lowered, which acted as scout to find the entrance to the narrow channel which leads into Banes Bay. After an unsuccessful attempt the small boat was picked up by the *Osceola*, and at daybreak our escort found the outer port. The *Florida* came up, anchored at the mouth of the passage opposite an abandoned block-house, while the tug went up into the bay to explore. In an hour she returned, and the transport followed her through a winding narrow passage, wooded on either side, into one of the most beautiful bays in existence.

At the opposite side of the bay, or to all appearances large lake, is the remains of Puerto de Banes, which was burned by Gomez a year and a half ago, and which we are to-day using as our first camping-ground. We picked up a Cuban sentry who came out from the brush while we were at anchor. He told us he had not been to headquarters for two months, and did not know the United States was at war with Spain. He was nearly naked, but had a rifle, four cartridges, and a machete. He had used one of the cartridges the day before to kill a deer. The poor devil had a bad case of chills and fever, and after we had given him a new suit and something to eat, we dosed him with quinine. To-day the pacificos — men, women, and children — with their small starved horses and dogs, have been coming into camp. They are nearly naked, and live on bananas and sweet-potatoes. A man and boy I met on the coast were boiling salt water in a pan, making salt for the army. If Clara Barton could come here, I think she would have her hands full without going farther. It seems strange, in a land that bears forth such fine fruit, there should be so much suffering. Pineapples, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, limes, and wild tomatoes are plentiful. The hills surrounding the bay are covered with banana plantations, which are going to ruin; and they say, after Havana, the next best tobacco in Cuba is raised here. Our sanitary corps to-day gave out to the pacificos almost all their medicines, people coming from the country twenty miles around. All the visitors were given a little piece of salt pork and a few crackers, which they have not before tasted for two years. We have to be saving, as we only took provisions for five hundred men for forty days, and a great deal of that has already gone.

General Ferier, who has been laying siege to Sama, eighteen miles west of here, has just come into camp with fifty mounted men, says the Spaniards sent a thousand men from the garrison at Gibara yesterday to re-enforce the seven hundred already at Sama. They vacated the town of Sama, and have gone four miles to the sea-coast, where there are two small Spanish gunboats that came from Nipe to aid them. It is thought they all intend going to Gibara, where there is a garrison of six or seven thousand Spaniards.

One thousand of General Ferier's men will arrive in the morning to help transport the ammunition and stores the *Florida* has brought. General Lacret thinks it a mistake that Ferier should have, under the circumstances, weakened his besieging force. Lieut.-Col. Dorst, for the government, and Dr. J. D. Castillo, representing the Junta, deserve a great deal of credit for the soldier-like and business way our expedition has been handled. No casualties up to the present.

CLYDE D. V. HUNT.



ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.

VETERINARIES of the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co. examine cows supplying milk for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother.—[*Adv.*]

THE GAUGE.

IN the wear and tear of life of the most active of business men, the Americans, there is too much waste and too little recuperation. Satisfied with the mere physical rest of the body, they renew from day to day the intense strain upon the nervous system, without giving it its required invigoration, which is done through rest and moderate stimulation. There is need at all times of a pure alcoholic tonic. It follows, therefore, as a sequence and axiom that the purer the stimulant, the surer and more beneficial are the effects. Hence in the manufacture of such as can in good faith be recommended, the sole object should be to make it pure. To accomplish this no expense and no art of distillation should be spared, and full time should be allowed for maturing and aging, thereby producing a purity as positive as can be reached. Such a stimulant is HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE, 10 years old, pure and mellow. The cost of production is greatly enhanced in the aging, to make sure of its acceptance for general use and its adaptation for tonical effects, and no whiskey now sold approaches its superiority in purity.—[*Adv.*]

"ALWAYS feel run down in the spring." Get over it by three-times-a-day dose of the best spring tonic—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters; take the genuine.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be.

It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do?

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Are more largely used in this country than any other. This leaves little more to be said.

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Prices are not cut . . . . .

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WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
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Gold Seal
Champagne

Best Natural Sparkling Wine produced in America.

Pronounced by Connoisseurs as a Superior Article for Household Consumption.

For Sale by all leading wine dealers and grocers, or at the cellars,

URBANA WINE CO., Urbana, N.Y.

Also a full line of well-ripened and pure Sweet Catawba, Dry Catawba, Pure Sherry, Clarets, and Brandies.



The Only Dandruff Cure

The Captol Hair Tonic is a new and invaluable discovery made by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, **Dr. P. J. Eichhoff,** Professor of Dermatology, **Elberfeld,** Germany.

Captol completely eradicates scurf and dandruff in 10 to 14 days, and is a sure preventive of baldness. (See Deutsche Medicin, Wochenschrift, 1897, No. 41.)

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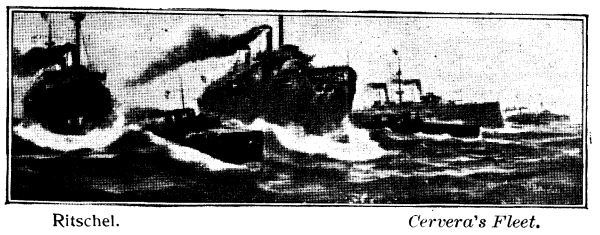
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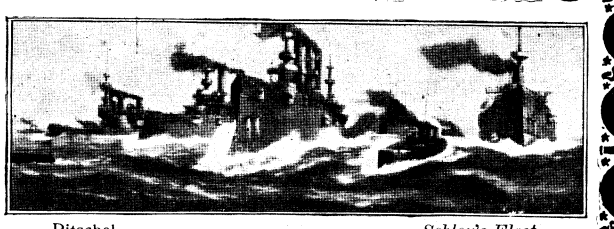
Ritschel. *Cervera's Fleet.*



Chominski. *Cervera.*



Beckwith. *Schley.*



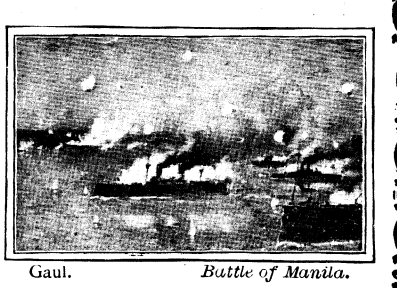
Ritschel. *Schley's Fleet.*

PICTURES OF THE WAR

By our special artists, GILBERT GAUL, F. C. YOHN, FLETCHER RANSOM, WALTER RUSSELL and WM. RITSCHEL; by CARROLL BECKWITH, T. DE THULSTRUP, B. WEST CLINEDINST, W. R. LEIGH, L. A. SHAFER, GEO. GIBBS and T. V. CHOMINSKI; and by a brilliant staff of photographers at the front, together with a series of comic sketches by PETER NEWELL, entitled "The Humorous Side of the War," are appearing each week in



Yohn. *Cavalry Charge.*



Gaul. *Battle of Manila.*

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

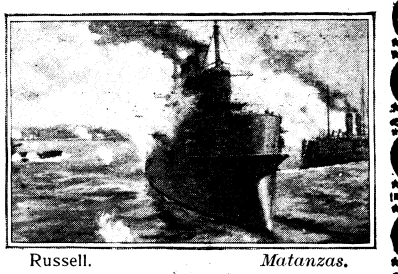
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

In view of the prompt and widespread appreciation of an offer made recently in these columns, the publisher of *Collier's Weekly* extends for another week the following

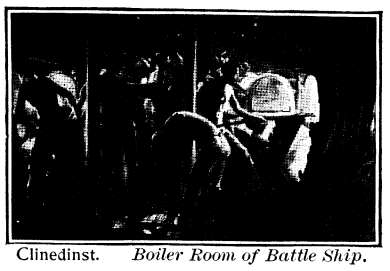
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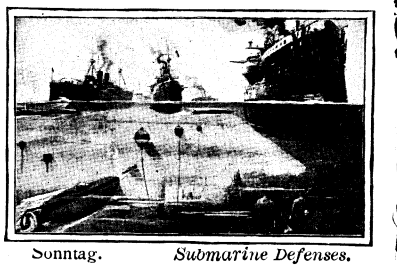
THIRTY WEEKS

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FIRST IN WAR.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

FIRST IN PEACE.

WHEN PEACE IS DECLARED

The departments dealing with Art, Literature and Current Events will be resumed; among the regular contributors being MRS. MEYNELL, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, EDGAR SALTUS, JOHN HABBERTON, EDGAR FAWCETT and WALTER CAMP. Other contributors:

Art

Howard Pyle,
John La Farge,
W. T. Smedley,
Frederic Remington,
T. de Thulstrup,
A. B. Wenzell,
Geo. Wharton Edwards,
Eric Pape,
Alice Barber Stephens,
B. West Clinedinst,
C. C. Curran,
Peter Newell.

THE FOLLOWING STORIES WILL APPEAR SHORTLY:

"Love Among the Lions"
by F. Anstey
(Ill. by Peter Newell).

"Why I Remained a Bachelor"
by Julien Gordon
(Ill. by Alice Barber Stephens).

"The Blue Hotel"
by Stephen Crane.

"Sir Bruin" by S. R. Crockett.

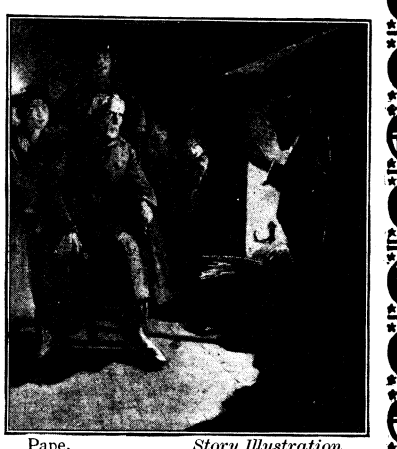
"When the Door Opened"
by Sarah Grand
(Ill. by A. B. Wenzell).

Literature

Henry James,
Stephen Crane,
S. R. Crockett,
Edmund Gosse,
Sarah Grand,
F. Anstey,
Julien Gordon,
Robert Chambers,
John Davidson,
Richard LeGallienne,
Francis Thompson,
Julia Magruder.



Wenzell. *An Easter Anthem.*



Pape. *Story Illustration.*



Thulstrup. *Story Illustration.*

BEGINNING WITH THE CURRENT NUMBER A SERIES OF SIX ARTICLES BY THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY ON AMATEUR SPORT

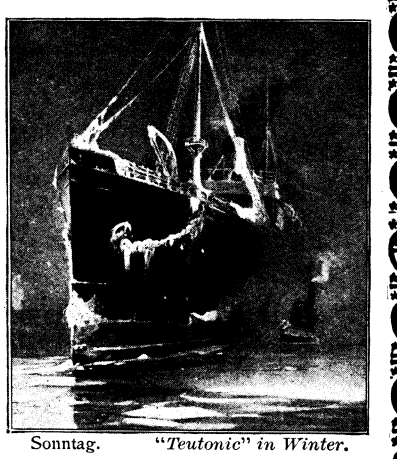
WALTER CAMP

WHO WILL CONDUCT, DURING THE COMING YEAR, THE DEPARTMENT OF

AMATEUR SPORT.

THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE OF '98:

I. "The Prospect" in the issue of June 18th. II. "The Result" in the issue of July 2d.
"The College Man in War," etc.



Sonntag. *"Teutonic" in Winter.*



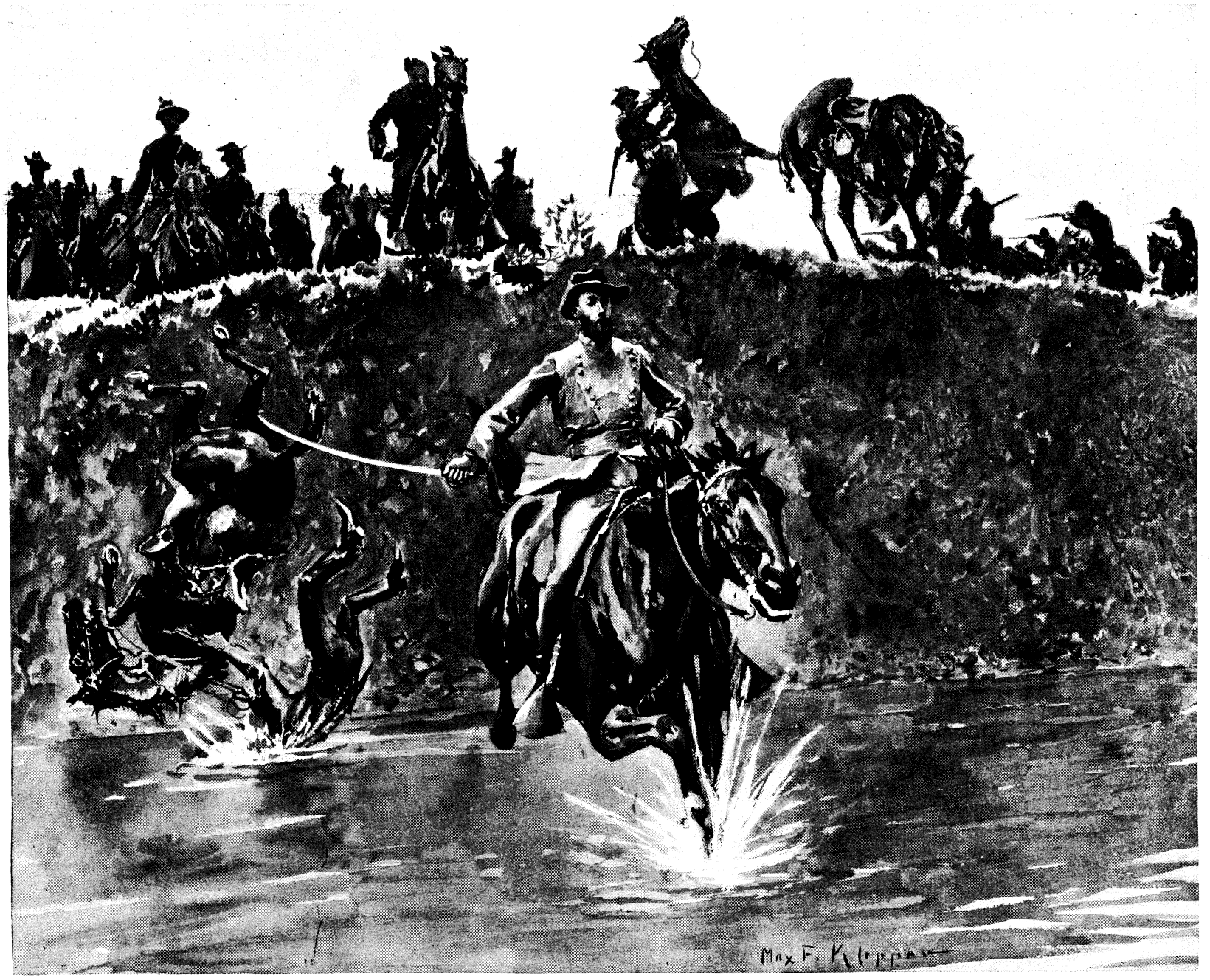
W. T. Smedley. *Spring on Fifth Avenue.*



John La Farge. *Illustration for Henry James' Story.*



M. F. Klepper, *Sleighing.*



GENERAL WHEELER'S LEAP.

BY JOHN A. WYETH.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, many men in times of peace, as well as in the more exciting times of war, failing to accomplish the end in view, have been compelled to "take water." It does not very often happen in reality that a major-general of cavalry, caught in the toils, with all other avenues of escape closed to him, has shown himself so desperately in earnest not to be captured as to plunge on horseback at full speed over the high bank of a river into the raging torrent below. There have been recorded in history two such instances, and, by a strange coincidence, the heroes of both occasions had been christened "Joseph." The one was Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Marshal of France under the great Napoleon; the other, Major-General Joseph Wheeler, then of the Confederate army, recently appointed by the President Major-General of Volunteers in the army of the United States. Every reader of the life of Bonaparte remembers the tragic death of Poniatowski after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, when he rushed in a mad charge through an intervening line of the enemy, and although wounded, at full speed rode over the steep bluff of the Elster into the river below, where horse and rider disappeared beneath the surface, never to rise.

The cavalry fight at Shelbyville was the liveliest engagement which marked the retreat of Bragg's army from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, in the summer of 1863. Inasmuch as the Confederates were finally driven from the field, the honors of the day rested with the Union troopers, although they stopped short of reaping the full success which was in their grasp as the result of the brilliant fighting they had done. The Southern troops, who for more than three hours, in the outskirts of Shelbyville, stood up before and held at bay a largely superior force of Federals, were a forlorn hope numbering 1200 men, placed there and commanded by Major-General Joseph Wheeler, in the desperate effort to protect from capture or destruction an immense wagon-train loaded with supplies invaluable to Bragg's army. While the fighting was going on, this immense train was filing across the narrow bridge which two miles from the battle-field spans Duck River, and was making its snail-like progress over the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma.

The army of Rosecrans began its forward movement from Murfreesboro on the 22d of June, 1863. Convinced of the inadvisability of risking a great battle with so large a stream as the Tennessee River immediately in his rear, General Bragg had ordered a withdrawal of his picket-lines of cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Forrest to the south bank of Duck River. At Shelbyville, on the northern bank of this stream, there had been gathered a large supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores, and it became of the utmost importance to remove these to some point of safety. Wheeler, in command of all the cavalry operating in the department of which General Bragg was commander-in-chief, was directed to withdraw his troops south of Duck River by way of Shelbyville, holding off the Federal advance until the wagon-trains were across, when, by destroying the bridge, they would be safe from pursuit. In accordance with these instructions, General Forrest, who was operating in the neighborhood of Franklin and Spring Hill, was directed to fall back, in order to unite with General Wheeler at Shelbyville. The junction was to be effected as early in the afternoon of the 27th of June as was practicable, and the two commands were then to form the rear-guard of the army which was in retreat, and convoy the wagons southward. However,

> The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley.

General Wheeler had calculated that the force he had left to hold the Union cavalry in check at Guys Gap would be able to maintain their position long enough to permit Forrest, who had the greater distance to travel, to effect the junction at the time agreed upon; but upon this day the Federal troopers were evidently intent upon great deeds. Advancing on Guys Gap, they were backed by a corps of infantry under the command of General Gordon Granger, making a combination of strength against which the small Confederate cavalry command was able to make but feeble resistance. In addition to Granger's infantry, Major-General David S. Stanley, commanding all the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, was here at the head of the troopers, leading in person one of the best brigades of mounted men at that time in the Union army. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th of June, as Colonel R. H. G. Minty, in his official report, says, "the entire cavalry force was ordered to move on Guys Gap, the first division in advance." Colonel Minty at the head of the Fourth Regulars, and Major-General Stanley leading the Seventh Pennsylvania, Fourth Michigan, and Third Indiana, so overmatched the Confederates that they quickly passed by the left flank and gained the rear of their position, and drove them rapidly toward Shelbyville. Major-General Granger says, "Our advance met here with no resistance to speak of." From the Gap to within a few miles of Shelbyville the fight resolved itself into a horse-race, with the stampeded Confederates as far in the lead as they could get. The writer of this, who at the time was filling the humble rôle of a private in the Confederate cavalry, was one of a detachment stationed on this day about two miles in front of Shelbyville, several hundred yards in the rear of some abandoned earth-works which had been thrown up there earlier in the war. Even after the lapse of thirty-five years there comes vividly to mind the forlorn appearance of these flying troopers from Guys Gap as they passed through our line to the rear. The incessant rains, together with the trampling of horses' hoofs, had converted the roads into beds of mortar, and these demoralized cavaliers were so bespattered with mud from head to foot that no one could have told what uniform they wore. Many of them were hatless, some had lost their guns, and fully one-half of them seemed to have lost heart and hope.

So eager were their pursuers that we had scant time to jeer at or "guy" our unfortunate brothers. Moreover, the situation was not over-conducive to fun or frolic. General Wheeler was with us, and in command of our detachment, 1200 in number, which made the sum total of our effective force. With him on hand, every one of us realized that a lively fight was sure to take place. He impressed upon us the necessity of holding the enemy at bay, no matter at what cost, until the train of wagons could clear the bridge, and added that General Forrest was coming to our aid. We were greatly encouraged when we heard that Forrest with his command was not far off, for we knew that, no matter how weak we were, if we could only hold our own until General Wheeler's famous subordinate, who had already achieved a reputation as a successful fighter, could arrive, we could then beat back all the cavalry that could be sent against us.

For at least a mile in front of the position we occupied, which was upon a slight elevation, all the timber had been felled, in order to expose to view the approach of any attacking column. Along the road and out of the strip of timber to the north of this open space there came in sight a long array of Federal troopers, a deep blue fringe upon the border of the green forest beyond. There were so many of them it did not seem possible for us to stand up before them longer than it would take them to put spurs to their horses and ride over us; but, fortunately for us, the dashing tactics which they had employed at Guys Gap earlier in the day they did not practise now. Wheeler's bold front had evidently impressed them with the idea that we were there in strength, and were probably trying to lead them into a trap. If they had ridden down upon us then our destruction would have been complete, for we had no avenue of escape except by one narrow bridge two miles in our rear. Instead of smashing us then and there, as they could easily have done, and as they did after several hours of desultory fighting, in which time they lost the great prize they were fighting for, they dismounted the Seventh Pennsylvania under the brave Captain Davis, who deployed them as skirmishers, and advanced to engage our front. As this regiment advanced, another, the Fourth Michigan, moved from their heavy column in the turnpike around the left of our line, in order to turn our flank and force us back. Simultaneously the Third Indiana, was deployed in the opposite direction to overlap our short line upon the right. Immediately in rear of the Seventh Pennsylvania the famous

Fourth United States Regulars came up directly before us, and behind this double line was a noisy section of artillery, which began to make its presence felt.

A cavalry fight well sustained on both sides is lively enough when one takes part in it, but it seems exceedingly tame on paper. This one did not lack in spirit. Of about a score of such "scraps," some of which, of larger growth, have passed to a place on the bloodiest pages of history, the writer does not recall a contest which, for downright pluck in giving and taking hard and heavy knocks through several hours, surpasses this Shelbyville "affair." The carbines and rifles were flashing and banging away, at times in scattering shots when the game was at a long range, and then when a charge came on, and the work grew hot, the spiteful, sharp explosions swelled into a crackling roar, like that of a canebrake on fire, when in a single minute hundreds of the boilerlike joints have burst asunder. Add to all this the whizzing, angry whir of countless leaden missiles which split the air about you; the hoarse, unnatural shouts of command—for in battle all sounds of the human voice seem out of pitch and tone; the wild, defiant yells and the answering huzzas of the opposing lines; the plunging and rearing of frightened horses; the charges here and there of companies or squadrons, or more than these which seem to be shot out from the main body, as flames shoot out of a house on fire; here and there the sharp, quick cry from some unfortunate trooper who did not hear *one* leaden messenger—for only those are heard which have passed by; the heavy, soggy striking of the helpless body against the ground; the scurrying runaway of the frightened horse, as often into danger as out of it, whose empty saddle tells the foe that there is one less rifle to fear—all these sights and sounds go to make up the confusing medley of a battle-field. And then there was the artillery, not thundering away—for artillery never thunders when one is near it. Two or three miles away the reverberations of the atmosphere convey to the ear the sound of distant thunder, but when, on the field, one faces or stands behind the battery which is engaged, the noise seems more like the sudden throb or impulse of some huge pump than the prolonged muffled sounds which are akin to thunder. So, for nearly three hours, passed this little fight.

The Federal advance upon the centre of our line did not succeed. Time after time it was attempted, but the baffled troopers went back again. As they spread out upon our flanks, our own line was stretched out more and more to meet them. At last, about five o'clock, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the attack, General Wheeler, with the exception of Russell's Fourth Alabama Regiment, withdrew the troops, and ordered them to retire as rapidly as possible to the bridge and cross the river; 200 of us were left under command of Colonel A. A. Russell, with orders to stay until they rode us down, in the hope that this catastrophe would be delayed long enough to permit General Wheeler to clear the bridge in our rear. I did not understand this movement at the time, but have learned since from General Wheeler that it was only then that the last wagon had passed across Duck River, and he felt now that he could save at least a portion of his troops on the field by a rapid retreat. We were told, when we were beaten, to make our way, every man for himself as best he could. Before the Federal cavalry realized what had been done, he was gone at full speed, and, reaching the bridge, had the troops and artillery which accompanied him safe on the southern bank. But before all this was accomplished the lightning had struck our little forlorn hope. The Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth United States Regulars rode out and over us in the most brilliant cavalry manœuvre the writer ever witnessed. They formed, and were in view for at least a half-mile before they came within firing distance. On either side of the highway, in columns of fours, they advanced at a steady gallop, until they passed into the opening in the line of earth-works, through which the main road led, some two or three hundred yards in our advance. As soon as they reached this point inside the works, still on the full run, they deployed from columns of fours into line of battle, like the opening of a huge fan. The movement was made with as much precision as if it had been done in an open plain, on dress parade, or in some exhibition of discipline and drill. Huddled there as we were, knowing what fate was impending, we could not refrain from expressing our admiration not only of the courage which they were displaying, but of the marvellous precision in the change of formation. Our orders were to stand until they approached within fifty yards, when we were to empty our rifles, draw our pistols, and then *sauve qui peut*. The Union troopers, with sabres high in air, made no sound whatever beyond the rumbling tattoo which their horses' hoofs played upon the ground. It was only a short space of time, probably the fraction of a minute, until they were so near that we could distinguish their faces, and in fact their individual features. Levelling our guns at them, we fired our final volley, and by the time our horses' heads were faced to the rear they, coming at full speed, were upon us. In an incredibly short space of time the writer found himself on the ground and well in the rear of the charging line. No more gallant work was ever done by any troops than was done on this day by the Seventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth Regulars. Meanwhile, General Wheeler, who had safely crossed the river, was in the act of firing this structure, when a member of General Forrest's staff, Major Rambaut, reported to him that Forrest, with two brigades, was within two miles of Shelbyville, and advancing rapidly to cross. Realizing the danger which threatened Forrest, Wheeler, notwithstanding the Federals were in strong force in the suburbs of Shelbyville and advancing into town, taking with him two pieces of artillery and 500 men of Martin's division, with this officer, hastily recrossed to the north side in order to hold the bridge and save Forrest from disaster. The guns were hastily thrown into position, but the charges had scarcely been rammed home, when the Union troops came in full sweep down the main street. When within a few paces of the muzzles of the guns they were discharged, inflicting, however, insignificant loss. With their small force of 500 men Generals Wheeler and Martin stood up as best they could under the pressure of this charge. They held their ground manfully as the cavalry rode through and over them, sabring the cannoneers from the guns, of which they took possession, and then passed on and secured the bridge, leaving the two Confederate generals and their troops well in their rear. The bridge had become blocked by one of the caissons, which had been overthrown, and now, thinking they had them in a trap, the Union forces formed a line of battle parallel with the bank of Duck River and across the entrance to the bridge. The idea of surrendering himself and his command had not entered the mind of General Wheeler. As Poniatowski had done at the Elster, he now shouted to his men that they must cut their way through and attempt to escape by swimming the river. With General Martin by his side, sabres in hand, they led the charge, which, made in such desperate mood, parted the Federals in their front as they rode through. Without a moment's hesitation, and without considering the distance from the top of the river-bank, which was here precipitous, to the water level, these gallant soldiers followed their invincible leader, and plunged at full speed sheer fifteen feet down into the sweeping current. They struck the water with such velocity that horses and riders disappeared, some of them to rise no more. The Union troopers rushed to the water's edge and fired at the men and animals struggling in the river, killing, or wounding and drowning a number. Holding to his horse's mane, General Wheeler took the precaution to shield himself as much as possible behind the body of the animal, and although fired at repeatedly, he escaped injury and safely reached the opposite shore. Some forty or fifty were said to have perished in this desperate attempt. "Fighting Joe Wheeler" never did a more heroic and generous deed than when he risked all to save Forrest from disaster.

Major-General Gordon Granger missed that night the opportunity of a lifetime. Within nine miles of him, at dark on the 27th of June, floundering slowly through the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma, Bragg's enormous train of wagons was creeping at a snail's pace. Forrest had been forced to make a detour of eight miles to effect a crossing. Martin's division was temporarily in disorganization. With the bridge in his possession, had he been as bold and persistent in pursuit as either Wheeler or Forrest, he would have destroyed those wagons and administered a staggering blow to Bragg's army. General D. S. Stanley proposed to go on that night in pursuit of the beaten Confederates; but his chief, satisfied with the performance of the day, dissented, and "bivouacked near the railroad station."

WASHINGTON.

June 10, 1898.

Some excitement was caused in army circles to-day by the published statement that General Miles had passed a severe criticism upon the maladministration of certain officers in handling the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance supplies for the troops concentrated at Tampa. The facts, on investigation, appear to be that General Miles indulged in some very plain criticism of the condition of things he found at Tampa, where the supplies had become confused, and some of them made inaccessible by the freight congestion. It cannot be ascertained that he censured any one personally, but he undoubtedly left a great many things to be explained by the officers who would, in the ordinary course, be responsible for such shortcomings. The impression prevails here that the fault lies somewhere between the raw staff assistants recently appointed from civil life, with no idea of the duties expected of them, or of the government's methods of doing business, and the railroad management. It has been considered from the first a mistake to choose for the concentration of a large body of troops a place where the freight facilities were so meagre, and the administration of the transportation service so unfamiliar with large undertakings. What General Miles did was apparently to condemn conditions as he found them, without attempting to identify their authors.

Francis E. Leupp.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.

On Board Flag Troop-Ship "Seguranca,"
Off Port Tampa, *June 9.*

Once again orders have come from Washington, and again the army of invasion is halted. We came very near getting off this time—in fact, three of the transports were hull down when at five o'clock yesterday afternoon General Shafter sent a despatch-boat to recall them.

Tuesday evening about seven o'clock, in pursuance of instructions from Washington, the troops were ordered to embark at once. All night long troops were filling trains; some of the regiments did not reach the Port—nine miles away—until eight o'clock the following (Wednesday) morning, and all of us, with our equipments, were up all night awaiting the starting of the trains on the single-track road which connects Tampa with Port Tampa. As the soldiers reached the Port, train-load upon train-load, they were marched into the transports as rapidly as the congestion of traffic would permit. One regiment of infantry, the artillery, the horses, the ammunition, and a certain amount of provisions had been put on board two days before, otherwise such congestion would have resulted yesterday as to have made intelligent progress impossible. As it was, about 12,000 men were moved and put on transports between nine o'clock Tuesday night and five o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Considering the single-track railroad line and the narrow neck of land upon which the cars unloaded, the embarkation time was creditable.

There was confusion without limit—an unnecessary amount of it—no small part of it due to the presence of people moved by curiosity to view the embarking, and who should have been kept their distance by sentries. The absence of sentinels about the quartermaster's preserves has been most notable and annoying since the very beginning of the loading, many days ago.

As the transports were loaded yesterday, they dropped away from the wharf and out into the harbor, their rigging filled with cheering soldiers, and the music of the regimental band swelling up from the decks below.

At 4.30 General Shafter came over the side, but instead of flying signals to move, he sent a despatch-boat post-haste to notify all the transports to come in close to the wharf and anchor. A telegram had been received from Washington saying, in effect, "Stop where you are"; later telegrams brought the information that two of our small auxiliary gunboats had seen and in one instance been chased by two Spanish cruisers five hours from Tampa Bay. General Shafter's hurry call brought in all the transports, some wisely going into the canal to unload the horses, and give them air and a rest from the most cruelly botched of stalls I have ever seen on cattle-transports. So here we are, some thirty transports of us, almost within hailing distance one of another, awaiting further developments.

Incidentally Santiago appears not to contain the only bottled fleet, nor are the stoppers all of the American brand. At Santiago there are six Spanish cruisers inside, while outside is a fleet of American war-ships—cruisers and gunboats, variously estimated from twelve to sixteen. At Port Tampa inside are some thirty transports with about 13,000 men, and two gunboats; outside, if report be true, have been seen two Spanish cruisers and two torpedo-boats. Certainly Spain has simply played horse with our Navy and War departments—who, in conjunction with the Strategy Board, are directing this war. She has completely outwitted us.

The idea of Tampa Bay being left with only two small gunboats near the transports, with none at all at the entrance to the bay, no search-lights playing all night, and no serious precautions against attack, while twice as many ships as are actually needed float lazily off Santiago!

What the plan is for the immediate future none off the Strategy Board probably knows.

If the same measures are employed now as when that other Spanish fleet was at liberty—*i.e.*, if we are not to move until these latest boats of Spain are marked down, then we shall probably remain here all summer.

To sweep the seas of the enemy before convoying troops is a novelty in naval history. Hitherto, where movements of troops were necessary, convoys strong enough thoroughly to protect troop-ships have been the habitual procedure. Now that we have 25,000 troops fit and ready for movements, we are wasting valuable time in delay. There are enough men-of-war to spare a strong convoy for these transports.

If we consulted our best interests, we would go first to Porto Rico and then go to Santiago, if that "bottled" Spanish fleet has not by then been destroyed.

We very much need Porto Rico at this stage of the game. Santiago will keep until we have put an army of occupation at San Juan. However, the chances are, when we do move, if ever, we will go to Santiago first, because Washington favors it.

The troops now on the transports include regulars, the 71st New York Volunteers, and half the regiment of volunteer cavalry. Originally it was intended to take nine regiments of volunteers, but later it was decided to lessen the force. Of the volunteer infantry, only the 71st New York and 2d Massachusetts will go.

If it is proposed to wait until the enemy is located, the men will go into camp again, but if a strong convoy is to be gathered from Santiago and Key West, the men are likely to remain on the transports, although it will take five days for ships to come here from Santiago.

We at least hope for something definite; the infirmity of purpose of which we have seen so much is wearing out everybody.

Caspar Whitney.

PATROLLING THE MINE-FIELDS.

While our squadrons are engaged in foreign waters gathering in glory and prizes, the gray shades of two or three pleasure-yachts, stripped, and painted with Uncle Sam's war-paint, patiently guard the waters about New York from Throgs Neck to Sandy Hook. The former owner of the *Aileen* would find it hard to recognize her, with all her top hamper gone except the smoke-stack, signal-mast, and bridge. "All the comfort taken out of her," and in its place five or six guns and a megaphone. Her commander, Lieutenant Kilburn, has his hands full; on duty from dawn till dark, and from nightfall till morning, makes pretty long days. All day long the *Aileen* circles about in the neighborhood of the channel, her commander shouting his warnings through the megaphone at careless skippers who insist on sailing over waters reserved exclusively for the enemy.

At night the search-light is turned on, and from the Narrows far out toward Sandy Hook not even a row-boat could escape its vigilant ray. It can be easily imagined how the crew on board the *Aileen* long for a more warlike service than chasing mud-scows and lighters off the mine-fields. One old salt remarked, in tones of utter disgust, that after nine years of service in the China seas and over the world, here, in time of war, he was left near enough home to ride there on a trolley-car. But the service rendered by the *Aileen* and her sister ships in guarding the defences of New York Harbor is a most important one, and, as Lieutenant Kilburn says, "while it is only one chance in a thousand that we will have anything serious to do here, it is to know and be ready if that chance comes." The people of New York may congratulate themselves on having men at the gateway of their harbor who faithfully perform their duty while longing for the more adventurous service of their comrades in the West Indian waters.

W. A. Rogers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 583.*)

drid. Augustin confesses inability to "hold the ground against two enemies"—the insurgents and Admiral Dewey—and says that "the insurrection has reached great proportions."

Thursday, June 9.—Despatches from Madrid state that the people are stunned by the news from Manila, that Spain is being urged on all hands to seek peace, and that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has been authorized to confer with ambassadors of the powers.

President McKinley sent these nominations to the Senate: To be major-general in the volunteer army, J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio; to be brigadier-general, John P. S. Gobin, of Pennsylvania.

Friday, June 10.—A fleet of war-ships has been assembled at Port Tampa, Florida, to convoy the troops to Santiago de Cuba. Intimations have been received regarding the appearance of Spanish war-ships in Southern waters, and it has been decided to run no risks.

President McKinley sent to the Senate to-day nominations of Charles F. Roe, of New York, and Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia, for appointment as brigadier-generals in the volunteer army.

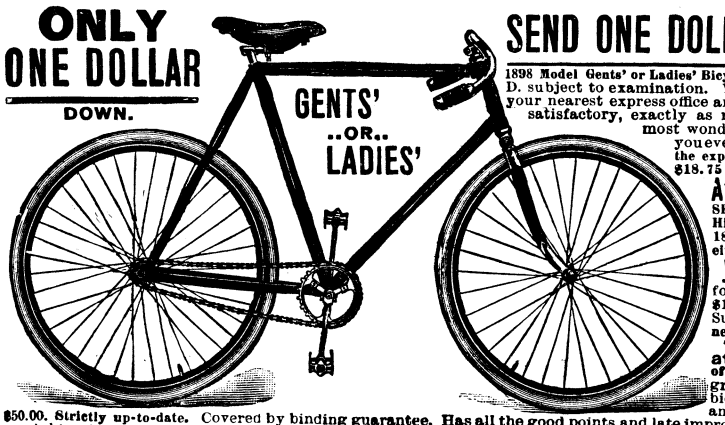
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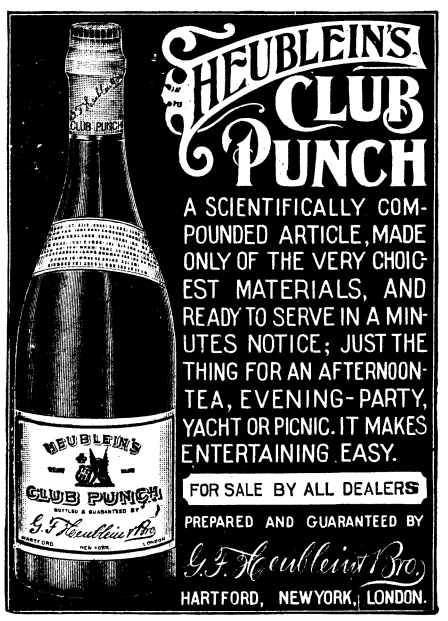
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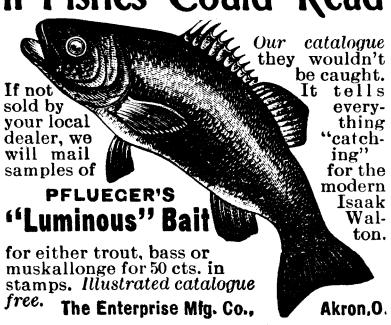
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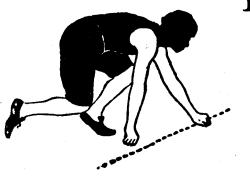
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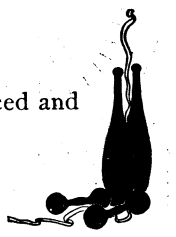
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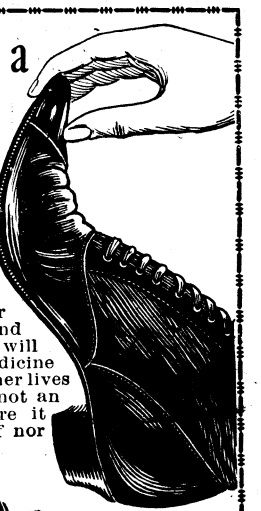
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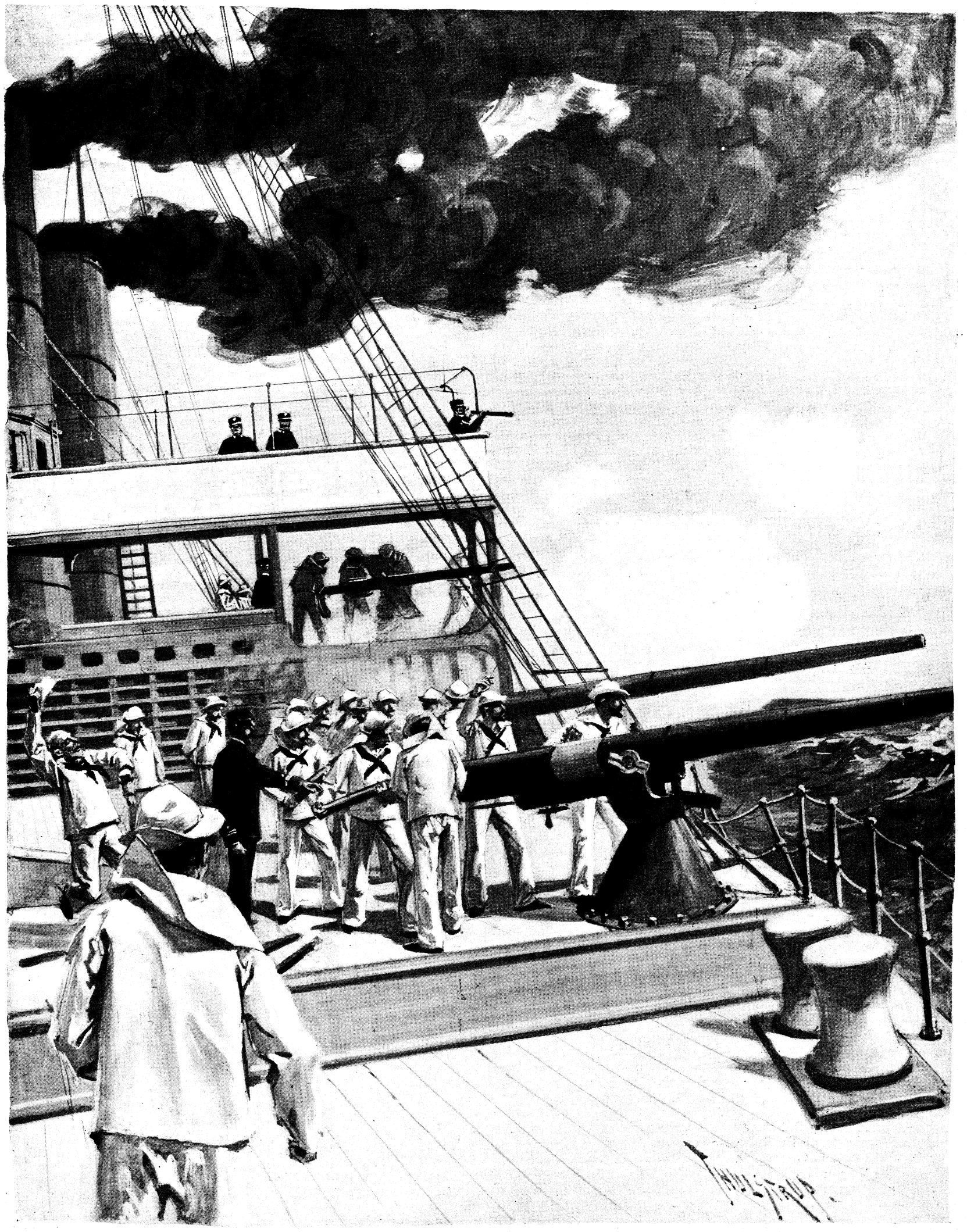
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

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A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT SIGHTED: PREPARING TO FOLLOW A BLANK CARTRIDGE WITH SOLID SHOT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER A SKETCH BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 25, 1898

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W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NEW SERIAL,

"THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS,"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST,

Will begin in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE report is eventually that Tampa is to be abandoned as a military rendezvous. Perhaps there could be no better comment on the wisdom of the selection of the place originally.

THE change in the French cabinet is not likely to mean anything, so far as the foreign policy of the French Republic is concerned. Nor, indeed, is it likely to mean any change of domestic policy. The Socialists are growing stronger in France, but they have not yet obtained the power that they seek. They are growing stronger because they are the only party in the country which is not completely under the control of the priests and the army. France has very troublous times before her, but of one thing she may rest assured—when her day of trial comes she will receive more considerate treatment from this country than we have received from her.

THE war tax bill has gone into effect, and there is little in it which is vitally objectionable, except perhaps the provision requiring the coinage of a million and a half of silver bullion per month. This was a compromise compelled by the House of Representatives of the Senate proposition to coin the seigniorage at the rate of four million dollars per month. It is to be regretted, of course, that any concession was forced by the silver men, but they obtained the smallest thing possible, and the coinage of this amount of silver will do little practical harm. The regret, however, that any concession was made is strengthened by the result of the election in Oregon, and the evidence of weakness of the silver movement. It seems likely now that silver will not be an issue in the coming campaign, although fiat money will be made prominent. It is clear, therefore, that the Republicans can carry the next House of Representatives on the money issue if they will insist upon the gold standard as strongly as the Oregon Republicans insisted on it. The country is for sound money, we believe, and will declare against fiat money, if the issue be presented fairly and squarely to it.

THE threatening cloud of war between France and England has disappeared for the present. It will be recollected that in occupying Boussa on the Niger, the French distinctly violated a treaty obligation to Great Britain. British rights were violated, and so the British government was put in a position where it was obliged to force France to retire or to accept war. Very few persons outside of official circles in France and England know how near to war the two nations were. The tactics of the fleets had been arranged, however, and those who were in the secret were keeping watch on the movements of the English Channel squadron. If the squadron had been ordered to Gibraltar, for example, it would have been notice that the French were to be coerced at once. So complete were the preparations that France had made ready ships for cutting England's cable communications with the world, while England had fitted out vessels for relaying them. Finally Monsieur HANOTAUX begged for a delay until after the French elections, and they being over, Boussa has been evacuated along with several other less important towns, while France retains Nikki; and all of this was predicted some months ago by Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in his London letter to the WEEKLY.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the decision of the authorities that the hospital ships shall invariably run away from the Spaniards, on account of Spain's cruel methods in war, is justified. There is no reason to believe, from anything that Spain has done or refrained from doing, either in our war or in its efforts to put down the Cuban insurrection, that a hospital ship crowded with wounded and dying men would be respected by Spanish naval or military officers. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the Spaniards would delight in making war upon the dying. Their reported mutilation of the marines who fell at Guantanamo is denied, but that denial does not change our estimate of the possibilities of Spanish character, judging entirely from the cruelties that they have practised in Cuba. The Spaniards are the last remnants of white barbarians, and, like their prototypes of the Middle Ages, whom they closely resemble, they have the savage instincts and methods that are found nowhere else in civilized Europe in this nineteenth century except in Turkey, and, with the exception of Spain and Turkey, are found only among the uncivilized red men of the remote regions of our own continent, and the brown and black and yellow men of Africa and Asia.

THE war loan promises to be greatly oversubscribed in this country, and doubtless much of it will be taken in subscriptions of from twenty to five hundred dollars each. In other words, the subscription will be largely a popular one; and as these small bids are to be accepted until the whole $200,000,000 are taken, the bankers and syndicates who are prepared to take millions of dollars of the loan will not have their opportunity. The moral effect of this expression of popular confidence in the government will be very great. It means that we are rich enough to pay for our own war, and that we are determined that the government shall be heartily supported. If the Spanish government were not afraid that to sue for peace would bring on revolution, we have no doubt that this manifestation of public confidence and public support of the war in this country would, with DEWEY'S victory at Manila, conduce to an immediate termination of the conflict. Another happy meaning of this great popular subscription to the loan is that the people who have savings, and who constitute both the moral and industrial backbone of the country, do not take seriously the fiat-money movement—in other words, the movement to pay the public creditor with less value than he gave. And this is another reason why the political party that is likely to win at the coming Congressional elections should, among other things, settle the money question for good.

WHILE there has been little movement looking to a formal treaty of alliance between England and the United States, there is no doubt that the feeling of friendship between the two countries has been greatly strengthened, and the payment by us of the Bering Sea award removes the last cause of friction. Perhaps the time is now propitious for renewing the attempt to secure the adoption of a general treaty of arbitration. That probably would be a sufficient union, because it would mean to the rest of the world that the two countries consider their interests identical. Whatever comes, however, it is to be hoped that the friendship between the two countries will grow in strength and in grace, for, besides the material interests that will be advanced by such a friendship on both sides of the ocean, and besides the pleasure such a union will afford to all English-speaking peoples, the peace of the world will be promoted thereby. And we think it well that the Irish on both sides of the water should make up their minds not to interfere between the two branches of the English race. We in the United States are mostly in favor of home-rule, and those Liberals in England who have done most to promote home-rule for the Irish are also in favor of the promotion of friendship between Great Britain and the United States. Such a union would not injuriously affect the Irish, but opposition to such a union on the part of Irishmen either here or abroad would work disastrous consequences to their cause.

THE troops are finally at Santiago, and the invasion of Cuba has begun. We have thought such an invasion unwise, because the end to be gained could be better accomplished, we believe, at less cost, if the expedition were undertaken later in the year. But the authorities in command of the army have thought it best to invade now, in the summer, and no doubt the landing of troops on the soil of Cuba is the real beginning of the real end of Spain's power in the island. General SHAFTER has taken with him a splendid body of men. His army, with the exception of the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts, and some of Colonel WOOD'S volunteer cavalry, are regulars. There are no better soldiers in the world. There are very few soldiers in the world who compare, man for man, in physique, in courage, in discipline, and in effectiveness, with the troops of our service. Undoubtedly the volunteers that accompany the expedition will in a short time be as good soldiers as the regular troops. In one respect they are probably superior, and that is in the general education of the rank and file. But the country ought to recognize that the invasion has actually begun, that this is not merely an expedition to take Santiago or to capture CERVERA'S fleet. Once upon the island, the troops cannot be withdrawn until the power of Spain in Cuba is ended. Another expedition is to start for Porto Rico. That expedition is less hazardous in every way. It will encounter fewer perils from the Spanish and from nature. The Spanish have a comparatively small force in Porto Rico, and the island is a healthy one. Now comes anxious times to the country and to those whose relatives and friends are engaged in real war. But there need be no fear of the result. We doubt if there will be any check to the triumphant advance of the American arms in these Spanish West-Indian possessions. The army and the navy will do the work allotted to them enthusiastically, courageously, and intelligently. And if the questions that must follow victory are left to the people, we have no doubt as to the result of their decision.

THE GOVERNMENT OF DISTANT TERRITORY.

IF the Hawaiian annexation resolution pass both Houses of Congress, with the great majority or anything like it which it commanded in the House of Representatives, this country will probably enter upon a colonial policy. The movement in that direction cannot be arrested at Honolulu. Expansion is in the blood of many Americans, and these Americans of the purest type—of the type whose intellectual activities and vagaries mark the idiosyncrasies of our people, and make them most interesting to the old and settled world. If these enthusiasts gain one point in their contention, if they put one American governing foot on a single island of the sea, their enterprise in conquest will after that enjoy the alliance of the *vis inertiæ* of their fellow-countrymen, who are chiefly inclined to believe not only that "whatever is is right," but that it shall remain right. Therefore, if we annex Hawaii, we may rest assured that the country will be asked, and perhaps coerced, to keep the Philippines, take the Canaries and Porto Rico, and perhaps forget our promise as to Cuba, now that it has been fully demonstrated that there is no insurgent government, and hardly enough of an insurgent force to strengthen and aid the little landing party of marines at Guantanamo. It is true that Congress solemnly promised that this should not be a war of conquest, declaring that it was undertaken in the interest of humanity and for the purpose of saving the reconcentrados from a cruel death. It is true also that it is the fundamental theory of our government—we quote from our great Declaration—that a people have the right to "the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them," and that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is true that among the complaints made in our Declaration of Independence against the King of Great Britain are that he "cut off our trade with all parts of the world," meaning that he had applied to us the colonial policy which our triumphant revolution finally drove England to abandon, and that he imposed "taxes on us without our consent." It is further true that for seventy years our Congress has been the object of constant complaint by reason of its inefficiency in domestic affairs; that its legislation has been crude; that its interference with the Executive has been scandalous; that its ignorant trifling with the money question has been disastrous; that party politics and personal aggrandizement rather than the public good have characterized its conduct. Notwithstanding all this, there is a strong party in the country, led, as we have said, by Americans of the native stock, who are willing to break the pledge given by Congress; who strongly desire that this war shall be a war of conquest; who

are eager to overthrow the Declaration of the fathers, and to insist that the Hawaiians, as represented by the majority of them, the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, and the Philippinos, are without the pale of the "laws of Nature and of Nature's God," and that they are not entitled to a government deriving its "just powers from the consent of the governed"; that they may be ruled by our Congress, sitting at Washington, enacting laws for those whom few Congressmen have seen, and of whose needs they are ignorant—laws that may differ as to each distant colony; or, what is perhaps the most likely result of such rule, Congress may forget or absolutely neglect its subjects, as it has forgotten Alaska, for example, and as it has neglected the District of Columbia.

Congress is the power which governs territories, and it governs them so absolutely that some of the judicial decisions, asserting or affirming this power, indicate that the day may come when the Supreme Court of the United States may declare that the limitations of the Constitution affect Congress only in respect of legislation touching the States of the Union, and that they do not prevent Congress from exercising a power over territories as unrestricted as that which is exercised by the British Parliament. In a recent case decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco, Judge MORROW said: "The Territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law." Justice BRADLEY of the United States Supreme Court, in 1889, in an opinion in a case involving this question, said: "Doubtless Congress in legislating for the Territories would be subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of *personal rights* which are formulated in the Constitution and its amendments; but these limitations would exist rather by inference and the general spirit of the Constitution, from which Congress derives all its powers, than by express and direct application of its provisions." Justice BRADLEY moved forward a little along a line pointed out by MARSHALL, going beyond any decision that had theretofore been made by the Supreme Court; and while it may be that the Court will always find a reason for keeping Congress within the constitutional limitations, its recent history shows that it is equal to bold departures. It may therefore some day reach the point of declaring that there is no limitation upon the powers of Congress in its government of territories.

Without regard to this point, however, the question as to the advisability of adding territory to our government, which shall be completely under the control of Congress, is a very serious one. Certainly most of us are wrong in our judgment of Congress if the powers of that body ought to be enormously increased. It has been supposed that a proper regard for the interests of the country demanded rather that they should be curtailed. For many years it has been very difficult, practically impossible, to induce Congress to devote itself to the promotion of the general welfare. It has neglected its present duty. Are we to be happier, are our problems of government to be more easily solved, by increasing the already neglected duties of Congress? The decisions of the United States Supreme Court on this subject are explicit, and they fully sustain Judge MORROW'S assertion that "in a territory all the functions of government are within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, and may be exercised through a local government, or directly by such legislation as we have now under consideration." The legislation was a liquor law passed by Congress, and applying to Alaska. It may be added that Congress has not only the power to establish a territorial government, its establishing act being the organic law of the territory, but it has the power to declare invalid the enactments of the territorial Legislature erected by itself.

What is the actual constitutional and legal situation? There is, in the first place, no doubt as to the power of Congress to acquire territory. The power to declare war and the power to make treaties imply the power to acquire territory. There is no one who questions its existence. It has been declared over and over again by the Supreme Court. Neither is there any doubt as to the power of Congress to govern territory so acquired. This is expressly granted to Congress in the provision of the Constitution which authorizes the legislative branch of the government to make needful rules and regulations respecting territories. As Justice BRADLEY said, in "The Late Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints *vs.* United States": "It would be absurd to hold that the United States has power to acquire territory and no power to govern it when acquired." Nothing, then, can prevent the annexation of territory that may be acquired in war with Spain or through a treaty of peace; whether a resolution of annexation would hold is another question, which, however, is not likely to be raised. And territory once acquired, it will be governed absolutely by Congress, the President and the regular judiciary having nothing to say in the matter after the organic law establishing the territorial government, if such a law be passed, is once in operation. If, however, Congress assumes full control as a local government, it will be free to do as it will—to pass one law for one territory and another for another, or to neglect all impartially, while as to the executive and judicial authorities of these territories, they will be such men as the politicians of Congress prefer. Now the serious question is, do we want all this? And the question is so serious that Congress ought not to take the first step towards it, which it will do by the passage of the Hawaiian annexation resolution, until the issue has been submitted to the country and fully discussed in a general campaign. The passage of this resolution at this session would be a snap-judgment against the people.

GERMANY AND THE WAR.

IT is easy to account for the persistency of the rumors which attribute to the German government the intention to reap some benefit for itself out of the settlement of our war with Spain. The German government is itself accountable for this persistency.

The Kaiser has announced that a satisfactory "Imperialism" requires maritime power, and his brother has assumed the mission of preaching the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person to those who would hear, and also to those who would not hear. In order that this gospel shall be properly expounded in the Pacific, it is plain that a considerable extension of Germany's present "holdings" in that ocean must take place. These at present comprise only the recent acquisitions in China, a German protectorate, comprising ninety-seven German inhabitants, in the northern part of Southeastern New Guinea, and the neighboring "Bismarck Archipelago," and some of the Solomon and the Marshall Islands. These possessions by no means make an "imperial" showing on the map or in statistical returns. The Philippines do really constitute an imperial possession, and if they were to come into the possession of the United States as a consequence of the war, they would efface the outlying islands which Germany has been accumulating for fourteen years. It is of course unlikely that Spain would consent to deliver the Philippines for any advantage that a German alliance would give her, even if she were able to show a clear title to them. That she cannot do, so long as Manila Harbor is in the possession of an American fleet and Manila town under its guns. But the Carolines and the Ladrones are still, without dispute, Spanish. Upon the former of these, at least, Germany has already cast a covetous leer, and the latter would afford a convenient naval station in view of the Chinese acquisitions.

It is unfortunately not necessary to assign a rational motive for German acquisitiveness. "Imperialism" is its own excuse for being. It is not necessarily more sane or defensible when it is entertained by any proportion of seventy millions of private persons than when it takes possession of the crowned bonnet of an anointed monarch. General MERRITT, when, the other day, at San Francisco, he expressed his own belief in what, without any sort of authority, he described as the "new policy" of the United States, committed a much less commendable indiscretion than when he publicly quarrelled with his orders and objected to going to Manila without an adequate force, including a considerable proportion of regular troops. If any adult American had proposed a year ago that we should pay what General MERRITT'S expedition will cost for the Philippine Islands, or take them as a gift, his fellow-citizens would have regarded him as of unsound mind. Now that we have, so to speak, found the islands, in the course of the legitimate warlike enterprise of destroying the Spanish fleet in the Pacific, it does not follow that our retention of them will be either desirable or justifiable, much less that Admiral DEWEY'S establishment of his squadron in Manila Bay, partly in default of any other place to take it, of itself inaugurates a new national policy.

Our true interest in the East is of course the utmost possible extension of our trade. That is England's object also; and considering that it is ours, we might properly have given her a moral support in the contest with Russia, France, and Germany, which we have allowed her to carry on single-handed. That is also the object of Japan, as she showed in the treaty which the three powers in question interfered to nullify. Of course nobody doubts that the combined naval power of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, if our own potential naval power were developed and made actual, would be far more than a match in the Pacific for all the other navies of the world combined. Nothing could more surely determine us to develop our naval power, and to enter into such a combination to prevent exclusive acquisitions in and by European powers, than a popular belief that Germany, alone or in conjunction with other powers, meant to treat us as the three powers treated Japan. If that came to be believed in this country, there would be danger that we should retain the Philippines, irrespective of our own interests, by way of defiance to dictation. It is not at all to the interest of Germany that we should maintain in the Pacific as great a naval force as we could maintain. Wherefore the assemblage of German war-ships in the Philippines, in numbers beyond what the protection of German subjects or of German commercial interests require, and apparently by way of a "naval demonstration," seems to be "bad politics."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 10.—By a vote of 43 to 22 the Senate agreed to the war revenue bill.

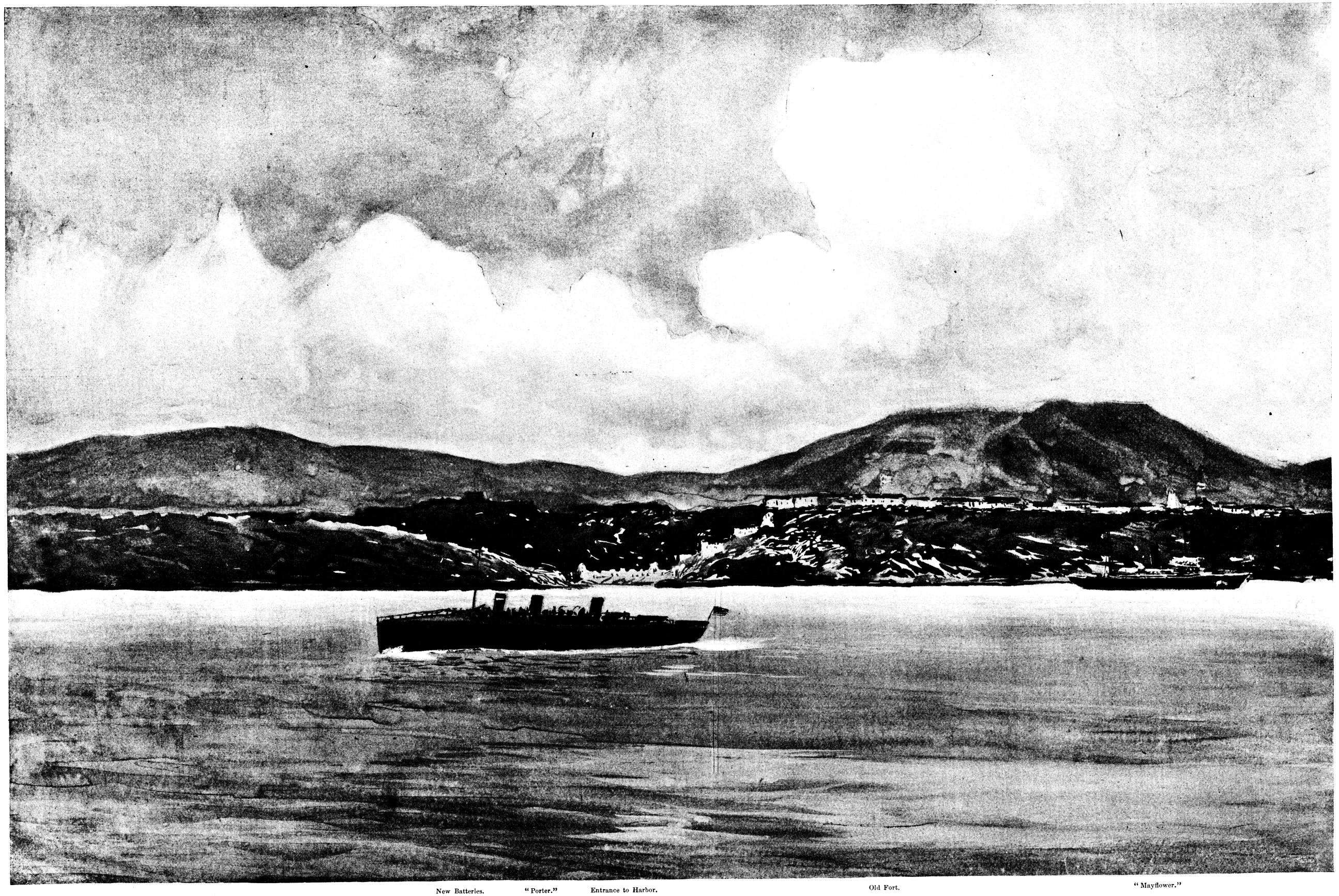
A force of more than 600 marines from the troop-ship *Panther* was landed on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay, province of Santiago de Cuba, under the protection of the guns of the *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Yankee*, *Yosemite*, *Porter*, and *Vixen*. A small flat-topped hill was selected for encampment, receiving the name "McCalla," in honor of the *Marblehead's* commander. The landing was effected in an hour, without accident. The position taken by this landing party, or possibly a less exposed camp in the immediate neighborhood, will be held for the present, with the object of rendering the outer harbor secure for the use of our fleet.

Saturday, June 11.—The Navy Department made public an official report from Rear-Admiral Sampson on the sinking of the *Merrimac* in the channel leading into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. Admiral Sampson's "appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew" is expressed in the warmest terms.

The *Vixen* landed rifles, ammunition, and provisions for the insurgents at Aserradero, about twenty-five miles west of Santiago.

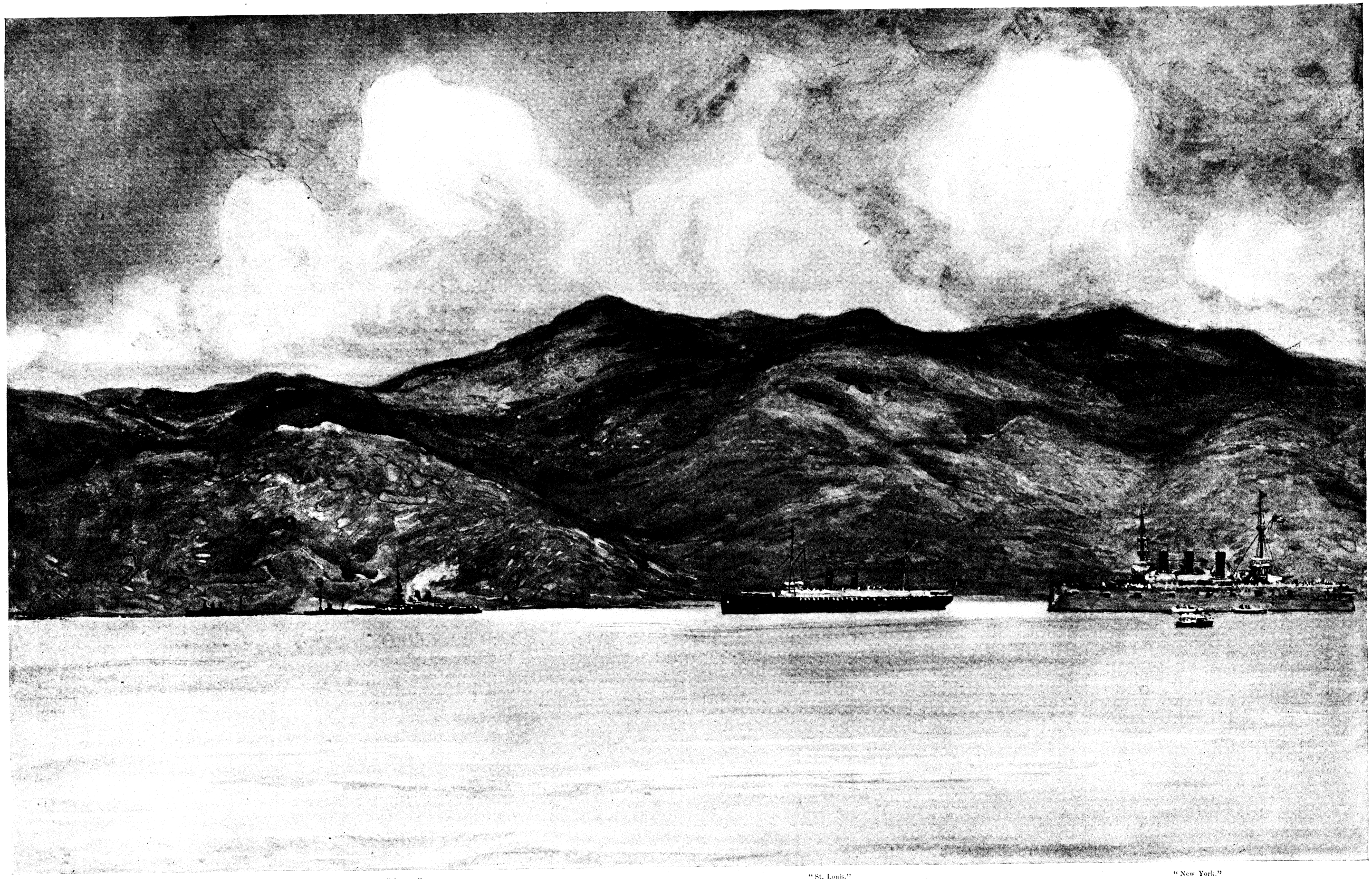
Saturday and Sunday, June 11 and 12.—At half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon an insurgent scout brought word to Camp McCalla, Guantanamo, that an attacking force of Spanish infantry was at hand. Almost immediately afterwards our outposts were fired upon. Hurried measures for the defence of the camp were all that the circumstances allowed. The Spaniards, superior in numbers, were hidden in thickets that stretched away on all sides from the unfortified hill, and, as reported by Lieutenant Neville, many of them had leaves and branches wrapped around their bodies, so that they could scarcely be distinguished from the undergrowth. Our marines, with their entrenchment scarcely begun, offered an easy mark. But this first attack proved to be rather in the nature of a skirmish; the firing lasted about an hour. Marines from the *Marblehead* were sent ashore; men who had been bathing ran half naked into camp. Before night fell the sentries came in. Two of our men had been killed. The bodies, when recovered, appeared to have been hacked with machetes. In the course of the night we lost two more, Sergeant Smith and Dr. John Blair Gibbs, the former killed (and his body "terribly mutilated") in the woods, the latter meeting his death while on duty in the camp; and several of our men were wounded. Renewed and repeated a dozen times before daybreak, the Spanish attacks were most threatening about 1 A. M., when it seemed that the camp was completely surrounded. The little force of Americans held the ground coolly, and their volleys seem to have been delivered with good judgment, for they sufficed to hold the enemy in check. From Guantanamo Bay the *Marblehead's* search-light was trained on the thickets; this, with the flash of the Mauser rifles, served to guide the aim of our men. The night was uncommonly dark. The Spanish losses are not certainly known. At six o'clock on Sunday morning field-pieces in the camp opened fire and drove a body of Spanish infantry from cover; the *Texas* arrived and landed forty marines with two Colt automatic guns; meanwhile the *Marblehead* was shelling the thickly wooded hill-side on the south, where the Spaniards were supposed to be concealed. The guns from the *Texas* were hauled up the path and mounted on the earth-works that now, hurriedly completed, promised a certain degree of security to the men remaining in camp, while one company of Colonel Huntington's command, deployed in skirmish line, moved forward to discover and dislodge the enemy. At this juncture the Spaniards proved that they also were to have the support of artillery, one of their guns opening fire unexpectedly across a bar that juts out into the bay northwest of Camp McCalla. It was silenced by the *Texas*. The efforts of the skirmishing party to engage the Spaniards on even terms, and the firing of guns from the *Marblehead* and from the camp were wellnigh continuous, but the Spanish guerilla attacks, shifted from point to point, were not less persistent, irritating, and, at last, intolerable. Accordingly the camp was removed to the foot of the hill, bluejackets from the *Texas* and *Marblehead* and sixty Cuban insurgents lending their assistance. The two marines first to fall Saturday afternoon were buried. The funeral service was interrupted by the bullets of the enemy, to whom the sacred purpose of those sharing in this observance must have been apparent. Prayers for the dead were finished under fire. Throughout the evening and the night this exhausting attack was maintained, guns from the *Panther* and *Abarenda*, as well as the *Marblehead*,

(*Continued on page 626.*)



GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The small cruisers run about close inshore."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*



OUR WAR-SHIPS OFF THE COAST NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 3, 1898.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"The great battle-ships under the towering hills look like pygmies."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's letter.*



ASSISTANT-SURGEON JOHN BLAIR GIBBS, U.S.N.,
Killed, June 12, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.



PRIVATE JAMES McCOLGAN, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.



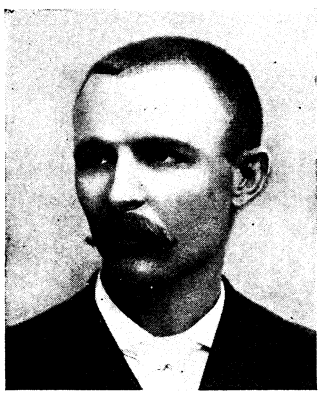
SERGEANT CHARLES H. SMITH, U.S.M.C.,
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE net sum raised for the Lowell memorial park at Cambridge was $37,427. That amount insures the purchase of the Elmwood lands offered, with a surplus of $2400, which may possibly be used to buy additional land.

Our war has brought Lowell prominently into the public mind, and made very noticeable how peculiarly representative of national sentiment his poetry is. He has been more quoted in the newspapers and elsewhere during the last two months than all our other older poets put together. It is interesting to search out of his letters his impressions of Spain and the Spaniards formed during his stay as American minister in Madrid. He said, in a letter to Mr. Howells: "Spain is as primitive in some ways as the books of Moses, and as Oriental. Spaniards have, I believe, every possible fault—and yet I love the jades for a' that. . . . Their indifference to legitimate profit is a continual comfort, and they have no more enterprise than an Old Cambridge man."

The sale of the publishing business of Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston, to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., is of interest in the world of books. Among other authors whose books the Messrs. Roberts have published are Louisa Alcott, Louise Moulton, and Edward Everett Hale. The editions of translations of Balzac and Molière, on which the Messrs. Roberts' imprint is familiar, do not pass in this transaction.



GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, OF THE "MERRIMAC."
One of Lieutenant Hobson's Volunteer Crew. Promoted Chief Machinist for Gallantry.

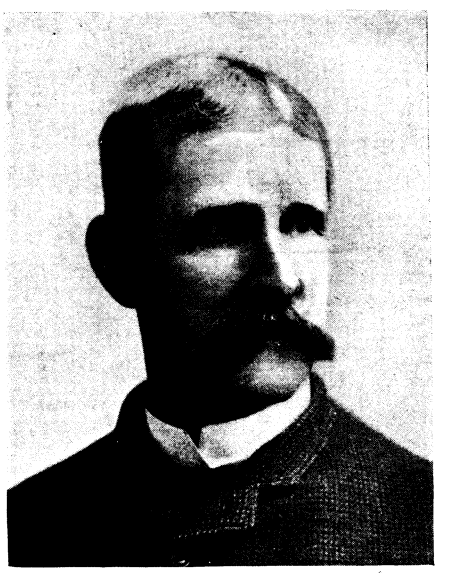
Word comes from Ithaca that when Cornell enters another oratorical contest she will try to make sure that other States besides Ohio are represented among the judges. This year, it appears, the six judges were all Ohio men, and an Ohio man, Mr. Longfellow of Wesleyan, took the first prize. Cornell's man, Mr. Mayer, was second. "Too much Ohio," grumbles Cornell, whereat her friends may be excused for smiling.

The election of Charles Francis Adams 2d to succeed Mr. Hooper as treasurer of Harvard College attests that an active interest in sports is not inconsistent nowadays with a reputation for business ability and sound judgment in matters of finance. Mr. Adams is one of the best known of American yachtsmen, and with his brother George won great aquatic victories in the *Gossoon*, the *Babboon*, and other good boats. He has discernment, too, about rowing and football, and has labored strenuously to bring Harvard success in those pursuits. He graduated with distinction at Harvard in 1888, was admitted to the bar in 1893, and, as a practising lawyer, is deep in the business—familiar in Boston—of being a director of companies, and a trustee of savings-banks, trusts, and other corporations, and of individuals. In Quincy, where he lives, he has twice been chosen Mayor of the city. He is a son of John Quincy Adams.

Joseph Leiter's experience seems something like that of the King of France, who, having marched his cohorts up the hill, marched them straightway down again. It recalls that of the Nantucket whaling captain who came back after a three years' cruise "with nary bar'l of oil, but had a durn fine sail." Mr. Leiter has excelled the King of France in that he has not climbed his hill for nothing, but has taken the advantage of the laws of gravitation and slid down considerably beyond the point where he started to climb up, and he has the advantage of the Nantucket Yankee in having compressed his experience into one year instead of three. It will be said now that, after all, the earlier Joseph was a more sagacious grain-operator than his namesake, but that is not altogether fair, for Jacob's son had certain foreknowledge of a seven-year famine, whereas our son of Levi had to get in and out again within fourteen months. What matter to him if he has not succeeded in doing it profitably. Inasmuch as he had no visible motive for playing with grain except to enlarge his mind and add to his knowledge of human concerns, rather than condole with him over his losses we should congratulate him that his business experiences promise to be rounded out and completed. To have toiled for months, and taken great risks, and thought hard, and only learned at last how it feels to win would not have really paid him. It is not in human nature to be content with winning alone. An experience of loss seems essential to wisdom and to contentment. As matters stand now, Joseph Leiter seems to have had both experiences, and had them in satisfying measure. Whether his losses were due to his unwillingness to take the paternal advice, or to lack of appreciation of when it was time to stop, or to events which could not be foreseen or prevented is matter for discussion among interested experts. What appears on the surface is that he seems to have proved constant in adversity, and that his rivals and brother strategists speak kindly of him. Inasmuch as his collapse, besides enlarging his experience, lets down the price of wheat, allowing mills that have been idle to grind again, and making bread cheaper, we must regard it as, on the whole, a good thing for all concerned.

Mr. Philip Armour's experiences with Mr. Joseph Leiter seem not to have impaired his ability to distribute funds. The other day he gave half a million dollars to the Armour Institute of Technology, which had outgrown the income of the million-dollar endowment with which he started it. The institute has 1100 students, and must be making very satisfactory returns on the sums invested.

The fiscal prostration of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the British promoter, has been quite as interesting to our neighbors in London as Mr. Joseph Leiter's set-back is to us. Mr. Hooley has had the gift of discerning potential values, and of being able to make other folks see them on an enlarged scale. One of the exploits with which he is credited was the purchase of a pneumatic tire company for ten million dollars, and its sale within a fortnight for twenty millions. He made other great sums in the promotion of a beef extract company, and still others in dealings in tubing for bicycles. He grew in munificence as well as wealth, had several splendid country places and some famous yachts and race-horses, established a great Jubilee fund for the poor of Derbyshire, and gave St. Paul's Cathedral a magnificent service of gold plate. Hooley's failure seems to be due to the depreciation in value of various companies in which he was interested—bicycle companies especially—and to his connection with a Spanish loan which he had undertaken to float when the war broke out and Spanish credit gave way. The jugglers of finance, like Hooley, who make huge fortunes by sleight-of-hand processes seem never really to learn the qualities or liabilities of money. A higher wave than usual comes rolling in and brings one of them on its crest, and leaves him in the sand. Instead of scrambling ashore to the real dry land, he usually stays frolicking where he was dropped, and making sand castles, until the next big wave picks him up and carries him out again.



LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT W. HUNTINGTON, U.S.M.C.,
Commanding 1st Battalion of Marines, Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

Inasmuch as it is confidently believed at this writing that Colonel Roosevelt's "Terrors" have actually gone with some 15,000 other troops to Santiago, there is a prospect that we shall have, presently, some war news that will be worth talking about. The fact that the particular accomplishment which, more than any other, differentiates Colonel Roosevelt's troopers from our other soldiers is the ability to ride anything that goes on legs, makes it matter for regret that the regiment's collection of trick-animals should have been left behind. What the Rough Riders will do with nothing to rough-ride is hard to predict, but we shall all want to know, and will be diligent in trying to find out.

The Astor Battery is going to Manila. There is not quite as much popular interest in the Astor Battery as there would be if its founder was personally serving with it instead of elsewhere; but still, like the Rough Riders, it has a name that brings it attention and identifies it. It is an interesting question whether the appetite for adventure is better appeased by orders to the Philippines or to the Antilles. Manila is far, far away, and going there is somewhat more like going to the moon than a trip to Cuba or Porto Rico is. What will happen there, too, is harder to forecast, and the time of return is rather more uncertain. Inasmuch as there are comparatively few Spanish troops there, military service in the Philippines seems somewhat less hazardous than in Cuba, and the climate is better than that of Cuba in the rainy season. Altogether, the chances of eventual return from Manila seem good for most soldiers who go there, while the prospect of entertainment meanwhile is very fair. If an archipelago with a population of eight millions cannot keep twenty thousand Yankee soldiers comfortably busy for a year, life in the tropics must be more stagnant than we have been used to think it.

There will be great times aboard the *Olivette*, the steamer which carried the newspaper correspondents and the military and naval attachés of the foreign legations and embassies from Tampa to Santiago. Think of cooping up together in a single steamer fifty or sixty newspaper correspondents, all fertile and ingenious, and a dozen or more accomplished foreign officers! Does it not seem that the command of the expedition should be with that vessel? And does it not stagger the imagination to think of the talk exchanged there, the opinions formed and aired, and the hypotheses invented in that steamer?

Amherst seems to have a sort of silent sorrow in the unsatisfactory relations between the college and its President. President Gates has gone to Europe, and it is a question fraught with tribulation whether he is to be President of the college on his return or not. The trustees are said to be divided in opinion as to the expediency of retaining him in office, and some of the most influential of them, including the Rev. Dr. Storrs, are understood to have given notice that action taken by the trustees to terminate Dr. Gates's administration will be followed by their retirement from the board. So the predicament is a painful one, and all the parties involved seem proper objects of commiseration. It has never come to public notice that there were more specific objections to Dr. Gates than that his administration had not seemed to promote in due measure the welfare and peace of Amherst college and the contentment of its friends.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop asks for gifts of money to support her Home for Cancer Incurables at 668 Water Street, New York. The value of Mrs. Lathrop's work, and the quality of her devotion to it, are too well known to need to be rehearsed.

There is something as good as new besides war in the air, if not necessarily in the wind. It is a gas which has been named "crypton," and it constitutes one twenty-thousandth part of the atmosphere. Its finder is Professor Ramsay, who was joint discoverer with Lord Rayleigh of argon. It is just as true as ever that there is nothing really new under the sun, but there are so many things that have not yet been identified and labelled that the business of investigation promises to be brisk and remunerative for eons to come.

Professor Norton vehemently disapproves the war with Spain, but still feels that, now we are in it, we must "pro-

vide the administration responsible for the conduct of it with every means that may serve to bring it to the speediest end." This admission has outraged the feelings of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, who apparently wants to stop just where we are and take the back track. Mr. Garrison has relieved his mind in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, which is hospitable to all the views of all of its constituents, provided they make interesting reading. Mr. Garrison has a great gift of disagreement. It would be interesting to know if any one—even Mr. Love, of Philadelphia—could hit upon a course of action under present circumstances in which he could conscientiously co-operate. It remains to be seen whether he will feel it his duty to stand out against the new war taxes, and eschew beer, tobacco, tea, bank checks, and the other luxuries from which it is proposed to raise revenue.

The audacity of sundry of our enterprising journals in seeking to add Admiral Cervera to their lists of special correspondents was magnificent, indeed, but was it war? Perhaps Admiral Cervera thought it was not, and was the readier on that account to be relieved of the charge of Constructor Hobson.

A life of much value and the brightest promise was cut short by the bullet which brought down Dr. John Blair Gibbs in the night attack on our marines made by Spaniards on June 12 at Guantanamo, Cuba. Dr. Gibbs was one of the first of the recent volunteers—the very first, some accounts say—to receive a commission in the navy. He was the son of the late Major Alfred Gibbs, of the Seventh Cavalry, and was a successful practising physician, a partner of Dr. Parker Syms, of New York. When the first call for volunteers came, Dr. Gibbs determined to go. His father had been a soldier, and the impulse to serve his country was stronger in him than considerations of personal advancement. He was about forty years old, and after receiving a prolonged and careful medical education he had taken good rank in his profession, and acquired a valuable surgical practice. He knew that in entering the navy he could not get rank commensurate with his age and qualifications. Nevertheless, being unmarried and having no one dependent on him, he felt it his duty to apply for a commission. He was at once accepted, made assistant surgeon, and detailed to assist the Board of Examining Surgeons at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Then he applied for active service, and was detailed to report to the Chief Surgeon at Key West, when he was assigned as acting assistant surgeon on the *Panther* —an assignment which took him ashore with the marines at Guantanamo, and brought him to a soldier's end.

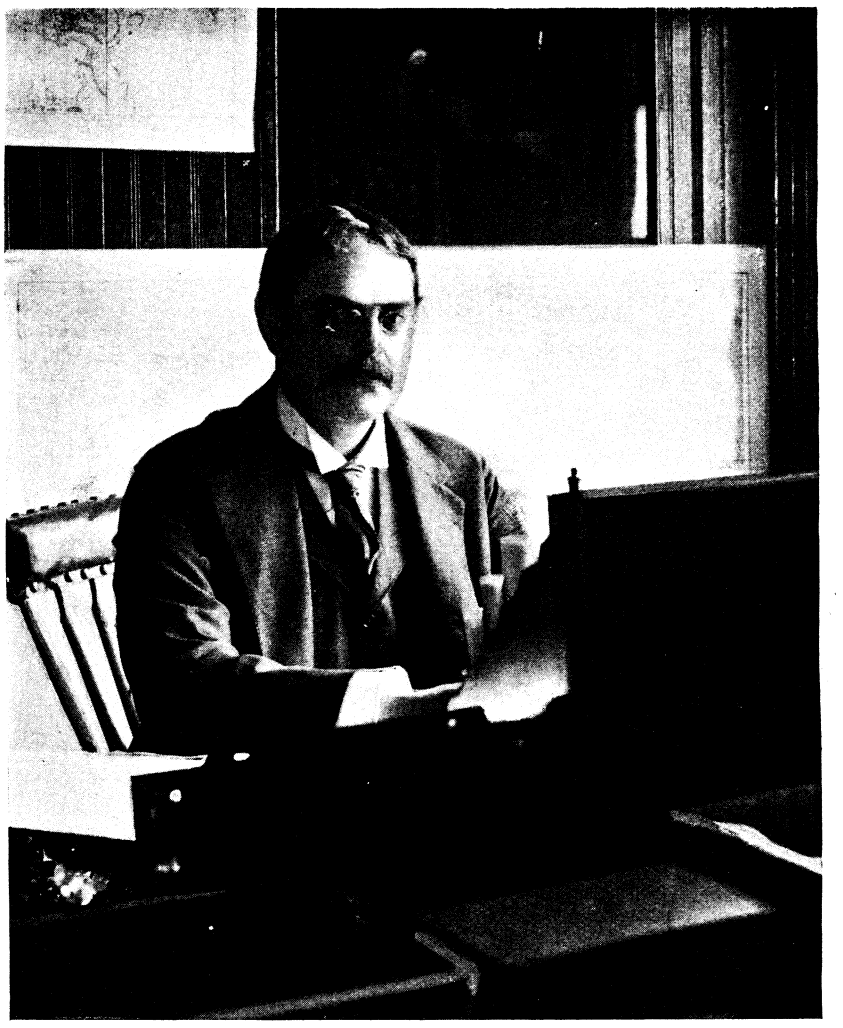
He is spoken of with great affection and respect by his acquaintances, who are many, in New York. He was a graduate of Rutgers College, the University of Pennsylvania, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

There is a good deal of interesting Commencement news which is likely to receive rather scant attention. Princeton was the second university to make Admiral Dewey a Doctor of Laws. Princeton is related to the Admiral through his son George, who is a Princeton alumnus of two years' standing.

An interesting Princeton appointment was that of Walter A. Wyckoff, of the class of '78, to be Professor of Economics. Mr. Wyckoff will be recalled as the gentleman whose protracted experiences in earning his living by his hands as an unskilled laborer have been recorded to the edification of so many contemporary readers.

Harvard, whose Commencement does not come until June 29, deserves attention for the appointment of Mr. E. H. Strobel to be Bemis Professor of International Law. By the terms of its foundation this professorship—a new one—calls for a person of practical experience in diplomacy. Mr. Strobel was Secretary of Legation at Madrid for five years, and was afterwards minister to Ecuador, and later to Chile. He is an accomplished linguist, and has been very efficient and successful in his diplomatic employments. One of the duties of the professors of international law in our colleges seems to be to enlighten the public from time to time through the newspapers as to the merits of various foreign complications which we get into. If Mr. Strobel's diplomatic experiences have not taught him too well the virtue of silence, his views on coming problems in our relations with our foreign brethren should be very well worth our attention. He certainly ought to know Spain, Spaniards, and Spanish-Americans, information about all of whom is just now in special request.

Prince Albert of Flanders, Crown-Prince of Belgium, who has been visiting in this part of this country, is a dignitary in good and regular royal standing, and entitled to all the polite consideration which there is opportunity to offer him. He has seen Newport, and has been hospitably entertained there, both ashore and on the water, and at last accounts was in New York, experiencing the tranquillities of the Astoria Hotel, and about to witness an exhibition of tumbling by that maritime acrobat the Holland torpedo-boat. There is a war on just now, in which this country is concerned, which should interest a visitor, but it is hard to get sight of it. The Omaha Fair is easier to find, and the Prince should not go home without inspecting it.



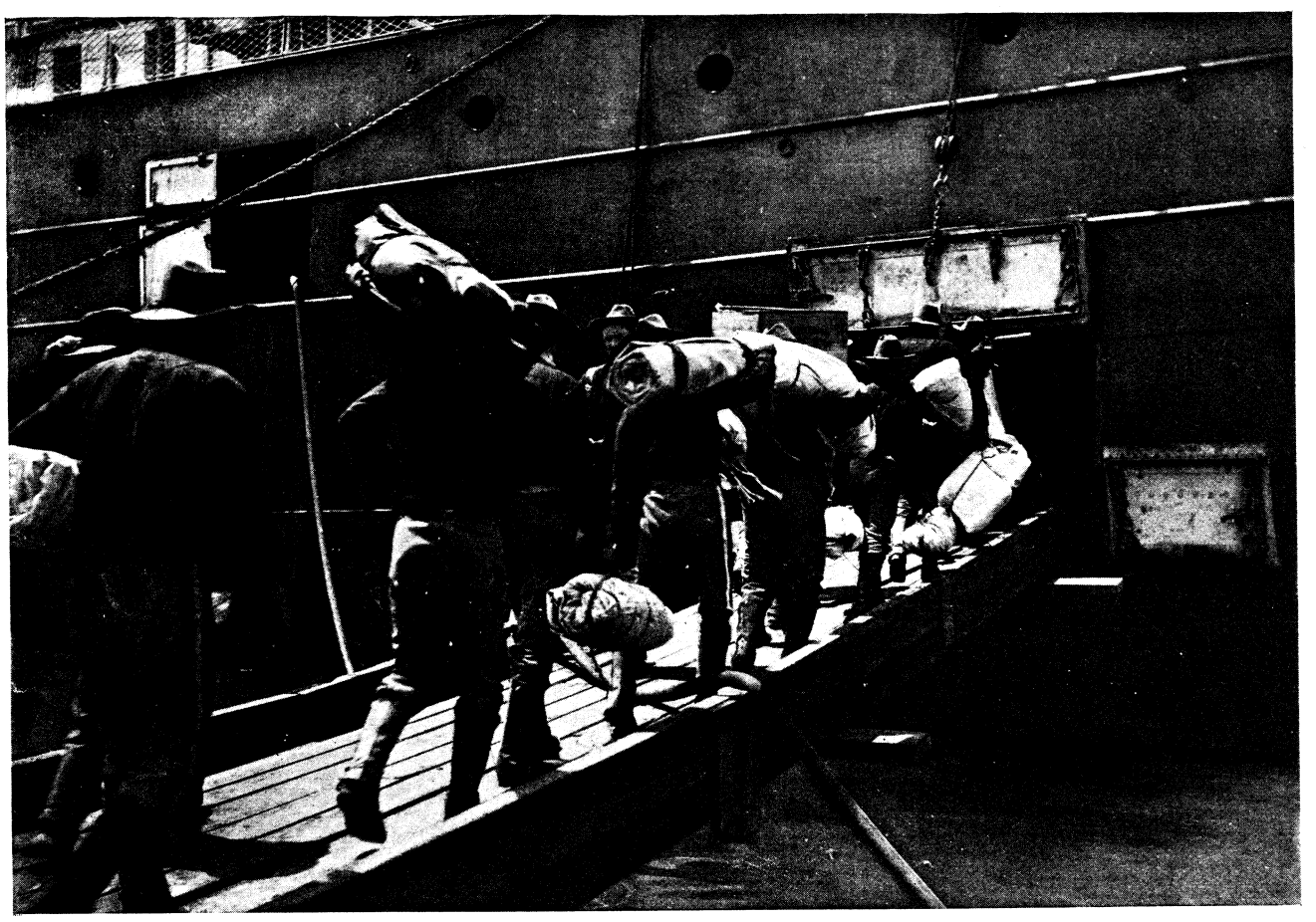
JOHN ADDISON PORTER, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.
In the War-Office at the White House.

It appears, from statistics furnished by the graduating class at Yale, that the average annual expenditure of the contemporary Yale undergraduate is $915. This conclusion is reached from reports furnished by 200 men out of a class of about 300. The largest estimate sent in was $2800; the smallest, $91 25. From 40 to 50 men reported expenditures of from $900 to $1100 annually. The estimates of more than three-fourths of the students making reports fell between $300 and $1300. Whether the men who did not report were the poorer men or the richer ones, or men of average means, does not appear.

Out of a graduating class of 121 of the Sheffield Scientific School, 15 members enlisted for the war, which is the largest number in proportion to the size of the class as yet reported from any institution.

The author of "The Sweet By-and-By" is dead. He was Dr. A. Fillmore Bennett, of Richmond, Illinois, a veteran of the civil war, and author of many songs and hymns. The air of "The Sweet By-and-By" is a good marching tune, and the hymn might be paraphrased to good advantage for use in the present emergency. The By-and-By when the last Spanish soldiers shall have sailed away from Cuba, and a suitable orphan asylum shall have been provided for the Philippines, is awaited just now with an expectation that is not the less ardent because it is patient. The present war has produced columns of verse, but has not as yet given us any song that has become epidemic. There is a call for a song that will express our feelings. We shall know better just what our deepest feelings are about this war when we see the song that expresses them.

As the result of a competitive examination open to college graduates, one of the two $600 fellowships offered by the American School for Classical Studies in Rome has been awarded to Mr. Charles Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. Mr. Clark was valedictorian of the class of 1897 at Yale, and has been a postgraduate student there for the past year. He won distinction while in college as a successful debater in intercollegiate contests. His father is a well-known editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, and his mother, equally well known in the republic of letters, is Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, of Brooklyn. E. S. MARTIN.



SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS GOING ABOARD TRANSPORT "VIGILANCIA" AT PORT TAMPA.

JOHN ADDISON PORTER.

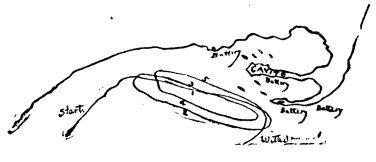
IN speaking with a correspondent of the WEEKLY a few days ago, the Secretary to the President characterized the members of the cabinet as "princes"—meaning that the government business transacted in each department has so greatly increased and is now of such extent that it is useful to regard the separate departments as little kingdoms or principalities. No one man at Washington can know all that is going on; the head of a department is practically supreme, as to most of the matters of his "principality," because the details of his work are familiar to him alone—*terra incognita* to those connected with other branches of the government, and unexplored territory even to the President.

Fortunately the Secretary to the President has not a task beyond human powers. He is not exactly expected to "know all that is going on," but it is his duty (which a man of tact converts into a privilege), more or less, to put every one in the right way to gain the information required—one of many duties. And this is mentioned, not in order to show how the responsibility of the office now held by Mr. Porter has increased, for it has grown in other directions as well; rather it is mentioned in order to add point to the recognition of eminent fitness for the difficult work intrusted to him.

A brief sketch of Mr. Porter's career was published in the issue of the WEEKLY dated April 3, 1897. Instead of repeating the information which the author of that article presented in a very pleasant fashion, it may be sufficient to refer to it now, in connection with the recent portrait which is reproduced on this page, with the mere suggestion that has been given of development during the stirring and driving months that have intervened.

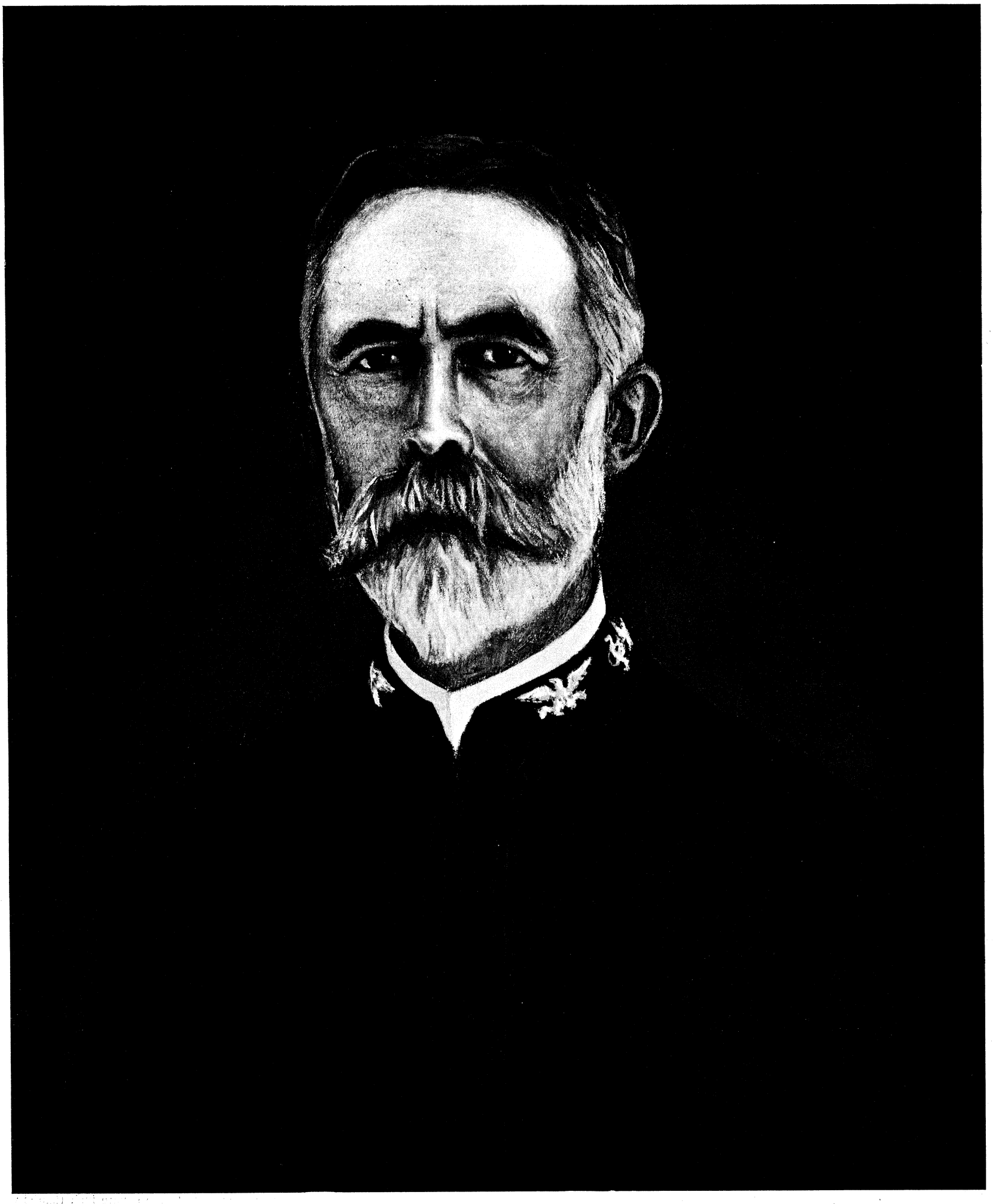
"Concord." "Petrel." "Raleigh." "Boston." "Baltimore." Spanish Passenger-Steamer "Mindanao." "Olympia." Other Spanish Ships. "Reina Cristina." "Castilla." "Don Antonio de Ulloa." Shore Battery. Dry Dock.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON SWINGING AROUND THE ELLIPSE.



DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER A SKETCH MADE ON THE DESPATCH-BOAT "MCCULLOCH" BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FLEET.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

Mr. McCutcheon writes: "The American vessels carried ensigns from every mast and peak. The Spanish ships flew only one flag each, from the mizzen-peak. All the American ships were painted lead-color, and so were all the Spanish ships, excepting the 'Castilla,' which was white, and had two barges alongside to protect her water-line."



ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON, U.S.N., COMMANDING NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.—Drawn by William Thorne.

CAPTAIN WHITNEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The story begins very quietly, in a time of profound peace, with record of a fact or two before we come to the second week in last April.

Henry H. Whitney was born in 1866, and was eighteen years of age when he was graduated, as second in his class, from the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. A few years later he went to West Point, on the strength of his success in a competitive examination, the appointment being made from his native State, Pennsylvania, by General Patton. He was president of his class during the four years — the highest honor in the gift of cadets; was Cadet Captain of B Company — graduated in 1892. Immediately after graduation Whitney went abroad, travelling extensively in Europe in order to visit and inspect military centres. Returning to this country, he reported for service in his regiment, the Fourth Artillery, at Fort McPherson, Georgia. This regiment moved to Washington in 1893. In 1895 Whitney was detailed on special duty in the War Department, in the military-information division, and here the reputation gained at the Point for skill in drawing and map-making came to his aid like a friend in the nick of time. He was put in charge of an elaborate piece of work, which is doubtless already a familiar object to many of the Weekly's readers. The Military Map of the Island of Cuba, the authorized government publication, was prepared under his direction.

Whitney received an appointment as military attaché to Buenos Ayres, and was selected in April for a confidential mission to Cuba and Porto Rico—a mission not unrelated to the map-making, it might be thought, but more obviously incidental to his appointment as military attaché; for one of the duties of a military attaché is to gather military information from foreign countries. At the same time (and here is the beginning of mystification), if Lieutenant Carranza's spies should concern themselves with the reasons for his going, an answer was furnished in his publicly announced appointment:

"Why has Whitney left Washington?"

"Didn't you notice?....Something to do at Rio or Buenos Ayres, or one of those places...."

This statement is not quite clear at first glance; neither was the actual situation, in which one thing, while not a mere pretext, served to veil the really important plan.

But Whitney saw clearly that any delay for debating of ways and means, or for other cause, would defeat the purpose of the mission. He waited for nothing beyond the authorization; drew all the money he had in the bank, and went; when that sum was spent, borrowed from a consul and went on. He left Washington April 12, and returned to the same point June 8. In less than two months he had completed his task—had made his way to Gomez, as the bearer of despatches to the Cuban leader, and, by personal observation and skilful inquiry in various parts of Porto Rico, collected information for the use of the President and Secretary Alger in their plans for the campaign in the smaller island.

It was necessary to play many parts. At one time his rôle was that of newspaper correspondent; at another time he had all the appearance of being a member of the crew of the steamship that took him to Ponce, on the southern coast of Porto Rico; and while going about among the Puertoriqueños he permitted his hosts to assume that he was an English officer, in whose presence they did not hesitate to speak of Americans with the hatred and contempt they unquestionably feel. Curiously and deplorably unattached, the little island, while it is separated from us by hatred, due in part at least to ignorance of our character and our institutions (let us hope), is separated from Spain also by hatred. But as between the mother-country and the colony the smouldering hostility is not due to ignorance. The so-called "inquisition" of '87, the torturing of persons suspected of disloyalty, and the years of oppressive occupation have strengthened an impulse, springing from a too intimate knowledge, to revolt from such maternal caresses. The

impression of Porto Rico's isolation is not less noteworthy than certain other impressions, as, for example, that in regard to the delightful hospitality of its people, which Captain Whitney holds in grateful remembrance; and again, that it is a "right little, tight little island," fit to be compared with the best of the eminently delectable bits of earth's surface, and to make a military strategist's mouth water; and again (although this is a good deal more than an impression), that the strength of the Spanish forces has been perhaps as absurdly overestimated as the might of a warrior with a tin sword-blade in his formidable scabbard.

Captain Whitney will say that he has no story of personal adventure to narrate; that there were no old-fashioned hand-to-hand encounters; that he carried a revolver, but never used it. But I find the distinction of his exploit, and its modern note, so to speak, in this very circumstance. Playing a cool game, with life at stake every minute of six or seven weeks at least, he had no time for other diversions. During the six or seven weeks



CAPTAIN HENRY H. WHITNEY,
Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers.

of continuous exposure he did not forget for a minute that violence is not strength. There was a certain duty to be done, and to be done quickly.

"Your gentleness shall force more than your force move us to gentleness."

Yet one old-fashioned feature the story certainly has in its agreeable ending, namely: The young officer whom his friends will continue to call "Lieutenant" Whitney long after his present title of Captain shall have been exchanged for the well-earned majority, was ordered to report to President McKinley, and went to the Executive Mansion in company with Secretary Alger. At the door of the President's room he stood still, finding himself for the first time in the presence of his Commander-in-Chief. So Mr. McKinley came all the way to meet him, holding out his hand. MARRION WILCOX.

SAN FRANCISCO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

June 6, 1898.

It is a long time since San Francisco has seen so many brass buttons, and under the excitement of preparations for the invasion of the Philippine Islands the city is exclusively given up to things military. Whenever new detachments of troops arrive, the crowd chokes the streets, and all traffic along the line of march is stopped. In skirting the edge of this crowd and feeling its pulse, one cannot but come to the conclusion that their pleasure in the swing and dash of martial display comes of a light-hearted pride that at last they have an army like other countries, rather than from any deep appreciation of what war really means.

However, the people of San Francisco deserve the greatest praise for the generous hospitality they have shown. The Red Cross have been especially active. Arriving troops are marched into a long hall, where the Red Cross give them a hearty meal. Some of the leading society women wait on the tables. This kind treatment is thoroughly appreciated by the men. Only the other day one of the volunteers handed his waitress, a daughter of a California millionaire, a tip of ten cents, with the assurance that he had not had so good a meal since he left his home in Pennsylvania.

Between two hills, in the outskirts of the city, lies Camp Merritt. At one end of the camp begins the Golden Gate Park, with its thick masses of bright foliage, its smooth greensward, and well-kept winding roads. Here and on the hill-side above the camp, squads drill daily. The sandy ground of the camp is separated by wooden fences into lots, each reserved for one regiment. Around the barriers, eager to talk to the soldiers, visitors gather. Women predominate, and they nearly all beg the soldiers for buttons. I saw one soldier, on arriving in San Francisco, deliberately cut all the buttons from the front of his coat and throw them among the crowd. This fad of button-collecting has become such a nuisance that officers jokingly declare that unless the troops move on soon the army of occupation in the Philippines will have to rely on pins.

The twelve thousand troops here, coming as they do from every part of the Union, differ materially in preparation and equipment. Some of the States would not allow the militia to take their uniforms with them, and the men came here in a very ragged condition. Luckily the Red Cross have furnished many of these soldiers with shoes and other articles of clothing. It is noticeable that these same troops are the least efficient in their drill. Other regiments, such as the Tenth Pennsylvania, are well equipped and smart, and make an excellent showing by the side of the regulars on the drill-ground. Indeed, if there is any delay in sending off the second expedition for Manila, it is not that a sufficient number of trained men is lacking, but because the steamship companies are slow in fitting up the transports, and the government seems unable to turn out rapidly the required number of duck uniforms which are necessary for a campaign in a tropical climate.

For all the apparent delay in getting off troops, the wonder is, considering our inexperience, that preparations are so near complete.

The days of Lexington are over, when a farmer could take down his old gun and go potting the enemy on his own account. The soldier of to-day should know something of the intricate tactics of modern warfare. The non commissioned officer, "the backbone of every army," must be formed. In European armies it takes a year to bring men up to the ordinary duties of a soldier from the time of individual drill to the grand manœuvres, and this when all the officers are trained to their profession. The hardy mountaineers of Greece, who had carried rifles all their lives, found that a knowledge of field tactics limited to lying on mountain ridges and shooting at Turks was not sufficient for the requirements of modern war. There is no other occupation in which the accurate and instinctive knowledge of details is more essential than in that of the soldier. In battle the coolest man may lose his head; he must then depend on habit—and military habit is very foreign to our country, where every man is accustomed to act independently.

To add to these difficulties the campaign in hand is one of foreign conquest, and the expedition which goes to the Philippines must be efficient in itself. The difficulties are thoroughly appreciated here. One of the most experienced officers at headquarters said to me, "The details of the expedition are all experimental with us; every question that comes up is new."

The difficulties are lightened, however, in the splendid material with which the officers have to deal. None of the troops, it is true, come up to European standards in finish; but they are learning rapidly, and they bring to the task an unlimited supply of good-will and energy. In comparing them with Continental troops, the superior determination and life of the men immediately strike one. They march as if they were going somewhere and meant to get there. I understand that excessive finish in drilling is not aimed at in our army, as it is supposed to make mere machines out of the men. According to this standard, the "painfully perfect" company is not looked upon with favor. JOHN F. BASS.

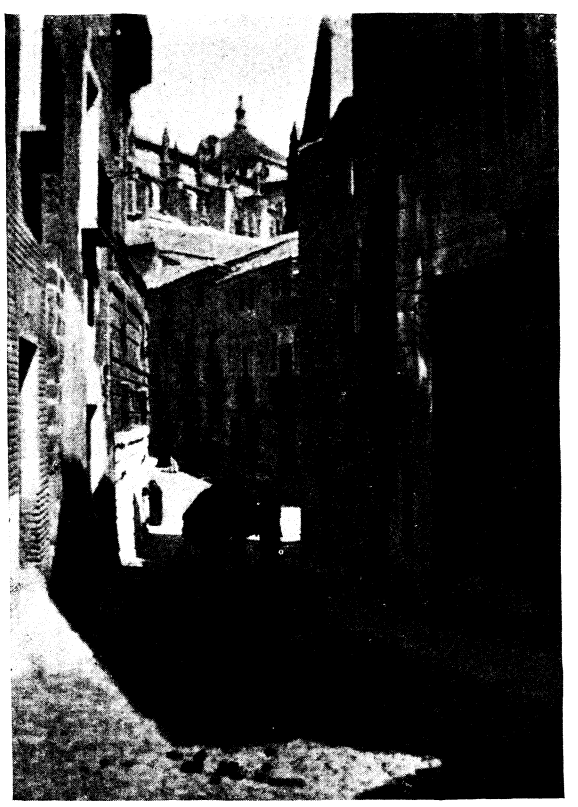
A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VII.—THIRD-CLASS TO TOLEDO.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

In Spain things are spoken of as modern which we would regard as bits of antiquity. The age of Queen Elizabeth seems long ago, and we make a fuss over the antiquity of a house that has survived since the time of George Washington. Here, on the other hand, so clear is the air, so dry the climate, that buildings erected about the time of Martin Luther and Charles V. look as sharply cut and clean in color as though built within the last fifty years. Things which we call old the Spaniard looks upon as comparatively new; when he says a thing is old, then we can conclude that it happened in the hazy



STREET IN TOLEDO.



AN OLD DOORWAY, TOLEDO.

days of that historic border-land between the Dark Ages and those of so-called chivalry.

Toledo combines more different stratifications of architecture and historic association than any single place I know of. It is perched upon a rocky elevation overhanging the Tagus River, and used to be best known outside of Spain as the place where swords were made of such splendidly tempered steel that they could be twisted like a watch-spring without breaking. The Tagus is here a rushing stream, which tumbles over several dams, and turns to-day the same kind of water-mills that furnished manufacturing power in the days of ancient Rome. The streets of the town are so called by courtesy, for in fact they are mostly so steep and narrow that only pack-animals can make their way about the city. There has been apparently no change since the days of the Moors—in fact, whoever has seen such Moorish towns as Oran, Bugaria, or Algiers will recognize immediately the likeness to this central city of the Peninsula. The houses present to the street only a few small windows, heavily barred, like those of a prison, with a balcony or so up out of reach, and a court-yard that can be seen through the half-open street door. This town used to have a population of two hundred thousand, but, thanks to persecution and bad government, that number has now dwindled to seventeen thousand. If you subtract the beggars, the guides, the priests, and the garrison, the result would be much more discouraging.

It was hard for me at first to divest myself of the feeling that everything here was make-believe; that the ruins were artificial and the houses made purposely picturesque, after the manner of certain "antique" edifices erected near Potsdam. The old bridge over the Tagus was like something out of a Doré sketch-book. It was too dramatic to be real, too picturesque to appear truthful. I strolled into the house where Cervantes had lived, and I was quite prepared for Sancho Panza, or even the great Don Quixote himself, for in the stable-yard was the very donkey the jolly squire should have ridden upon, and the lean Rosinante just made for the knight-errant. There were swarthy, good-natured peasants enjoying their noon-time siesta, with huge rolls of cloth wrapped around them by way of belts, and every other element of picturesque costume. It was all too good to be true. Everywhere else we met with disappointment when seeking with a guide-book the romance of bygone ages. In Toledo the centuries have stood still, and to dream of the past is to live in the present.

Toledo is the holy city of the kingdom, and has a cathedral containing more treasures of priestly potency than any other sanctuary in this saintly state. The Archbishop of Toledo is the most important man in Spain, and there are here more priests to the square inch than anywhere else. The Romans had their temples here. The cathedral is built on the site of a Moorish mosque. It is a wonderful building, not finished yet, and its construction commenced in the early years of the Christian era. The Jews piled up wealth here, and so did the Moors. This went on until the Christians felt that the distribution was not satisfactory, and so they confiscated what was needed for clerical purposes, and drove out those who protested unreasonably. The archbishops of Toledo commanded armies in person, and conceived that the kingdom of God on earth improved its chances of permanency by effectually discouraging other theological versions than their own. All Toledo could be put inside of the Escorial, yet, from its great variety in architecture, it makes the impression of a very large and important place. The tortuous alleys never go far without bringing us to a costly building of some kind, generally an ecclesiastical palace, and I calculated that the population must spend a large share of the day in the churches in order to give the priests something to do; for seventeen thousand is, after all, not much when it comes to supporting several dozens of big churches.

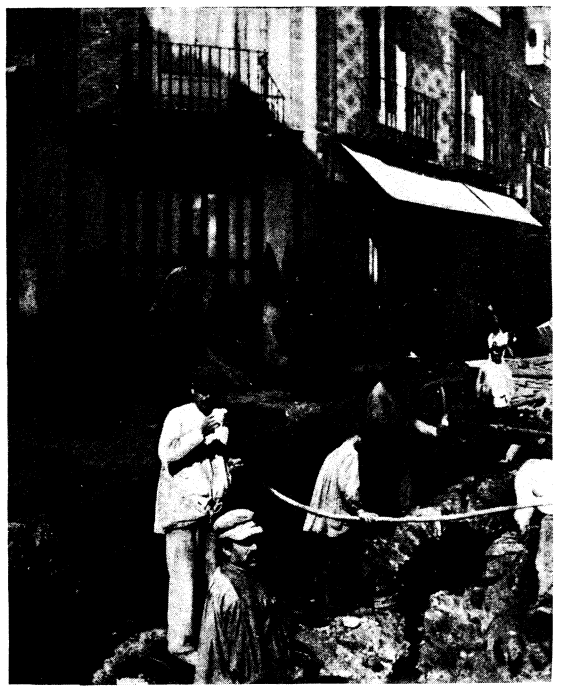
I met a nice old fellow whom I took such a fancy to that I made a sketch of him. He was hung about with a varied collection of rat-traps and rosaries. I gave him a couple of pesetas and pretended that I wished to purchase something from him. He at once understood my meaning, and unhooked a few rat-traps, which he placed in my hand; but these were too big, so he took them back, and pulled from an inner pocket a handful of medals,

which he said were very efficacious because they represented certain saints and enjoyed certain qualities which protected the wearer from disease. He piled one saint on top of the other so generously that I felt ashamed of absorbing so much spiritual insurance, and begged him to stop and not rob himself any more. He was a jolly old fellow, who flitted across the stage in this Middle Age drama as though for no other purpose than to preserve an illusion.

Pretty soon I found a party of workmen digging up the foundations of an old sewer, that looked as though Hannibal might have been its contemporary—it smelt so, at any rate. The drainage-pipes from the abutting houses into this main drain were constructed obviously on the principle that the sewage should, so far as possible, drain away into the surrounding earth and neighboring wells. The earth that was fetched up in baskets had turned black, and the stench left no doubt as to the antiquity of this structure. Toledo is reputed as deficient in sanitary matters. This I have no difficulty in believing.

I walked the little lanes up and down as energetically as the traffic allowed, and spent some five hours in this exercise, interrupted only by having to flatten up against the wall when heavily laden donkeys or mules passed me. It took me about as long to pace the streets of Toledo as to get through the different walks and colonnades of the Escorial, and this gives one a rough basis on which to estimate the relative size of the two places—the one a city which held two hundred thousand souls, the other a residence for one king and his monastic court.

On winding my way down from the famous old Alcazar, around its ancient walls fronting the gorge through which the Tagus rushes, I was suddenly arrested by two young women, who appeared to be eager to make my acquaintance, for they each grabbed one of my arms, spoke to me with startling rapidity, and acted as though they expected me to chaperon them. The elder of the two forced her umbrella into my hand, and pointed behind me to a long-horned bull, who was ambling in our direction, waving his head from side to side, as though desirous of having the road to himself. This was not strictly the sort of thing that had originally drawn me to Toledo, but I could not explain this to the two young ladies, so I pushed them up on top of a wall and speculated on my general fitness for playing at toreador. I was strongly disposed to try a sprint with that bull, to see who would get first to the river, but I gave that up for political reasons. Americans were already unpopular enough in Spain, and, besides, I knew the bull would get there first. However, in all these things events happen too quickly for proper classification, and in this case the beast with the long horns had rolled himself beyond me before I had properly arranged my plan of battle. The girls, however, thought the episode very exciting, to judge from the number of times they crossed themselves, and laughed hysterically.



OPENING AN OLD MOORISH SEWER, TOLEDO.

I had pushed them up on to the wall with considerable facility, owing to that mysterious access of acrobatic ardor which Providence arranges on occasions where personal safety is involved. But to get them down again was a much more difficult task, for there was no bull on the other side of the wall to make them indifferent to personal exposure. However, by dint of much scuffling and laughter and hard pulling, they were finally coaxed down, photographed, and sent off home with their precious umbrella. This is the nearest I ever came in Spain to a bull-fight, either as spectator or toreador. The panic which that long-horned bovine produced through the rest of his journey, so far as I could watch it, gave me considerable satisfaction, particularly after he had got through with me and my girls.

A bull has not much chance in a bull-ring, but on the public thoroughfare he can enjoy himself with a very small expenditure of activity. This particular animal had got loose somewhere in the neighborhood of the Alcazar, had ambled all the way down to the river, crossed the old bridge, and the last I saw of him was a pair of horns, and a tail like a flag-pole waving triumphantly in the direction of Gibraltar. The courtesy shown to that bull by gendarmes, soldiers, policemen, priests, and population generally could not have been exceeded had he been a popular opera-singer.

On the way from Toledo to Madrid I had a further exhibition of Castilian courtesy. The journey is about fifty miles by train, and takes therefore three hours and a half by the express. Some people would call this slow travelling (for instance, Russians or South Americans), but I had



AT THE FOUNTAIN, TOLEDO.

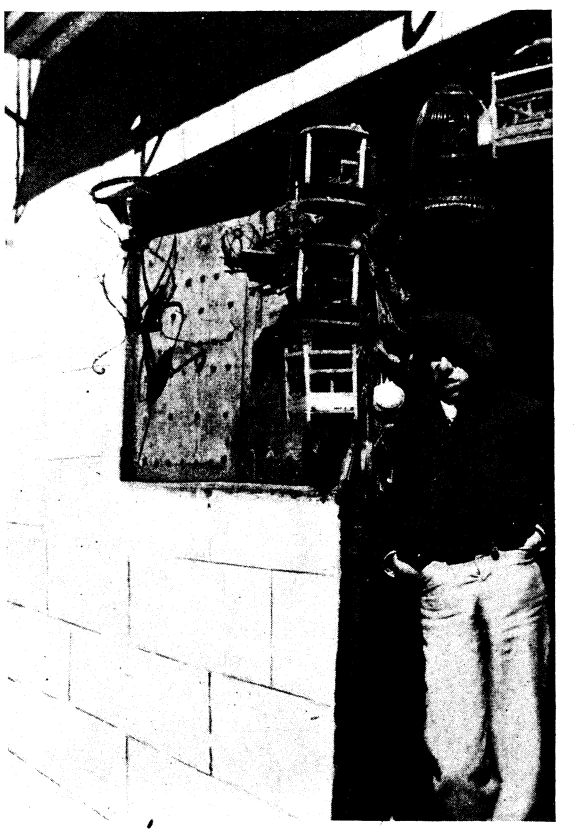
lived so long here—nearly a week—that I had no fault to find. On one side of me sat a glorious warrior, with a Remington rifle between his knees, and a Napoleonic cocked hat on his head. He was one of a picked body of men which does for Spain what the Texas Rangers do for the Department of the Rio Grande. He had a vast cape, which concealed everything around him excepting his head and two massive black eyebrows. On the other side of him sat a communicative young man from Dalmatia, who spoke German, though his native tongue was Italian. He was an optimist, for he had been visiting Toledo with a view to selling sanitary fixtures. He told me cheerfully all about his struggles to excite in Toledo enthusiasm for certain arrangements which we do not speak of in public, but which rather force themselves upon our attention if they are neglected. He said he had not expected much in Tolodo, and was consequently not disappointed. Opposite to me sat a bright-eyed young woman with a pretty lace scarf covering her head and shoulders. She seemed to be on her good behavior, for with her was a religious "Sister," who was either being chaperoned by her or maybe was herself acting in that capacity. I could not tell which was intended to be the more exclusive of the two. The voluble Dalmatian explained to them that I could not speak Spanish, and this rather broke the ice, for it excited the pity of the two young women, who assured me that it was the most easy language to learn—that, in fact, they had acquired it when they were mere children. This seemed rather obvious to me; but I did not know how to tell them that, for my own part, I had spoken English fluently at an equally precocious age. The fact that these pious women had never before seen any one who could not speak Spanish was somewhat in my favor, for it caused so much conjecture and sympathetic interest that I began to feel almost as important as Tom Sawyer when he exhibited his newly drawn tooth. The warrior unbent little by little under the soothing influence of the devotional women. He laid aside his great cape and accepted the cigarette I offered him.

Pretty soon the young women fetched out a basket full of very dry chicken legs and bread, and made such a meal as inevitably generates consuming thirst. During the meal the gendarme had held the attention of his audience by a graphic description of a desperate encounter he had had with several brigands. He raised his gun, pointed it with ferocious expression out of the window, smote himself upon the breast, and even if the sanitary Dalmatian had not subsequently interpreted the tale for me, I could not have failed to appreciate the heroic pantomime. It was obvious that now the brave gendarme had won for himself all the sympathy which had been formerly wasted upon me. So complete was the triumph that they offered him a share of their desiccated provisions, which he wisely and most courteously declined, on the plea that he had just risen from a hearty meal. But he smoked some more of my cigarettes, and then commenced to unstrap his knapsack. I expressed curiosity as to its contents, and expected to see boots and socks and shirts and shaving implements curled up snugly with military accuracy. But instead of these campaign impediments he pulled out a skin bottle, reminding me of those India-rubber cushions used by self-indulgent canoeists. He lifted it out carefully, winked at the religious chaperon, and passed the bottle generously to each of us in turn. The dry chicken bones and bread had paved the way for relaxation in this direction, and we soon gave the warm-hearted guardsman a lighter load for his knapsack. The wine was dark and fiery. The sack held about four quarts, and there were five of us. The sanitary drummer told me that this wine was considerably cheaper than milk, and that it was retailed to the army at about three cents a quart. In Barbadoes it was accepted as proved that ten cents' worth of rum would furnish a negro with a complete drunk. But in spite of the Spaniard's obvious advantage in the way of price, I have not yet seen a single drunken person in Spain.

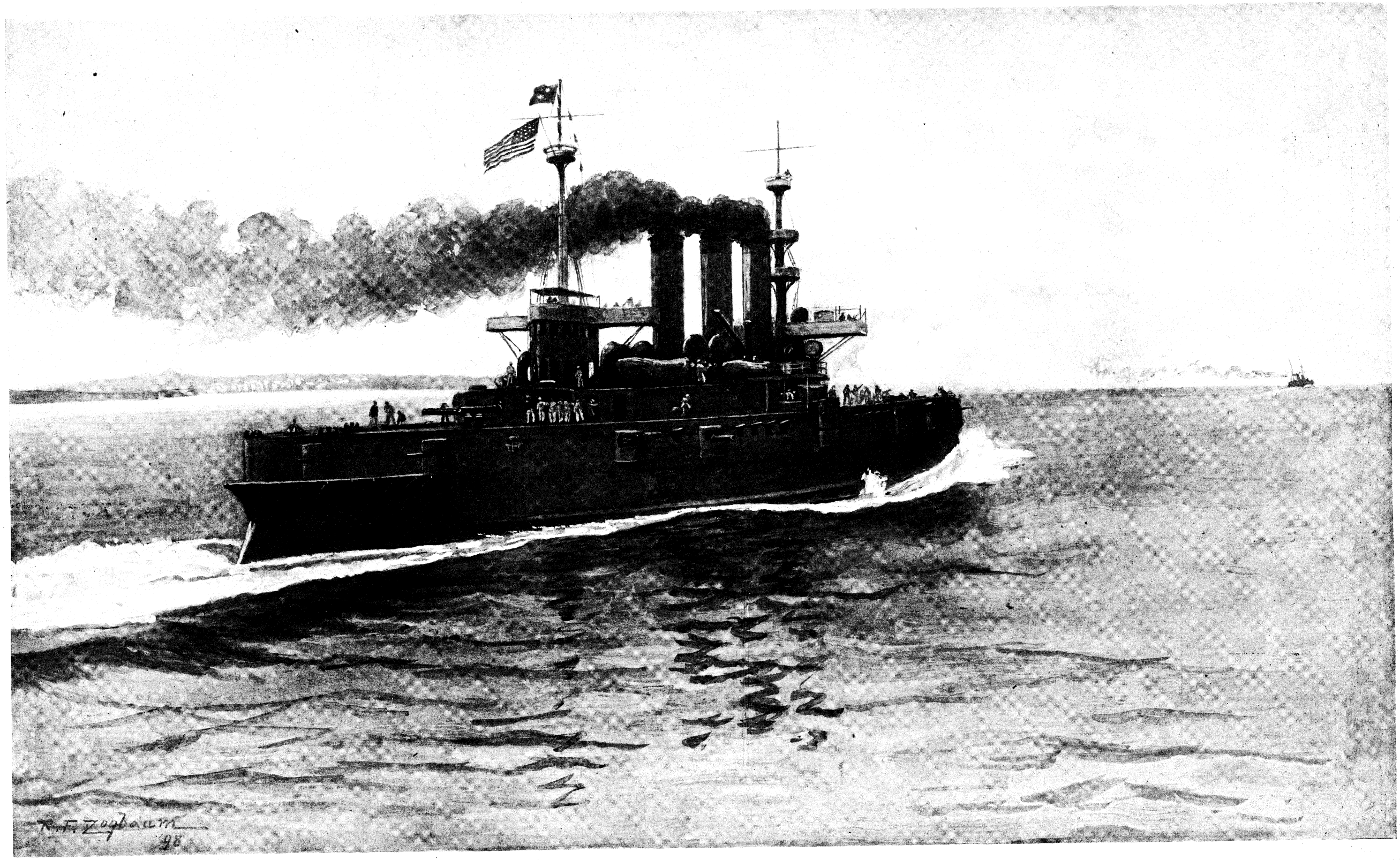
When I learned the price of this wine I felt less compunction in joining with the religious sisterhood at the warrior's expense. He, by-the-way, had a certain professional facility in the manipulation of his wine-skin that baffled me. He held the wine-sack nearly a foot above and beyond his mouth, and directed the nozzle so deftly as to squirt the refreshing stream directly down his throat. I did the same—that is to say, I squirted the wine—but it went mostly down inside my collar, to the huge delight of the religious ladies. When the wine-case had become pretty limp he stowed it away once more in his knapsack, and began to spin us more yarns about the life he led. From what the Dalmatian interpreted, it seems that every train must have two of these gendarmes on board, whose business it is to protect the train against brigands from without and revolutionary plots from within. Besides this, they patrol the highways and protect government property in all parts of Spain. Just now a batch of them have to stand guard over the United States Legation, to protect our bird of freedom and E Pluribus Unum from being taken down and badly treated by the populace. These gendarmes bear an excellent character, I am told, and this is certainly borne out by what I have seen of them, notably my companion from Toledo to Madrid. Had his corps not stood high in the opinion of respectable people, I am sure that the religious sisters would have been less sociable. These men always travel in pairs, and necessarily visit lonesome districts, where they could easily be ambushed and murdered before assistance could reach them. But they think little of this danger—first, because they are brave men; secondly, because they are respectable characters; and lastly because such as may be suspected of injuring a *guardia civil* are tried not by the slow and slippery procedure of ordinary courts, but are brought to a swift and sudden decision at the hands of military court martial. My intelligent Dalmatian friend, who does nothing but travel in the interests of his sanitary appliance, told me that he considered Spain to-day as safe to travel in as any other country of Europe. I should not like to be accused of holding up the Spanish government as a model for us to follow in all things. In the matter, however, of protecting our highways against tramps, who sometimes develop into cattle-thieves or burglars, we could with advantage adopt an institution common not merely in Spain, but all over Europe—namely, a national mounted police, separate from the municipal authorities, with a military organization that would enable them to act singly or in groups, as occasion might demand. As a part of the United States army it would command the respect of the different States, and would give to lonesome farm-houses and remote country places generally a sense of security which at present is very much needed. To-day with us the interest of a township, or county, or State is not so much to catch and punish a criminal as to coax him away into the next township, county, or State. Our local police act upon a once popular war maxim—that we must build golden bridges for the enemy. This may be well enough for the moment, but it does not tend to the suppression of crime throughout the country.

A great deal of the pleasure which I have so far had in life has been extracted from fellow-passengers in a third-class railway carriage. I could have got an equal amount out of a fourth-class one, but unfortunately Spain has only three classes of people. I venture to think that a traveller who should do nothing more than cross Spain in a third-class carriage would learn more of its people and institutions than if he spent a month in a fashionable hotel of the capital—coming and going first class. It might take him about a month to get across Spain, going as I have suggested; for third-class carriages are not attached to the limited express. When I am in a great hurry I am compelled to adopt the luxury of the first, which is not to be despised when bedtime comes. But for day purposes the company is apt to be inferior in social interest to that which is to be found on the popular level. The conversation of fashionable people is usually artificial, and in the first-class carriages I am apt to find millionaires and a certain class of English tourists, to whom conversation with strangers is absolutely taboo. I meet also a great many dyspeptic Americans who try to pass for English, and they are sad companions indeed.

A man with a guitar entered our third-class compartment when we had got pretty well on with the time-table and the sack of wine, and we managed to make the rest of the journey melodious to ourselves if not to the rest of the train. The gendarme evidently prided himself upon a good voice, and the Dalmatian did his share. Even the Sister of Charity did some demure chorus-work, and the last drop out of the wine-skin went in part payment for the orchestra. When we rolled into the Madrid station I felt as though separating from old friends. I shook hands with the warrior, and wished him a rifle whose barrel should always be full of good cigars. The sanitary Dalmatian promised to come and see me in New York, and even the religious young women parted from me with expressions of good-will—they did not know that I was both a heretic and a Yankee!



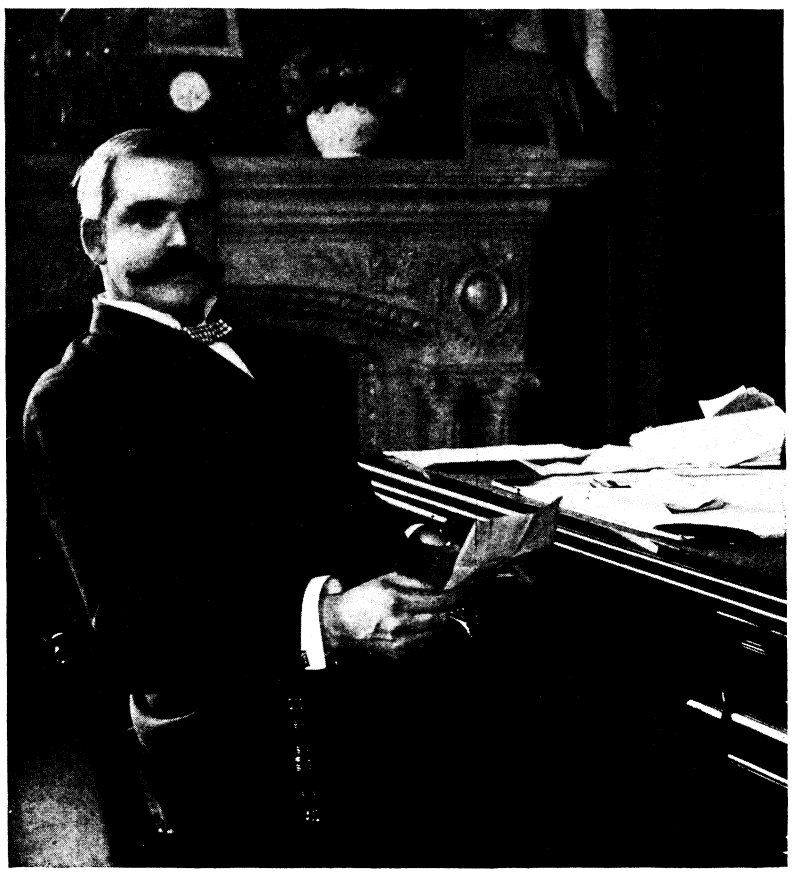
A SHOP IN TOLEDO.



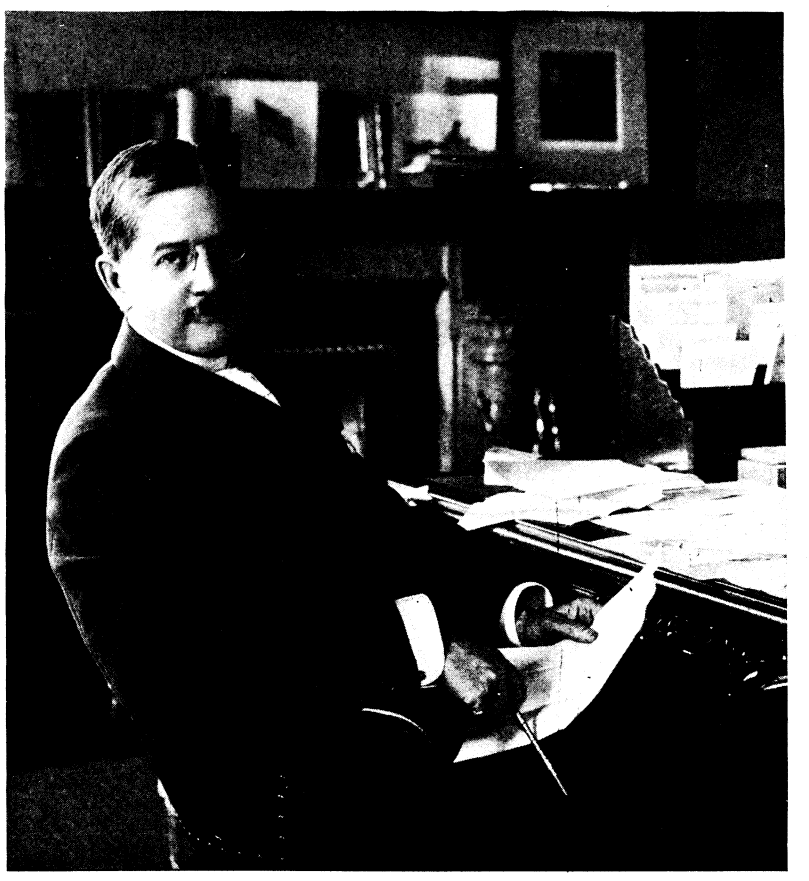
WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON IN CUBAN WATERS—THE "NEW YORK" IN CHASE.

Drawn on the Flag-Ship by R. F. Zogbaum. Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY.—From his most recent Photograph, taken June 7, 1898.
Copyright, 1898, by Frances B. Johnston.



GEORGE D. MEIKLEJOHN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.



CHARLES H. ALLEN, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LADY YSOLINDE SAVES HER SOUL.

THE Duke's body sank down upon that of the soldier, still further blocking the passage. And as for his head, I know not where that went to. But the rush of his followers was utterly checked by the barrier of dead. With a wild cry, "The Duke is slain! Duke Otho is slain!" they rushed down and out of the Red Tower, eager at once to escape unharmed, and to carry to their companions in the Wolfsberg the startling news.

Nevertheless, I cleared my arm, and again stood ready.

"Come," I cried—"come, all of you! You desire to kill me? Well, I am still waiting!"

But not a man answered. The stairway was clear, save of the headless dead. And then, sudden as summer thunder, through the silence, I heard clear and loud the clanging of the hammers of Prince Karl upon the gates of Thorn.

I felt that I must roar aloud in my fierce joy. I shouted angrily for more and more assailants to come up the stair, that I might kill them all. I yearned to be first at the gate to see the men whom I had led break their way in to deliver the city. I had brought them there. I had trained them for that work. Best of all, across the stairway beneath me lay dead Otho, Duke of the Wolfmark, headless by the Red Axe of his own Justicer.

"Husband! Hugo! Are you wounded?" said a soft voice behind me—a voice which, in a moment, recalled me from bloody imaginings and baresark fury of fighting.

"Helene!" I cried.

She approached, and would have thrown her arms about me. But I held out my hand to keep her off.

"Not now, child," I said. "Touch me not. I am unwounded, but wet!"

And so I was, wet with that which had spouted from the neck of Otho von Reuss as his trunk stood a moment headless in the stairway ere it fell—a hideous thing to see.

"Come, Helene," I said; "we must away. There is other work for your husband to-night. You I will place with the Bishop Peter. But my place is with the men of Plassenburg and with Karl, my noble Prince."

And I took her by the hand to lead her out.

"Not that way!" she cried, shrinking back.

For the bodies of the two slain men lay there. And the stairs ran red from step to step in red drips and lappering pools.

So I bethought me what we should do, and ran forthwith for my father's cord with which he was used to bind the malefactors upon the wheel.

"Come, Helene," said I, and straightway fastened the rope to the iron bar from which I had made so many descents to the pavement in the old days of the White Wolves.

I let myself down, and there in the angle of the tower wall I waited to catch my wife. She delayed somewhat, and I could not think wherefore.

But at last she came, bringing the Red Axe in her hand.

"Go not weaponless!" she said, and I reached up and took from her hand that which had already served me so well. The Red Axe had done its work now, and she was grateful.

Then she descended to my side, and we went down the streets of Thorn, which were filled with hurrying burgesses with weapons in their hands, rushing to discover the cause of the clamor. I took Helene hastily to the palace of the Bishop. And when I arrived there I saw Peter himself with his head out of a window.

"I come to claim your protection for my wife!" I cried.

He came down immediately, with an attendant.

"Fear not," I said; "you will never be called in question for this kindly deed. The Duke Otho is slain, and the army of Prince Karl of Plassenburg is already at the gates."

"The Duke is dead!" he gasped. "Who slew him?"

"The Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark," said I, smiling at his astonishment. And I held up the Red Axe, on which there was now no crystal-clear rim of shining steel. All was crimson from haft to edge—red as blood.

"Here for an hour, Helene, little wife, I must leave you," I said. But now she sobbed and clung to me as she had not done before, even in the dungeon.

"Stay with me," she said. "I need you, Hugo!"

I took her by the hand.

"Little one," I whispered, as tenderly as I could, "I would not be worthily your husband if I went not to meet those who are fighting to save us this night. They have come from afar to deliver us. I were false and recreant if I went not to their assistance."

"I know—I know," she said. "Go!"

And with that she gave a hand to the good Bishop and went quietly within.

Then I betook me with all speed to the Weiss Thor, where I judged the chief struggle would take place. And as I came I heard the rattle of shot and the jarring thunder of the forehammers. The soldiers without shouted, and the men within more feebly replied.

I came in sight of the gate. There on my left hand was the house of Master Gerard von Sturm.

A fire was still flickering upon the tower of it.

Without I could hear the cheering and clamoring of the besiegers. But the gates remained obstinately shut. They were stronger than the Prince had anticipated.

As I stood uncertain what to do I saw a slim white figure, the figure of a woman, flash across the open space toward the gate. The men who defended the gate towers were all upon the top of the wall. Before any could stop her she had thrown herself upon the wheel by which the bars were unfastened, and with a few turns had drawn them as deftly as evil Duke Casimir had been wont to remove the teeth of the rich Hebrew folk when he wanted supplies.

The White Gate slowly opened. The faces of the soldiers of Plassenburg were seen without; the weapons gleamed in their hands as they came on shouting fiercely. The guards of the Duke rushed forward to close the gate. But the woman had clamped the wheel and stood holding the bar.

It was the Lady Ysolinde. She saw me as the soldiers of Duke Otho closed threateningly upon her. She waved her hand to me almost happily.

"*I have saved my soul, Hugo Gottfried!*" she cried. "*I have saved my soul!*"

At that moment a soldier of the Black Riders struck her fiercely with his lance. I saw the white bosom of her dress redden as he plucked his weapon to him again.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

I was in time to catch her in my arms as the soldiers of Plassenburg, with Prince Karl at their head, came in like a spring-tide, carrying all before them.

The Prince staid at his wife's side.

"Ysolinde!" cried the Prince, aghast, bending over her—not heeding, nor, indeed, as I think, even seeing me.

"Karl!" she said, looking gently at him, "try and forgive me all the rest. But be glad that I opened the White Gate to you. I, Ysolinde, your wife, did it for your sake."

I put her into her husband's arms. I saw at a glance that there was no hope. She could not live many moments with that lance-thrust through her breast.

She looked at him again.

"Karl—say, 'Ysolinde, I love—love you!'" she whispered, almost shyly.

He looked down, and a rush of tears came to the unwonted eyes of the Prince of Plassenburg.

"Ysolinde, I love you!" he made answer, in a broken voice.

She smiled, and then looked up at me.

"*Hugo Gottfried, have I not saved my soul?*" she cried.

And so passed.

CHAPTER LVI.

HELENA, PRINCESS OF PLASSENBURG.

THERE was deadly work yet before the men of Plassenburg. We found, indeed, that the townsfolk were with us almost to a man. Their guild train-bands gathered and mustered at their halls. The guards at the city gates turned their arms to the ground.

"The Prince will restore your ancient liberties," I cried. And the people shouted, "Prince Karl of Plassenburg and our ancient liberties!"

Then we made our way up the street by different routes to the Wolfsberg. There was little fighting till we arrived under those vast and gloomy walls. The Black Riders had disappeared within. Those worst tools of grim tyranny had withdrawn themselves, knowing that small mercy would be shown them by the people if the Wolfsberg were taken. But the common soldiers of the fighting rank, sons and brothers of the women of Thorn, tore off the badge of the bloody Dukes and marched with us as comrades.

But when we came before the walls, and with sound and trumpet summoned the Wolfsberg to surrender, a discharge of musketry from the walls and the determined faces of a multitude of defenders showed us conclusively that all was not yet over.

It was no use wasting men in attacking the great pile of buildings with the force at our disposal. We had men in plenty, but we needed the cannon, which were coming up more slowly than these swift forces, which, marching day and night, had arrived in the nick of time before the walls of Thorn.

Nevertheless, it was not the fate of the Wolfsberg to be taken by Lazy Peg and her compeers.

These ponderous pieces of ordnance were being dragged through the swamps and over the brick-dust barrens of the border-lands, and it might be three or four days before they could arrive to aid us. There was nothing, therefore, to do but to sit down and wait, drawing a cincture that not a mouse could creep through about the cliffs of the Wolfsberg.

But deep within the heart of the old Red Tower there was one stronger than Lazy Peg fighting for us.

"Fire! Fire!" cried the people in the streets. "The Wolfsberg is on fire!" And so surely it was. The flames burst out at the summit of the Red Tower, and were rapidly carried by a dry fanning northerly wind along the wooden workshops and kennels to the main building, where the Hall of Judgment was soon blazing like a torch. The defenders seemed paralyzed. Some ran to the castle well. Some threw themselves desperately from the walls; others crowded to the gates and besought our Prince's pledge that mercy would be shown them.

Then the crowd without were ill to deal with, for they cried aloud: "No mercy to the murderers! Show us our Saint Helena!"

Then it was that I leaped upon the scaffold, which had seen such a sight the day before, and cried: "Duke Otho is dead. I, Hugo Gottfried, slew him with this Red Axe. Prince Karl is come to save you, and to give you back your ancient liberties. Your Saint Helena is my wife, and is safe under the protection of Bishop Peter."

But though they cheered at my words, they would not cease from crying, "Show us Saint Helena, and if she bid us we will have mercy on the wolves of the Wolfsberg!"

So it was necessary for Helene to be brought and to show herself to them, for the sake of the poor souls sore driven 'twixt the fire and the knives.

"Have mercy on the poor folk!" she cried, when they had done shouting because of her safety. "They are but misguided, ignorant men!"

By this time the doors of the Wolfsberg were thrown open from within, and the men crowded out, casting down their arms in heaps on either side of the gate. They were marched, under charge of the soldiers of Plassenburg, to various strongholds which were pointed out by the Burgomeister and the chiefs of the guilds. The fortified halls of the trades were filled with them. By daybreak the whole of Thorn was in our hands, while the gray barrens of the Wolfmark were lit for leagues by the flaming Wolfsberg, which, on its craggy height, vomited fire and sparks into the blackness of night.

And the reek of this great burning hung for days after in the heavens. Thus was an end made to the iniquities of the house of the Black Duke Casimir and the Red Duke Otho. And the last Duke mixed his ashes with those of the fatal tower. For on the morrow there remained only the blackened walls and glowing beams of all that mighty palace. Which, indeed, has never been rebuilt. For the people of Thorn, under the mild and equitable rule which followed, erected a great memorial church upon the spot—which may be seen to this day, a landmark from far to witness if I have lied in the tale which has been told.

So the Prince Karl gave to Thorn its liberties, as he had promised. But the regality of the Dukedom he kept for himself, and he took the Wolfmark and made it part of his dominions, till, as he said, the broom-bush kept the cow throughout the length and breadth of Plassenburg and the Mark.

There was a noble home-coming when we returned to Plassenburg—victorious and famous; but also mourning deep and solemn for the Princess Ysolinde, who by her sacrifice had wrought such great things for the arms of Plassenburg, and died in the moment of victory.

Then, when after the stately funeral of the dead Princess we returned back to the Palace, it was the Prince's pleasure that Helene and myself should ride on either hand of him through the city.

And when we were announced in the court, and the councillors of state stood about, my little wife was named by her true name, "Helena, Princess of Plassenburg!"

Whereat all opened their mouths and widened their eyes, thinking, perhaps, that that ancient wizard Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer had suddenly gone mad.

But when all were in their places, and the representatives of the cities of the Princedom, and the delegates from Thorn and the Mark had been received with due honor, the Prince bade his Chancellor recount all he had learned from my father, and all that he had discovered in the archives of Plassenburg.

Then, when he had finished, the Prince Karl arose.

"I am," he said, "a plain, brusque man. And speech was never my stronghold. But this I say. When Karl, the Miller's son, goes the way of King's son and beggar's son, it is his will that Helene, legitimate Princess of Plassenburg, shall reign over you. And also that her husband Hugo, who, as you know, won her from dreadful death, shall stand by her right hand."

Then the nobles and great lords, fearing the Prince, and perhaps also fearing a little the man who was the Prince's general of his armies, shouted amain,

"We swear to obey the Princess Helena!"

Whereat uprose the Little Playmate, very princess like and full of a sweet regal dignity.

"I thank you, noble Prince," she said. "I am glad that I can claim so honorable a name and lineage; but I had rather be no princess, nor anything else than that which my husband hath made me—the wife of the captain-general of the armies of Karl, the true and noble Prince of Plassenburg!"

Then the Prince rose and clasped her in his arms, kissing her fondly on both cheeks.

"Fear not," he said, "dear and loyal lady. If you live to be the Princess, your good man shall be the Prince. Never shall the gray mare flaunt it first in Plassenburg!"

And he gave us each a hand, and set us on two seats which had been set level with his on the platform of the Council-chamber of the Princedom.

The Prince Karl lived many days after the winning of the Wolfmark and the ending of the ducal Wolves. But he gave less and less care to the regalities, leaving them more and more to me, sitting mostly in the pleasaunce by the river-side, or in the fairy far-regarding room which had been the Lady Ysolinde's.

But he never looked again on the face of a woman, except as it might be to bid them good-day—save on that of my wife Helene, who, as you who know her may guess, waxed but the sweeter and the fairer as the years went by.

And the blessing of children came to us, and in this thing the Prince Karl was even happier than we.

One day, however, it chanced that he was seated in full council, and right noble he looked. I had just handed him a paper to sign. But he looked neither at me nor yet at the paper. His eyes were fixed on the locked doors of the presence-chamber, through which only those of princely blood might come.

He stood so long at it that to recall him I put my hand on his arm, and said. "Prince, the Council waits your pleasure."

But he heard me not, his eyes being fixed on the door.

"Your pardon, my lords and knights," he said at last, fighting a little with his utterance, "but it seemed that I saw the Princess, my wife, come through the door, clad in white, and beckon me with her hand. I must go to her, my lords; I thinks she calls for me. The Prince Hugo will take my place at the Council!"

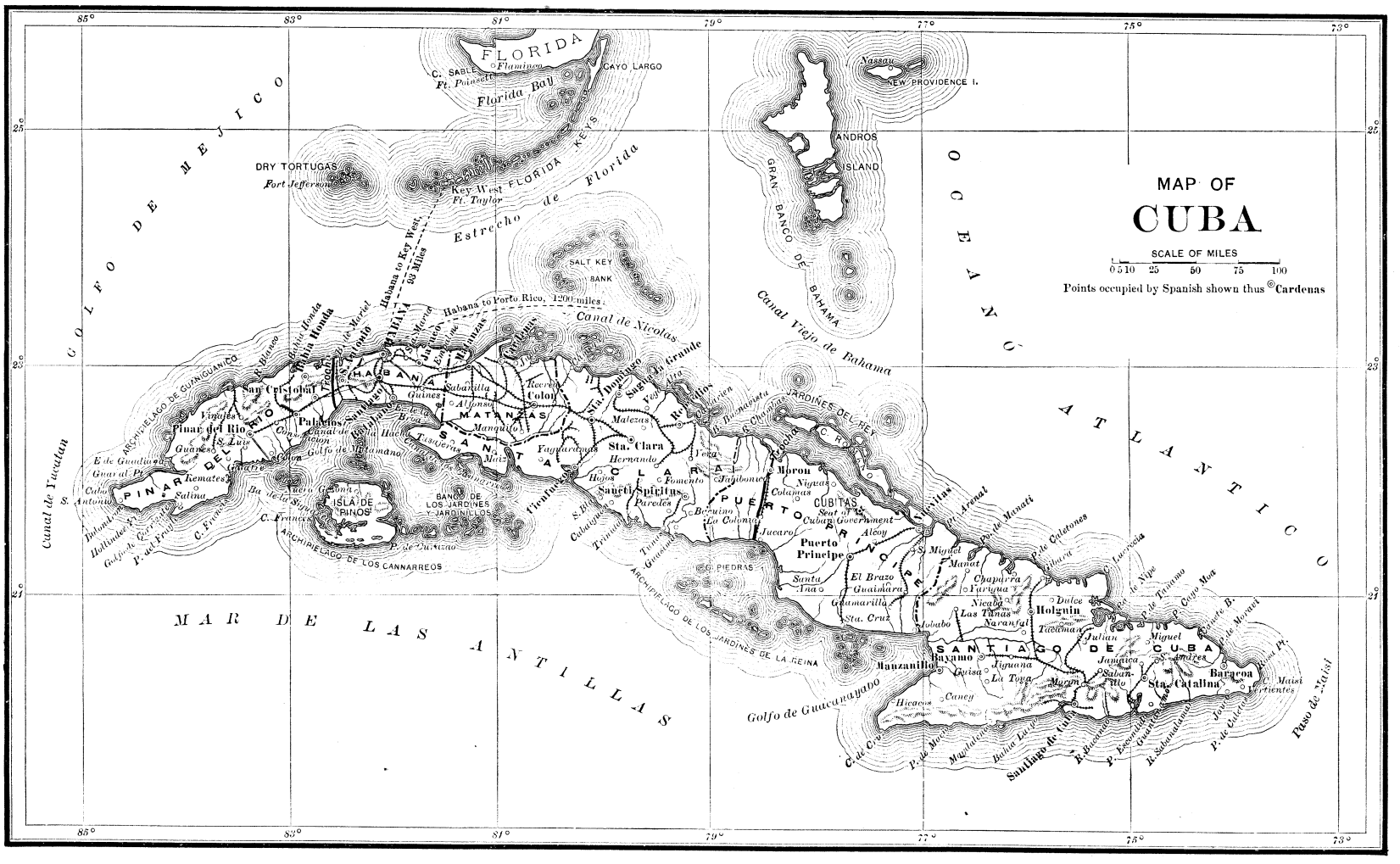
And the old man took a step from the high seat. But he at the foot of the throne stumbled and fell into my arms.

He said but one word after that, with his eyes fixed on the bolted door—"*Ysolinde!*"

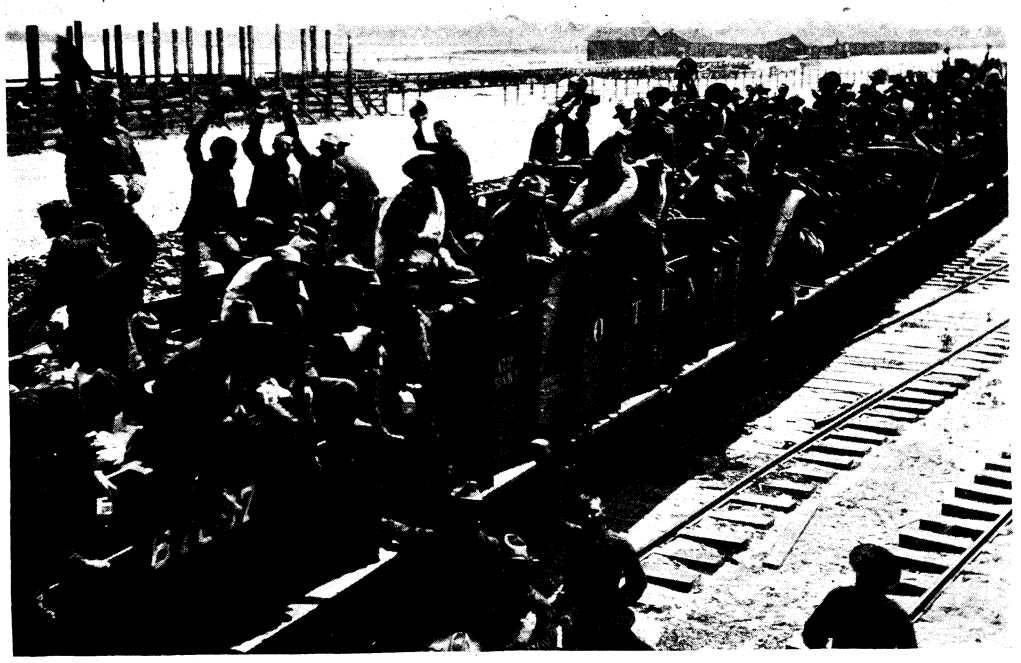
And so the Prince Karl and his wife were one at last.

Since then we have lived long, the Little Playmate and I; but never have we been other than comrades and friends—lovers also, and so (an' the good God please) we shall abide till the end comes. And in the gloaming we two also shall see the beckoning hand from beyond the bolted door, and turn our feet homewards, passing the bourne of the new life hand in hand—and undismayed.

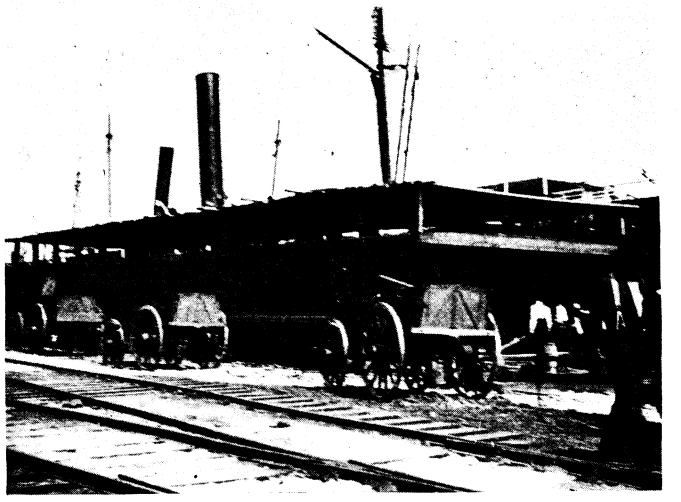
THE END.



MAP OF CUBA COMPILED FROM LATEST INFORMATION, AND SHOWING THE LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL POINTS NOW HELD BY SPANISH FORCES.



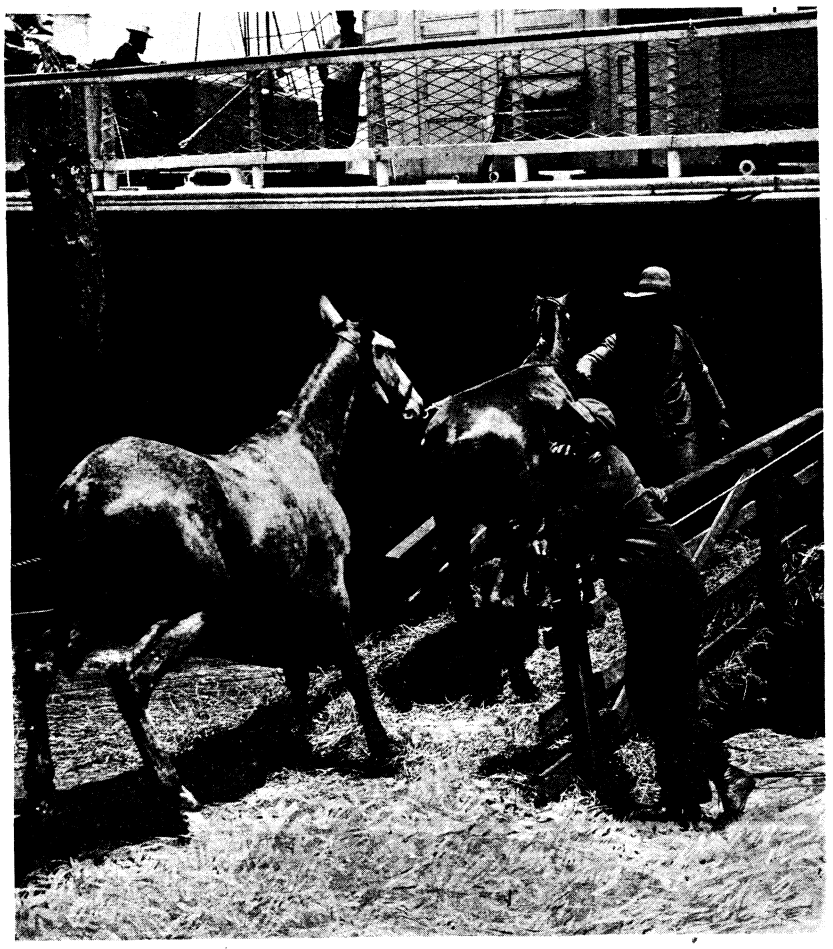
HOW THE ROUGH RIDERS RODE ROUGHLY TO PORT TAMPA.



SCOWS BUILT TO CARRY WATER FOR THE TROOPS.



FOREIGN ATTACHÉS AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS.



A RELUCTANT INVADER.

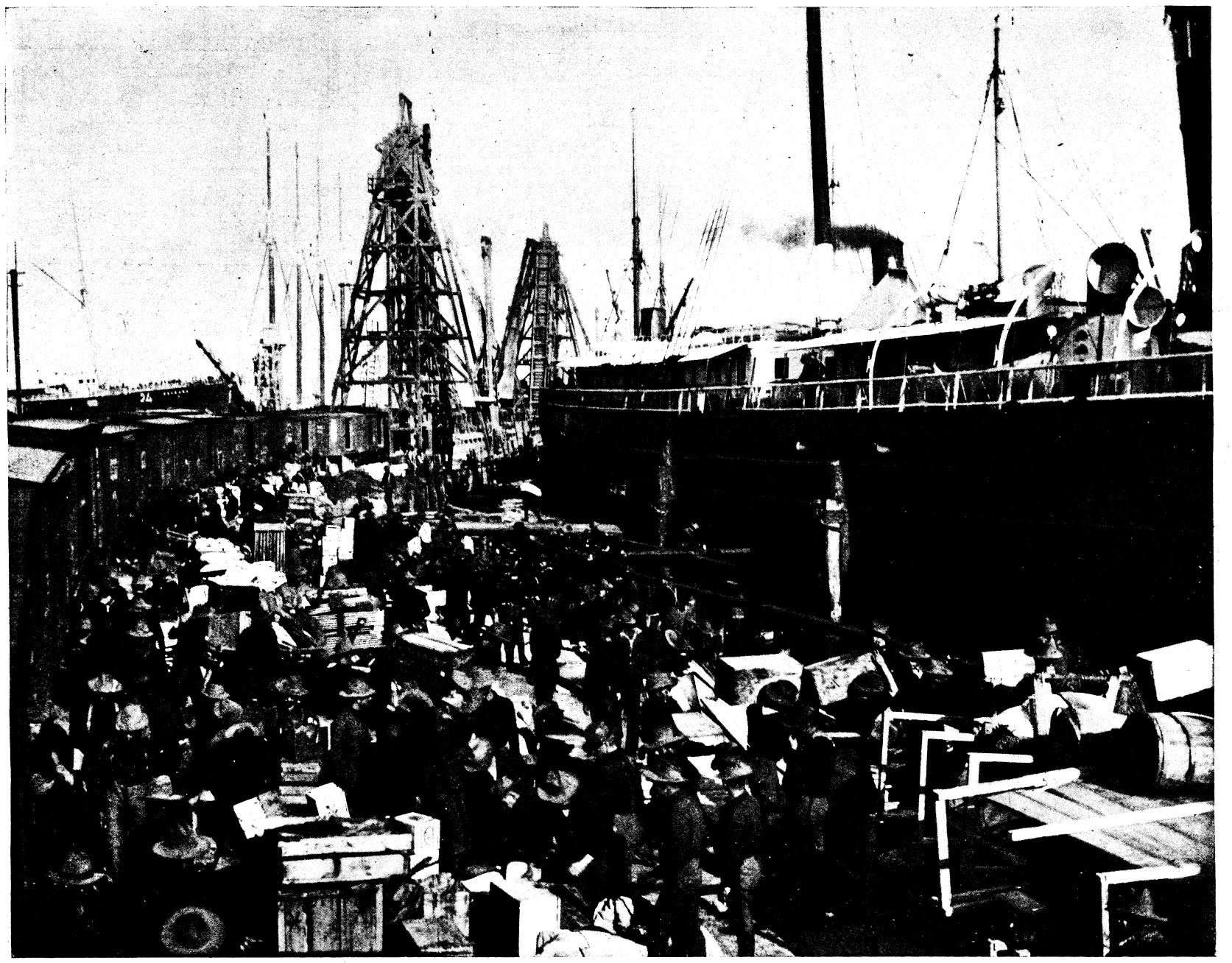


2D MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS WAITING TO GO ABOARD TRANSPORT.



TRANSFERRING STORES FROM TRAIN TO TRANSPORTS.

OFF TO SANTIAGO—U. S. TROOPS EMBARKING AT PORT TAMPA FOR THE INVASION OF CUBA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.



OFF TO SANTIAGO—ON THE DOCK AT PORT TAMPA—LOADING THE TRANSPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

LIFE ON A DESPATCH-BOAT.

OFF HAVANA IN HALF A GALE, *May 22.*

FROM Key West to Havana in a straight line is a matter of ninety miles across the Gulf Stream, that here runs from two and a half to three knots an hour. When the wind is from the southward, or when there is no wind at all, there is a considerable swell made by tide and current, but that is rather pleasant than otherwise, and would not bother even a poor sailor. But those days are rare; the prevailing winds are from the northeast—the trade-winds of these latitudes—that blow steadily and with greater or less violence, but always whipping up the opposing current into a lively and disagreeable sea.

Now when you have to lie out in this uncomfortable commotion day after day, with no harbor short of Key West and not even the comfort of going *somewhere,* simply staying on and taking it, you begin to hate the Gulf Stream and the northeast trades, and the still blue hills of Cuba seem pleasant and hopeful for our bruised and weary bones.

The *New York* and the big battle-ships do not mind such seas at all; the *New York* especially, being one of the most graceful of ships, riding the waves like a bird, and when going ahead at full speed into a head-sea, she dips her gilded figure-head or rolls her broad white decks to the swell with a stately movement that is the embodiment of power and grace.

The small cruisers and poor little wet torpedo-boats have to suffer, though, on a day like this, and roll and flounder and gasp for breath in the drenching seas; but then they are used to it, or at least they get credit for it, while the unhappy newspaper-boat does not, and has to endure as best it may. We cannot get news, or get away, or get any comfort out of life. Built for Long Island Sound's smooth water, or, some of them, to stay in harbors where they belong, it is a wonder these boats dare tag along as they all do, no matter what the weather.

On this low, black, rakish craft we are better off than some of them, but we stay longer, too, and refuse to give up and go home or let the flag-ship get out of sight, though we cannot get near enough to squeeze any information out of the long-suffering admiral or his aides, and content ourselves with looking on at that steady-going ship, while we roll—decks under. If ever a boat found herself in her old age in an unexpected business, this one has. Built for a millionaire, and to cruise up and down in smooth summer seas and wave a yacht pennant and club burgee, painted and polished, her brass-work shining, a clean and natty crew forward, and well-dressed and comfortable-looking people aft under the awnings, their easy-chairs spread about on a well-scrubbed deck; down in the cabin, divans covered with cushions, rugs, and curtains, and shining glass setting off the rich mahogany wood-work, while an attentive steward listened to their wants and knew how to fill them—all that would be soon turned topsy-turvy in a Gulf Stream sea. But now comfort is a minor consideration, decks are heaped and piled with bags of coal, barrels of potatoes, and coils of rope, boats lashed on the poor remaining space of quarter-deck, that is either grimy with coal dust or inch-deep in slopping seas that will come on board, soaking coal out of the bags and sending trickling streams of dirty water down the cabin companionway, or whole barrels of water down the after-hatch. The deck-house is piled with flags and rugs and carpets, barrels of flour, boxes of canned provisions, hardtack, and last resorts of every kind. The cabin floor, bare of carpet or rugs, is covered on this sort of day with a paste of coal dust and broken glass, for lamp-shades and tumblers and ink-bottles will carry away and land as they please, and stay there till they begin to worry the steward, who is too busy to bother with such details. The wood-work creaks and groans, and two big rocking-chairs, relics of more peaceful days, rival each other in the variety of their motions. Water soaks through the ports and wets the dirty covers on the divans or the bedding in the state-rooms with equal impartiality. To our appeal to try to repair a water-soaked bed, the steward responded, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to see my bed." Meal-time comes and goes, however, and the cook does not get seasick, though he does not like eight-inch shells, and threatened to jump overboard at San Juan.

The cabin skylights have lately broken in, and we get a complement of coal dust and salt-water down through the broken glass at meal-times; it probably comes in at all times, but we notice it most then. Sometimes we celebrate the hour when the sun crosses the yard-arm, which brings a momentary gleam with it, then we go back to the perusal of stale newspapers or forgotten books, or vainly attempt to get a little work through.

When night comes down we sit on deck till sleepy enough to dare the stuffy, groaning state-rooms below. The blockading fleet disappears in the night, and we, equally dark—for no lamps are allowed—watch Havana lights, and toss up and down and back and forth till morning brings the hope of something turning up. At least we get a bath on deck, watch the gathering of the fleet to report to the flag-ship, and trust the day will send us back to Key West with a story worth the telling.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

HINTS ON SPANISH PRONUNCIATION.

THE difficulty experienced by the average American in pronouncing the Spanish names with which the newspapers are filled nowadays renders the following hints on pronunciation of some timeliness.

There are, of course, as many dialects of Spanish as there are of English, and they vary even more widely; but the Castilian is the language of the educated classes, and is followed here.

The letters not given below are pronounced as in English, and each Spanish letter has but one sound. A is pronounced ah; b has no exact equivalent, but is between the English v and w. C before e and i=th in think, elsewhere=k; d=th in though; e=a in fate; g before e and i=h, elsewhere as in English, but gue and gui are pronounced gay and gee; h is not sounded; i=ee in feel; j=h in horse; ll=li in million; ñ=ni in minion; o=o in go; qu=k; r with a long roll; u=oo in fool; y=ee in feel; z=th in think. Each letter always has its full sound. Spanish words ending in consonants are usually accented on the last syllable, excepts plurals of adjectives; words ending in vowels are accented on the penultimate syllable; where the accent is otherwise it is always indicated. The Cubans generally pronounce d as in English, and c before e and i like our s. Otherwise their enunciation is much the same as that of the Spaniards.

It may have been noticed that many Spanish names consist of two separate and distinct words joined by "y," as "Macias y Casado." This is due to the fact that Spaniards often add the mother's name to the father's. Thus, in the example above, Macias is the father's name, and Casado that of the mother, "y" being the Spanish word for "and."

The following is the correct pronunciation of the more prominent Spanish names of towns, ships, generals, etc.:

Almodóvar	Ahl-moh-doh'-vahr.
Alfonso	Ahl-fohn'-soh.
Almirante Oquendo	Ahl-mee-rahn'-tay Oh-kain'-doh.
Blanco	Blahn'-coh.
Banes	Bah'-nace.
Cámara	Cah'-mah-rah.
Cadiz	Cah'-deeth.
Cienfnegos	The-en-foo-ā'-gohs.
Cardenas	Kar-day'-nahs.
Cristóbal Colón	Krees-toh'-bahl Kohlone'.
Caimanera	Kah-ee-mah-nay'-rah.
Cervera	Thair-vay'-rah.
Cástelar	Kahs'-tay-lahr.
Emperador Carlos V.	Em-pay-rah-dor'Car'-lohsKeen-toh.
Gullón	Goohl-yohn'.
Guantanamo	Gwahn-tah-nah'-moh.
Gomez	Goh'-mayth.
Garcia	Gahr-thee'-ah.
Habana	Hah-vah'-nah.
Holguin	Hohl'-geen.
Matanzas	Mah-tahn'-thahs.
Morro	Moh'rroh.
Maria Teresa	Mah-ree'-ah Tay-ray'-sah.
Nuevitas	Noo-ay-vee'-tahs.
Pinar del Rio	Pee-nahr thel Ree-oh.
Puerto Principe	Poo-air'-toh Preen'-thee-pay.
Pelayo	Pay-lah'-yo.
Santa Clara	Sahn'-tah Clah'-rah.
Santiago	Sahn-tee-ah'-goh.
San Juan	Sahn Hwahn.
Trinidad	Tree-ni-thath (hard th).
Vizcaya	Veeth-cah'-yah.

C. S. v. P.

AN ORCHARD NOTE.

In clusters fragrant blowy,
A frail, bee-haunted sea,
Bright beam the blossoms snowy—
The fancies of the tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

SINKING THE "MERRIMAC."

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Kingston, Jamaica, *June 4, 1898.*

Santiago de Cuba lies on a high plateau, secure above the sea, with a landlocked harbor whose narrow entrance is guarded by an old fort and water-batteries, and by an earth-work mounting heavy modern guns. Back from the city are ranges of lofty hills, whose green summits are crowded with rolling masses of clouds that shine and glow in the sunlight, or lower deep and black with wind and rain at the mood of the changing tropic day.

Swinging at anchor within the shelter of the hills are the ships of Admiral Cervera, now securely held by a strong force under Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley.

Under the towering hills the great battle-ships and cruisers seem from a little distance mere pygmies as they move up and down in front of the city, guarding with watchful eye their hidden foe. Yet, watch as they may, the inky blackness and sudden and terrific downpours of rain that sweep off the hills make it possible for a ship to slip out, hidden by night and storm, and get away undiscovered. For this reason Admiral Sampson, not wishing to go in and batter down the forts and force the Spanish fleet to fight, decided to bottle them up securely by stopping the channel. For this purpose the collier *Merrimac*, a fine steamer of 5000 tons, was selected, her guns, valuables, and private property taken off, and the ship made ready to sink at a given word. To do this required some time, and a large force of men worked steadily on Wednesday in preparing the ship, the *Massachusetts* being alongside, filling her coal-bunkers from the 2500 tons the *Merrimac* had on board. Torpedoes were made by filling metal gun-shells with prismatic powder; these were placed in the hold when all was ready, the electric wires being laid to the deck, so all the torpedoes could be fired at once. The stop-cocks were taken off the water-pipes and temporary stopping provided, which the settling of the ship would immediately carry away.

Volunteers were called for to take the ship in and sink her across the channel, and the response that came included every man that had the slightest chance of going, so that practically the Admiral had the pick of all the men in the fleet.

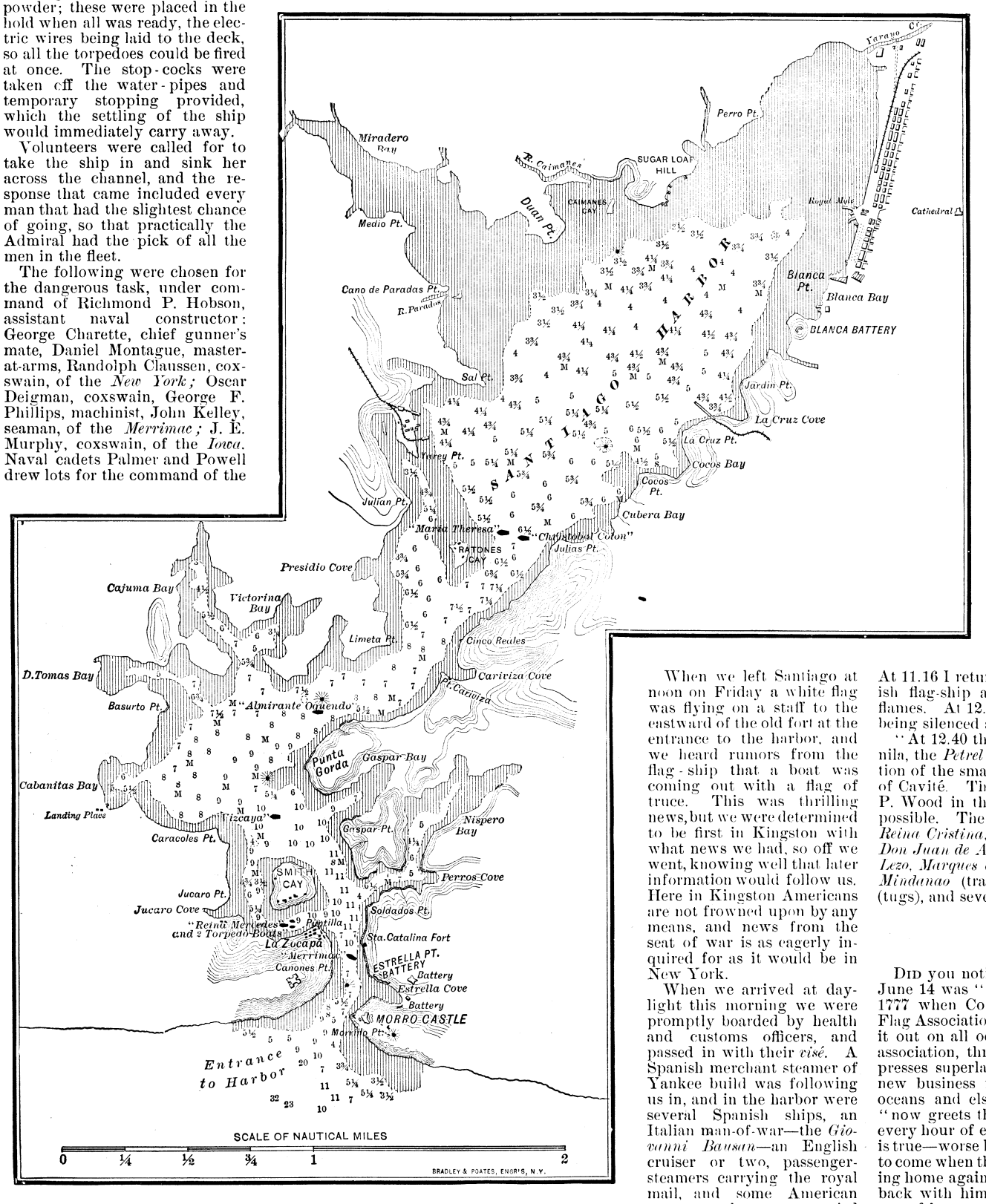
The following were chosen for the dangerous task, under command of Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor: George Charette, chief gunner's mate, Daniel Montague, master-at-arms, Randolph Claussen, coxswain, of the *New York;* Oscar Deigman, coxswain, George F. Phillips, machinist, John Kelley, seaman, of the *Merrimac;* J. E. Murphy, coxswain, of the *Iowa*. Naval cadets Palmer and Powell drew lots for the command of the cutter to follow the ship in and take off the crew when the ship sank. All the men were good swimmers, Charette, of the *New York*, being an expert, and it was expected that they would jump overboard and swim out to the cutter.

These preparations consumed much time, and it was not until nearly daylight on Thursday morning, the 2d, that all was ready for the *Merrimac* to go in. The ships of the fleet formed a crescent off the entrance to the harbor, ready to open fire on the forts if they should discover and begin firing on the *Merrimac*. In the mist of the early dawn the big collier started toward the entrance of the harbor, but as daylight was rapidly coming on, a boat was sent after Lieutenant Hobson with orders to return; he begged to go on, but a second peremptory order from the Admiral commanded him to report on board at once. So the *Merrimac* turned back without waking the forts, and the project was abandoned for the day.

Thursday the fleet was drawn off, a patrol being kept near the harbor mouth, as usual. As night came on a tremendous thunder-storm gathered over the hills, shutting in the town and forts completely in a gray veil of rain and mist. At sea, however, all was calm and quiet, and the moon shed its mellow light over a seemingly peaceful scene.

About three o'clock in the morning the *Merrimac* went in, guided by the eight brave men. Just when she sank no one could tell, the muffled explosion that sent her to the bottom not being heard by the nearest ships. When daylight came the *New York's* cutter, with Cadet Powell in command, was still waiting and watching for the men to return, and not until driven off by a fire from the forts, and the certainty that their presence could no longer help their shipmates, did they give up. When the Spaniards discovered the masts of the *Merrimac* in the channel entrance, and found the *Texas* and *Massachusetts* off the harbor, they thought an attack was intended, and opened fire on the two ships, sending six or eight shots that did no harm and were not replied to.

The *Merrimac* is sunk across the channel just where it was planned to sink her, and lies in deep water, but offering a sufficient obstruction to heavy-draught vessels. The eight brave men who went in with her have to a certainty been taken prisoners, and the forts and ships at Santiago de Cuba still remain to be contended with.



MAP OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

Showing the Location of the sunken Collier *Merrimac*, and of the Vessels of Admiral Cervera's Squadron after the Bombardment of May 31, as reported to Admiral Sampson by Cuban Spies.

When we left Santiago at noon on Friday a white flag was flying on a staff to the eastward of the old fort at the entrance to the harbor, and we heard rumors from the flag-ship that a boat was coming out with a flag of truce. This was thrilling news, but we were determined to be first in Kingston with what news we had, so off we went, knowing well that later information would follow us. Here in Kingston Americans are not frowned upon by any means, and news from the seat of war is as eagerly inquired for as it would be in New York.

When we arrived at daylight this morning we were promptly boarded by health and customs officers, and passed in with their *visé*. A Spanish merchant steamer of Yankee build was following us in, and in the harbor were several Spanish ships, an Italian man-of-war—the *Giovanni Bausan*—an English cruiser or two, passenger-steamers carrying the royal mail, and some American newspaper boats—unwearied scouts and messengers whose coming and going seem to be accepted as part of war's necessities, and also of the ship-chandlers' and coal-merchants' opportunity. Following us in came a later boat by several hours, whose news of the flag-of-truce story sent a thrill of joy and of war's fierce anger through every American sympathizer in the place.

The Spanish Admiral did send a flag of truce to the American Admiral, presenting his compliments, and saying that "the eight men of the *Merrimac* were now his prisoners." This has a note of politeness as well as of defiance, but at any rate saves us from thinking that they had gone down with the *Merrimac;* for now there is a probability that they will regain their ships, and that soon.

Carlton T. Chapman.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

(*Extract from Admiral Dewey's Official Report.*)

"Flag-ship 'Olympia,' Cavité, *May 4, 1898.*

"The squadron left Mirs Bay on April 27, arrived off Bolinao on the morning of April 30, and finding no vessels there, proceeded down the coast, and arrived off the entrance to Manila Bay on the same afternoon. The *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent to reconnoitre Port Subic. A thorough search was made of the port by the *Boston* and the *Concord*, but the Spanish fleet was not found. Entered the south channel at 11.30 P.M., steaming in column at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The *Boston* and *McCulloch* returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed, and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5.15 A.M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavité, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximately east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack, the flag-ship *Olympia*, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston* in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at 5.41 A.M. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flag-ship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from 5000 to 2000 yards, countermarching in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet. The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out toward the *Olympia*, with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before they were able to fire their torpedoes.

"At 7 A.M. the Spanish flag-ship, *Reina Cristina*, made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such a galling fire, the entire battery of the *Olympia* being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the point. The fires started in her by our shell at the time were not extinguished until she sank. The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by my squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole head at the entrance of the Pasig River, the second on the south position of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Molate, about one-half mile further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them.

"At 7.35 A.M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11.16 I returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flag-ship and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames. At 12.30 the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted.

"At 12.40 the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the *Petrel* being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats, which were behind the point of Cavité. This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible. The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk, *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa;* burned, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport); captured, *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches."

FLAG DAY.

Did you notice more flags than usual out on June 14? June 14 was "Flag day," the anniversary of the date in 1777 when Congress adopted the flag. The American Flag Association wants everybody to have a flag, and hang it out on all occasions, but especially on June 14. The association, through a circular issued in its name, expresses superlative enthusiasm over the development of new business for our flag in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and elsewhere. "The sun of heaven," it says, "now greets the stars of hope in liberty's banner during every hour of every revolution of the round earth." That is true—worse luck! Most of us venture to hope for a time to come when the American eagle may feel justified in coming home again to roost, and may bring our blessed banner back with him. We would just as lief as not let the sun of heaven rub along for four or five hours every day without so much as a glimpse of it. The earth is big, and we don't want to spread our flag too thin on too much

of it. Not so the American Flag Association, which can't have too many flags or see them too much dispersed, and whose circular calls boisterously on all citizens to see that on "Flag day" the stars and stripes "greet the rising and salute the setting sun from every church edifice, school, and public building, and from every private dwelling, however humble, throughout the entire land." That would call for a lot of early rising, wouldn't it? And yet does any one suppose that any member of the Flag Association (with offices at 1 Madison Square, New York) has ever been up early enough in the morning to get a flag afloat at sunrise?

Somehow it seems, if one may be permitted to say so, that the American flag is taking good care of itself just now, and doesn't need booming half as much as the American Flag Association needs bromide.

OUR GENTLEMEN JACKIES.

I HAD heard the story of that young millionaire in the Michigan Naval Reserves who was swabbing down the deck under the supervision of an old tar, when the latter exclaimed: "By George, there's a fine yacht! Do you know who she belongs to, young feller?"

"Rather," drawled the militiaman; "she belongs to me."

And I had been told a good deal more besides about these rich men's sons who have given up a life of ease and pleasure to go and work and live and feed like any common sailor; but somehow I did not realize the full significance of it until I went aboard the *Yosemite* the other day and saw the thing working practically. Saw, in fact, the above-mentioned yachtsman himself in grimy canvas clothes coming up the gang-plank with a big heavy box on his shoulder.

The *Yosemite* was then lying at the Newport News Ship Yard wharf, with workmen swarming all over her, and her hull and her guns reeking with fresh war-paint. She is manned by 291 Michigan Naval Reserves, among whom is the nephew of a Supreme Court Judge; so the Judge, Mrs. Judge, and I were on that account admitted, and received by Captain Emery.

Mrs. Judge was radiant in a new spring gown. Soon from the depths of a hatchway emerged a tall white canvas figure, greasy and paint-besmeared, who ran forward and flung both grimy arms around Mrs. Judge, and gave her a good old-fashioned hug. The dainty, pretty woman in the big sailor's arms made a charming picture. And they were so perfectly unconscious about it.

In the midst of our talk up comes an officer with an order for our sailor, whose animated face instantly sobers into professional woodenness, and he touches his cap with a ready "Ay, ay, sir!"

The Judge—who comes from Detroit—was recognizing and shaking hands right and left with the Jackies, whose embarrassed remonstrance that their hands were too dirty was drowned by his enthusiastic "Give it here, sir! I'm proud to shake it!"

"Isn't this Jack Anderson?" he would say, peering into a face bronzed almost beyond recognition. "To think that the last time I saw you was on your father's private car! Well, well! it's *fine!* I'm glad to see you here—glad, and proud!"

He beamed upon them all; got introduced to those he did not already know, and pointed out to us enthusiastically the chairman of the house committee of the Detroit Club cleaning "bright-work," and Senator McMillan's nephew hauling something over the deck. Complications arose occasionally when officers were talking to us, and the Judge called a passing sailor and introduced him as "Maria So-and-so's son, my dear." Whereupon Maria's son touched his cap to the officers and then took it off to us, and then looked doubtfully at the officers again to see what would happen after such a breach of discipline.

At noon a bugle sounded, and these young gentlemen filed down to a dinner of pigs' feet served in tin plates, with a tin cup of water alongside. These things greatly impressed us, and we inquired particularly concerning the work the naval militiaman has to do, and his daily life generally. He turns out at 4.30 A.M., and has exactly twelve minutes to take down his hammock, stow it away, and appear on deck, where he proceeds to clean ship, rub the gun bright-work and deck bright-work, swab down the deck, etc. Along about five o'clock or so he has a cup of coffee. Later he breakfasts on oatmeal and sausage, and meanwhile, and all day long, he runs hither and yon, doing the manifold things that keep the ship going and make her tidy and trim. In every way, and without respect of persons, he performs the menial work of the ordinary sailor, and the remarkable thing about it is that he does it willingly and does it well. They are made of the right stuff, those fellows. Many of them are married men with families; some are lawyers—among them the Judge's nephew—and nearly all are club men and society men, accustomed to luxury and a bath every morning. It gives one a genuine thrill of admiration to see the zeal with which they have thrown themselves into the service. One feels that a nation that can call out this kind of sailor-soldier, in unlimited numbers, apparently, is bound to win.

We stood talking with Captain Emery and two or three of the junior officers watching the busy scene. The deck swarmed with sailors—sailors carrying burdens of all sorts, and sweating under them; sailors clearing away the workmen's rubbish, and cleaning the guns, and the machinery, and everything from stem to stern. One of the young officers said, laughingly: "See that 'tough' coming towards us? That's my brother."

The sailor approached, without a sign of recognition on his immovable face, and touching his cap, handed a letter to his brother, who took it with a careless "All right," and then added, quickly, "Thank you, John." "This is a letter from *our* mother," he explained to me, as his eyes followed the departing Jackie.

There was a young fellow who had charge of one of the new rapid-firing guns. They call it "Teddie's watch-charm," he loves it so.

Tenderly he lifted off its canvas jacket and explained the mechanism, which was not half so interesting as the utter absence of self-consciousness of this well-bred gentleman suddenly brought face to face, in his grimy working-clothes, with a party of ladies from his own city. It seemed to me very fine.

Meanwhile our particular sailor had retired to the privacy of the open gun-deck to "clean himself," and presently reappeared in the regulation blue flannels and little pie-shaped cap with the ship's ribbon around it, and the boatswain's mate's whistle slung round his neck; for such is his exalted rank. He apologized for not being able to put on citizen's clothes to go to the hotel with us, but we wouldn't have had him otherwise for the world, and the Judge's pride in him was beautiful to see. We met several officers *en route*, and the boatswain's mate touched his cap, and then took it off, and said, helplessly, "What *is* a fellow to do when he's with ladies?"

After lunch we strolled over to Fort Monroe to take a look at the disappearing guns, but were stopped by the sentry, who demanded a pass, and finding we had none, refused to allow us to enter. Somebody suggested that perhaps exception might be made in favor of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but the sentry was firm. He said the sailor might go in, but the rest of us could not without a pass. Whereupon the boatswain's mate proceeded to make unlimited fun of his distinguished uncle, advising him to shake that old black gown of his that did not appear to amount to much, and put on Uncle Sam's uniform.

NANNIE-BELLE MAURY.

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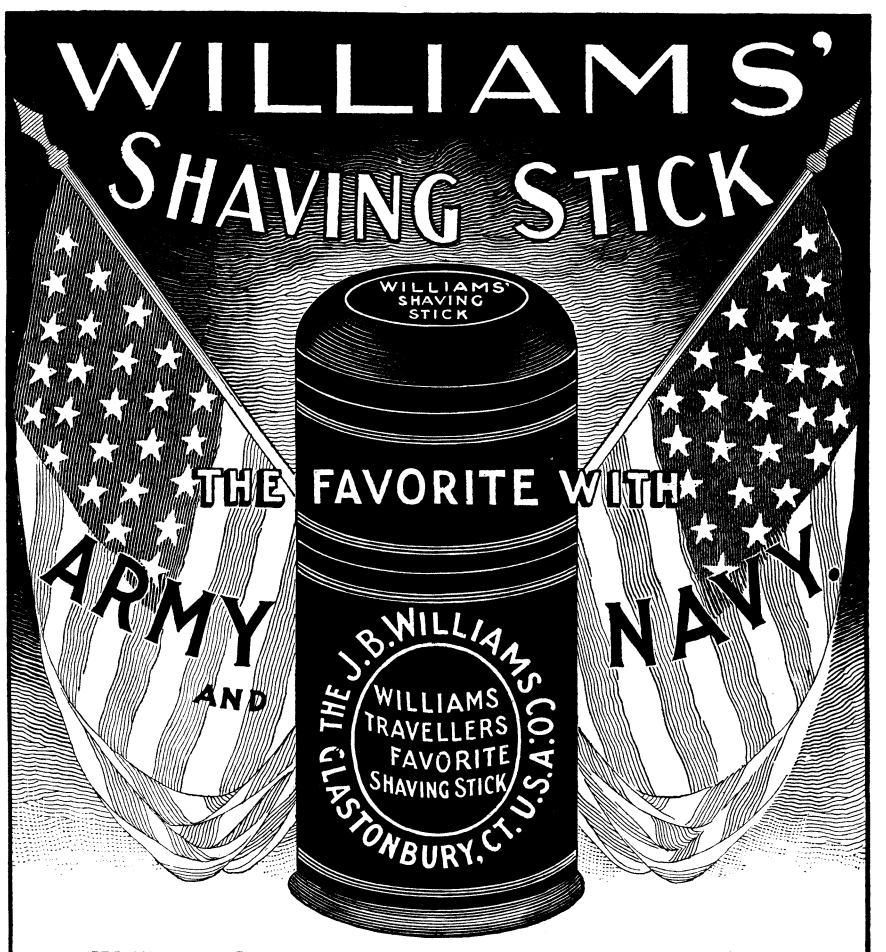
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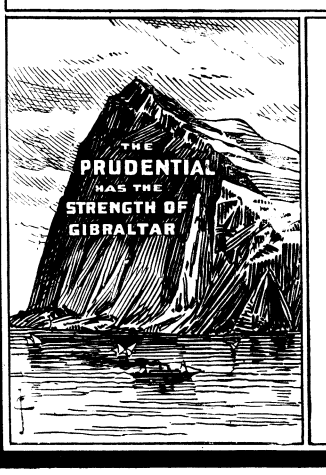
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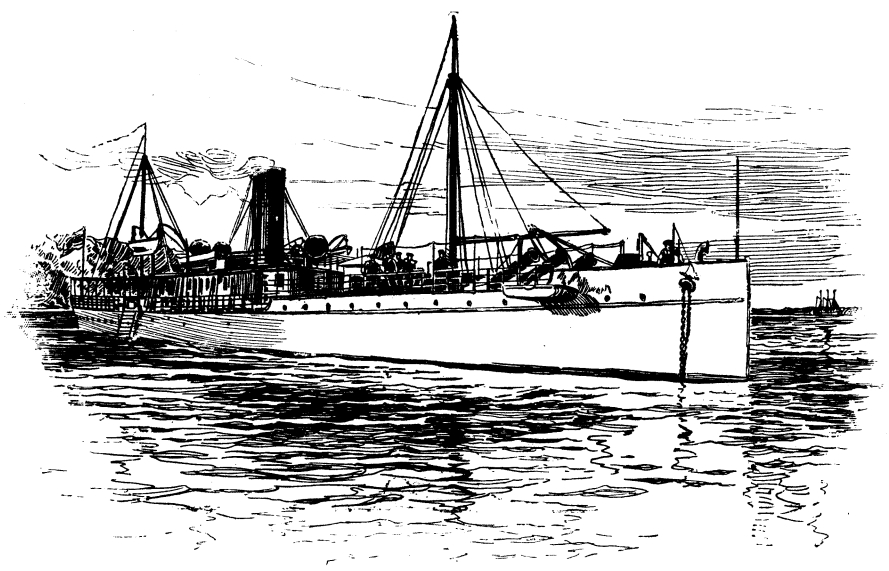


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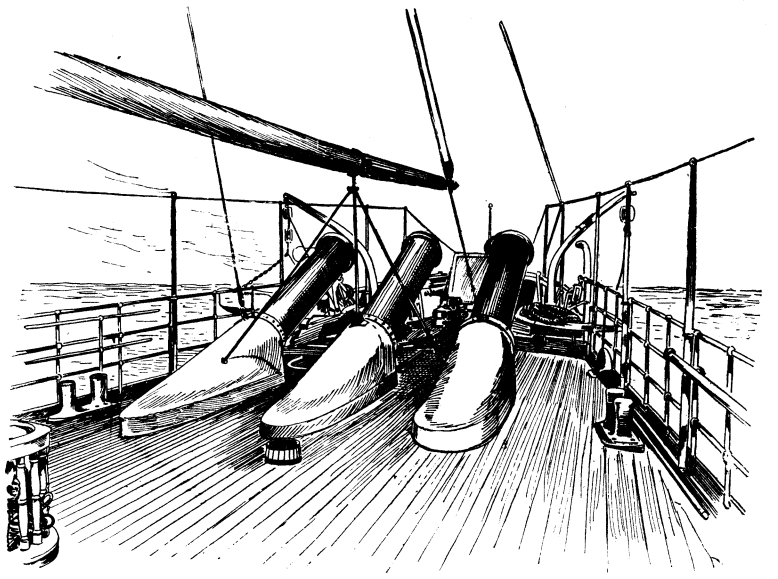
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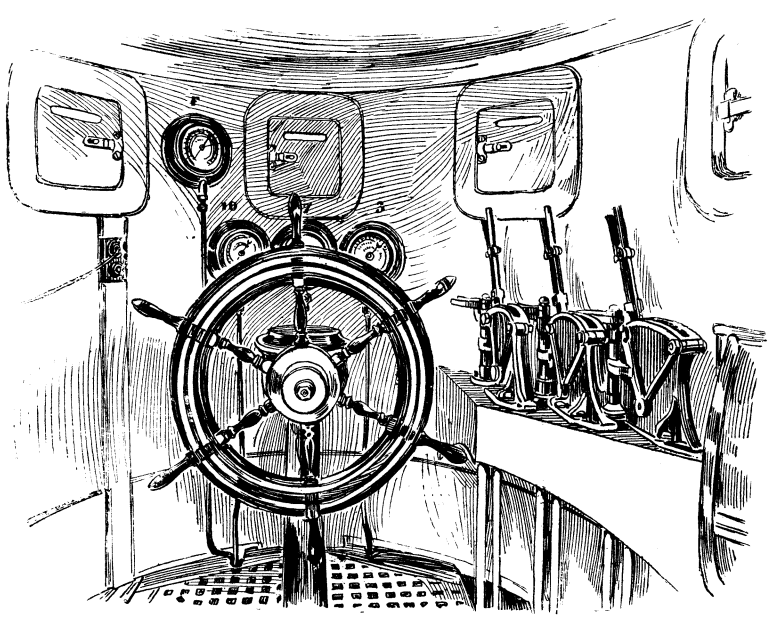
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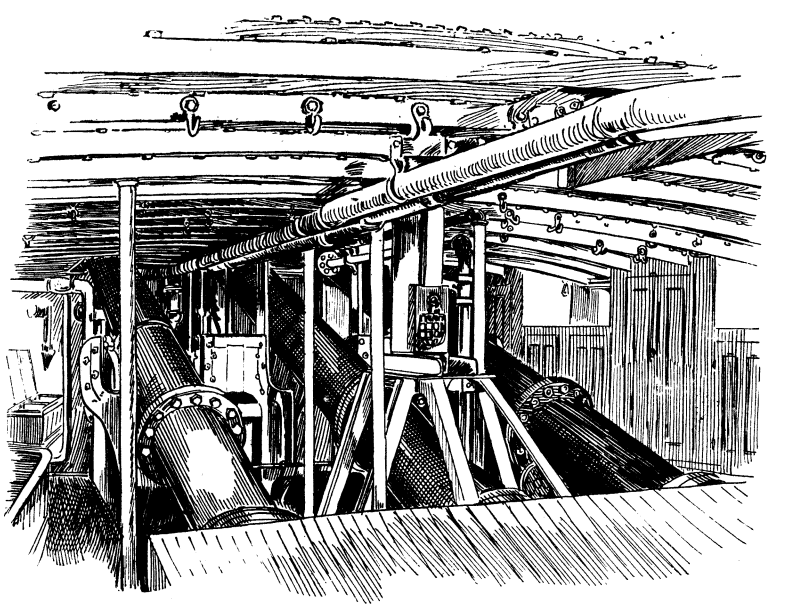
THE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."



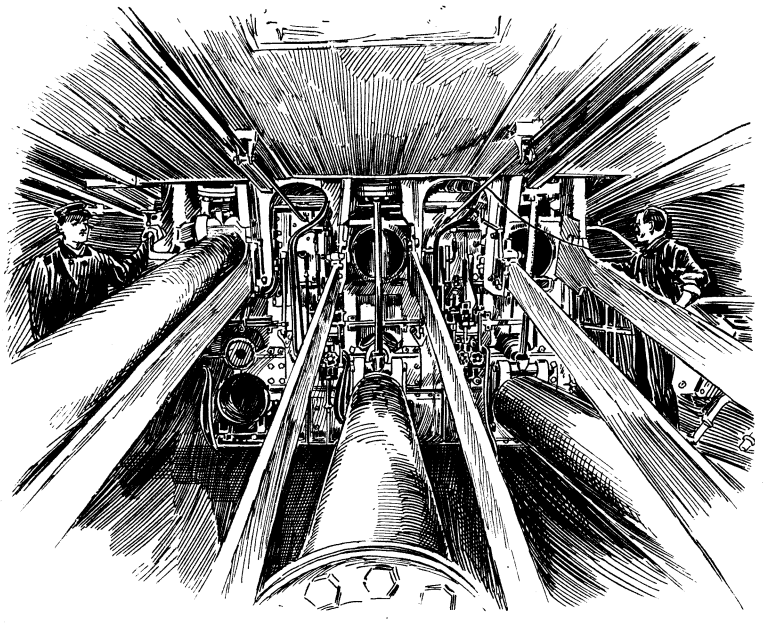
THE THREE PNEUMATIC GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE MAIN DECK.



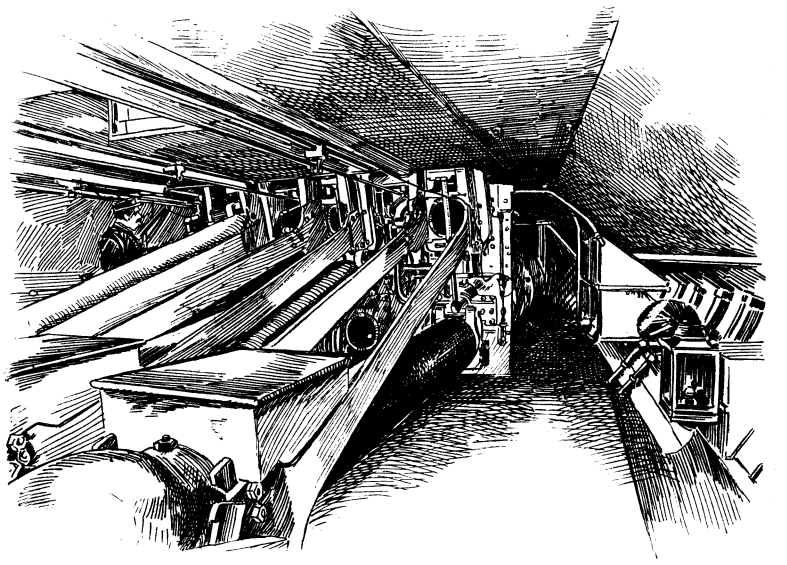
CONNING-TOWER, SHOWING THE THREE LEVERS REGULATING THE DISCHARGE OF THE GUNS.



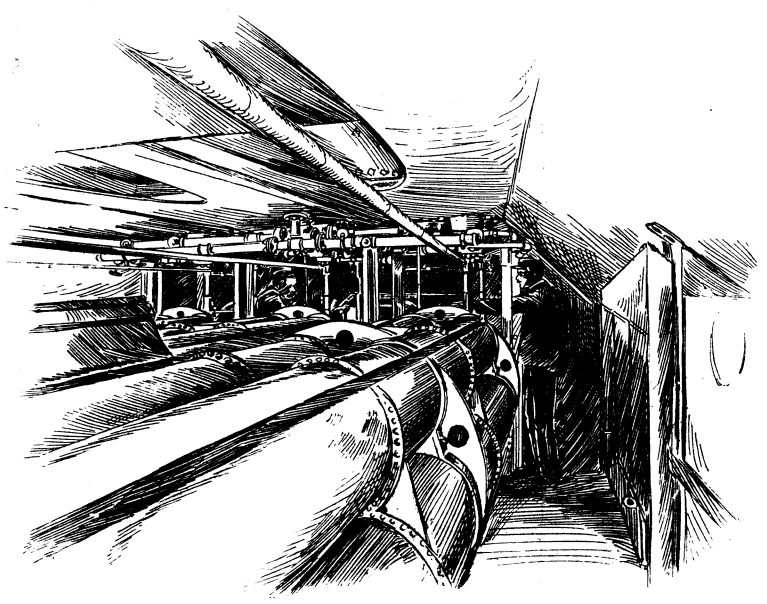
VIEW OF THE GUNS BETWEEN DECKS.



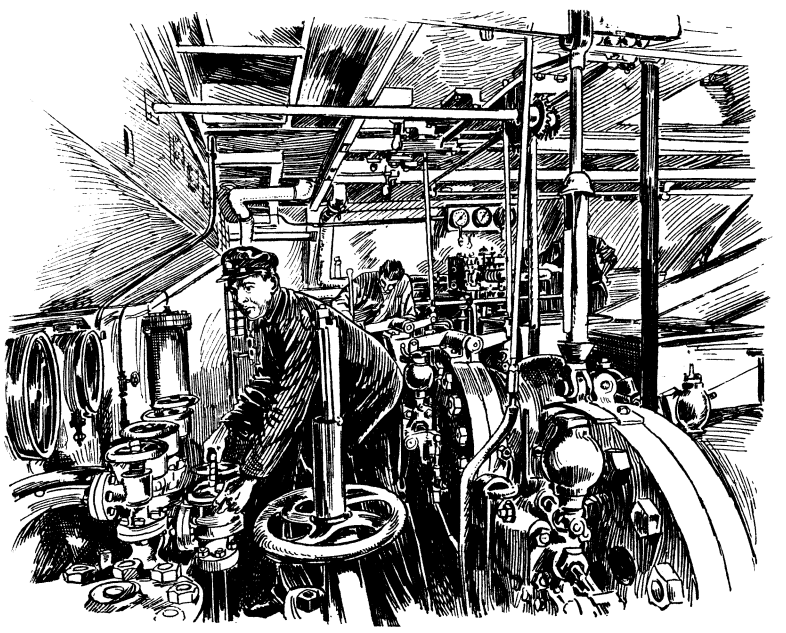
LOWER SECTIONS OF TWO OF THE GUNS DROPPED TO RECEIVE THE PROJECTILES FROM THE REVOLVERS IN FRONT.



ONE GUN READY FOR FIRING, ONE READY FOR LOADING, AND ONE BEING BROUGHT BACK TO POSITION AFTER LOADING.



ONE OF THE REVOLVERS IN WHICH THE PROJECTILES ARE STORED.

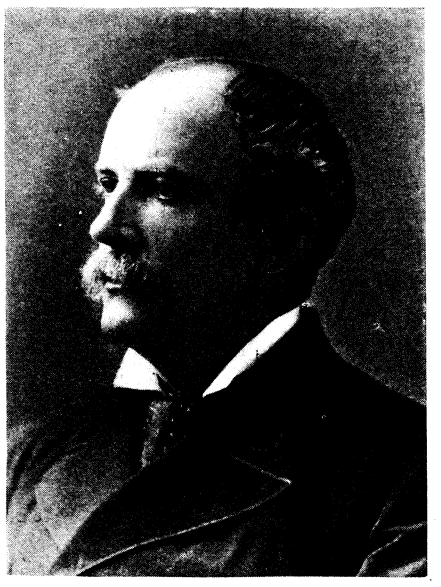


THE AIR-CHAMBERS AND VALVES REGULATING THE MOTIVE FORCE AT THE BASE OF THE THREE GUNS.

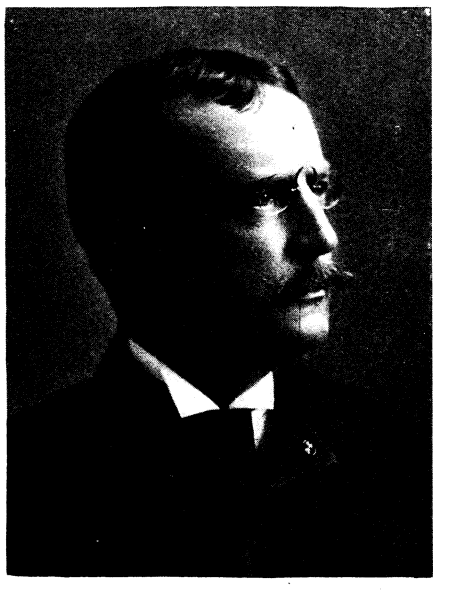
THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "VESUVIUS."—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 626.]



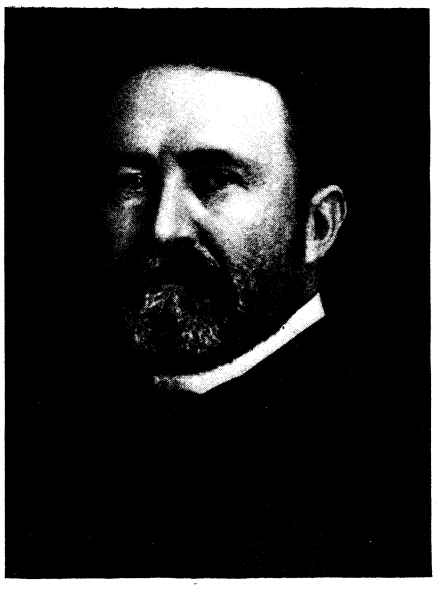
MAJ.-GEN. J. WARREN KEIFER.



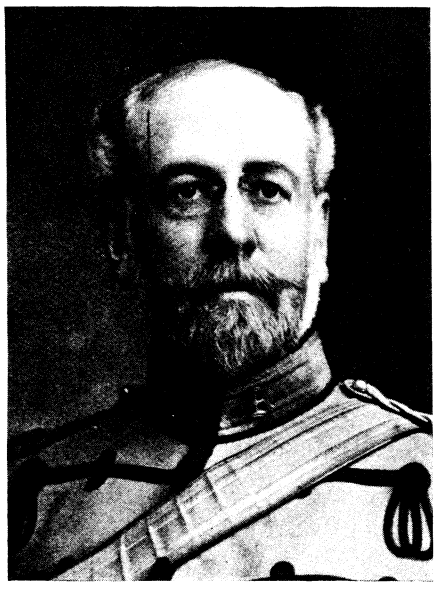
MAJ.-GEN. M. C. BUTLER.
Photograph by Bell.



BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES KING.



BRIG.-GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT.
Photograph by See & Epler.



BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES F. ROE.
Photograph by Anderson.



BRIG.-GEN. MICHAEL V. SHERIDAN.
Photograph by Bell.



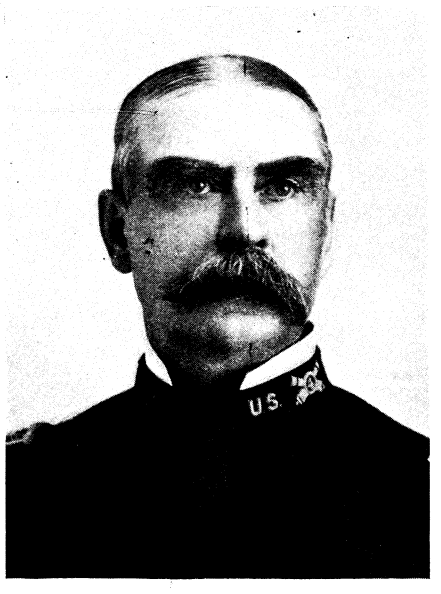
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN C. GILMORE.



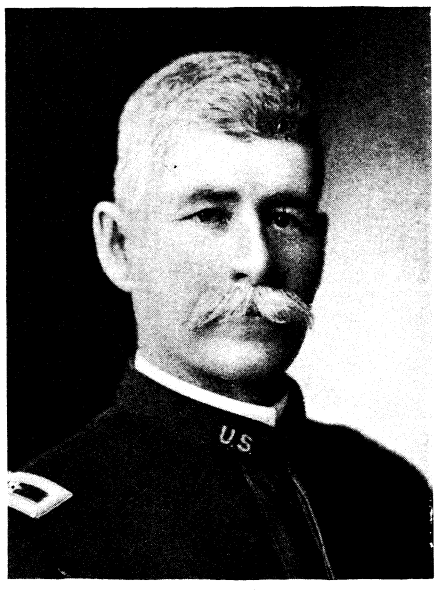
BRIG.-GEN. JACOB F. KENT.
Photograph by Savage.



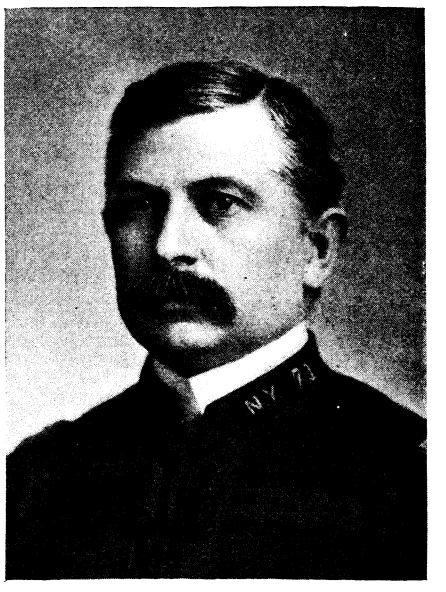
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN I. RODGERS.



BRIG.-GEN. HENRY C. HASBROUCK.



BRIG.-GEN. H. W. LAWTON.



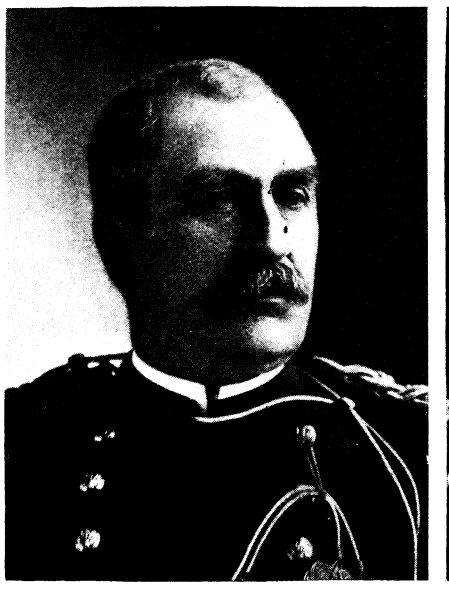
BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE.



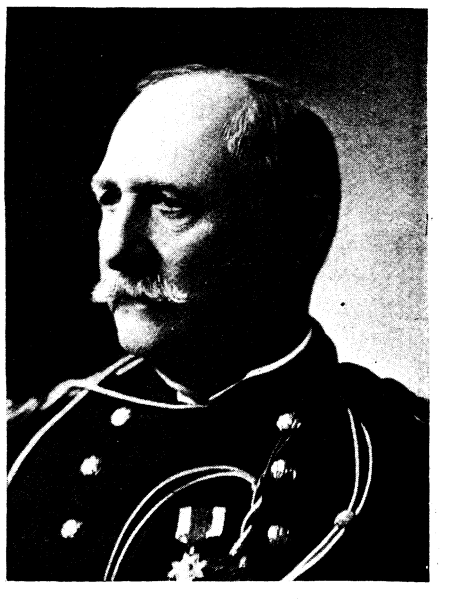
BRIG.-GEN. OSWALD H. ERNST.
Photograph by Pach Bros.



BRIG.-GEN. J. P. SANGER.



BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS.
Photograph by Bell.



BRIG.-GEN. A. C. M. PENNINGTON.
Photograph by Prince.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEERS.



LIEUT. VICTOR BLUE, U.S.N.

THE END OF A MYSTERY.

Admiral Cervera chose for his six splendid vessels the harbor of Santiago de Cuba—his prison and theirs. Everybody remembers Carranza's letter, published a little while ago. His admiral "couldn't have done such a ridiculous thing!" And as for Americans, with no disposition to impute folly, their minds have retained a remnant of charitable doubt in regard to the location of *all* those ships; and, until the beginning of last week, even high officials at Washington were ready to believe that one of Cervera's armored cruisers might still be at large.

But a despatch from Admiral Sampson, received Monday night, June 13, stated that Lieutenant Victor Blue had made a careful reconnaissance around the prison walls—the shores of Santiago Bay. An American officer has seen and counted and precisely located the stately prisoners. That he counted them both forwards and backwards the despatch does not expressly assert, but he travelled seventy miles or more—alone, save that Peril was his intimate and constant companion—and he could look down upon them from every hill-top. So, while making other observations for the use of our fleet and army, as to the natural features of the bay, and as to the Spanish strength and the disposition of the forces on guard near the old city, he saw that the fleet was still intact, and put an end to its mystery.

Less than two weeks before he made this perilous trip, Lieutenant Blue had scored a brilliant success in another part of Cuba, making his way through the Spanish lines on a secret mission to General Gomez. After being received in the insurgents' camp "with open arms," as he says in a letter published in the New York *Sun*, he planted the American flag on the mainland of Cuba (probably for the first time, although smaller outlying islands, or "cayos," had been thus honored on several occasions), and when returning to his ship, the *Suwanee*, with his armed boat's crew, captured two schooner-yachts which the enemy used to patrol the shallow waters near Cayo Frances and report the movements of our ships. The entire heliograph-signal outfit that the Spaniards had at Cayo Frances passed into the hands of our men through the capture of these vessels.

Both of these recent exploits—that at Cayo Frances and that at Santiago—have brilliant features, but, so great is the fascination of mystery, the public is likely to receive its most vivid impression of the gallant young officer from his counting of Cervera's ships. M. W.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 607.*)

throwing shells into the chaparral wherever a hostile sign flashed out. Men on guard fell asleep—eyes wide open and gun in hand.

Monday, June 13.—A portion of the first military expedition started from Port Tampa bound for Key West and Santiago de Cuba. Many of the ships were delayed, however, and the whole fleet will not be fairly under way before to-morrow. Major-General Shafter reports that the full list of the troops in this expedition, which he commands, is as follows:

Infantry regiments: Sixth, Sixteenth, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, Tenth, Twenty-second, Second, Thirteenth, Ninth, Twenty-fourth, Eighth, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, First, Twenty-fifth, Twelfth, Seventh, Seventeenth, Third, Twentieth. Total infantry, 561 officers and 10,709 enlisted men.

Cavalry: Two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the Third, Sixth, Ninth, First, and Tenth Cavalry, and two dismounted squadrons of four troops each from the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. Total dismounted cavalry, 159 officers, 2875 enlisted men; mounted cavalry, one squadron of the Second, 9 officers and 280 enlisted men.

Artillery: Light batteries E and K, First Artillery; A and F, Second Artillery; 14 officers and 323 enlisted men. Batteries G and H, Fourth Artillery, siege, 4 officers and 132 enlisted men.

Engineers: Companies C and E, 9 officers, 200 enlisted men.

Signal corps: One detachment, 2 officers and 45 enlisted men.

Hospital detachments are included in the foregoing figures. The staff corps numbers 15 officers. The grand total of the expedition is 773 officers and 14,564 enlisted men.

Captain Taylor of the *Indiana* is in command of the war-ships that accompany the transports from Key West to their destination. There are about sixteen of the former and thirty of the latter.

James H. Barkley, of Illinois, was nominated by the President for the office of Brigadier-General.

The war revenue act was signed by the President. Secretary Gage issued a circular "inviting subscriptions from the people of the United States for $200,000,000 of the bonds of the three-per-cent. loan authorized by the act of Congress to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures."

The German East-Asian squadron seems to be concentrating at Manila. The ships now there are the *Kaiser*, *Kaiserin Augusta*, *Irene*, and *Comoran*, with a total of 1605 men.

A despatch from Admiral Sampson received to-night says: "Lieutenant Blue just returned after a détour of seventy statute miles of observation of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. He reports that the Spanish fleet is all there. The Spanish attacked vigorously the camp at Guantanamo. An outpost of four marines were killed, and the bodies [of three?] mutilated barbarously. Surgeon Gibbs was killed."

To resume, under this date, the story of the continuous fighting near Guantanamo: In the first hour of the day Sergeant-Major Good was killed. Between 1 and 1.30 A.M. the attack increased in violence. A scouting party, which was led by Lieutenant Neville, and which included a few Cubans, had a brush with ambushed Spaniards a little later. Private Tauman was killed, and three men wounded. At 4 A.M. the Spaniards tried to rush the camp, but were repulsed with shrapnel from the field-pieces. The Spanish losses have been greater than ours; so also have been their re-enforcements.

Tuesday, June 14.—A letter was presented (under flag of truce) to Captain-General Blanco, requesting exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his companions for certain Spaniards captured on the *Argonauta*. General Blanco replied that he must communicate with Madrid before giving a definite answer.

At Guantanamo Bay an aggressive policy adopted by the commander of our marines greatly improved the situation. Four scouting parties were sent out from camp in the morning, and were actively engaged with the enemy until ten o'clock at night. The marines and their Cuban allies fought their way through the dense undergrowth, driving the Spaniards before them, wounding or killing a large number—perhaps two hundred—taking eighteen prisoners, destroying a Spanish block-house, water-tank, heliograph station, etc. Forty-one Cubans, apportioned among the four parties, gave a good account of themselves.

At Santiago the dynamite-gun vessel *Vesuvius* was tested, three charges of guncotton being thrown at the Spanish forts and war-ships.

Wednesday, June 15.—The *China*, *Colon*, *Zealandia*, and *Senator*, bearing the 4200 men who compose the second expedition in aid of Dewey at Manila, sailed from San Francisco at one o'clock this afternoon.

In Guantanamo Bay, at the same hour, the *Texas*, *Suwanee*, and *Marblehead* moved towards a fort situated midway between the outer and inner harbor. They began firing soon after two o'clock; at three the fort and surrounding earth-works were destroyed.

Thursday, June 16.—Forts at the entrance of Santiago Harbor were again shelled by Admiral Sampson's fleet.

Friday, June 17.—A despatch to the Navy Department from Admiral Dewey, dated Cavité, June 12, *viâ* Hongkong, June 17, includes the following important statements:

"There is little change in the situation since my telegram of June 3. Insurgents continue hostilities, and have practically surrounded Manila. They have taken 2500 Spanish prisoners, whom they treat most humanely. They do not intend to take the city at the present time. Twelve merchant-vessels are anchored in the bay with refugees on board, under guard of neutral men-of-war; this with my permission.

"The health of the squadron continues excellent. The German commander-in-chief arrived to-day. Three German, two British, one French, one Japanese, men-of-war now in port. Another German man-of-war is expected."

A portion of the Cadiz reserve squadron has sailed eastward, though perhaps only for a short distance and as a feint, or to test the sea-worthiness of the vessels. A despatch from Gibraltar says:

"The Spanish battle-ship *Pelayo*, the torpedo-boat-destroyers *Audaz*, *Proserpina*, and *Osada*, the auxiliary cruiser *Ciudad de Cadiz*, the transports *Antonio Lopez*, *Leon XIII.*, *Buenos Ayres*, *Gibraltar*, and the gunboat *Pielago* passed through the Strait at five o'clock this morning, sailing eastward, the *Pielago* and the transatlantic steamers carrying coal."

The President's nomination of Henry V. Boynton, of the District of Columbia, to be brigadier-general was sent to day to the Senate.

THE "VESUVIUS" IN ACTION.

The performance of the so-called dynamite-gun vessel *Vesuvius* at Santiago last week has revived popular interest in this little war-ship, which has been looked upon by the experts with more or less suspicion ever since she was launched. Now that the *Vesuvius* has taken part in actual warfare, using shells loaded with guncotton and throwing them successfully against the enemy's stronghold, all the objections made by naval officers of the old school have been proved groundless; and so far as being effective in a bombardment of shore batteries is concerned, the *Vesuvius* must be pronounced a success. The term "dynamite," as applied to the vessel, is a misnomer, for the *Vesuvius* never has thrown any dynamite. She was built as a harbor-defence vessel intended to throw shells loaded with guncotton. She is a small boat, as slender and graceful as a yacht, and faster than most pleasure-craft. She has a record of 21⅔ knots, or about twenty-five miles an hour. She is 252 feet long, 950 tons burden, 4000 horse-power, and when loaded draws 10 feet 10 inches of water. She is armed with three so-called dynamite-guns, which are really three fixed tubes that project at an acute angle from her forward deck. These are 55 feet long and 15 inches in diameter. The longitudinal sectional diagram on this page will show how these guns are placed. They are stationary, and cannot be shifted in any way, so that to aim them it is necessary to move the entire vessel. For this reason it would be difficult for the *Vesuvius* to hit a moving target, but an easy matter, as was proved at Santiago, to do great execution against land fortifications. The projectiles used in these guns are 10½ inches in diameter and 9 feet long, looking much like huge cigars. They are hollow, and the explosive, usually guncotton, is stored in them and set off by a primer that is itself exploded by contact with some solid substance, or by a mechanical device which can be regulated before the shell is discharged. The three tubes run down into the bowels of the ship, and at the base of each one is a mechanism much like that of an ordinary pocket revolver. There are five revolving chambers at the base of each of the tubes, so that fifteen shells can be fired without reloading. The force used for the discharge of the guns is compressed air. A gauge fixes the amount of air force necessary to throw the cartridge a certain distance, say one-quarter, one-half, or a full mile. There is scarcely any sound at the discharge, and of course no smoke, so that shortly after the projectile leaves the muzzle it is visible to those on the ship, and the place where it strikes can plainly be seen. The firing of these air-guns is done from the conning-tower by means of levers. The projectile rises swiftly to a height of nearly 300 feet, and then travels horizontally as though following a straight line marked off against the sky, and finally dips sharply and plunges into the target. There is a peculiar spiral safety arrangement on each projectile by which the fuse is rendered harmless until a flight through the air of about one-eighth of a mile is accomplished. Otherwise, the primers might explode just as the projectile left the tube, doing great harm to the vessel itself.

Until she was used at the bombardment of Santiago, the *Vesuvius* had only thrown projectiles with service charges on one occasion, and that was when she was tested in the Delaware River near Chester, in March, 1890. Three loaded shells were then discharged, and so little faith did the naval officers have in either the security or capability of the vessel, that only those who were obliged to remain on board to work the guns staid anywhere near the *Vesuvius*. The committee and other officers who were to watch the proceedings drew off about a mile distant on a tug. The first projectile discharged weighed 510 pounds, and it went over 200 yards further than one mile, in 11 seconds; the second projectile weighed 504 pounds, and went a mile and 250 yards in 11$\frac{7}{10}$ seconds; the third projectile weighed the same as the second, and went 400 yards more than a mile in 11¾ seconds. The first shell was set so as to explode ten seconds after it sank beneath the surface of the water. It worked successfully, and threw a great tower of mud and water to a height of fully 200 feet. The second cartridge was arranged so as to explode five seconds after impact, and it did, with similar results. The third cartridge was timed to go off on impact with the water, and so well was the primer arranged that the light of the explosion could be seen when the projectile struck the surface of the river. The reverberation of these explosions was so great that it shook the windows of the town of Chester, five miles distant.

At Santiago, last week, the *Vesuvius* was kept out of sight of the enemy until night fell, in order that her possibilities might be the better tested against an unsuspecting foe. The object of the naval officers was to bring the vessel close enough to the mouth of the harbor to be able to throw the guncotton projectiles far enough into the channel to strike the Spanish ships that lay at anchor behind a headland. It is impossible to state at the present writing whether or not this object was successfully attained, for no one knows but the Spaniards, and they will not tell, if there are any left on board the ships to report.

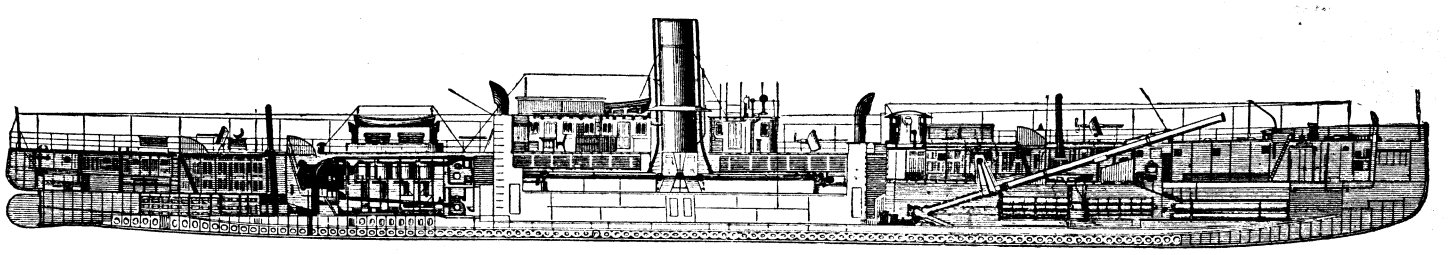
The *Vesuvius* moved to within 600 yards of the fortifications of Santiago Harbor, heading directly toward the opening, and went into action. The first shot fell a trifle low, striking the hill-side, and exploding with a tremendous roar, but with very little flame. A great column of earth and stones was seen to spurt up into the air, and then all again was quiet. The second shot was sent with a higher pressure of air, in order that it might be carried over the hill and into the harbor; but, like its predecessor, it struck the hill-side, although higher, and exploded in full sight of the blockading fleet. The third shot was successful in so far as clearing the hill was concerned. The projectile went swiftly out of the air-tube, and sailing through the air, disappeared over the hill-top, and undoubtedly worked destruction wherever it fell. No further shots were discharged, and the little *Vesuvius* was recalled to the flag-ship.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The clover," said the humming-bird,
"Was fashioned for the bee;
But ne'er a flower, as I have heard,
Was ever made for me."

A passing zephyr paused, and stirred
Some moonlit drops of dew
To earth; and for the humming-bird
The honeysuckle grew.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE "VESUVIUS," SHOWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE VESSEL.

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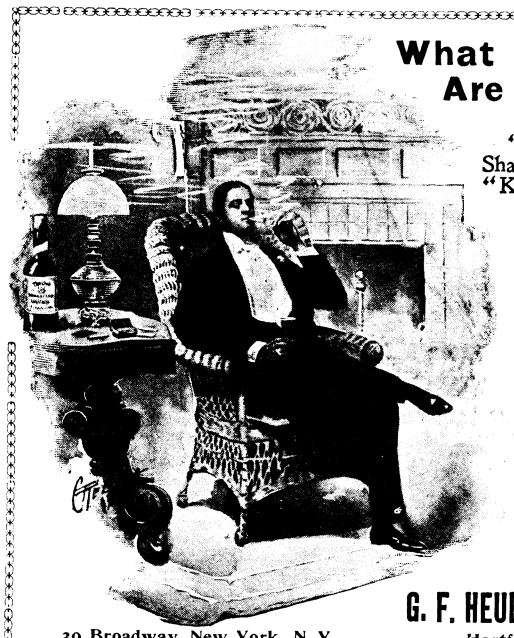
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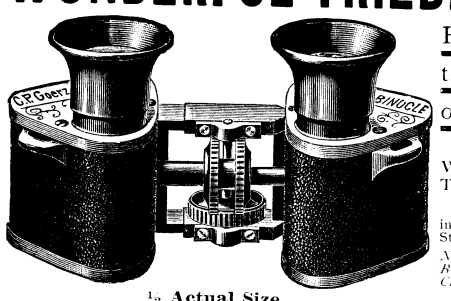
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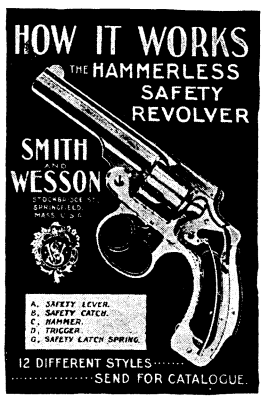
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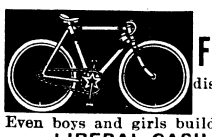
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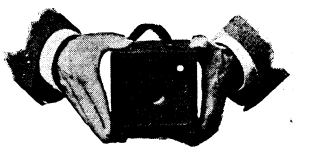
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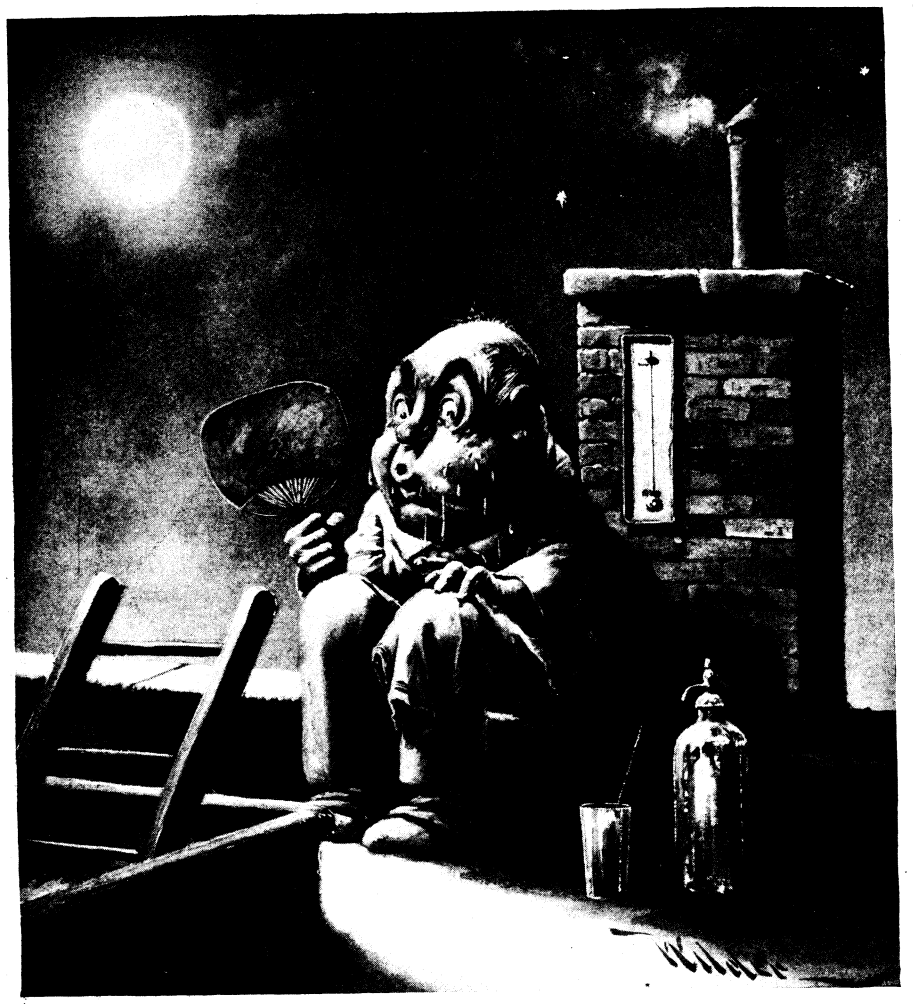
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NEW SERIAL STORY BY FRANK R. STOCKTON BEGINS THIS WEEK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2167.

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COMMANDING 5TH ARMY CORPS, DIRECTING EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT PORT TAMPA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 2, 1898

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T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

AS some of the daily newspapers have said, there is no obligation in international law resting on the Spanish authorities to exchange HOBSON and his men for prisoners held by us. But there is an obligation in the code of ethics which governs the conduct of gentlemen, resulting from the promise made by Admiral CERVERA that he would arrange for their exchange as soon as possible. It is getting to be more and more certain that there is nothing in "Spanish honor" except a subject for boastful conversation among Spaniards.

IT is to be hoped and expected that the House of Representatives will pass the currency bill which has been reported by the Banking and Currency Committee, and which has been recommended by 140 Republicans. There are 203 Republican members of the House, and counting the remaining 63 as being opposed to the bill, there ought to be 39 sound-money Democrats who would make a majority for it in case of a full House. The bill does not go very far, but it takes some very important steps in the right direction, and especially it looks towards the retirement of government paper money and the substitution of banks for the Treasury as the source of demand notes. It also provides for the protection of the gold in the Treasury, and, in a word, starts the country off in the right direction towards a currency system of which we will not need to be ashamed, and which will not be a constant source of danger to the Treasury gold and to the business interests of the country.

THE navy personnel bill still remains to be acted upon, but there seems to be little doubt that it will go through before the session comes to an end. This or something much better should have become a law long ago. Promotion in the army and the navy should not be stagnant either in peace or war, but should flow along with sufficient rapidity to give to both services young commanding officers. It is not invidious to note that the admirals of the navy are taking no part whatever in the present war. Captain SAMPSON is an acting admiral, and Admiral DEWEY has been promoted to that rank on account of his achievement at Manila. All the men who are on the list of admirals are in the background, although it is only just to say that there are good and energetic men among them, and that one man on the retired list, Admiral JOHN G. WALKER, is probably as good a man for command rank to-day as there is in any navy in the world. But, as a rule, our commanding officers are all too old, and when the war broke out there was hardly a captain in our service who should not, for his proper training, have been commanding squadrons long ago. The present bill will not do much in this direction, but it will do something, and, like the currency bill, it is a good beginning. At all events, it will enable the department to rid the navy of some useless lumber, through retirements, and that is something.

THERE are some features of the war tax bill which Mr. THOMAS SHEARMAN has discussed in a letter to a daily newspaper, and they are worth thoughtful consideration, for they illustrate the wretchedly unscientific character of our methods of taxation. We have returned to the direct taxes of the last war. Mr. SHEARMAN says that about thirty branches of manufacturing were killed at that time by such taxes. This statement is absolutely true, and is based upon the thorough and able investigation and report made by DAVID A. WELLS when he was connected with the Treasury Department. Some day, perhaps, our Congressmen and State legislators will realize that production and enterprise ought not to be taxed. Another tax imposed by Congress creates an additional difficulty in the way of the effort to reform our currency system. It is thoroughly well understood that the real evil from which remote agricultural communities suffer is the lack of banking facilities. In the farming communities of the more thickly populated Middle West, where small banks abound, the unsound-money cause cut a very slight figure in 1896. Its main strength was manifested in the more remote regions where banks are unknown. It has been generally believed by experts that the threatened danger to the currency of the country would be averted if the business of banking could be encouraged, but now, on the verge of a Congressional election, Congress passes a law taxing bank checks and discouraging banking. Thus, on further examination of the bill, and more careful consideration of its provisions, we find some evils that ought to have been avoided, but which are doubtless inevitable on account of the peculiar habit of thought which almost all of our law-makers have fallen into concerning the whole question of taxation.

THE referendum vote on Australian federation has resulted thus far in the adoption of the constitution by three out of the four colonies that have voted. Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia ratify the scheme; New South Wales, though giving a majority in its favor, failed in the number of votes required by the conditions of the referendum. The vote stood over 70,000 for, and 65,000 against; but 80,000 was the limit to be reached. Western Australia does not vote until about the end of the year, and Queensland has not as yet made any provision for applying the referendum. The adoption of the constitution by any three of the colonies insures the establishment of federation so far as the three are concerned. With New South Wales left out the start will be somewhat discouraging; but, as far as that colony is concerned, the issue will be simplified by the knowledge that only 10,000 votes will need to be won over. Mr. REID and some factious labor-leaders are believed to be responsible for the adverse stand temporarily taken by New South Wales. On the whole, results are encouraging. The federation of that continent is bound to come in the near future. It is instructive to recall the parallels between the centralizing and sectional forces at work in our own constitution-building of over a century ago and those which are now noticeable in Australia. The conditions precedent were of course different, as our own federation came into being under the stress of the war of independence, while the calm of unforced development has been the lot of Australia. But as it took a long time for the framers of our Constitution to agree upon a system, and as the difficulty of its ratification by the States was even greater, so in Australia there has been a similar experience. The local and parochial spirit has antagonized the feeling for nationalism; the paltry acts of the demagogue have been set against the constructive statesman. For twelve years discussion was carried on before a constitution was agreed upon, and there are yet three colonies which have to be educated to its acceptance, not counting New Zealand, which has refused to join the rest. It has been a slow process, but the forces which make for its success are natural and inevitable.

APPARENTLY Governor BLACK and Senator PLATT are really out with one another. This indicates not only that PLATT has ceased to be the government of New York, but that BLACK is a better politician than he is, and much more capable of reading the signs of the times. It was reasonably certain, three months after Governor BLACK'S election, that the people were disgusted with the Republican government, which was then PLATT, and that the Democrats, if the next election had taken place then, would have been able to elect even EDWARD MURPHY as Governor of the State, or, indeed, any man whom they might select. Politics were in a state that is usual in this country at this time. It was not a question as to how bad the "outs" were, but as to how bad the "ins" were, the "ins" being the only politicians who could be punished by being turned out. At that time there were evidences of a contract between CROKER and PLATT, by which the two were to rule the State and the city for their own profit. The inevitable result of this would naturally be the defeat of the Republican party at the next election. Governor BLACK saw this more clearly than PLATT, and has somewhat violently broken up the partnership and relieved himself of the odium of his association. It is true that he has shown himself to be very far from an ideal character, and he will be a very old man before he lives down the reputation that he acquired by the appointment of "LOU" PAYN as the head of the Insurance Department. The condition of politics in the State of New York just now is curious. In the Republican party we have BLACK representing the most effective opposition to PLATT and his machine, and in the Democratic party we have HILL as the most vigorous opponent of Tammany. Whether BLACK is to capture the Republican convention or not remains to be seen. As to HILL, he is showing some of his old-time political skill, and Tammany Hall is very much alarmed lest it should have already, and in the absence of CROKER at the English races, lost its chance of controlling the next State convention. Perhaps it does not argue much for the virtue of the State of New York that these two represent the virtuous element in its politics, but their antagonism to bosses, and their attempt to stand for decent public sentiment, show at least that there is something in virtue.

SEIZURE BY RESOLUTION.

IT is probable that the issue of the coming elections for Congress is to be imperialism—that is, that all domestic questions are at least to be obscured by the overshadowing and engrossing subject of territorial expansion. Such a campaign will be interesting, and it will certainly excite the imaginations of the voters. That it is probable that the country is at the parting of the ways is evident from the enormous majority by which the House of Representatives passed the NEWLANDS resolution "for annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States," the vote being 209 to 91, the affirmative vote being mainly Republican and the negative mainly Democratic, although the statement that the cleavage on this issue goes through the parties may possibly be sustained by the fact that three Republicans voted against the resolution, Speaker REED, who was ill at home, sending word that he also would have voted no if he had been present, while 27 Democrats, Populists, and Silverites voted for it. It is reasonably certain, therefore, that there is great danger that the country is to enter upon a colonial policy—that is, in our judgment, it is to abandon the independent attitude which it has generally maintained towards the rest of the world, and is to adopt what may be briefly characterized as a simian policy, or a policy imitative of that which has created quarrelling European frontiers in Africa and Asia, and which has loaded the workers and producers of Europe with the burdens of militarism.

As to what we may be about to do in Hawaii, nothing so monstrous has been proposed to this country since BUCHANAN, SOULÉ, and MASON issued the famous Ostend manifesto concerning Cuba. Every American who believes in the fundamental principle of his government, that government exists by the consent of the governed, will agree that, if we are to have colonial possessions, and to rival the European military powers in this respect, the new policy could not be inaugurated in a worse way than by the adoption of the NEWLANDS resolution.

What is the character of this effort to increase the territorial possessions of the United States? As formulated in this resolution it is brigandage pure and simple, and thus far in its history the United States Supreme Court has not found that Congress has the power to seize the territory of distant peoples. We propose to take these islands, simply because we want them, by means of a joint resolution. Chief-Justice MARSHALL held that the power of Congress to acquire territory resulted from the power to make war and the power to make treaties. These powers being conferred by the Constitution, there are implied the power to take security for the future from the country with which we may be at war, and the power to receive possessions from the country with which we bargain. But it will be difficult to find in the Constitution a grant of power to Congress to seize with its legislative grasp a foreign people's domain. We are not at war with Hawaii, and therefore we cannot take the territory as security from a hostile power. It is true that we might take the islands by treaty, and this would be the proper Constitutional method, but the annexationists cannot secure the necessary number of votes in the Senate for the ratification of the treaty which is pending. In other words, if Congress should strictly obey the Constitution, annexation could not take place. Therefore the annexationists resort to a short-cut, and they propose to turn their backs upon the Constitution, as they disregard the facts that this question of acquiring Hawaii has never yet been presented to

the people of the United States for their votes, and that not a party platform in the last Presidential campaign suggested the annexation of the islands. At that time, only two years ago, it was admitted by the political managers of both parties that annexation would not be a winning issue. So keenly was this realized that the treaty, still before the Senate, lost so much of the support which it at first commanded that Senator DAVIS has practically abandoned it. In a word, this effort is, as we have said, to take a snap-judgment against the people, and it is probably resorted to because the politicians are now, as they were two years ago, afraid to put the question to the test of a popular vote.

The NEWLANDS resolution is, moreover, a legislative assault upon Hawaii, and is contrary to the essential character of our own government. If our republic means anything, it is that the people of every country have the right to govern themselves. They have the right to determine the form of government under which they will live. We have insisted upon this right for ourselves; we have fought for it, and we have won it. Under what system of logic, then, can we reach the conclusion that we may deny to the Hawaiians what we have asserted for ourselves, under the general principle that every people in the world have the right "to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them?" We have set up our own government for our own affairs, and we have neither had the intention to govern others, nor have we the machinery to carry such an intention into effect. Our government has been self-government in good faith; but in the NEWLANDS resolution it is proposed that we shall annex another people's country, and, that, until Congress shall provide another government, the President, whose powers over his own countrymen are limited by the Constitution and by statutes, shall exercise absolute and despotic powers over the inhabitants of Hawaii. Strange as this may seem to those who believe that we have a republican form of government, and that it stands for the right of the people to govern themselves, this despotism is really proposed by Congress in the NEWLANDS resolution in the following words: "Until Congress shall provide for the government of such islands, all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the existing government in said islands shall be vested in such person or persons, and shall be exercised in such manner, as the President of the United States shall direct; and the President shall have power to remove said officers, and fill the vacancies so occasioned." Congress, in other words, enacts that the lands of the Hawaiians shall belong to this country, and that the President shall have the power to remove the officers of the Hawaiian government, and, for a time at least, to exercise despotic powers over the people. Was there ever such a perversion of the principle on which the republic was founded?

The excuse for this proposed democratic excursion into absolutism is that the government of Hawaii has consented to it. But neither have the people of Hawaii consented to the pretended cession, which has really never been made, nor have the people of this country consented to accept it. In the first place, the government of Hawaii is a self-constituted power. It does not represent the freely expressed will of the people of the islands. So fearful were the men who seized upon the powers that in the Constitution, which is wholly the work of themselves and their friends, they inserted the strange provision that SANDFORD B. DOLE should be the first President of the republic, and they provided that his successor should not be chosen until 1900. We have no criticism to make on this oligarchy. We are willing to admit that its government of the islands has been and will be better for the people than that of the monarchy was; that, in brief, it is the best possible form of government for the islands, and very much better than could be that of a distant and despotic American President or Congress. But when it comes to the question of annexation, this republic is bound, we think, to refuse a country offered to us by an oligarchy which not only does not represent the people, but which is acting, or attempting to act, against the expressed will of the people. There are in Hawaii 31,019 natives, 24,407 Japanese, and 21,616 Chinese, and most of these are opposed to the rule of the 3086 Americans and to their effort to transfer them to this country. Believe and say what we will against black and brown and yellow men, it has never before been contended that it is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to seize their lands and to put them under the rule of our President or our Congress.

POEM.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

Read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, June 30, 1898.

WHEN forth the shepherd boy in Elah's vale
To meet Goliath fared, no coat of mail
Nor sword nor spear he took, nor anything
Except one little penny-dreadful sling.
His pebble sped; the big Philistine's fall
Gave humble means a license once for all,
And helps your bard a warrant to construe
To launch light verse at learned men like you.

. . . . . .

Masters of erudition, chosen sirs
Whose knowledge close with all that's known concurs,
Who taste all fruits on wisdom's tree that grow—
After all's said, what do we need to know?
Knowledge is power. What knowledge? Power for what?
To do, or not to do? To have, or not?
Shall learning make our hearts or pockets stout?
Bring things, or teach us how to go without?
Prompt us to spare, or qualify to spend?
Is it a means, or shall it be an end?

All day the Hindoo sits and contemplates
His navel. Earth spins onward while he waits.
No loss of time his brooding hope concerns;
His concentrated thought serves all his turns—
His food, the least that soul and body joins;
His raiment, but the clout about his loins.
To think is all he asks; indeed, it's more—
He only seeks to keep an open door
Whereinto may perhaps in time be turned
A consciousness transcending all things learned.
Heedless of force, oblivious to fact,
Broken of every wish or power to act,
Under his bo-tree, rapt, behold him sit,
A patient mark for wisdom's darts to hit.

In violent, prodigious contrast, view
Our devotee who lives to put things through!
Intense in aim, tremendous in attempt,
He dares such feats as genies might have dreamt.
Prompt from a bed too briefly kept he springs
To giant struggles with material things.
He wrests from earth her treasures and her fruits,
Stays time, and grubs up distance by the roots.
Titanic in his hands' resourceful play,
He fits to needs a thousand leagues away
Supplies extorted by his conjuring brain
From mine and factory, forest, sea, and plain.
As nature's secrets, yielded one by one
To searching science, meet the revealing sun,
His hail exultant glorifies the hour
That still extends the boundaries of his power.
To have, to hold, to shift, to give and take,
And from each transfer still a profit make—
That is his life: we watch him and admire,
Yet envy not his toil nor grudge his hire.

To each his task: our civilization's need
Includes things as diverse as love and greed,
As brooding thought and bustling energy,
As abstract truth and prompt utility.
His right to earth is best who best can use it;
His birthright man must justify or lose it.
This we should learn, then, and to this end strive
Living to keep continuously alive,
And daily meet the debt we owe the day—
That irksome wholesome debt to make it pay.
Call us utilitarian those who will,
A warrant for our Yankee impulse still
Stands in the immemorial decree
That linked with labor human life shall be.
For liberty and progress hand in hand
With pushing thrift have gone in many a land,
And mastery of earth and nature brings
The key to endless stores of precious things.
Full purses foster art; letters have flourished
In times when even poets were well nourished.
Wealth earned, not filched, power not usurped, but based
On freemen's choice, are mighty tools that, placed
In fitting hands, spread civilization's sway,
And speed the dawning of millennium's day.

Be honor, then, to him who makes the field
To wiser tillage fuller harvests yield;
Who harnesses the lightning, and constrains
Indocile steel to save the fingers' pains;
Who teaches us new wants, and, turn about,
Supplies these things we cannot do without,
And makes us hope, so much do wares abound,
There'll some time be enough to go around.
To those devoted souls be honor too
Who steadfastly the quest for truth pursue;
Who, rifling history's treasure-house, forecast
The future's hopes and perils from the past;
Who seek creation's darkest depths to plumb.
What man has been, and is, and may become,
Whence brought, and by what trail, and whither bound.
Asking, they wrest its secrets from the ground.
The depths of earth and sea, the celestial vault,
They dredge and sift and span in an assault
So fierce and steady that the hosts of night
Fall ever back before its fervent might,
And Sol each morning rises with a shout,
Surprised at what those fellows have found out.

But honor more be his whose instincts own
The truth, "Man cannot live by bread alone";
Who sees in righteousness, far more than wealth,
The prime essential to a nation's health;
Whom neither ease nor quest, sublime or base,
Makes inconsiderate of his brother's case;
Whose effort is, come plenty or come dearth,
God's will to learn, and see it done on earth.
A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the state, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.
This above all, then, brethren, we should know,
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom, and integrity—
Our country whose we are, and in whose fate
Our stake is so immeasurably great,
Whose honor ours involves, her fame our fame,
Her misdirection our remorse and shame.
Manila's guns, reverberating still,
Witness how well her sons can do her will.
Beleaguered Cuba's marching hosts attest
How swells the love of freedom in her breast.
Whate'er befall, God grant her flag may fly
In sign of righteousness and liberty,
Ne'er at ambition's beck to be unfurled
In triumph o'er the weaklings of the world,
Ne'er borne in battle save in mercy's cause
To spread the realm of peace and honest laws!
May Heaven, who gave us strength, give wisdom too,
Our duty teach us, and what not to do;
And so on force may moderation wait—
So match our men of war, our chiefs of state.
That the chief fame our victories shall produce
May be the high renown of victory's use;
So be our arms, our flag, our future blest—
God save the Great Republic of the West!

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, June 18.—A report that the insurgents of the Philippines have determined to form a republic is much commented upon at Washington, London, and Madrid. It is not regarded as probable that the inhabitants of the various islands forming the archipelago, who differ widely in race, language, religion, and customs, can establish a stable native government; but the suggestion is made that this intention or disposition of the insurgents to act independently may give rise to new complications. At Old Cavité, on June 12, the insurgents proclaimed a provisional government. The islands were declared independent of Spanish authority. Aguinaldo was elected President.

Sunday, June 19.—A despatch from Hong-kong states that the steamer *Yuen Sang*, which arrived at that port to-day, sighted the American transport *City of Peking* on June 15. The latter vessel, having on board the First Regiment of California volunteers, was then only one day's sail from Manila.

From Guantanamo and Santiago de Cuba the news received shows steady improvement in the situation of our marines up to the end of the week. The camp has been strengthened with more trenches. The Spanish attacks have been less vigorous. One hundred more Cubans have arrived. Camp McCalla, now called "Fort" McCalla, is healthy. The support of our vessels continues to be most effective, the *Texas*, *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *St. Paul*, *Dolphin*, and *Suwanee* shelling the forts and town, and using their guns to prevent the enemy from massing at any point on or near the outer bay—which may therefore be regarded as now practically in our possession. West of Santiago five hundred Cubans, encamped near the shore, are in regular communication with Admiral Sampson's fleet. Supplies of arms, ammunition, and medicine have been sent to the Cuban allies from time to time.

Consul Sprague cabled from Gibraltar to the State Department that Camara's war-ships (the "Cadiz Reserve Squadron") were at Cartagena.

A manifesto in favor of peace, issued by a number of influential associations in Catalonia, the industrial province of Spain, includes the following statements: "It would be better to consent to amputation [loss of colonies] than to continue a war that must be fertile in disasters.... Peace alone can prevent the utter annihilation of the Spanish nation."

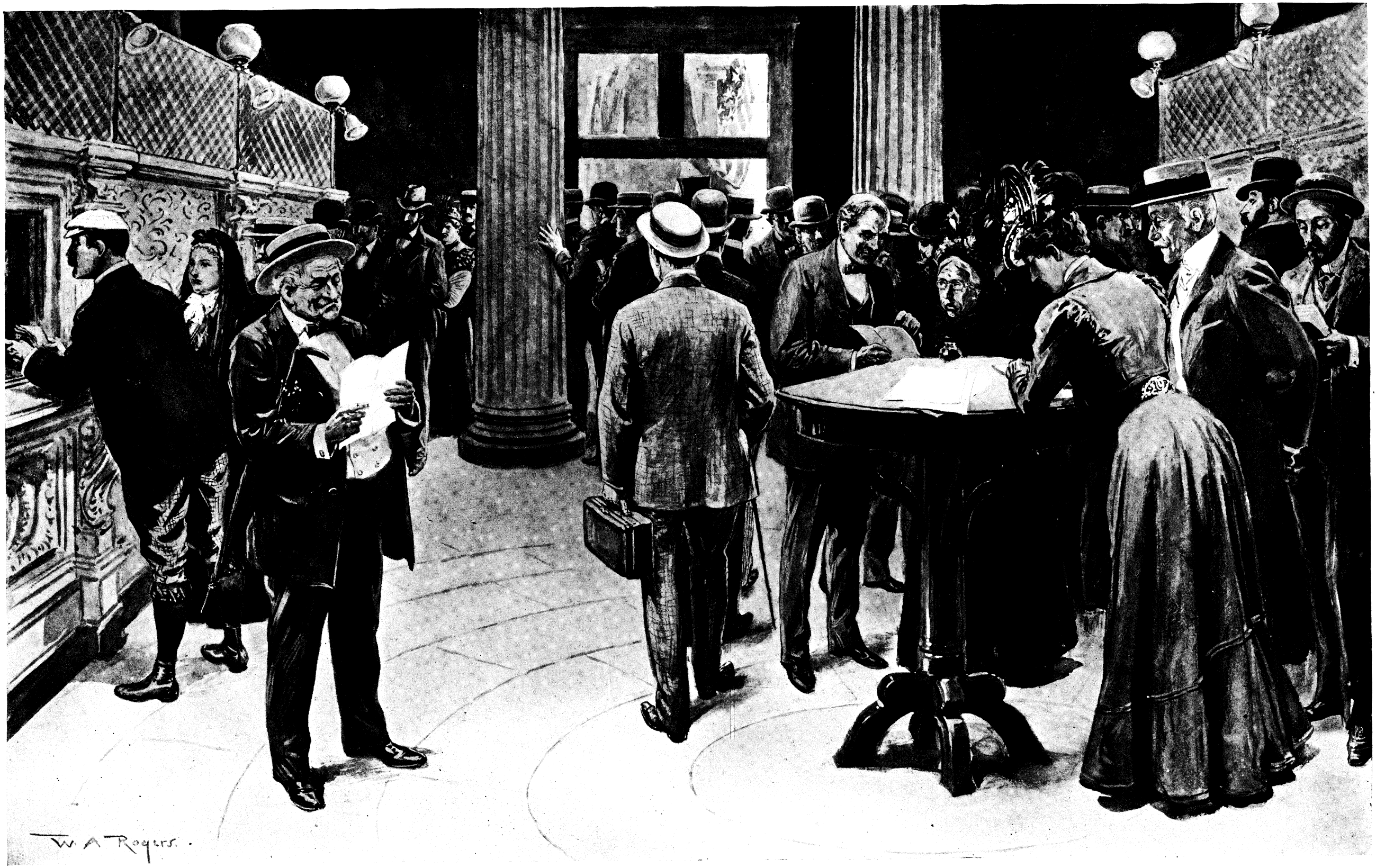
Monday, June 20.—The following despatch was received at Washington from Commodore Watson, commanding the vessels blockading the northern coast of Cuba: "Captain-General states Spanish government refuses to exchange prisoners." This message relates to the negotiations for the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his companions who fell into the hands of the Spaniards after sinking the *Merrimac*. After their capture they were imprisoned in Morro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and were kept there (a despatch to the *Herald* from the British consul at Santiago, Mr. F. W. Ramsden, says) while lodgings for them were being prepared in the barracks, which are in the city. Accordingly they were locked in the Morro during the bombardment by our fleet on June 6. On June 7 they were moved to the barracks.

The President's nominations of Adelbert Ames, of Massachusetts, and Joseph W. Plume, of New Jersey, to be Brigadier-Generals, were taken to the Senate.

It is reported, *vid* Hong-kong, that General Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has informed United States Consul Williams of the formation of a provisional government, merely for cohesive purposes, and has notified him of the desire of the insurgents that the Philippine Islands become an American colony.

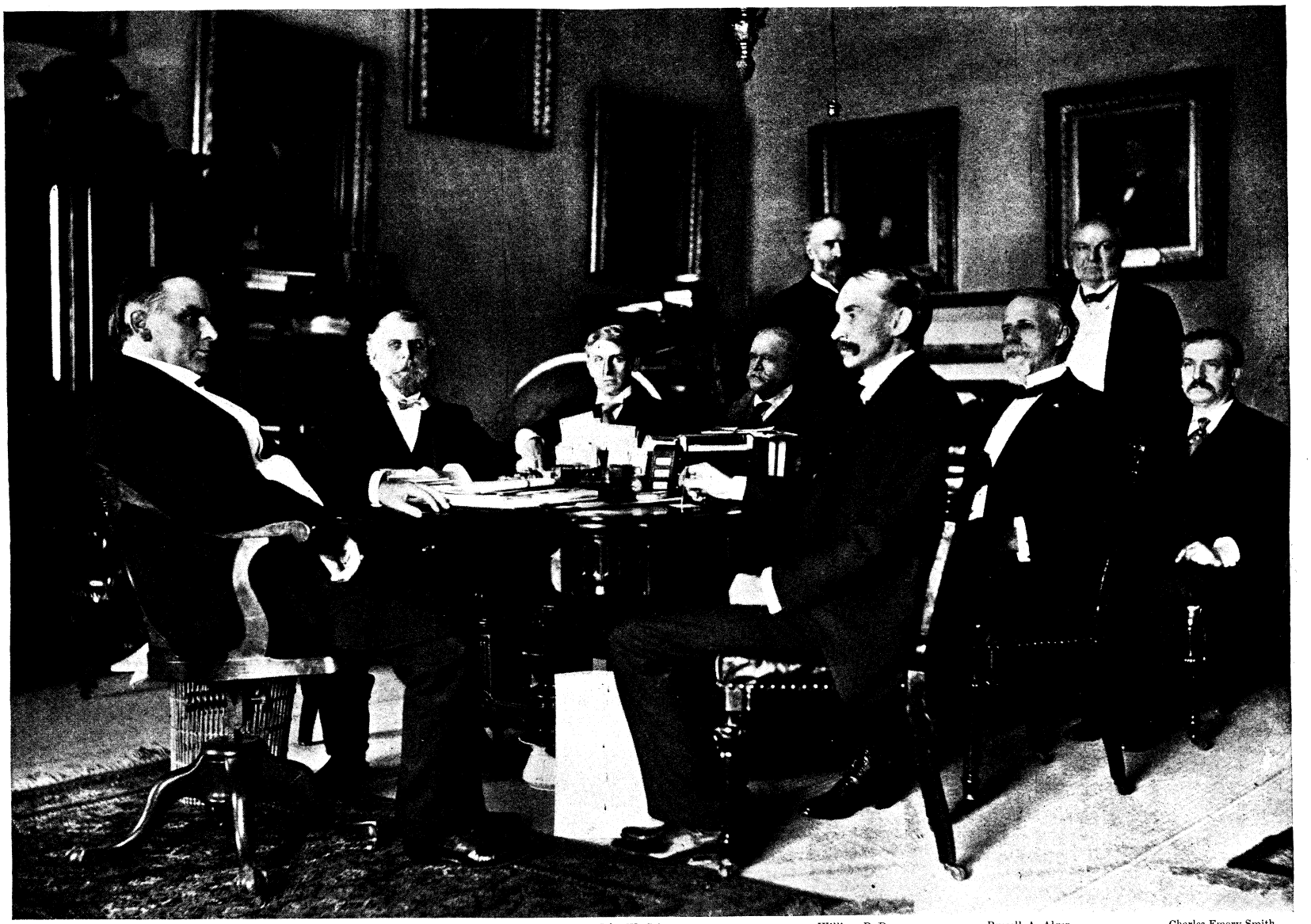
The transports carrying the first division of the army of invasion, commanded by General Shafter, arrived off Santiago de Cuba at noon to-day. Ranged in a line that stretched out over eight miles, with the battle-ship *Indiana* on the extreme right, and the other men-of-war on guard, the entire fleet advanced from the southeast, wheeling into single file to pass the flag-ship with salutes, and then withdrawing to a distance of twelve to fifteen miles from Sampson's squadron, where it was hove to by advice of the Admiral. General Shafter went forward on the *Seguranca* to a conference on the flag-ship. Admiral Sampson returning with him later to the *Seguranca*, the transport proceeded westward almost immediately to Aserradero, which lies on the coast about twenty-five miles from the city of Santiago, or about eighteen from the mouth of the harbor. At Aserradero General Calixto García, with about four thousand Cuban soldiers, had arrived—not "coincidentally," as some despatches state, but in accordance with an agreement entered into with our government, and plans for co-operation discussed when Lieutenant Rowan visited the old General at Bayamo, May 1, as related on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY. Accordingly General Shafter, Admiral Sampson, and General García held a long conference "under the palm-leaf roof of an open hut" at Aserradero in the afternoon. The two American commanders returned to the fleet in the evening.

(*Continued on page 652.*)



BUYING WAR BONDS AT THE SUB-TREASURY, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of Interior.



Lyman T. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. John W. Griggs, Attorney-General. William R. Day, Secretary of State. Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War. Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET, IN THE CABINET-ROOM, EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

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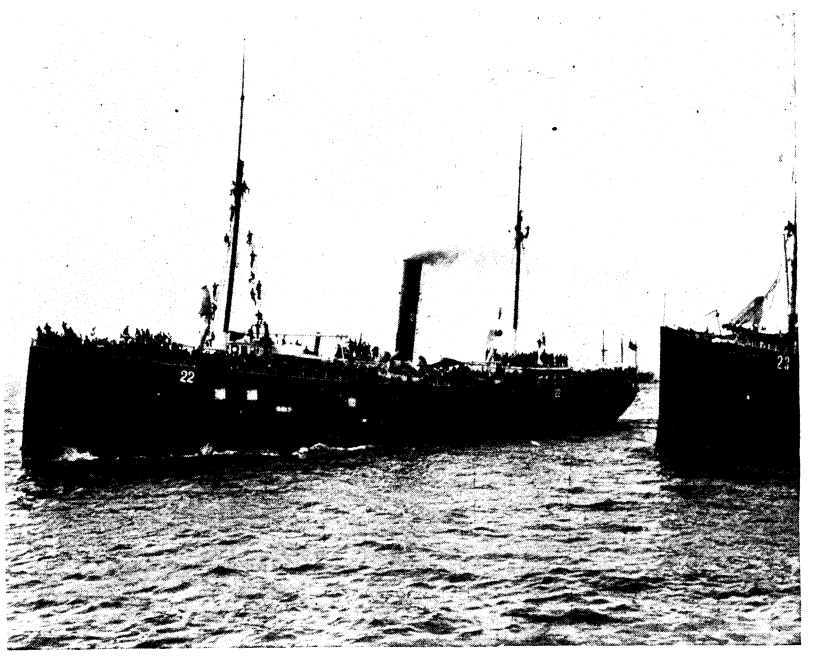
ON THE DECK OF A TROOP-SHIP.



MEN OF THE 71ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS CHEERING TROOPS ON ANOTHER TRANSPORT.



THE MORNING BATH—SOLDIERS SWIMMING BY THE SIDE OF A TROOP-SHIP.



THE "RIO GRANDE," WITH GENERAL SUMNER AND STAFF AND 3D AND 6TH U. S. CAVALRY.

OFF FOR CUBA WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S TROOPS—LIFE ON THE TRANSPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The unfavorable impression formed by Mr. R. H. Davis of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's reports of the recent condition of things at Tampa is not shared by all observers. A Florida correspondent, who writes under date of June 8, says of Mr. Bigelow:

> Every word he has said is true, and he has by no means told the whole story. His letter in HARPER'S WEEKLY is mild compared with the statement made to me by an officer just returned from Tampa.... When the time comes to preach a sermon on the remedy, the text must be, "A permanent tenure of staff positions is fatal to military efficiency." That is the source of all our woes.

In a letter dated June 9, from Cambridge, England, Dr. Merrill E. Gates resigned the presidency of Amherst College. He points out that the financial condition of the college has greatly improved during the eight years of his presidency; that the number of students is greater, the equipment better, and that the prospects of the institution are very bright. His own health, he says, has improved since he went abroad, but he asks to be relieved of the burden which he has borne for eight years, and desires that his resignation may take effect at the close of his year's leave of absence, now in progress.

Dr. Gates's letter is dignified, and without suggestion of complaint. No doubt his resignation is wise, and as much for his own interest as for that of Amherst College. It remains for the future to determine whether some other gentleman will be able to govern Amherst more to the satisfaction of the governed than Dr. Gates has done. To go to Amherst he resigned the presidency of Rutgers College and declined the presidency of Oberlin College. His resignation in a measure leaves Amherst on trial. It will be necessary for her to demonstrate now that she is not an aggregation of warring elements which no college president can reconcile.

There is a rumor that Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews is likely to resign the presidency of Brown University in order to become superintendent of the public schools of Chicago. If that should happen, there will be another New England college presidency to fill. As an educator Dr. Andrews has been decidedly successful. In Chicago he would find a great and important field of professional labor, as well as probably an atmosphere somewhat more congenial than that of Providence to a statesman of his fiscal and political preferences.

In the *Columbia University Bulletin* Mr. H. G. Paine has something interesting to tell about distinguished sons of Columbia who matriculated but did not stay to finish their course. Chief among them was Alexander Hamilton, who left King's College in 1776 to be a captain of artillery in the Continental army. In more recent years the list includes a score of captains of the civil war, among them General John Watts de Peyster, General Henry M. Judah, Colonel Augustus Van Horn Ellis (killed at Gettysburg), and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who founded the New York Trade-School. Captain Mahan was a Columbia man for a year, and left the class of '58 to enter the Naval Academy. Captain Charles King, too, began at Columbia, but veered off to West Point, where he was graduated in 1865. Another author, John Fox, Jr., was a member of the Columbia class of '89. Other names which are in Columbia's books, though not in her catalogue of alumni, are those of Judge George C. Barrett, '55, Abram J. Dittenhoefer, '55, Bishop John Hobart Brown, '52 (of Fond du Lac), Lockwood de Forest, '72 (artist), John Johnson, '79 (artist), William O. Partridge, '85 (sculptor), Professor George Benton Newcomb, '56, Worthington C. Ford, '79, William H. Vanderbilt, '41, John A. Stewart, '42, and Frederick Newbold Lawrence, '54.

Four officers of the college (including Mr. McKinley's Assistant Secretary of State) are doing work for the government in connection with the present war, and this year's class poet had to get leave of absence from the naval reserves to read his poem on class day.

The picture of Major-General Lee and his staff which appears in this issue of the WEEKLY was taken at Camp Cuba Libre, at Jacksonville. General Lee commands the Seventh Corps of our volunteer army, one division of which, the Second, was at Jacksonville when the picture was taken. The other two divisions were expected there, and may have joined the Second before now. The Second Division includes three brigades of three regiments each, hailing from Illinois (2), New Jersey, North Carolina, Iowa (2), Wisconsin, and Virginia (2), and numbering in all about ten thousand men. The corps has its Hospital Corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, which divides into three division hospitals, and employs about one thousand men, besides several hundred mules, horses, ambulances, and the like.

Camp Cuba Libre (so named by General Lee) is about a mile from the centre of Jacksonville, is well shaded, and gets some of the salt breezes from the ocean, twenty miles away. It is reported that the Northern and Western soldiers there have been agreeably disappointed in the summer climate of Florida. They expected to find it seething hot all the time, whereas, so far, the heat has rarely been extreme, even at mid-day, and there have been cooling showers, and the nights have been usually comfortable. Among the troops gathered from many different States in such a camp as Cuba Libre are all sorts and conditions of men, accustomed to very different work and standards of living, and doubtless qualified to profit by the new ideas which their novel war experiences and associations will bring them.

Among the officers of General Lee's staff are Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Chief Commissary, Major von Schroeder, Chief Quartermaster, and Major Livermore, Chief Engineer, all of whom are officers of the regular army. Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., Inspector-General, is the publisher of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, and has had military experience in the National Guard of Massachusetts. Major Russell B. Harrison, Assistant Inspector-General, has had twelve years' experience in the National Guard of three States. Major Hobart, Assistant Adjutant-General, is a nephew of the Vice-President. Lieutenant Sartoris is a grandson of General Grant. Lieutenant Carbonell is a Cuban, who speaks Spanish fluently. He is the officer who lately married Miss Evangelina Cisneros. Major Gary Evans, lately appointed Assistant Inspector-General, was formerly Governor of South Carolina. Neither he nor Colonel Maus appears in the picture.

An incident of Commencement at Cornell, to which the WEEKLY's attention has been directed, was the gift to the university of a portrait of the late Professor Herbert Tuttle, the historian of Prussia. It hangs in the university library, in the seminary room for European history, where Professor Tuttle did his most satisfying work as a teacher. The portrait was painted by Professor Tuttle's widow, who has given it to the university. It is highly praised, both as a painting and as a likeness.



OFF FOR MANILA—A GROUP OF OFFICERS ON THE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

The Merchants' Association expects its out-of-town members to visit New York in September, and has arranged with the railroads to bring them from points as far west as Chicago and St. Louis and take them home again for a fare and one-third. The association has 27,000 out-of-town members, and enough of them will come here in September to make it seem at times as if the city's summer exiles had begun to return.

The George Washington Memorial Association (of women), which lately held its semi-annual convention at Cambridge Springs in Pennsylvania, is the invention of Mrs. Ellen M. Richardson, of Boston, and has for its purpose the establishment at Washington of a national university, chiefly, it would seem, for postgraduate study. George Washington left a bequest of $25,000 for a school for higher education, but the money was lost. This memorial association proposes to carry out his purpose—or something as nearly like it as contemporary demands call for—and its immediate desire is to get together $250,000 to build in Washington an administration building wherein the new university may find its first home. There is a committee of one hundred (men), of the executive committee of which Chief-Justice Fuller is chairman, which has been organized to promote the same intention. Next year comes the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, and it is hoped that by that time the work will be provided for.

A friend of the WEEKLY writes that most people know the marks of military rank in the army, but that the marks of naval rank are not so well known, and may be worth stating for the public benefit.



BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

The marks are the same now in both branches of the service. The eagle on the shoulder-strap means colonel in the army or captain in the navy; the silver leaf means lieutenant-colonel in the army or commander in the navy; the gold leaf means major in the army or lieutenant-commander in the navy; two silver bars mean captain in the army or lieutenant in the navy; one silver bar means first lieutenant in the army or lieutenant (junior grade) in the navy; second lieutenant in the army corresponds to ensign in the navy, and both wear the plain shoulder-strap. The special badge of the navy is the anchor on the coat collar.

In the higher grades, commodore, rear-admiral, and vice-admiral correspond respectively to brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general, and are respectively indicated by one star, two stars, and three stars.

The Bangkok (Siam) *Times* of April 7 pays a profuse and eloquent tribute to the "splendid abilities" and general efficiency and devotion of the Hon. John Barrett, the late American minister to Siam, as shown in his management of the general affairs of his legation, and in particular of the Cheek case, which through his efforts was brought, after years of dispute, to arbitration, and settled in favor of the estate of the plaintiff. It was the suit of an American citizen, deceased, against the government of Siam. Nearly the whole number of the *Times* is given up to praises of Mr. Barrett, who at the date of issue was about leaving for Hong-kong to meet his successor. He certainly went out in a blaze of glory, and must have reached Hong-kong about the time that Admiral Dewey left there for Manila.

A reader of the WEEKLY who was in Havana in 1889 tells of being an amused spectator at the morning inspections of the Havana Volunteers. He says: "The first morning, I noticed that after the officers had inspected the front rank of one company and had gone on to the next, a good many of the men who had first been inspected changed places with their mates in the rear rank, and were inspected again on the return of the officers by the rear. I found this shifting of places happened every morning, and the conclusion was unavoidable that the most presentable Volunteers always lined up first in the front rank, and then swapped places with companions of the rear who were less fit to bear scrutiny."

There is a prospect, it seems, that Princeton graduates may have something to say about the management of Princeton University. They have wanted a voice in university affairs these many years, and at Commencement this year it was announced that the Board of Trustees had voted to empower them to choose a council of fifteen, which should be authorized to make suggestions to the trustees, and should serve as a medium of communication between the authorities of the institution and the alumni. It is not evident as yet that the council is to have any actual authority; but even if that is so, it will still be useful, since it gives the graduates a chance for the expression of their sentiments, and the sentiments of the graduates, officially expressed, must have great weight in the management of almost any institution that is merely educational, and not penal or corrective. The new Princeton council will, apparently, be something like the Harvard Board of Overseers, a body whereof the legal power is supposed to be very limited, though its influence is amply sufficient to justify its existence.

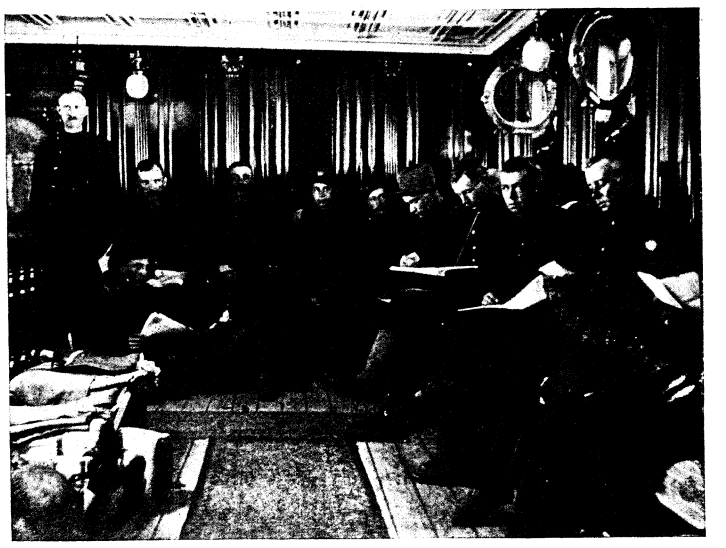
The late Colonel Rufus King Case, U.S.A., chief clerk of the Quartermaster's Department of the East, seems to have lost his life as clearly in the service of the country as though he had fallen in battle. He died, it appears, from pneumonia, a result really of many weeks of overwork. What the stress of labor in the Quartermaster's Department of our army must have been during the last three months is easily conceived by any imaginative person. In this instance it has brought a fatal result.

Colonel Case, who was fifty-eight years old, was a veteran of the civil war, and had been for over thirty years in the Quartermaster's Department.

Unusual things continue to happen to Sir Henry Irving. Three years ago he was knighted; the other day Cambridge University (England) made him an LL.D. He

had been appointed Rede lecturer to the university, and the degree was conferred upon him after his first lecture. This new honor, like his knighthood, is pointed to as a mark of recognition of the place that the stage has lately won in English life. Perhaps so; but an equally reasonable opinion seems to be that it is a recognition of the unusual quality of Sir Henry's mind. A good actor might be made a Jubilee knight because he was a good actor and deserved promotion, but that would hardly warrant making him an LL.D. Sir Henry's intellectuality, his accomplishments, and his ability to say things out of his own head which it is profitable to hear, are warrant enough for his doctorate.

The University of Rochester has announced its willingness to admit woman to all its privileges, but says she must bring with her a dowry. The new policy will be put into effect, say the trustees in their resolution, "when the women of Rochester shall raise the necessary funds for the use of the university, estimated at $100,000." The women of Rochester who want coeducation in their local college have taken note of the trustees' condition, and propose to satisfy it. Whether this is a good time to raise money or not doubtless depends largely on what the money is for. It is a good enough time to raise funds for Red Cross Relief, and it has lately been demonstrated that there is plenty of money available to buy government bonds, but some givers may feel that it will be time enough after the war to provide for more higher education for women. Nevertheless, the women of Rochester propose to find out forthwith whether money can be raised in war-times for anything but soldiering or not.



THE LAST LETTERS FROM HOME.



OFF FOR MANILA—ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "CHINA"—THE LAST VIEW OF HOME.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, has not found the times unpropitious for raising educational funds. A few weeks ago he sent out notice that his schools at Northfield needed money, and his circular was hardly distributed before he received $100,000 from a single supporter, whose name has been withheld.

Whether the Seventh Regiment of New York gets into the national service or not, it ought to feel that its position has been improved. The reason given for not yielding to its desire to be included in the last lot of troops furnished by the State of New York to the national government was that it was needed at home, and should not be sent out of a State with an Atlantic coast line and with great cities to be protected, both from possible invasion and from internal disorder. New York has sent out so large a proportion of her home-grown and home-trained soldiers that her desire to retain some of the most efficient of those that are left is reasonable, and must be easily understood by any thinking person. However reluctant the Seventh may be to stay at home, it is a compliment to it this time not to be sent away.

There is a party in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which does not consider Lady Henry Somerset a suitable person for president of the organization. At present she is its vice-president at large, and, since Miss Willard's death, has been the acting president. To defeat her election as president next fall a documentary campaign has been begun, wherein it is pointed out that Lady Henry, though personally an abstainer, until the beginning of the present year allowed wine to appear on her table; that she does not consider it necessary for all persons to become abstainers; that she does not wish all drinking-places to be closed; that she does not wish the bars of public-houses to be closed all day on Sundays; that she is insufficiently strict in her demands against selling intoxicants to minors; that she does not favor prohibition; and that she receives revenue from two or three beer-houses on her own estates.

It is explained that she allowed wine to appear on her table so long as her son continued to live with her, because he wished it, and that the beer-houses on her estates hold underground leases which she cannot control. But it is also explained that she does not consider drinking to be sinful in itself, that she does not believe in making teetotalers by act of Parliament, and that she does not believe it would be just to close all public-houses all day on Sunday while clubs are left open. This last expedient, she thinks, would be class legislation.

These latter explanations explain too much. They demonstrate that Lady Henry's convictions vary in important particulars from those of the majority of the members of the W. C. T. U. in this country, and that she will not be a suitable person to be president of an organization which includes the American W. C. T. U. until the rank and file of the American society are able to amend their views. Lady Henry's opinions, as they are explained, seem very sensible. It seems a pity that the Temperance Union in America is so far from sharing them.

Bishop Huntington's address at the opening of the Central New York Diocesan Convention (Episcopal) on June 14 contains one short paragraph about the war, observing that, in so far as its motive is humane, it presents a spectacle of national altruism wellnigh unprecedented in history. The Bishop says:

> Nobody but fools can expect it to be ended till the Spanish despotism is broken. Nobody but fiends can wish it to be prolonged. Nobody but atheists can doubt that it will be overruled by Almighty God. Nobody but traitors can refuse to share patriotically in its sacrifices.

These, on the whole, are comforting sentiments, especially the one which counts so confidently on an overruling Providence. We seem to have good reason to think that, in so far as fighting goes, we can manage the Spaniard without special direction, for that seems a job for which orders have already been issued and arrangements made. But what is to follow is very hard guessing, and there must be a great many thousand Americans whose meditations are such that their peace of mind may be promoted by the venerable bishop's confidence that the Lord's hand will appear in the settlement.

E. S. MARTIN.

OFF FOR MANILA.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "CHINA" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. SENT BACK BY PILOT-BOAT. *June 14.*

MARKET STREET is packed with pushing, eager spectators. 'Way up above the people, on the sky-pointing *Call* Building, a little cannon pounds its monotonous salute to the troops who are marching down from Camp Merritt to embark on their long journey to the Philippines. On opposite corners of the street two noisy bands, proudly testifying to the patriotism of advertising agents, drown each other in a hurly-burly of chaotic dissonance. The street cars, blocked, begin to stretch out in a broken line of yellow, green, and red. Now the crowd opens in the middle of the street and crushes back to the sidewalks. With guidon flying, the Utah Light Battery comes swinging around the corner, in the lead. The people cheer, and push out again close to the marching line. A tall girl flaps a highly scented handkerchief close to the soldiers' faces in odoriferous farewell.

The boys have already marched some miles under the hot sun; their brown manly faces are streaked with dirt. They are heavily loaded with knapsacks and ammunition, and over the shoulder is strapped in hot bulk the blue-gray blanket. Some men have engaged the willing services of the street arabs to carry extra rifles, bags, and other impedimenta. These small citizens, proud to help the nation's warriors, stretch their short legs in a vain endeavor to keep step. The spectators press so closely about the marching troops that one soldier shouts out, "Give us more air!"

About the docks those who cannot get inside stand around envying the more fortunate personal friends of the soldiers who are allowed to pass inside of the cordon. The regiments are stretched along the dock, seated on their unrolled blankets, while good angels from the Red Cross, with bright-colored dress and dishevelled hair, hurry about, pitcher and basket in hand, administering to the soldiers' wants. There is a decided smell of bread and butter about the place. Friends squat around the volunteers in groups. The good-looking soldier has a girl on each side, and is weighted down with flowers and good things.

All day the ships are loading. Cannon swing in the air, bump against the ship's side, and finally land on the deck. At last every man is on board, and amidst great shouting and blowing of whistles the boats move into the bay and anchor.

The night is very warm, and every one is uncomfortable, but happy in the thought that he is among those chosen to start. The men have not been assigned to their bunks yet, and they are packed about like sardines on the deck. A concert is organized, and all join boisterously in the chorus. At last taps are sounded and lights are out, and the men try to find a soft place on the smooth boards. On the deck above, the officers pace up and down, smoking and telling yarns, while the ship swings lazily in the tide.

June 15.

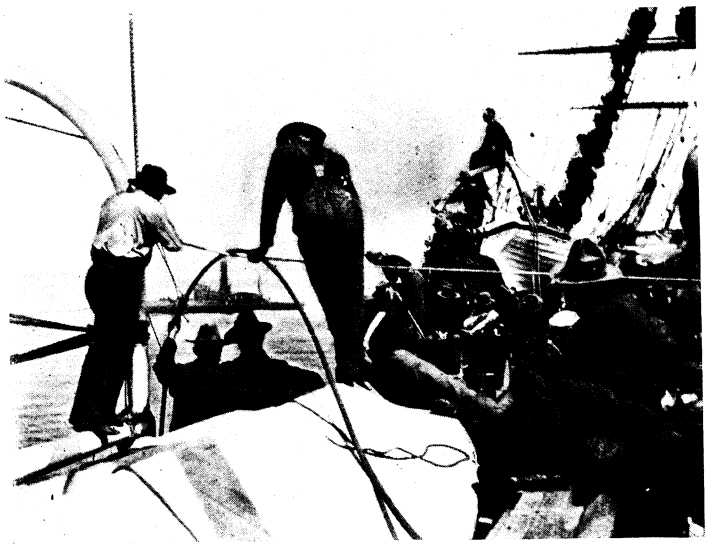
Next morning. The ships woke up with the first gray of dawning. "Jimmy Green" drinks his coffee and chews his hardtack. The sun comes up, and soon the decks are sweltering hot, with no wind blowing. The soldier throws off his coat, and seeks every convenient shelter to write his farewell letter home.

At noon a great tugboat comes puffing up alongside, bringing a crowd of enthusiastic Red Cross girls waving flags and throwing flowers. The quizzical old captain at my side whispers in my ear, "The women are having the time of their life, but they have done lots of good."

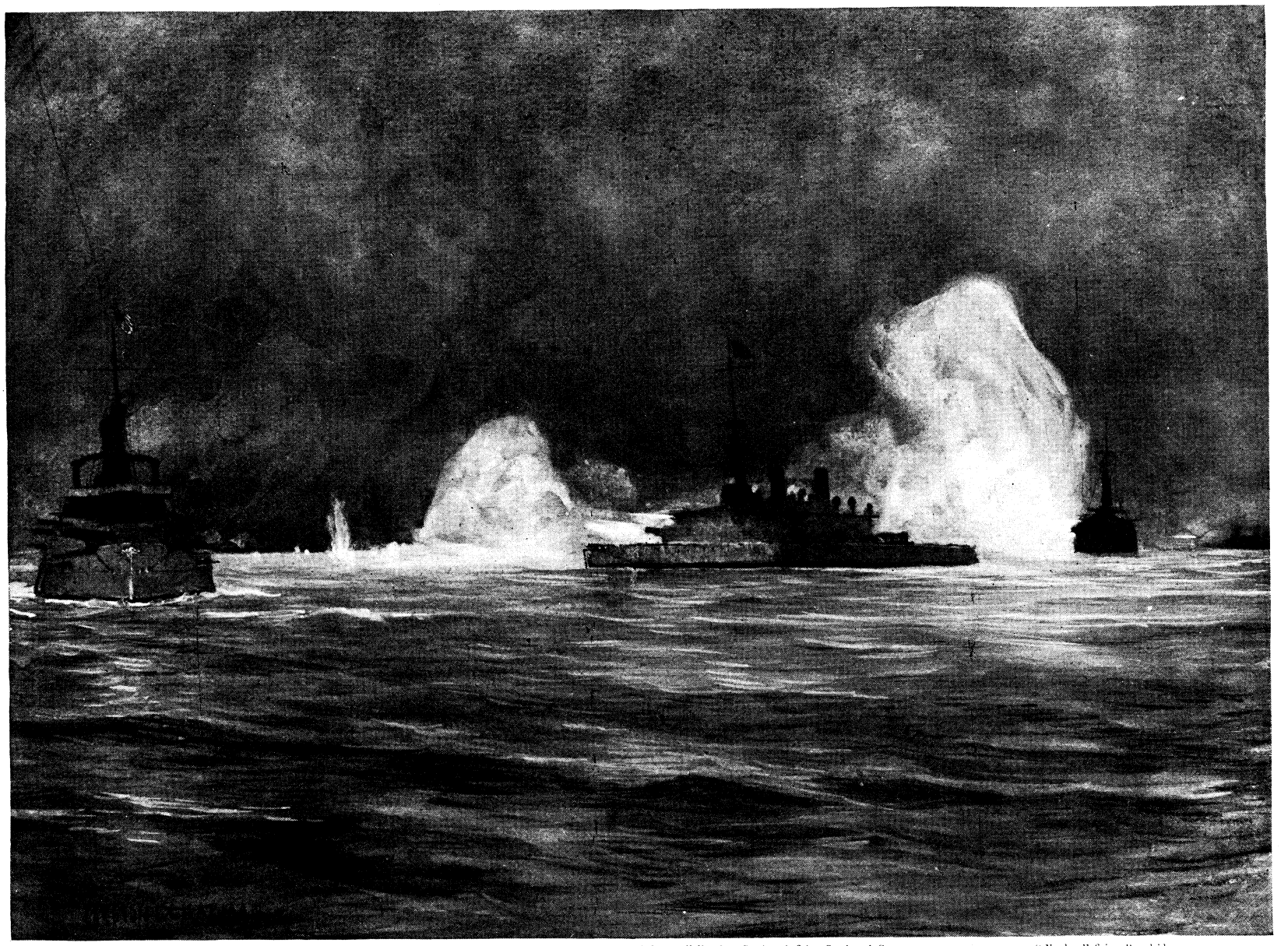
The soldiers run up in the rigging and crowd to the edge of the boat as the tug bumps up against our side. The girls throw flowers and packages of good things among us. Other tugs and pleasure-boats come out and surround us, until we are the centre of a little fleet. On board the various boats the bands play the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia." The excitement grows, and amid waving flags the crowd on board the Red Cross tug break out into old familiar airs. The high voices of the women float over to us in soft melancholy good-by. It is a sight not to be forgotten.

We are to stop at Honolulu, where we will stay some days, awaiting orders which are to come to us from the *Belgic*, sailing from San Francisco on Saturday, the 18th. There is no cable to Honolulu. Rumor has it that our delay there means that we will be expected to take possession of Hawaii in the name of Uncle Sam. If we see the annexation *de facto* it will be a glorious sight.

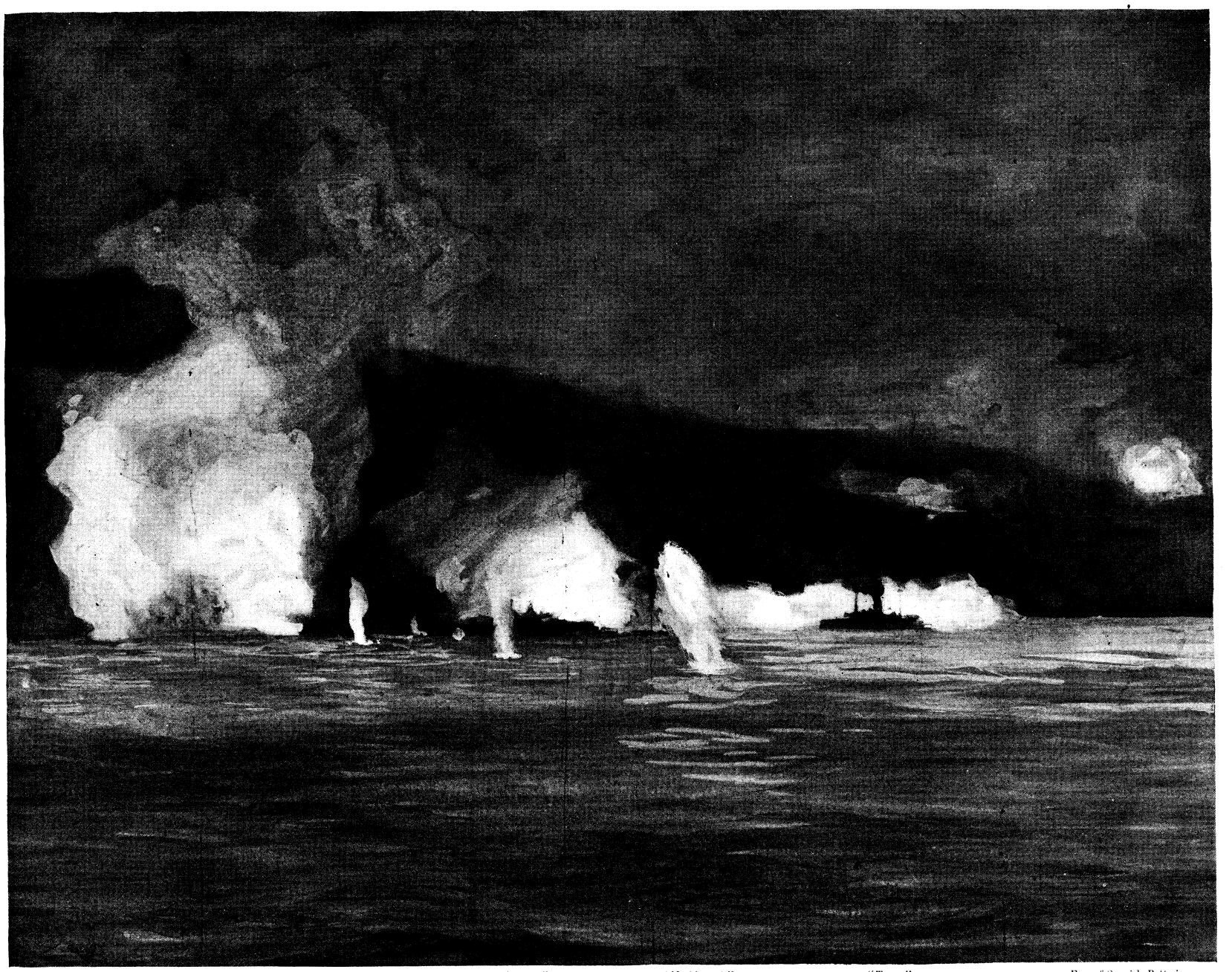
Brigadier-General Greene comes on board with his orders. The ship shouts him an enthusiastic welcome. The signal is given, and at last we start, the *China* leading, followed by the *Zelandia*, *Senator*, and *Colon*. I count fifty excursion-boats, all blowing whistles and flying flags. Crowds line the docks, and the forts give us the brigadier salute. We are off for Manila. JOHN F. BASS.



GOOD-BY!



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S EASTERN DIVISION.



COMMODORE SCHLEY'S DIVISION FIRING AT A DISTANCE OF 2800 YARDS—RAIN AND MIST OBSCURING EVERYTHING.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, 7.45 TO 10.30 A.M., MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

Major George S. Hobart, Assistant Adjutant-General. Major F. von Schroeder, Chief Quartermaster. Lieut.-Col. Curtis Guild, Jr., Inspector-General. Major Russell B. Harrison, Assistant Inspector-General. Lieut. C. P. Carbonell, Aide. Lieut. Algernon Sartoris, Aide. Lieut. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., Aide.



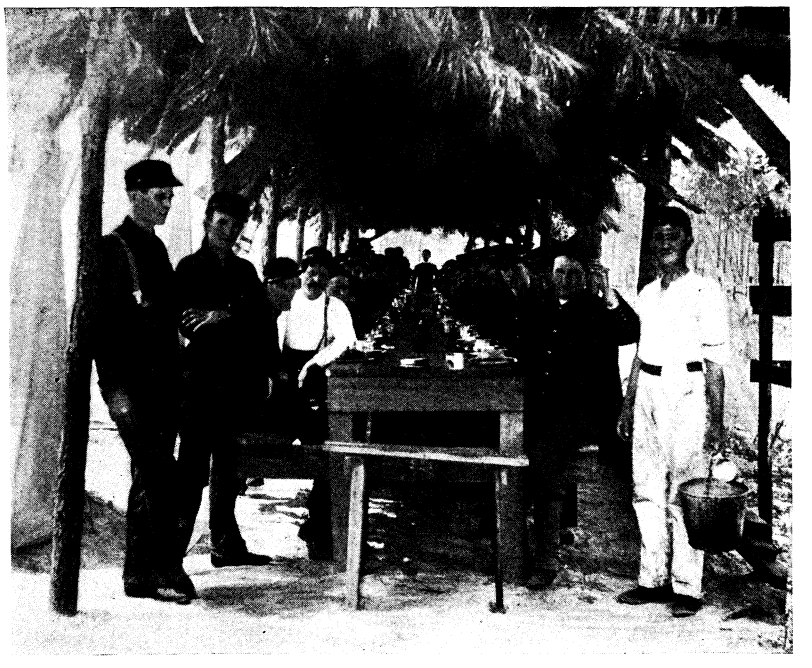
Capt. R. E. L. Michie, Assistant Adjutant-General. Major W. R. Livermore, Chief Engineer. Lieut.-Col. O. E. Wood, Chief Commissary.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, COMMANDING 7TH ARMY CORPS, AND STAFF.

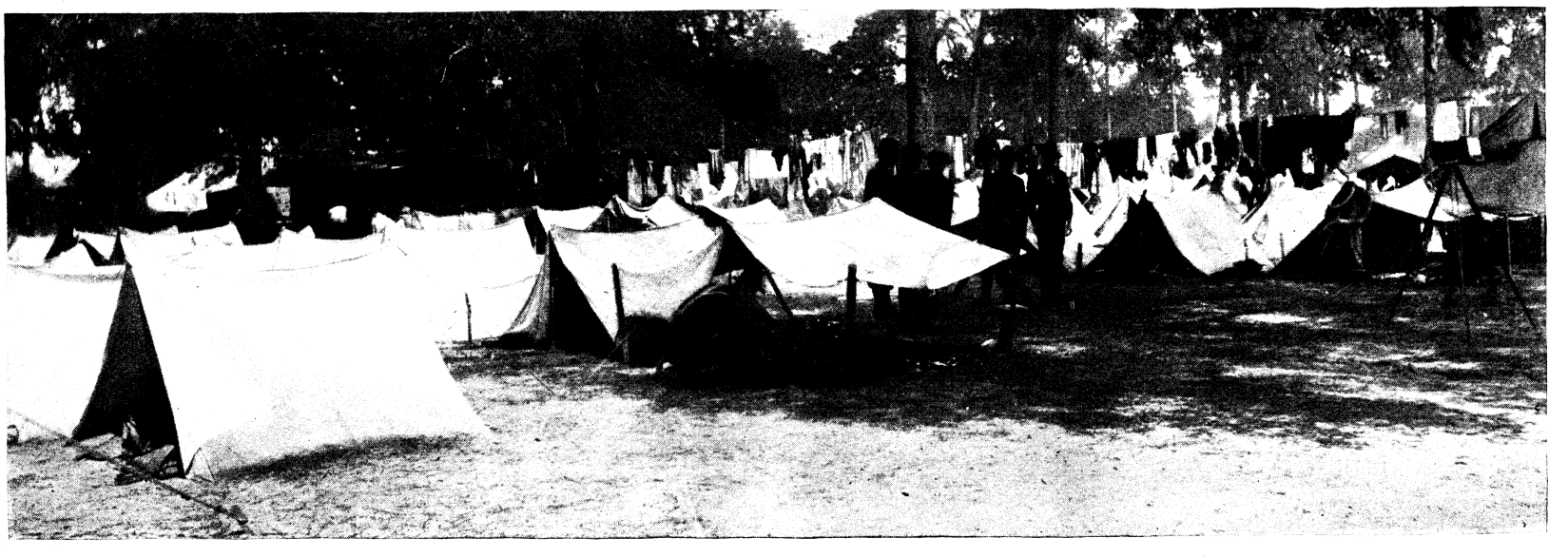
From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by O. P. Havens.



CLEANING UP AFTER DRILL



2D VIRGINIA VOLS., "RICHMOND GRAYS," AT THEIR FIFTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.



WASH-DAY IN THE CAMP OF THE 2D ILLINOIS.

WITH THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VIII.—EMILIO CASTELAR, THE UNCROWNED KING.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE most interesting, perhaps the most important, man in Madrid is Emilio Castelar, the statesman who liberated the slaves of Porto Rico, who conducted the delicate negotiations growing out of the *Virginius* filibustering expedition of 1873, and who, as President of the Republic in Spain, commanded at once the respect of friendly nations and the enthusiastic support of Liberals at home.

Mr. Castelar to-day unites about his table all that is most interesting in the Spanish capital, excepting the immediate court circle, which of course could not openly appear to countenance an avowed republican. It is worth noting in parenthesis that socially Spain enjoys more political liberty than Germany, in the sense that a man in Madrid who avows sentiments in opposition to the government does not on that account necessarily fall under a boycott so severe as to forbid all people loyal to the government from frequenting his house. I have in mind several instances of notable Germans who, in consequence of voting against a measure of the government, have been wholly ostracized by not merely the court, but by the army, the officials, the learned professions, and even the members of the diplomatic corps in Berlin.

It is safe to say that if Castelar were a German he would in Berlin be forced to live as much out of the world as if he had been smitten with the plague.

His house is on the beautiful Avenue Serraño, in the upper part of the town, near to the French Embassy and the present residence of General Woodford. I first had the pleasure of meeting this grand old republican through the mediation of a common friend and member of the Cobden Club. I was shown into an antechamber so filled with treasures of curious and beautiful bric-à-brac that I was lost in pleasant admiration while the maid carried my card to her busy master.

Soon he appeared—a sight I shall not readily forget: a frank, strong face, with brilliant penetrating eyes that seemed always dancing with a disposition to smile. His nose is such as I usually find on strong men—not so large as the striking one of Paul Kruger, but reminding me somewhat of that on the great Baron Stein. Anywhere on a public thoroughfare I should have stopped to look twice at Castelar, for his very carriage suggests an uncrowned king. He has been a Cromwell of Spain—for a brief period, it is true, but still a period long enough to stamp his name in history as the first to make his country great without cruelty and strong without the destruction of personal liberty.

It is now thirty-four years ago that Castelar thundered against the abuses of the monarchy in his famous paper called *The Democracy*. He was then but thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1832. His devotion to popular rights cost him dearly, for the government punished him by turning him out of a professorship he then held at the Madrid University. Undeterred by this, the young politician seized the first opportunity that offered itself for proving the sincerity of his republican principles, and in 1866 he was condemned to death for having taken part in fights on the barricades against the government. Fortunately for us, he escaped across the frontier in time. The fear of death has no place in Castelar's philosophy, and when therefore such a man openly preaches the doctrines of the Cobden Club, "Peace, good-will, free trade among nations," no one can accuse him of shirking war from fear of shouldering a musket.

Mr. Castelar, when I first met him last year, regarded a war between the United States and Spain as an absurdity—a monstrosity. The very idea he scouted as unworthy the serious thought of educated people. He deplored at that time the Jingo spirit that was being cultivated by a certain section of the Spanish press, but assured me that the great bulk of the educated people wanted peace, and home-rule for Cuba.

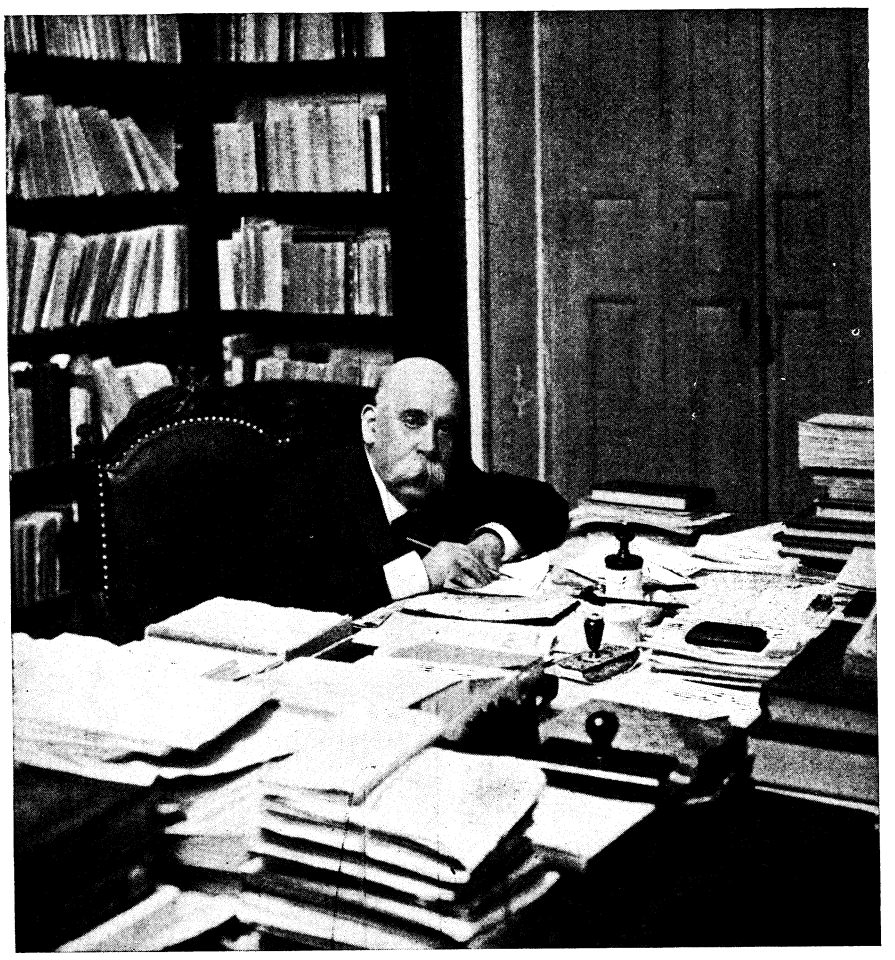
Castelar's drawing-room is, if possible, more richly furnished than the one into which I was at first ushered. Here are precious paintings by old masters, vases, bits of armor, carvings, tapestries from the far East, as well as Europe; not a single thing that does not indicate selection by a connoisseur with ample means to gratify his tastes. Of course his study was the most interesting room in the house to me, and he took me in to see the pile of manuscript with which he is at present occupied. The walls of his work-room are lined with books from floor to ceiling—not the books of a mere collector, but the working library of a political student. The great and crowning work of Mr. Castelar's life promises to be the universal history on which he is at present occupied, and which bids fair to fill many volumes, and an indefinite number of years.

Mr. Castelar is a bachelor. He does not smoke or gamble, or indulge in those many so-called recreations which ultimately disturb the balance between our physical and intellectual forces—a balance necessary to the exercise of sound judgment. He has therefore a beautiful harmony of faculties, which manifests itself in his oratory, his splendid mastery of composition, his choice of ornaments, and, most strikingly of all, in his preparation of a dinner.

When he asked me to dine with him, he most kindly asked after my tastes in matters culinary, to which I answered that, as a stranger in Spain, the most interesting food to me would naturally be that which had a peculiarly national character. And what a dinner that was, to be sure! There were two cabinet ministers present, and half a dozen other friends connected with public life. My host no doubt wished me to see that people of all parties could unite at his board, and that an American even then was well received if he came on an errand of peace.

It was hard to talk politics at such a meal. Every dish was strange and delicious; every wine was of the choicest, and selected with especial reference to the food that was to form its companion piece. Our learned host could give historical and botanical foot-notes to every dish. I have known but one such masterful epicure in my life—the late Charles A. Dana, who was at the same time, like Mr. Castelar, an artist in a large variety of directions.

When I again saw Mr. Castelar, after an interval of twelve months, the political horizon had blackened considerably. The kindly statesman welcomed me cordially as ever, and reasserted his horror of war, and belief in a more Christian solution of the difficulties. At the same time he was less of an optimist than when I had seen him last, and was particularly bitter at the unscrupulous correspondents of American papers who had pretended to interview him and had put words into his mouth which were fabrications, and wholly at variance with his views. He now had no relations with any members of the American Legation, in spite of the high regard he was prepared to entertain personally for General Woodford. He had been in the past so frequently betrayed by men who pretended to be friends that now he preferred to wait in silence until he could see clearly ahead either peace or war. A great change had come over Mr. Castelar, which his intimates attributed to ill health, and also largely to the Jingoism in the United States, which deeply undermined his proverbial enthusiasm for the great republic.



CASTELAR IN HIS STUDY.

I subsequently asked Mr. Woodford about his relations with Mr. Castelar, and got practically a confirmation of what I had already heard—that the Jingoes had in both countries done so much mischief that social intercourse between so excellent an American as General Woodford and so eminent a Spanish republican as Mr. Castelar had in this year 1898 become impossible.

SAN FRANCISCO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

June 13, 1898.

General Merritt thinks that he is likely to have less trouble in the Philippines with the Spaniards than with the insurgents. Once give the latter power, and allow them to take Manila, their attitude is likely to change. Their chiefs, although at present only too willing to take our help and submit to our wishes, may be pushed by awakening ambition to turn the forces now organizing for the attack on Manila against us. This view of the case seems thoroughly sound. The devil is sick, the devil an American would be; the devil is well, the devil an American he. The civilized world ought to realize by this time that insular insurgents are a very troublesome lot. The combined statesmanship of Europe has so far found it impossible to give the Cretan patriots a satisfactory form of government. It is to be hoped, however, that, unhampered by foreign diplomacy, we will do better in Cuba and the Philippines.

The policy we adopt towards the insurgents in the Philippines will depend in a great measure on what we intend to do with the islands, and the present uncertainty of our government on this question will place General Merritt in a very difficult position. The rebel leaders will want to know what is to become of them; and when they see that no decision has been reached, they will make up their minds to have a voice in the matter. After making use of the insurgents' help to fight our battles, it would hardly be fair to turn them over to Spain to be shot as rebels, or to submit to Spanish colonial tyranny. On the other hand, if we decide not to keep the islands, what can we do with them? Are the people sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves? Absolutely in the dark in regard to the enormous disadvantages of foreign colonies, popular opinion here is strongly in favor of keeping the islands. It is perhaps suggestive of the tendencies in the direction of annexation that officers leaving for the Philippines are preparing to stay away two years.

In view of the increasing strength of the insurgents, General Merritt is very impatient at the enforced delay in the transportation of his forces. So strong is the general's feeling in this matter, and so sure is he that it is a mistake to allow the insurgents to get a thoroughly organized fighting force, that General Greene, who is to command the second expedition, starting next Tuesday, expects to take the field immediately on arriving. He will have with him over 2500 men—the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, two battalions of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third United States Regulars, the First Colorado Volunteers, the Utah Light Battery, and detachments of Company A of the Engineer Corps.

To-day your correspondent went over the transports, which are nearly ready to start, and found them excellently arranged. Whatever adverse criticism may with justice be made of the management of the home camp, the organization of the expedition itself deserves the highest praise. All the bunks and mattresses are new, and, although of necessity the berths are close together, they are so arranged that the soldiers will get fresh air—a very important item on a long voyage in tropical seas. There are new kitchens, and stalls for cattle to supply fresh meat to the troops throughout the journey. In fact, the ships have been remodelled to suit the emergency, and the work has been carefully done.

Many of the men were down looking over their new home. They seemed well pleased; but they are so eager to get away that I doubt if they would have complained had they been stalled in a cattle-boat. The Utah battery were on the dock shipping their guns. They are nearly all men over six feet high. Indeed, I have not seen in any European army such a lot of tall men as those making up General Merritt's small army. They would have delighted the heart of Frederick the Great.

"Jimmy Green," if one may so dub the American private, is a tall, thin-faced, long-legged fellow, with gray eyes and a long reach. In his leisure moments he is apt to chew tobacco. He is pleasant with strangers, but not confidential. It is only after he knows you pretty well that he will tell you "all about it"; giving his opinion with measured impartiality. He never bubbles over, and looks and acts as if he would make a cool fighter.

Certain interesting facts come to light from the stories told by Captain Loud and his companions about the battle of Manila. When the American fleet first arrived off the Philippines they were sighted by the telegraph station at Point Balinao, and the news was sent to Manila. The Spaniards, therefore, were informed that the American fleet was at hand, and yet no measures were taken to protect the entrance of Manila Bay. The forts on each side of the channel were on rocky elevations, so that their modern guns would command the deck of any man-of-war attempting to enter the strait by daylight. The only opportunity was to go through during the night, and even this would have been next to impossible without the loss of one or more ships had the Spaniards been vigilant. This negligence of the Spaniards contributed greatly to our success. Admiral Dewey must have known that he was running great risks when he made up his mind to sail past these forts, torpedoes or no torpedoes, come what would. No one seems to know whether any torpedoes had been placed at the entrance of the bay or in front of Cavité. At any rate, they did no damage to our fleet, and it is doubtful if any were exploded.

The commander of the forts at the entrance of the bay subsequently surrendered, saying that all his garrison had run away. It is not known whether these were native or Spanish troops.

After the serious fighting at Cavité began the Spaniards fought bravely, without producing any result. Our ships were repeatedly struck, but the shells were solid armor-piercing shells, used under the mistaken idea that our ships were heavily armored.

When Admiral Dewey withdrew after three hours' fighting it was not simply for breakfast, but because the extreme nervous strain of fighting a modern iron-clad made it imperative to give the men a rest. It is a well-known fact in modern navies that no crew can be expected to do good work in a serious fight for longer than three or four hours without a rest. The first attack was made on the fleet, the second on the forts at Cavité.

The Spanish Governor-General had issued his well-known blood-curdling proposition, in which he threatened to shoot any Spanish officer who surrendered his position. Frightened at the prospect of what awaited them in Manila, the garrison of the forts at Cavité attempted, after the battle, to give themselves up as prisoners to Admiral Dewey, but the latter would not receive them, and forced them to return to Manila.

People here are at a loss where to get reliable news. All the papers are filled with false reports, which they do not even take the trouble to contradict. Truth finds no shelter in the rain of meaningless adjectives which drown the daily press. The possibilities of exaggeration have surely been reached, and one wonders what is left to be said, by way of description, if a really great battle should take place.

John F. Bass.

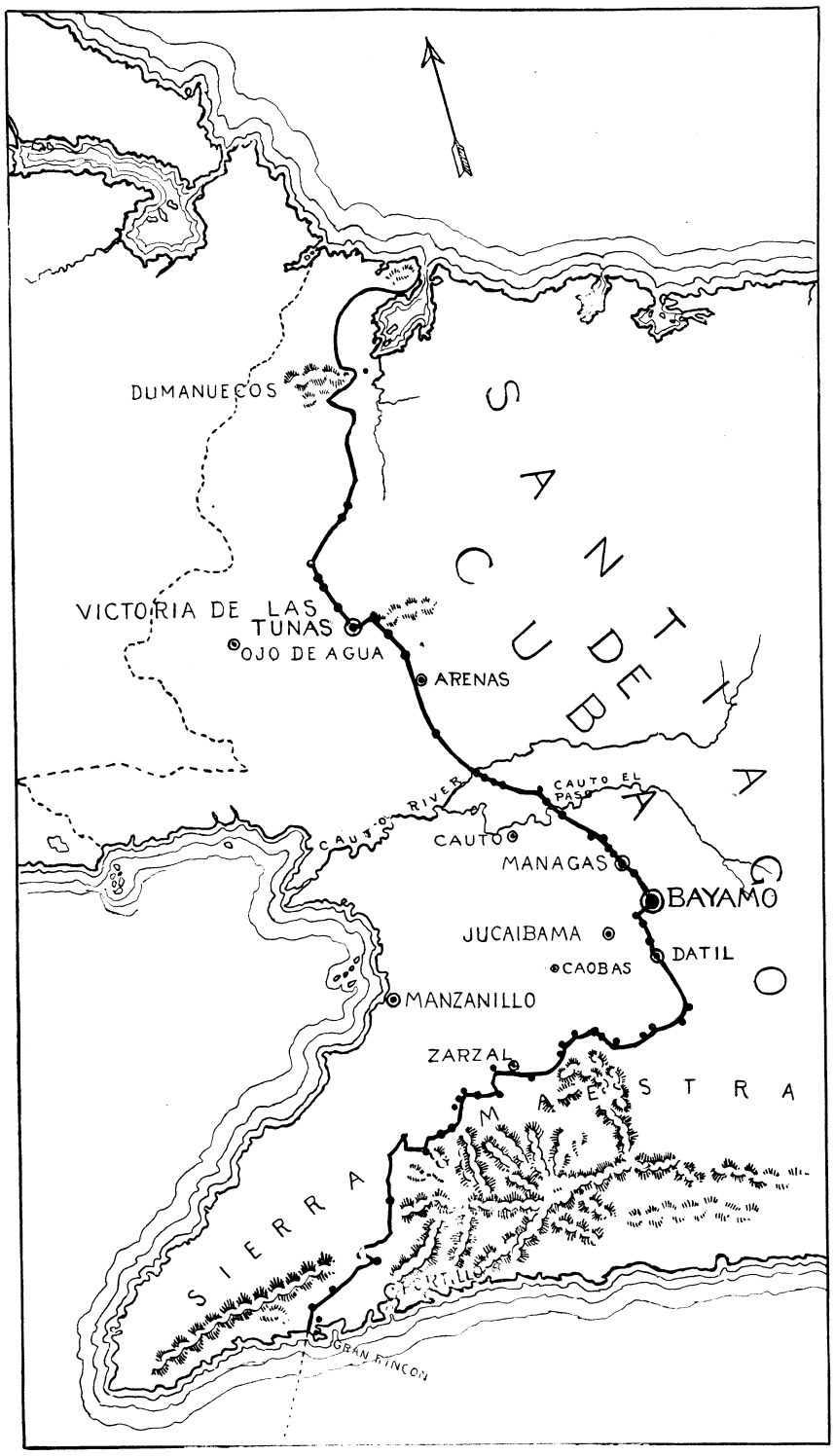
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROWAN'S EXPLOIT.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATE'S VISIT TO GARCÍA.

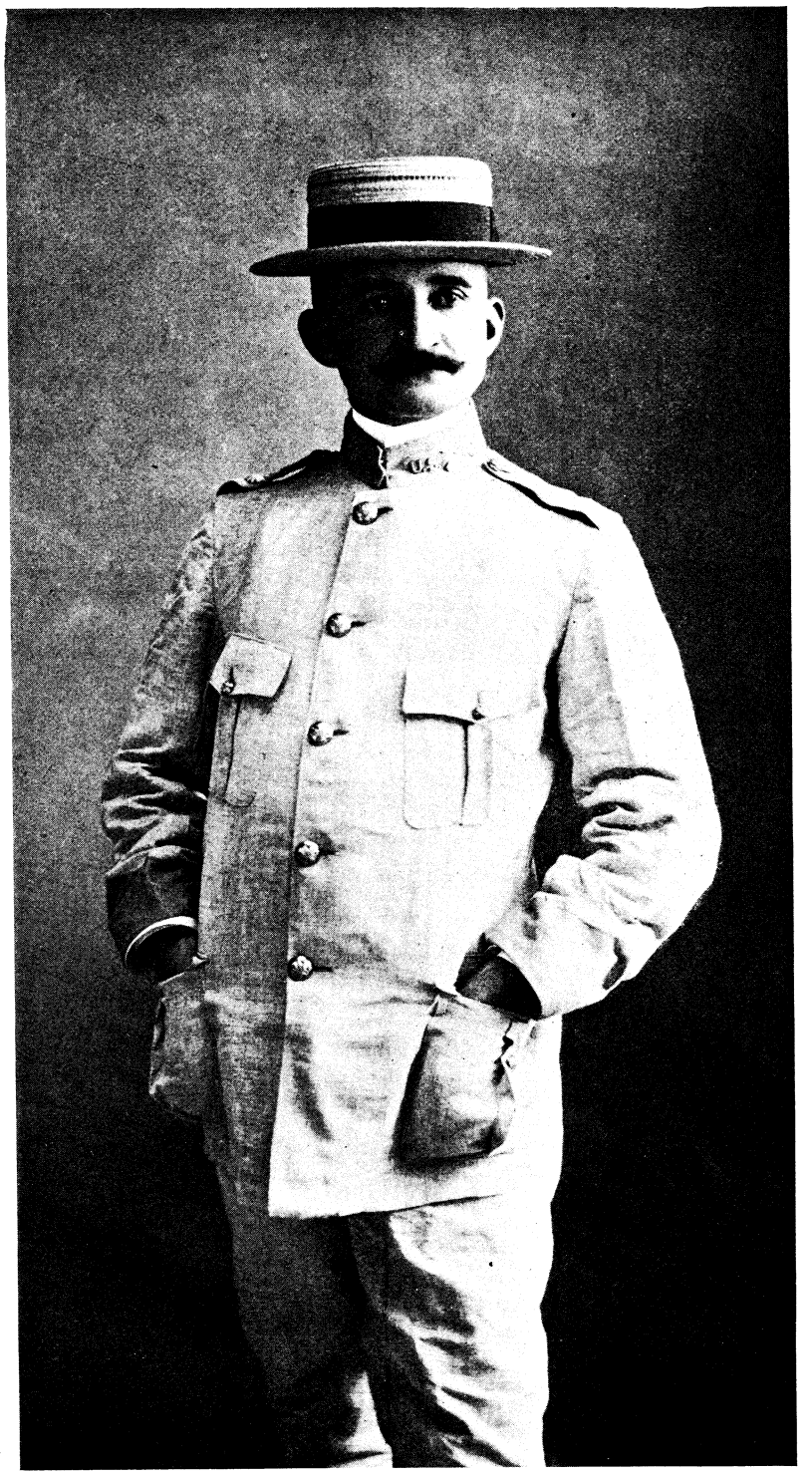
I.

WHEN every day brings important news of our war, it would seem to be inviting contradiction and opposition for one to pick out a single item and to say, "This is the most important of all." But as to the most important item of news in the week ending June 18 there should be no dispute. During that week our little force of six hundred marines was making the most gallant efforts to maintain from day to day the position it had taken up at Camp McCalla, on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay. At first the position appeared to be untenable. The Spaniards, in greatly superior numbers, surrounded the camp, and carried on a species of guerilla warfare, incessant, harassing to the last degree, as familiar to them as it was strange and exhausting to our men. The difficulties of a summer campaign in Cuba, with all the beating of thickets for a concealed enemy that it involves, was thus realized at the very outset. The peril was of the gravest nature; men less determined or less bravely led would have been withdrawn, and the Spaniards would have received all the encouragement that an initial success can bring. At this critical time a number of Cuban insurgents, as was stated in the "Diary of the War" in the last issue of the WEEKLY, rendered valuable assistance. It is not necessary to believe that the better fighting on Tuesday and the succeeding days was due to their co-operation, or to the suggestions they were able to offer, with their knowledge of the difficult country and the peculiar methods of the enemy. But the facts that stand out quite plainly are, first, that they fought cleverly and fiercely beside our men; second, that the enemy was driven from cover with considerable loss; third, that the position of our marines became tolerably secure. On Thursday our force was further strengthened by the arrival of a number of insurgents led by General Perez, who, we are told, has a larger body of men in the neighborhood, ready to be of service as occasion shall arise. On Friday, June 17, supplies of medicine, arms, and ammunition were taken on the *Dolphin* to Sigua, midway between Santiago de Cuba and Guantanamo, and delivered to General Castillo, who has about three hundred insurgents armed with Lee-Metford rifles at that point. Perez and Castillo are, it will of course be understood, subordinates of General Calixto García, the white-haired Cuban leader, whose strong and rather handsome face, with the peculiar mark in the forehead (a bullet wound self-inflicted years ago, when the cause he has always fought for seemed lost), is so familiar to readers of American illustrated periodicals. General García is commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces in the entire eastern half of the island—that is, wherever they may be gathered in little bands, from the Jucaro-Moron Trocha to Cape Maysi. With the body of insurgents under his immediate control, in the neighborhood of Bayamo, he is now endeavoring to stop the Spanish troops from Havana and other western points on their way to Santiago and Guantanamo.

What has now been said may serve to show why especial importance is attached to reports that the Cubans are proving themselves valuable allies in Santiago Province. But the full significance of the news lies in the fact that, through this activity of his officers, García is proving his disposition to carry out the spirit and letter of his agreement made with our government on May 1, when he was visited by Lieutenant Rowan.



LIEUTENANT ROWAN'S ROUTE ACROSS CUBA.
Dotted Line is the Boundary between Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN, U.S. VOLS.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

II.

Andrew Summers Rowan, Lieutenant in the Nineteenth United States Infantry, left Washington April 9 on a secret mission to General García. He took the Atlas Line steamship *Adirondack* to Kingston, Jamaica, and there awaited instructions by cable. After completing arrangements for the trip, to which end he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of agents of the Cuban Junta in Jamaica, he got his orders and left Kingston on April 23—the day, it will be remembered, on which President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, and two days before the formal declaration of war.

Leaving Kingston at two o'clock, Rowan crossed the island in a northwesterly direction to St. Anns, where he got a little sailing-boat, whose captain he calls a pirate (and heartily admires—that is evident). Then one hundred miles from St. Anns to the coast-line of Santiago Province, near that jutting point where the Sierra Maestra lifts its peaks out of the sea—one of them, a bit nearer Santiago, to a height of eight thousand four hundred feet, while another, by Portillo, is a mate for any mountain we have between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. Rowan's "pirate" knew of the movements of the Spanish patrol boats along that majestic shore as though he himself controlled them. He would not land "el delegado Americano" immediately, but waited until the coast was clear. Then, running in by a place called Gran Rincon, west of Portillo, he successfully discharged his duty to the Junta and to his passenger. The latter found himself on shore in the care of other friends of free Cuba.

From the coast the first day's march took Rowan's party well into the mountains. There the next day was passed in collecting provisions for the trip to Calixto García's camp, and in securing information, too, as to the general's whereabouts—for they supposed he was still moving from place to place, in the manner of insurgents.

"We did not know where he was. We got our knowledge as we went," Rowan says.

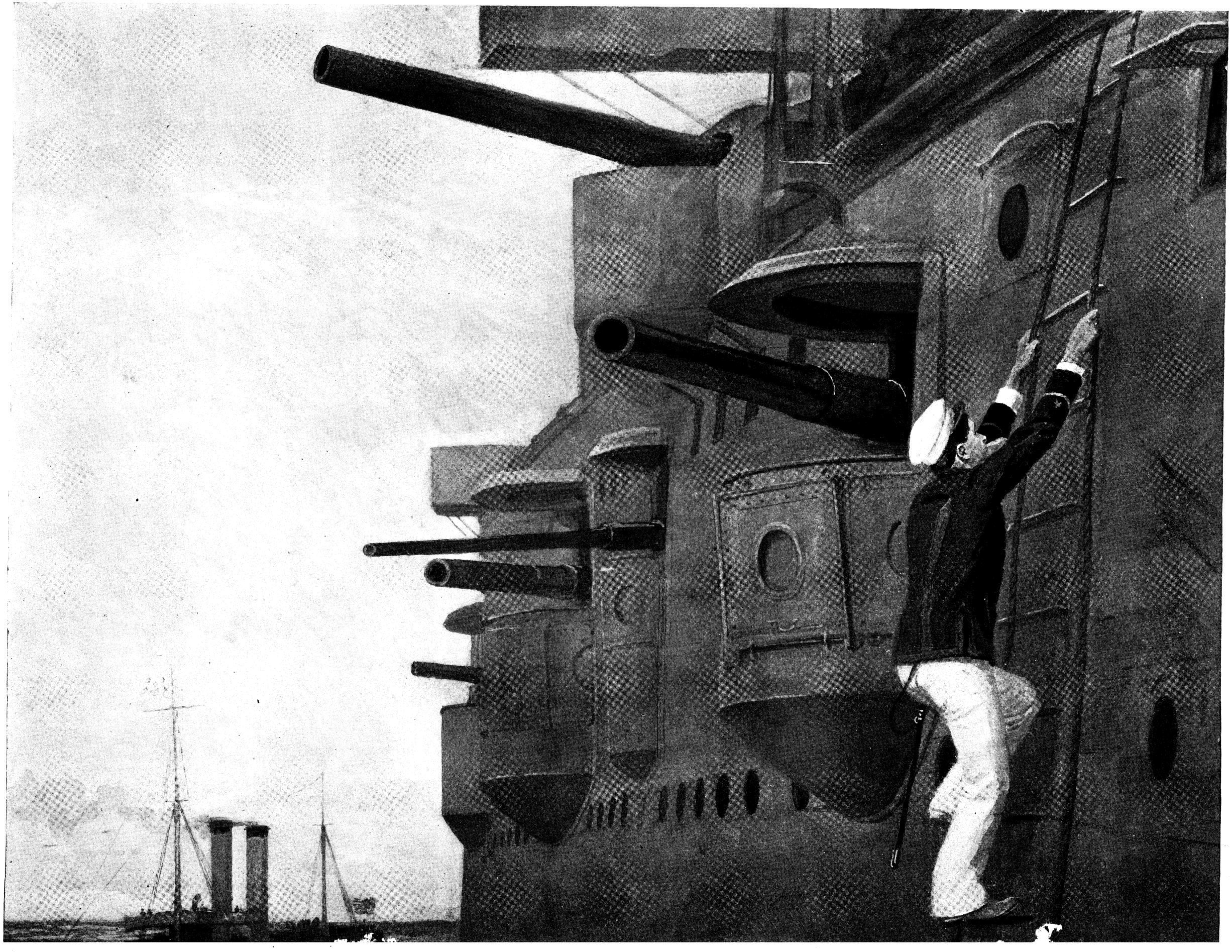
On the 28th of April the Spaniards abandoned Bayamo. García entered and established himself comfortably in that famous old town. A day earlier (April 27) Rowan's party set out across the Sierra Maestra; on the 28th, pressing on towards the northeast, they got among the foot-hills; the last day of the month found them nearing the goal, but marching along a trail so rough that they were glad to camp on the river Buey, "to swim, and sleep in hammocks."

(On the other side of the world Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay that night.)

Only about twenty miles further to Bayamo; and so, at noon on "Manila day," May 1, Rowan and his companions reached the outskirts of Bayamo. They saw the people who had been exiled from the city, three years before, rushing in to claim their own again, now that the insurgents were established there. Bayamo had formerly about thirty thousand inhabitants; now perhaps two thousand. It is easy to realize the full force of Rowan's statement, in regard to this remnant, that the present inhabitants are "all insurgents at heart."

The Spanish forts, when he arrived, were smouldering ruins, the life of the city beginning again, under changed conditions. In the Bayamo River, a third of a mile wide here, women were standing in the shallows to wash their clothing on the bowlders.

The horses of the party were tied opposite a Cuban flag that distinguished García's headquarters. Rowan was received in an agreeable office, where he



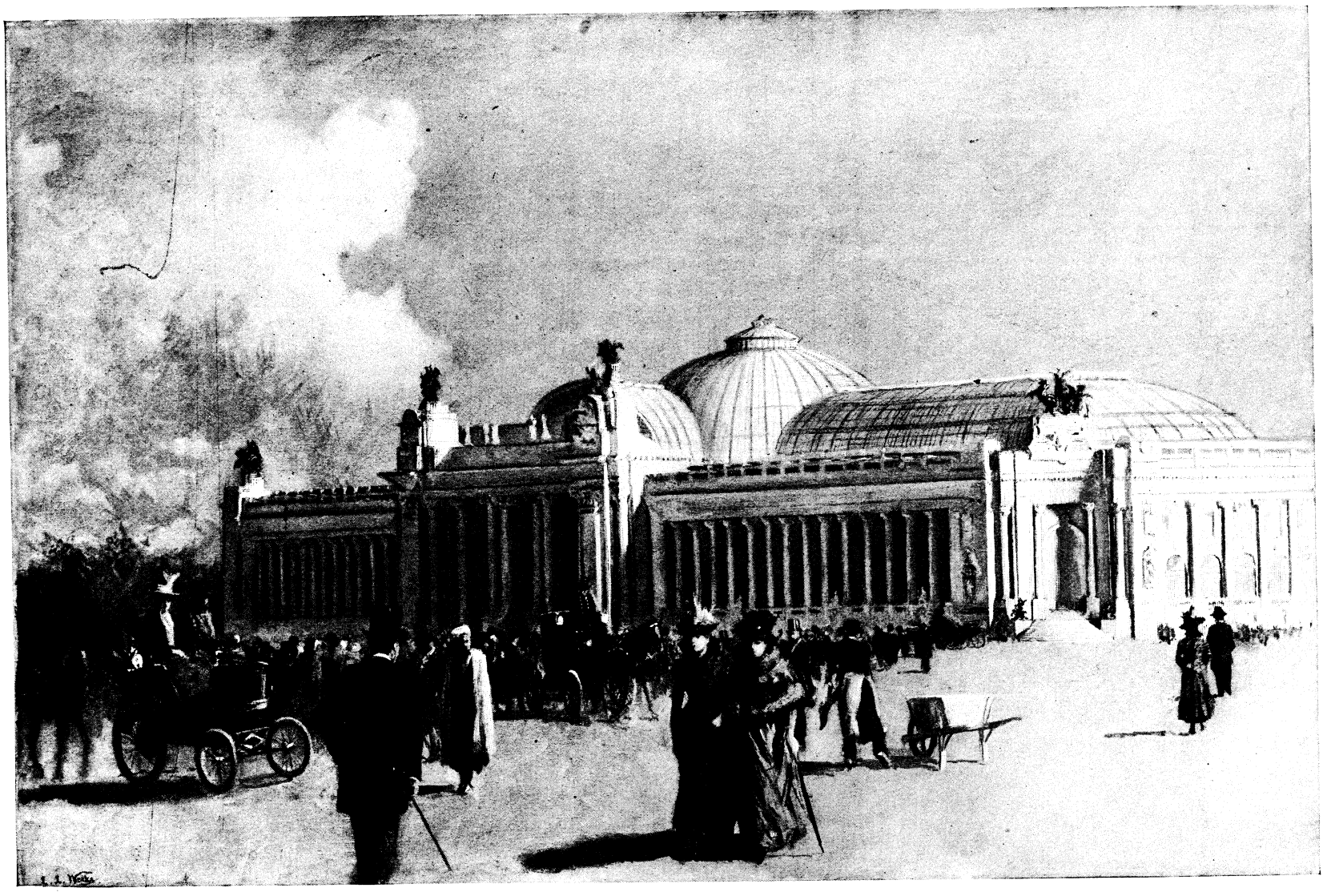


"Castine."

"New York."

DESPATCHES FOR THE ADMIRAL.

DRAWN WHILE ON THE FLAG-SHIP BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

delivered the despatches that had been intrusted to him. It is a pleasure to be able to add that he was promptly invited to breakfast with the general, in this especially wasted and harried portion of poor Cuba. There was a "long talk," says Rowan, "and despatches passed between us. At five o'clock he announced that he had his despatches all ready, and asked me if I could start north, as he wished to get his replies to the United States government as soon as possible. He detailed General Callazo, Colonel Hernandez, and Dr. Bieta, an expert on the diseases of that section, to accompany me."

With these companions Rowan started away that evening, crossing Bayamo River, and camping near the Cauto River before midnight. At sunrise the next morning they took up the march again, crossed the Cauto (the largest river of Cuba) at Cauto el Paso, and then made their way through tropical jungle and over meadow-land, until, at Las Arenas, they went into camp for the night. Near Arenas is a fortification constructed during the ten years' war. Next morning they started at sunrise, and reached Victoria de las Tunas, outside of which ruined town they met a force of Cubans, four or five hundred men, encamped near a place called Piedras. Rowan inspected the fortifications, and studied the plan of the siege by which García captured the town in August, 1897, and on passing through this singularly misnamed Victoria de las Tunas, discovered that not a single building was habitable now—"the whole thing razed to the ground"; and this he speaks of as a striking illustration of the insurgent plan, which is to destroy the towns. The Spanish plan is not less definite—to destroy the country!

A long ride—about fifty-one miles, according to Callazo's computations—brought Rowan and his party to a hill called Damanuecos, at the foot of which they camped. And now, being within striking distance of the north coast, they devoted a day to preparations for the voyage, making sails out of the canopies of their hammocks, etc. Climbing to the top of the peak early the following day, they were rewarded with a beautiful view, not the least characteristic feature in the landscape being an enormous palm forest stretching northward. For hours their course lay through this stately growth—through brush, where the poisonous guao-tree gave lasting proof of its presence; then a fortress with walls of coral rock was passed; and finally they came to the coast and to the *salinas* (salt-works). The work of collecting the sea-water in kettles and evaporating it to obtain a supply of salt for the Cuban forces is carried on by offenders in the army; and a very good form of punishment it is.

Breakers outside the capes were thundering in a way that seemed decidedly unpleasant when one listened to them, with the little boat much too small to hold all the party in full view. Even when the weather grew calm enough for embarking, it was necessary to send Dr. Bieta and others back to General García, while only six embarked,—Lieutenant Rowan, General Callazo, Hernandez, his chief of staff, and three sailors. After passing out and laying the course due north (this brings us now to May 5) they met Admiral Sampson's fleet on its way to Porto Rico. By a piece of good luck the party in the little lifeboat overhauled a sponging-steamer with a crew of thirteen negroes, who carried them into Nassau. There the American consul made arrangements for sending Rowan by the schooner *Fearless* to Key West, at which place he arrived four days later.

III.

While crossing the island from south to north our lieutenant (or, to give him the title to which he has been advanced, lieutenant-colonel) felt as safe, he says, as though he had been going up town from Franklin Square to his hotel. Unfortunately we cannot place this sense of security to the credit of the harmless natives, for these were few and far between in the portion of Cuba that he visited. In fact, that whole district in western Santiago which on the latest map appears to be peppered with towns, is really to-day almost a wilderness. The names that make such a showing may designate a single plantation; perhaps a deserted farmstead or a ruin.

The impression he received of García and his men was distinctly favorable. He speaks of García as a man of honor, who will keep his agreement made with this government to the extent of his ability, and it is plain that his ability to render valuable assistance in our campaign is not accurately measured by any one of the various estimates of the number of men, trained and inured to Cuban warfare, that he commands.

Marrion Wilcox.

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

Not for Revenge—albeit Spain
Destroyed the *Maine*—
Not for her islands, near or far,
Wage we this war.
Nor solely for poor Cuba's need
Do our sons bleed;
But to solve questions which were gray
Ere to the day
She opened her sad eyes! For we,
Who scarce yet see
Wisely to rule ourselves, are set
Where ways have met,
To lead the waiting nations on!
Not for our own
Land now are battle-flags unfurled,
But for the World.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Few events of late years have moved the Parisian public, the public of fêtes and exhibitions, of the Concours Hippique and the Vernissage, more than the long-threatened and as often deferred demolition of the Palais d'Industrie. It was not alone the art world, but the world of fashion and of high bohemia, and of many other coteries which touch their borders, that looked forward to the dawn of the Vernissage, that annual fête which was the beginning of a career to so many, or the resurrection of long-buried and half-forgotten reputations, and which was quite as often the occasion of bitter disappointment and chagrin to others whose sun had not yet risen or had irrevocably set. Those who are familiar only with the varnishing-days or private views of other art centres can hardly realize the pomp and circumstance of this event in Paris, where, in spite of the never-failing regularity of its recurrence and the deadly similarity of one Vernissage to another, it has become as much of a national institution as the Fourteenth of July or the Grand Prix. Whoever has lived through a long succession of them, although they all have a tendency to recede and merge one into the other as the years go by, will not easily forget how much the weather had to do with his or her impressions on the fateful day, when driven down or across the Champs Élysées to the crowded portal; for if the morning dawned cold and gray or stormy, the pictures looked their very worst under the bleak unsparing light, the spring toilets and the marvellous creations of modistes were hidden under furs and wraps, and those who had engaged tables in the open air at Le Doyen's for lunch were fain to envy the more prudent who had secured places at the buffet in the Sculpture Court, where, although they were compelled to fight for each dish, and the distracted waiters were often intercepted and robbed by hungry privateers from other tables, they were at least sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. With all its imperfections and shortcomings, what could have been more impressive than the vastness of the great court, where the white sculpture gleamed among palm fronds lifted high above the insolent competition of violet and orange and scarlet hats and sleeves and flowers, and the fresh tints of living faces? For no one but a novice or an æsthetic enthusiast could fix his attention on painted canvas or graven image when seen across a foreground like a restless kaleidoscope of life and color, where æsthetic clowns in eccentric costumes had their brief hour of success, as well as the reigning beauties of either world, and other celebrities of the day, who all held court at the Vernissage of the old Salon. These and many other memories—reminiscences of the grand pageants of the last exposition, and of the gala-days of the Concours Hippique—clustered about the Palais d'Industrie; and when it was realized that the neighboring "Garden of Paris" was also doomed to destruction, and its chestnut bowers uprooted, not even the promise of a more sumptuous and enduring palace of art—not only one, but two of them—and a spectacular bridge besides, added to the prospect of a still more seductive Garden of Eden in some vague "elsewhere," could console the æsthetic and the more frivolous coteries of Paris for their present deprivations. The gradual dismantling and destruction of the vast extent of glass roof as it went on during the bleak winter months were not a cheerful sight, and people were fain to hurry past or to look the other way. Now all that remains is the great entrance arch, boarded up to its apex, where so many joyous crowds have gathered, and a small section of the adjoining walls.

For months past the entire enclosure, reaching from the solitary portal on the Champs Élysées down to the Seine, has been surrounded by a high board wall, tinted pale green, and panelled off by arches of trellis-work, which is far from unsightly when half hidden by flickering tree shadows. Behind this barrier all the work on the new palaces, and the broad avenue which will separate them, has been going on, and at the present moment the stone columns of the greater edifice have begun to overtop the wall. But the whole enclosed space is still a wilderness of stone, like a vast quarry interspersed with shanties, and bisected by the tracks of a light railway, along which the material is carried. The forlorn remnant of the old palace, which, like the curtain of a theatre, masks the scene of action, together with its flanking walls, will disappear at once when the new spectacle is ready for the impatient public. A new avenue will extend from the Champs Élysées, but not quite at right angles with it, between the two new palaces, terminating at the magnificent bridge Alexander III., the corner-stone of which was laid by the Russian Emperor during his visit to Paris, and which will connect this section with the Esplanade des Invalides—in short, an entire new quarter is now under construction. The Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts will take up nearly all the

right side of the avenue, from one end nearly to the other. Three different architects—M. Deglane, M. Thomas, and M. Louvet—have each been commissioned to design a wing of the building, all working under the general direction of M. Girault. In the portion designed by M. Thomas, the rear of the edifice, which will be in a measure complete in itself, with a grand entrance on the Avenue d'Antin, the individual talent of the architect will be allowed full play, although his conception, like those of his confrères, must harmonize with the general plan. He has been for many years the official architect of the Palais d'Industrie, and it is said that a certain likeness to the old landmark will be perpetuated in this part of the new building, which will be known as the Palais Thomas. The central porch, facing the Avenue d'Antin, will resemble in some measure, although on a smaller scale, the principal entrance of the Palais d'Industrie. As on the front of the palace facing the new avenue, arcades of twin Ionic columns will extend on either side the entrance, and this rear portion will reach from the Quai de la Conférence to the prolongation of the Rue Jean Goujon. Above the central portal the sky-line is broken by the central dome, and the ranges of twin columns on each side will support the projection of the roof, which will form a broad strip of "bandeau"—to use the technical term employed here—thus giving a logical reason for the presence of the colonnade. This upper bandeau will be surmounted by a light balustrade, and the somewhat level outline will be relieved by a series of sculptural vases placed at intervals, which, together with the occasional statues or bronze groups, will sufficiently vary its monotony. Upon entering the building from the Avenue d'Antin, we shall find ourselves in a vast elliptical hall, beneath the flattened dome seen from without, and this spacious rotunda will, it is expected, be flooded with light, as one great object of the director-in-chief has been to get as much sunshine as possible into the building, and to allow as many openings as are consistent with its architectural beauty when viewed from the outside. The decorations of this inner court will be sober and subdued in color, after the style of those in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, as it is felt that too violent oppositions of color might have a crude effect when seen under such intense light. This entrance hall will be surrounded by stairways giving access to the two long exhibition galleries on either side. The interior of the Palais Thomas will be decorated in the style which prevailed in France at the end of the last century, which is now considered simpler and in better taste than the style which immediately preceded it. At each end of the Palais Thomas there will be a low entrance under the basement, by which horses and other animals to be exhibited in the different competitions may enter, and the stables placed on the ground-floor will be so contrived as to be perfectly free from dampness; a thick platform or construction of cement will be laid under the flooring; for, as heretofore, the Concours Hippique and the cattle shows will take place immediately before the Salon. All the exterior decoration of this rear portion of the edifice will be quiet and sober in general effect, in order that it may not compete in magnificence with the principal façade opening on the new avenue.

The great square portico of the grand entrance, deeply recessed behind its Ionic columns, will open into a hall of vast dimensions, extending from the inner arch of the entrance back to the division fronting on the Avenue d'Antin (or Palais Thomas), reaching upward to the summit of the broad central dome. This will be one of the most striking features of the edifice, and, it is hoped, will be decorated in a style worthy of its noble proportions. A broad gallery ten metres in width will surround this space, which may be utilized as a "promenoir" or for special exhibitions when needed, or, again, for tribunes or boxes during the Concours Hippique and on similar occasions. A monumental stairway, of exceptional size and sumptuously decorated, will lead to a great tribune or balcony which will command a view of the whole interior, and this stairway, it is expected, will be one of the chief points of interest. As in the old Palais d'Industrie, a long gallery will unite exteriorly the whole series of exhibition-rooms, so that one may walk from one end of the series to the other without entering the rooms. The chief feature in that portion of the building designed by M. Louvet will be the great hall where the opening ceremony of the exposition of 1900 will take place, and which will be used for the reception of sovereigns, the distribution of recompenses, and on other state occasions. After the close of the exposition it will be utilized for festivals and concerts. It would be impossible at present to give any further or more authentic details in regard to the interior decorations of the edifice, as nothing definite beyond their general character has yet been decided. The frieze of this "modern Parthenon" is to be a work of art of the most modern character, and the motive is to be the "History of Art through all the Ages," after the cartoon of M. Joseph Blanc, of the Institute. The material will be a new kind of "ceramic," known as "grès cérame," to be cast at the national manufactory of Sèvres, under the direction of M. Baumgart.

An oversight frequently committed by architects is to design a building without taking into consideration the site it will occupy and its relation to surrounding buildings or other objects, which may modify its effect in some measure. It is believed, however, that the group of buildings forming the new quarter, as it is now called, has been so thoroughly studied that there can be no doubt as to the ultimate harmony of the whole conception.

The smaller palace of fine arts, known as the Palais Girault, after the name of its architect, will face the larger one across the avenue, but will be so different in its style and character as to suggest no comparison with it. The central dome, surmounted by a bronze figure, will be higher in proportion than that of the greater edifice; the pavilions at either end of the principal façade will be terminated by semicircular bays, which will harmonize in form with the two circular pavilions on the rear elevation; and the front on the avenue will present a row of single columns on each side of the entrance porch which, almost or quite in contact with the wall, offer only the suggestion of a colonnade. Although the ground plan of this edifice is an irregular polygon, thus presenting greater difficulties in obtaining an agreeable result, it is said that M. Girault's design—which obtained the first prize at the Concours—has scarcely been modified, even in its slightest details, contrary to the general rule in regard to public monuments.

Less majestic and imposing than the greater palace across the avenue, it will form a valuable pendant by reason of its somewhat gayer and lighter aspect. On entering the central portal by a series of twenty steps, we come at once into a spacious vestibule, circular in form, and immediately under the dome. On either hand extend two long exhibition-halls, lighted by windows placed between the exterior columns, and by occasional sky-lights.

An inner series of galleries will be lighted only from above, while the centre of the building will be treated as a garden, bordered by a semicircular colonnade which will do duty as a covered promenade. It is intended that the Palais Girault shall be dedicated, during the coming exposition, to retrospective art, while its greater neighbor will be reserved for art in its more modern manifestations.

Careful attention has been paid to the lighting of these galleries, by the architect, who has visited the principal museums and galleries of Europe, and it is hoped that the treasures of art which will be gathered here will be seen under the most favorable conditions. It is also intended that this building shall contain many of the works by modern artists which are annually acquired by the municipal council, and which, for want of proper space, have often been stored in unsuitable places and allowed to deteriorate.

The bridge which is to unite the new quarter with the old, and connect the avenue with the Esplanade des Invalides, will traverse the Seine at a slight angle by a single arch, and is to be a little over one hundred metres in length by forty in width. The engineers, M. Resal and M. Alby, whose task it has been to attend to the technical and scientific part of the structure, have worked in concert with the architects, MM. Cassien-Bernard and Cousin, who have been occupied solely with the decorative and architectural features of the monument, and who have labored to harmonize the general lines by a judicious use of stone and bronze, with the object of combining grace and beauty with its strength.

During the early stages of the work crowds gathered to gaze down at the mysterious rows of caissons, or chambers, which resembled nothing so much as iron boilers standing on end. Inside these chambers, which afforded communication with the tunnel beneath the river, the work of constructing the foundations was carried on. This system, new here, was first employed in the United States, and is therefore more familiar at home than abroad. They have since been removed, as the sub-fluvial part of the enterprise is now nearly completed.

The four tall monuments, or "pylones," placed one on each side of the entrances at either end of the bridge, will add much to its originality as a landmark. They will each be seventeen metres in height, or twenty-two including the bronze groups representing the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, and Industry placed on their summits. Supplementary shafts, or semipyramidal obelisks of stone, bronze groups, and tall clusters of lamps wrought in metal will be grouped near their bases. A double line of bronze lamps or lanterns will be carried across the bridge, and the severity of its lines will be further modified by masses of sculpture placed in the middle, or highest point, of the curve, and by the light balustrades. It was considered necessary to treat the steel frame-work of the bridge in such a way as to soften, as far as possible, its severe and rigid lines, and these decorative accessories are expected to fulfil this mission.

However much the disappearance of the old Palais d'Industrie, with all its associations, may be regretted, there can be little doubt that the new group of monuments, when completed, will more than compensate for its loss.

The two stately palaces are intended not for the exposition only, but to stand for all time—the broad avenue between them, the bridge flanked by its towering monuments with their triumphal bronze groups, and the gilded dome of the Invalides, and, indeed, the whole façade beyond the Esplanade, which has never before had its full value as an architectural feature of the city, and which will close in the distance, will together constitute a vista unsurpassed in Paris, and perhaps in all Europe.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—BRIDGE ALEXANDER III.—DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—THE SMALLER PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.
Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.—[See Page 646.]



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I.—THE DAWN OF A WEDDING-JOURNEY.

MR. and Mrs. Hector Archibald were prosperous and happy dwellers in a suburb of one of our large towns. Fortune had favored them in many ways—in health and in a good average happiness. They had reached early middle age, and their daughter Kate, their only child, had grown up to be a beautiful and good young woman, and was on the point of marrying a young lawyer—Rodney Bringhurst by name—in every way worthy of her.

Hector Archibald was a little man, with small bright eyes, and hair slightly touched with gray and very much inclined to curl. His disposition was lively. He had a strong liking for cheerful occurrences, and was always willing to do his part in the bringing about of such events. Novelty had a charm for him. He was not bound by precedence and tradition, and if he had found himself at a dinner which began with coffee and ended with oysters on the half-shell, he would have given the unusual meal a most animated consideration, although he might have utterly withheld any subsequent approbation. As a general thing, he revolved in an orbit where one might always be able to find him, were the proper calculations made. But if any one drew a tangent for him, and its direction seemed suitable and interesting, he was perfectly willing to fly off upon it.

The disposition of Mrs. Hector Archibald was different. She was born to be guided by customs, fashions, and forms. She believed it was the duty of a married woman to make her home happy, and she did it. But she also believed that in the best domestic circles there were rules and usages for domestic happiness which would apply to every domestic condition and contingency. It frequently troubled her, however, to find that certain customs, forms, or usages of domestic society had changed, and being of a conservative turn of mind, it was difficult for her to adapt herself to these changes. But, thoroughly loyal to the idea that what was done by people she loved and people she respected ought also to be done by her, she earnestly strove to fit herself to new conditions, especially when she saw that by not doing so she would be out of touch with her family and her friends.

Now of course the wedding of their daughter was the only thing in the world that seemed of real importance to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and for this all preparations and plans had been agreed upon and made with great good-will and harmony, excepting one thing, and that was the wedding-trip. Strange to say, the young people did not wish to take a wedding-trip. They believed that this old-fashioned custom was unnecessary, troublesome, commonplace, and stupid. In the gardens and grounds of the Archibald mansion, and in the beautiful surrounding country, they had loved each other as lovers, and among these scenes they wished to begin to love each other as a married couple. Why should such distasteful and unpleasant ingredients as railroad cars, steamboats, and hotels be dashed into the pleasing mixture of their new lives? It had been arranged that for a year or two, at least, they should live in Kate's dear old home, and why should they not immediately begin that life there?

Mr. Archibald did not favor this plan, and his wife was strongly opposed to it. A wedding without a wedding-trip ought not to be thought of.

"During the honey-moon a young couple should live for each other, with each other, apart from the rest of the world. It is a beautiful custom, which should not be rudely trampled upon," said Mrs. Archibald.

As Mrs. Archibald cherished a belief that she ought to conform her ideas to the domestic customs of the day, her daughter Kate cherished the belief that the domestic customs of the day ought to conform themselves to her ideas.

"Of course we should like to be alone in the honey-moon," she exclaimed. "We don't object to that; and if there must be a wedding-journey, you and father can take it and we will stay here. Here are servants, books, things to eat, and everything our hearts can desire, and here we would really feel as if we were beginning life as man and wife. As for you two, you both need a vacation, and nothing could be more perfectly appropriate and more delightful to everybody than that you should take our wedding-trip. We don't want it; we will make it a present to you. Go, take it and be happy, and leave us here to be happy. People have done this sort of thing before, so that it is not absolutely wild and unheard of."

Mr. Archibald welcomed this plan with open arms, and hugged it and his daughter to his breast. It suited him admirably, and he declared that all business and engagements of every kind should be set aside, and that he would be ready to start on the wedding-journey with Mrs. Archibald the moment the ceremony should be completed.

"You will wait until the reception is over, father?" said Kate, laughing.

"Yes," said he, "I will wait for that."

But this novel proposition sent a chill through every fibre of Mrs. Archibald's physical organism. At first she did not exactly comprehend it, but when she did, the chills increased. When she had recovered herself a little she began to make objections. This was easy enough, for they crowded into her mind like sheep into a pen; but every objection, as she brought it forth, was ruthlessly set aside or crushed to earth by her daughter or her husband, assisted by her expectant son-in-law, of whom she declared she never would have believed such a thing had she been told it.

The discussion ended, of course, by Mrs. Archibald agreeing to go on this absurd wedding-journey. But the good lady's mental troubles were not over when she had given her consent. As this scheme had been devised by those dearest to her on earth, and as it was certain, these dearest persons assured her, to meet with the approbation of all people of advanced thought—at least of those whose thought had advanced far enough to make it worthy of consideration—she felt that in taking part in this scheme she ought to do it honestly and with her whole heart; and at her time of life, to act as a proxy for a young bride by taking a wedding-journey in that young bride's place was a very difficult thing for Mrs. Archibald to do honestly and with her whole heart. But she would try to do it. Whatever else happened, her family must be kept happy, and it should never be said of her that she hung like a millstone around the combined neck of that family when it was unitedly climbing toward altitudes of felicity, which, although she was not able to discern them, must exist, since that fact had been so earnestly insisted upon by Mr. Archibald, Kate, and Rodney Bringhurst.

Thus was this exceptional hymeneal performance decided upon. At eleven o'clock on Wednesday, the 6th of June, the marriage service was performed. At noon the guests sat down to breakfast, and at two o'clock that afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald departed on the wedding-trip, leaving behind Mr. and Mrs. Bringhurst at home with each other, and "not at home" to the world.

II.—ENTER MARGERY.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of June 6 Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald arrived at a family hotel in the capital of their State. Where they should go from there had not been decided upon. Nothing in regard to their wedding-journey had been decided upon except that they were to return to their home on the 6th of July of that year, and not before. It would have been impossible, with their minds filled with bridal arrangements, for them to make plans for their journey. But at this first stopping-place, where they were free from all responsibility and interruptions, they could, at their leisure, decide where they should go, how they should go, and what they should do when they got there.

After the unrest and turmoil of their own home during the past few weeks, the quiet and repose of this city hotel were delightful. That evening they went to the theatre, and after the performance they had a little supper at a restaurant.

"People may not think we are a newly married pair,"

said Mr. Archibald, as he poured out a glass of wine for his wife, "but it is not impossible that they may see we know how to enjoy ourselves quite as much as if we were."

The next morning Mr. Archibald procured a number of railroad maps, time-tables, circulars of steamboat excursions, advertisements of mountain retreats and seaside resorts, and he and his wife sat down to study these, and to decide upon a destination and a route. After an hour or two of indeterminate examination Mr. Archibald declared himself a little tired, and proposed that they should take a recess from their labors and go and call upon their old friends the Stanley Dearborns.

"People on wedding-tours do not make calls," said Mrs. Archibald.

"That may be true," said her husband, "in ordinary cases; and although I do not care to announce to everybody the peculiarities of the expedition which we have undertaken, I do not mind in the least telling the Stanley Dearborns all about it. Stanley himself would not appreciate it; he would consider it absurd; but then he is not at home at this time of day, and Mrs. Dearborn is just the woman to enjoy a reform movement of this sort. Besides, she is full of ideas about everything, and she may propose some good place for us to go to."

Mrs. Dearborn was at home, and very glad to see the Archibalds. She was a woman whose soul was in touch with the higher education of women—with female suffrage, the emancipation of the enslaved mind wherever it might be found, and of progress generally. She was a member of many societies, belonged to committees without end, wrote reports and minutes by day and by night, and was one of that ever-increasing class of good people who continually walk forward in order that their weight may help the world to turn over.

In spite of her principles and the advanced position of her thought, Mrs. Dearborn actually leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily when she learned what sort of a journey the Archibalds were taking. In this merriment Mr. Archibald joined with great glee.

"Ever since I left home," he said, "I have wanted to have a chance for a good laugh at this trip of ours. It is the most delightful joke I have ever known."

Mrs. Archibald could not help smiling, but her brow was clouded. "If this expedition is merely a joke," she said, "I do not think we should have undertaken it; but if it is an earnest assertion of our belief that there should be a change in the customs of society, then I think we should take it seriously, and I see nothing to laugh at."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "we can be good and glad at the same time; and that is what I am, I am sure. What you are doing is the initiation of one of the most worthy reforms of the day, and if it should have an effect in breaking up that wretched custom of the bridal tramp, which is considered so necessary in this country, society should rise up and call you blessed. But it is funny, for all that. I am sure that the woman who dared to go without crinoline was very funny, and when I heard of a hospital for cats I could not help laughing; but I believed in it, and worked for it. And now where are you going?"

"That is what we want to talk to you about," said Mr. Archibald; and for half an hour they talked about it.

At the end of that time it was decided that the mountains were better than the sea or than a quiet lowland nook; and Mrs. Dearborn strongly recommended Sadler's, where she and her husband had spent a part of a summer a few years before.

"We camped out," said she, "and had a fine time. You can camp out at Sadler's more easily and satisfactorily than anywhere else in the world."

Camping suited Mr. Archibald admirably, and, to his surprise, his wife said she might like it very well.

"If people are going to laugh at us," she said, "when they find out we are on a wedding-journey—and they will be sure to find it out in some way or other—I think the fewer people we mingle with the better. I do not think I shall like camping altogether, but I know it is healthful, and I suppose I ought to get used to it. It would be dreadfully lonely for just Mr. Archibald and me, but I suppose we can take some one with us to guide and cook."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "if you are at Sadler's, you can go into any sort of camp you please. I will tell you all about Sadler's. Sadler is a man of progress. His hotel or inn is on the very edge of the forest country, and away from all the centres of resort. He calls his place the terminal link of public travel in that direction. When you leave him you travel privately in any way you like. He has established what he has named a bureau of camping, and he furnishes his patrons with any sort of a camp they may desire. If the party is few in number and of a timid disposition, they can have a camp within shouting distance of his house. If they are brave and adventurous, he will send them out into the depths of the forest. If they like water, he locates them by the shores of a lake. If climbing is their passion, he puts them at the foot of a mountain. Those who want to hunt can do so, and those who dislike fire-arms are placed in a camp where the popping of guns is never heard. He provides tents, guides, provisions, and even dangers and sensations."

"Safety is what I want," interrupted Mrs. Archibald.

"And that he furnishes," said the other, "for those who desire it."

"Sadler is the man for me!" cried Mr. Archibald. "We will go to him, look over his list of camps, and select one to suit us."

"By-the-way," said Mrs. Dearborn, "a thought has struck me. How would you like to take Margery with you?"

"Margery!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald. "That delightful little girl whom I taught to ride a tricycle when you were visiting us? I would like it ever so much."

It struck Mrs. Archibald that people on bridal trips did not generally take children or young girls with them, but it also struck her that if they were going into camp it might be pleasant and in many ways advantageous to her to have some one of her own sex with her; but she had no time to formulate these advantages in her mind before Mrs. Dearborn explained herself in full.

"Since Mr. Dearborn and I came home from Sadler's," she said, "Margery has been perfectly wild to go there, and as soon as the leaves began to bud in the squares she began to talk about it. We saw no possible chance of her going there, for her father is too busy to leave home for any length of time this season, and I cannot go to the mountains this year, for I must visit my sister, who is not well, and there are three summer conventions that I am obliged to attend. But if you could take her with you, I do not believe she would trouble you in the least, and you would give her the greatest of pleasures; and, to speak practically, which I think we always ought to do, it would not be a bad thing on the score of economy, for things are always proportionately cheaper for three people in a camp than for two."

A great many advantages of female companionship now began to creep into Mrs. Archibald's mind: if her husband should take it into his head to go out and hunt at night by the light of a torch; if there should be thunderstorms, and he away with the guide; if he should want to go off and talk to Indians or trappers, and he always did want to go off and talk to people of every class—it would be very pleasant to have even Margery Dearborn with her. So she consented with great good-will to her friend's proposition, and Mrs. Dearborn was much pleased and thankful.

"Margery is a true creature of impulse," she said; "that is really her predominating characteristic, and she will want to bound to the ceiling when she hears she is to go to Sadler's. She is not at home now, but she will be in very soon. You must take luncheon with us."

About a quarter of an hour after that Margery Dearborn came home. She was very glad indeed to see the Archibalds, whom she remembered as the kindest of people; and when she heard they were going to take her to Sadler's, she gave a scream of delight and threw herself upon Mrs. Archibald's neck.

"You are an angel," she cried, "an angel of blessedness, my dear Aunt Harriet! Don't you remember, I used to call you that? Won't you let me call you so still?" And without waiting for an answer, she rushed to Mr. Archibald, with outstretched hands. "Dear Uncle Archibald, you are just as good as ever, I see. You know, I wouldn't call you Uncle Hector, because hectoring meant scolding, which never had anything to do with you. Sadler's! Oh, when do we start?"

"To-morrow is Saturday," replied Mr. Archibald, "and we must get together some things we will need for camp life, and we can start on Monday."

When the visitors were left to themselves for a few moments, Mr. Archibald said to his wife: "Harriet, I am astounded. This girl who used to ride bareback and jump over fences is a young lady now, and a handsome one, too. She is quite a different person from the girl I agreed to take with us."

"Mr. Archibald," said his wife, "you never can remember that in this world people of all ages grow older. She was fourteen when she was visiting us, and that was four years ago, so of course she is a young lady."

"No," he answered, "I don't feel that I am growing any older, and I don't see that you are, and so I totally forget that proclivity in other people. But what do you think now? Can we take this young woman with us to camp? Won't she be a dreadful drag?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Archibald, "I much prefer the young lady to the girl. I don't want to be the only woman in camp, and the nearer the other woman is to my age the better."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "if you are satisfied, I am, and if she will agree to it, we will add our ages for the time being and divide by three, and then we will all stand on a level."

III.—SADLER'S.

It was in the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of June, when Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, accompanied by Miss Margery Dearborn, arrived at Sadler's, and with feelings of relief alighted from the cramped stage-coach which had brought them eight miles from the railroad station.

"Can this be Sadler's?" said Mr. Archibald, in a tone of surprise.

"Of course it must be," said his wife, "since they brought us here."

"It certainly is the place," said Margery, "for there is the name over that door."

"How do you feel about it?" said Mr. Archibald to his wife.

"I feel very well about it," said she. "Why shouldn't I?"

"How do you feel about it?" he asked of the younger lady.

"Well," she answered, "I don't exactly understand it. I had visions of forests and wilds and tumbling mountain streams and a general air of primevalism, and I am surprised to see this fine hotel with piazzas, and croquet-grounds, and tennis-courts, and gravelled walks, and babies in their carriages, and elderly ladies carrying sunshades."

"But it seems to me that there is a forest behind it," said Mr. Archibald.

"Yes," replied Margery, a little dolefully, "it has that to back it up."

"Don't let us stand here at the bottom of the steps talking," said Mrs. Archibald. "I must say I am very agreeably surprised."

In the wide hall which ran through the middle of the hotel, and not far from the clerk's desk, there sat a large handsome man, a little past middle age, who, in a hearty voice, greeted the visitors as they entered, but without rising from his chair. This was Peter Sadler, the owner of the hotel, the legal owner of a great deal of the neighboring country, and the actual ruler of more of said country than could be easily marked out upon a map or stated in surveyors' terms.

In fact, Peter Sadler was king of that portion of the vast district of mountain and forest which could be reached in a day's journey in any direction. If he had wished to extend his domain to points at a greater distance than this he would have done so, but so far he was satisfied with the rights he had asserted. He ruled supreme in that region because he had lived longer in the vicinity than any other white man, because he had a powerful will which did not brook opposition, and because there was no one to oppose him.

On the arable land which lay outside of the forest, and which really belonged to him, there were the houses of the men who farmed his fields, and on the outskirts of the woods were scattered here and there the cabins of the hunters and guides he employed, and these men knew no law but his will. Of course the laws of the State covered the district, but such promulgation and enforcement of these as he might consider necessary were generally left to Peter Sadler, and as to his own laws, he was always there to see that these were observed.

His guests submitted themselves to his will, or they left his hotel very soon. To people of discernment and judgment it was not difficult to submit to the will of this full-bearded, broad-chested man, who knew so much better than they did what they ought to do if they wanted to get all the good out of Sadler's which they were capable of assimilating.

This man, who sat all day in a big rolling-chair, and who knew everything that was going on in the hotel, the farm, and the forest about him, had been a hunter and a guide in his youth, an Indian-fighter in later years, and when he had been wounded in both legs, so that it was impossible for him ever to walk again, he came back to the scenes of his youth and established an inn for sportsmen—a poor little house at first, which grew and grew and grew, until it was the large well-kept hotel so widely known by his name.

After dinner, at which meal they were waited upon by women, and not by men in evening dress as Margery had begun to fear, Mr. Archibald sought Peter Sadler and made known to him the surprise of his party at finding themselves in this fine hotel.

"What did you expect?" asked Peter, eying him from head to foot.

"From what we had heard," replied the other, "we supposed we should find some sort of a preparatory camping-ground in the woods, from which we could go out and have a camp of our own."

"That's just what you have found," said Sadler. "In this house you prepare to camp, if you need preparation. If any man, woman, or child comes here and wants to go out to camp, and I see that they are sickly or weak or in any way not fit to live in the woods, I don't let them go one step until they are fit for it. The air and the food and the water they get here will make them fit, if anything will do it, and if these three things don't set them up they simply have to go back where they came from. They can't go into camp from this house. But if they fancy this hotel—and there isn't any reason why anybody shouldn't fancy it—they can stay here as long as they like, and I'll take care of them. Now, sir, if you want to go into camp, the first thing for you to do is to bring your family here and let me take a look at them. I've seen them, of course, but I haven't made up my mind yet whether they are the right sort for camp life. As for you, I think you will do. There isn't much of you, but you look tough."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "That's good rough talk," he said, "and smacks more of camp life than anything I have noticed here. I will go and bring my wife and Miss Dearborn."

"There is another reason why I want to see them," said the bluff Peter; "as you are bent on camping, you'll like to choose a camp, and when anything of that kind is on hand I want to talk to the whole party. I don't care to settle the business with one of them, and then have him come back and say that what has been agreed upon don't suit the others. I want a full meeting or no session."

When Mr. Archibald returned with his wife and Margery he found Peter Sadler had rolled his chair up to a large circular table at the back of the hall, on which was spread a map of the forest. He greeted the ladies in a loud voice and with a cheery smile.

"And so you want to go camping, do you?" said he. "Sit down and let us talk it over. I think the young lady is all right. She looks spry enough, and I expect she could eat pine cones like a squirrel if she were hungry and had nothing else. As for you, madam, you don't appear as if anything in particular was the matter with you, and I should think you could stand a Number Three camp well enough, and be all the better for a week or two of it."

"What is a Number Three camp?" asked Margery, before the astonished Mrs. Archibald could speak.

"Well," said Sadler, "it is a camp with a good deal of comfort in it. Our Number One camps are pretty rough. They are for hunters and scientific people. We give them game enough in season, and some bare places where they can make fires and stretch a bit of canvas. That is all they want, to have a truly good time. That is the best camp of all, I think. Number Two camps are generally for fishermen. They always want a chance for pretty good living when they are out in the woods. They stay in camp in the evenings, and like to sit around and have a good time. Number Threes are the best camps we put families into, so you see, madam, I'm rating you pretty high. There's always a log cabin in these camps, with cots and straw mattresses and plenty of traps for cooking. And, more than that, there is a chance for people who don't tramp or fish to do things, such as walking or boating, according to circumstances. There's one of our camps has a croquet-ground."

"Oh, we don't want that!" cried Margery; "it would simply ruin every illusion that is left to me."

"Glad to hear that," said Peter. "If you want to play croquet, stay at the hotel; that's what I say. Now, then, here are the camps, and there's plenty of them to choose from. You've come in a good time, for the season isn't fairly begun yet. Next month every camp will be full, with the hotel crowded with people waiting for their turns."

"What we want," said Margery, rising and looking over the map, is the wildest Number Three you have."

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "Not so fast, miss; perhaps we'll wait and see what this lady has to say first. If I'm not mistaken, madam, I think you're inclined the other way, and I don't put people into camps that they will be wanting to leave after the first rainy day. Now let me show you what I've got. Here is one, four hours' walk, horses for women, with a rocky stream through the middle of it!"

"That is grand!" cried Margery. "And really in the woods?"

"Now let me do the talking," said Peter. "They are all in the woods; we don't make camps in pasture-fields. Even the Number Sevens, where the meals are sent to the campers from the hotel and they have bath-tubs, are in the woods. Now here is another one, about three miles west from the one I just showed you, but the same distance from here. This, you see, is on the shore of a

lake, with fishing, boating, and bathing if you can stand cold water."

"Glorious!" cried Margery. "That is exactly what we want. A lake will be simply heavenly!"

"Everything seems to suit you, miss," said Peter, "just as soon as you hear of it. But suppose we consider more of them before you choose. Some two miles north of here, in the thickest of the forest, in a clearing that I had made, there is a small camp that strikes the fancy of some people. There is a little stream there, and it's got fish in it too, and it runs through one corner of the log cabin, so there are seven or eight feet of the stream inside the house; and on rainy days you can sit there and fish; and some people like to go to sleep with the running water gurgling close to them where they can hear it when they are in bed. Then there's an owl to this camp. The men heard him there when they were making the clearing, and he's never left the spot. Some people who have been out there said they never felt as much away from the world as they did listening to that little stream gurgling and that owl hooting."

"I believe," exclaimed Margery, "that in a place like that I could write poetry!"

"It would give me the rheumatism and the blues," said Mrs. Archibald, upon which Peter Sadler exclaimed:

"That settles that. Now then, here is another."

Several other camps were considered, but it was the general conclusion that the one by the lake was the most desirable. It had a good cabin with three rooms, with plenty of open space near by for the tents of the guides; there was a boat which belonged to the camp, and in every way it seemed so suitable that Mr. Archibald secured it. He thought the price was rather high, but as it included guides, provisions, fishing-tackle, and in fact everything needed, he considered that although it might cost as much as lodgings in a city hotel, they would get more good out of it.

"Has this camp any name?" asked the enthusiastic Margery, in the course of the conference.

"That's about your twenty-seventh question, miss," said Peter, "but it's one I can answer. Yes, it's got a name. It's called Camp Rob."

"Oh!" ejaculated Margery, in a disappointed tone. "What a name!"

"Yes," said Peter, "it isn't much of a name. The first people who went out there named it that, and it stuck to it, and it's all it's got. Camps are like horses—we've got to tell them apart, and so we give them names, and that's Camp Rob."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PAINTER OF SYMBOLISM.

IT seems strange to associate the work and personality of the late Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones with the busy, practical nineteenth century, to which he seemed foreign in every way. His compositions, his technique, and the life of the man himself were far removed from the times in which he lived, while his thoughts, inspirations, and methods were quite apart from those which actuated his contemporaries. He was somehow a survival, or perhaps a resurrection, of a bygone age, and he belonged back four hundred years. Not that Burne-Jones was behind his times, or that his work was lacking. On the contrary, he was in the front rank of his profession; he stood the test of the most severe criticism; he lived to down opposition to his work, and he died appreciated as few of his countrymen have been; and throughout his career, even when the general public had little comprehension of his aims and ambitions, he never for a moment lacked for practical approbation, holding always a faithful *clientèle* which secured his work not only willingly, but gratefully, at large prices.

As if further to accentuate the incongruity of this fifteenth-century dreamer appearing in nineteenth-century times, Burne-Jones was born in 1833, in Birmingham—most mercantile, busiest, and most modern of all English cities. Destined for the Church, he found himself reading theology at Exeter College in 1856, when Rossetti, Morris, and Princeps were painting the Arthurian frescoes on the walls of the Oxford Union debating-room. He had previously worked at sketching, and in his odd moments had found time to give artistic expression to a mind that was teeming with poetic thoughts. He was attracted by the personality and the painting of Rossetti, and to him he submitted his work. The latter approving, Burne-Jones then and there gave up his university course, and henceforth devoted himself to art. He was practically self-taught, though his intimacy with Rossetti resulted in his receiving many criticisms. In connection with other pictorial work, he began almost at once making designs for stained glass, and here his feeling for beauty, symbolism, and the intellectual rendering of legend, religious subject, and poetry found sympathetic outlet, and ever since these have been the themes that have actuated his labors.

He found himself at once in sympathy with the primitive Italians, and he was drawn most of all to Botticelli, who, though he never copied, was his evident inspiration. The types of femininity, the draperies, and the general sentiment of the works of the great Florentine attracted him and held him fascinated. But his men and women were his own, after all. The arrangements were original, and the color, less alluring, it must be admitted, was personal, and, in a way, all

(*Continued on page 652.*)

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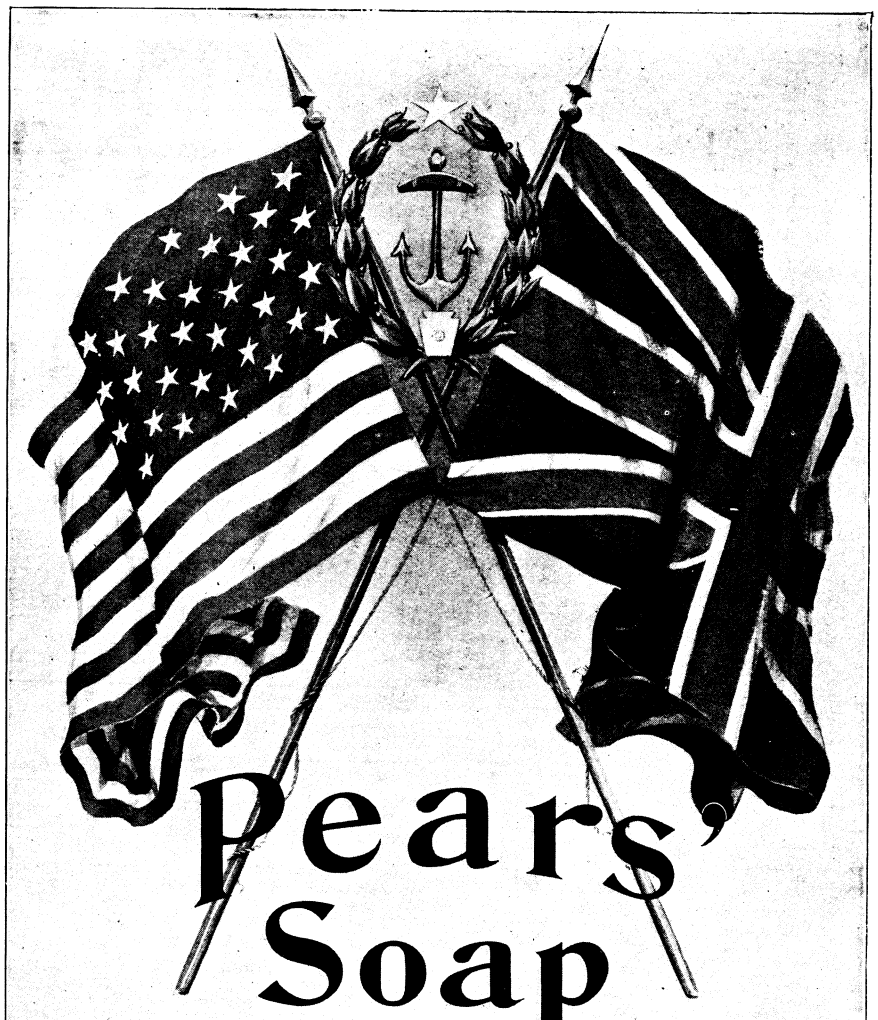
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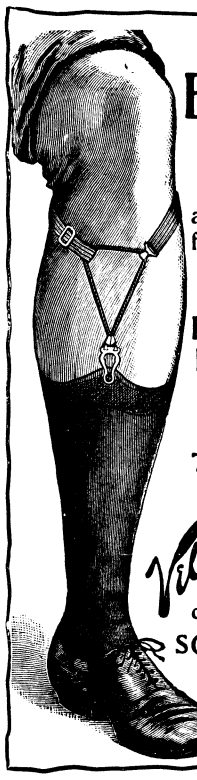
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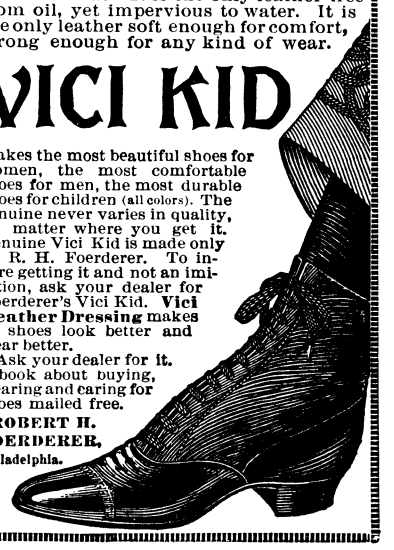
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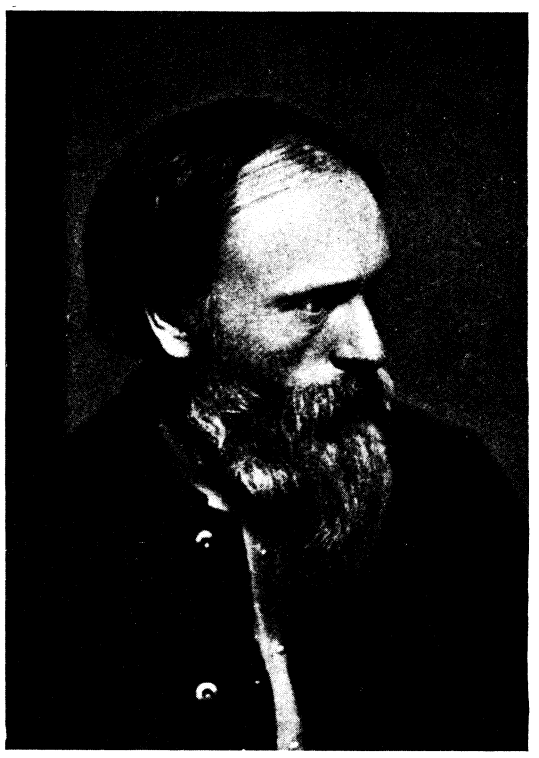
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SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE-JONES.

(*Continued from page 651.*)

were filtered through the sturdier temperament of the Anglo-Saxon. Elected to the Royal Academy, he later resigned because he deplored the unfairness that excluded many capable men from membership, and for years he held aloof from exhibitions, reappearing only when Sir Coutts Lindsay opened the famous Grosvenor Gallery. His work at once provoked criticism, favorable and otherwise, and the public came in droves to see it. There came to be a Burne-Jones vogue, his disciples came in for sarcasm, and the pictures for ridicule. Mr. Gilbert's lines in "Patience,"

A greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man,

were on everybody's tongue.

But he survived the ridicule, and he became the most appreciated English artist of his time. Only within a few weeks "The Mirror of Venus," an important example of his work, sold at public auction in London for $27,850, a substantial evidence of his popularity. The Queen made him a baronet in 1894, and for years he was associated with the house of William Morris, the decorator and printer, making illustrations for some of the books that came from the Kelmscott Press. In France he was thoroughly appreciated, and many of the symbolist painters there have adopted his ideas, though his technique was less appealing to the Frenchmen. He lived quietly and unostentatiously in West Kensington in a house once occupied by Samuel Richardson, and he painted with little regard for aught save his art. Living, he embodied within his art the charms of scholarship, temperament, and poetry; dying, he has left behind many beautiful and intellectually wrought canvases that add lustre and renown to the nineteenth-century output of English art.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 635.*)

Direct cable communication has been established between the United States and Guantanamo Bay, where our marines and war-ships are now in control of land and water.

Wednesday, June 22.—Two memorable despatches, sent from Playa del Este, the new station on the Cuban coast, midway between Santiago and Guantanamo, reached Washington. The first, addressed to the Secretary of War, was received this afternoon. It reads:

OFF BAIQUIRI, CUBA, *June 22.*

Landing at Baiquiri this afternoon successful. Very little, if any, resistance. SHAFTER.

The second, to the Secretary of the Navy, came in the evening, and is as follows:

PLAYA DEL ESTE, *June 22, 1898—6.50* P. M.

Landing army progressing favorably at Baiquiri. There was very little resistance. The *New Orleans, Detroit, Castine, Wasp,* and *Suwanee* shelled vicinity before landing. Made a demonstration at Cabañas to engage attention of the enemy. The *Texas* engaged west battery for some hours. She had one man killed. Ten submarine mines have been recovered from the channel of Guantanamo. Communication by telegraph has been established at Guantanamo.

SAMPSON.

Baiquiri is an anchorage sixteen miles in a direct line from the city of Santiago de Cuba.

A full report from the surgeon who, as medical officer attached to the *Solace*, with Admiral Sampson's fleet, speaks with authority of the nature of the wounds received in the four days' fight between our marines at Camp McCalla and the Spaniards, has been forwarded to Surgeon-General Van Reypen of the navy. This report includes a definite statement that the corpses were not mutilated. Severe wounds made by Mauser rifle-balls were supposed to have had another cause; and this misjudgment found its way both into reports from Camp McCalla and into Admiral Sampson's despatch—as recorded in the "Diary" last week.

General Duffield and four battalions of his brigade left Camp Alger for Santiago de Cuba. The forwarding of re-enforcements to Shafter has begun.

Thursday, June 23.—The Monitor *Monadnock* and the collier *Nero* sailed for Manila to re-enforce Dewey.

Re-enforcement for Augustin is also well under way, if reliance may be placed upon despatches from Madrid, London, Algiers, and Gibraltar—all of which assert that Admiral Camara's squadron (transports carrying troops, convoyed by war-ships) is proceeding eastward towards Suez. In the Chamber of Deputies at Madrid, Prime-Minister Sagasta declared to-day that this squadron was bound for the Philippines. Our State Department has been informed that the squadron was sighted off the island of Pantellaria. (*Continued on page 654.*)

ADVERTISEMENTS.



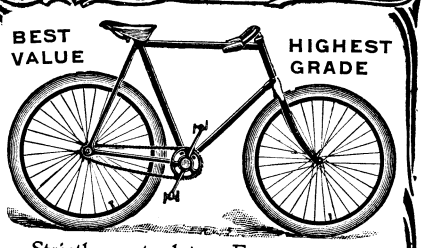
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To the Army and Navy

AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

AN EXTRACT.—"The first night I had slept a little from sheer exhaustion. "This next was terrible. I vomited incessantly; I was chilled to the bone, and could "not warm myself. I suffered horrible pains in the head and throughout my whole "body. Next day, of course, I was a wreck. They told me I had been delirious half "the night. I remember nothing of the day; but next night I got a couple of hours' "sleep, and was rather better in consequence. But vomiting went on steadily, and "the fourth night I was again delirious. The next day I was as bad as ever; but, "thanks to a good dose of Beecham's Pills, I had an excellent night, and I truly be-"lieve that they saved my life. I knew well where I picked up this fever—in the "marshes of Mwenzo, and near Kituta—and the killing thing was being unable to "stop to cure it; the ten days on the lake especially, often without food for twenty-"four hours, nearly finished me. I felt certain at the time that I was done for; and I "very nearly was."

FROM "*THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA*," by LIONEL DECLE (Methuen & Co.). Mr. Lionel Decle covered a distance of ***over 7000 miles at one stretch,*** between Cape Town on the South and Mombassa on the East Coast of Africa. It is worth noting that this "unique journey" would probably have been cut short, and, to quote the introduction by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, M.P., ***"its vivid record"*** would never have been penned had not Mr. Lionel Decle provided himself with a supply of Beecham's Pills.

Every soldier and marine ordered for Cuba or the Philippines should include Beecham's Pills in his outfit. No stronger testimony to the value of these pills in a tropical, fever-breeding climate could possibly be given than that of Mr. Decle above quoted. . . . . Beecham's Pills do wonderful service in all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as weak stomach, impaired digestion, torpid liver, sick headache, etc. . . . . .

Beecham's Pills are painless and effectual. They are daintily made and covered with a tasteless, soluble coating. "Worth a guinea a box."—Price only 25 cents. For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

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AT NEW LONDON AGAIN.

WITH A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE OF COLLEGE BOATING.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

FEW boat-races have owed less to fortune than that of 1898 at New London. Since the last race, at Poughkeepsie, we had discovered that, however gallant the navies of our colleges, our fighting navy is capable of putting up contests which are no less sportsmanlike and are much more engrossing. The statement causes a shock to university pride, but it is well to come out with it honestly. Even in the obsolete whaling-town at the mouth of the American Thames the effects of warfare were manifest. The harbor, it seems, is thoroughly mined, and there was an official whose duty it was to anchor collegiate yachts beyond the sphere of the explosives. The nutmeg towns-people whispered that he got fifty dollars a day for the job; and he was a greater man in consequence than the chairman of the New London Board of Trade, though not as great as the hotel-keepers who charged ten dollars a day for rooms. Because of these mines, and because of the state of war that occasioned them, the fleet of yachts was a mere handful, and grave fears were expressed for the success of the day. We had counted without our hosts. Three great universities, fountains of eternal youths, poured their streams into that quiet corner of Connecticut. The oldest living graduate, bathing in those streams, would have felt the weight of responsibility slipping from his shoulders. To be on the scene of so many conflicts, in the pleasant old town at the mouth of our Thames, after years of exile at Poughkeepsie, was like an excursion to the land of one's youth. Be it known that the "Pequot Sewer" is still the cup that cheers. At least, the undergraduates cheered. And when at midnight the graduates conveyed their years and dignity to those same old Pequot bedrooms, the cheering kept on and banished sleep, or made it tardy in coming. That was not the worst of it. Morning had scarcely dawned when the eternal youths bubbled forth with vigor unimpaired. A pair of blinds was banged open, and the graduates were aroused by a raucous cry of "Wake up, fellows, wake up! Here's a bright new day that hasn't been *touched* yet!"

It was a bright new day, but its promise was false. A wreck on the railroad delayed the special trains from New York, and, to say nothing of the agony of belated graduates from New York, the event proved an irremediable blow to the industrious reporter who had already despatched a "picturesque story" of their arrival on time. The lateness of the trains delayed the race until a thunder-storm arrived; and—to say nothing of a drenched observation train, the tragedy of ruined costumes, and the fidgeting of anxious oarsmen—the industrious reporter on the press-boat was unable to get ashore to arrest his picturesque story of a fair day and the crews well off. At seven o'clock, when the conditions were perfect except for a spatter of rain, the race could not be rowed because the buoys marking the course had been blown over, and darkness fell before they could be righted. For the first time in the memory of the oldest living graduate, the race was postponed a day.

Yet the fountain of eternal youths bubbled on. Their gayety was caught up even by the brand-new waiters at the brand-new Mohican Hotel. "Two table-d'hôte *diners* for t'ree dollairs," they repeated glibly to every new diner; "and you can have all you get, eef you can eat eet." This was of course a badly twisted version of the gibe of some eternal youth, for the main question was whether you could get it. At least, the few who were able to get it seemed able to eat it. That night at the Crocker House bar the eternal youths became a torrent. The Yale men in the Connecticut Naval Reserve brought on a party of their comrades from New Haven, and the fighting navy cheered the navy of peace. There were also what on a first glance you would have thought the crew of a New London whaler—sou'westers and tarpaulings scattered everywhere. A second glance revealed duck trousers beneath the tarpauling great-coat, or a straw hat with brilliant hat-band above it, and between the sou'wester jacket and hat a pair of academic eye-glasses and a cigarette. The drenched masses from the observation train, after exhausting the umbrellas of the town, had sacked the shops of the nautical outfitters on Bank Street. The mingling of college yells was as bewildering as the mingling of costumes. A cheer that began as a good straight frog chorus from New Haven would end up with a long C-o-r-n-e-l-l; and three long Harvards would end with a mighty Y-a-l-e. A solitary Princeton man, who gave a tiger for old Nassau all by himself in a corner, was soon surrounded by a throng of diverse partisans, who mixed a Princeton cheer with Cornell, Yale, and Harvard. Finally a Yale football guard, in a spasm of magnanimity, commanded "Nine long Harvards, with nothing t'hell at the end but Harvard." That finished things for the ancient graduates, and they slunk away from the students that cheered, with a very sober realization of their antiquity. They had suspected all along that New London was a better place to go to than Poughkeepsie, but they had not really known it until they saw how those eternal youths touched a new day in all the old resorts, in spite of its false promise of brightness.

The story of the race is sufficiently plain in the official times:

	Cornell.	Yale.	Harvard.
One-half mile	2.43	2.44	2.48
One mile	5.39	5.45	5.54
One and one-half miles	8.41	8.45	9.01
Two miles	11.37	11.45	12.02
Two and one-half miles	14.43	14.55	15.15
Three miles	17.43	17.59	18.28
Three and one-half miles	20.32	20.42	21.12
Four miles	23.48	24.02	24.35

Harvard was behind at the start, and in spite of one or two attempts to rally, gradually lost ground. Her position, so far as the stream is concerned, was the best of the three; but it was obvious from the press-boat that she was handicapped by the wind and water, both of which she felt most severely, especially in the third mile. The eight stopped rowing before the finish, some ten lengths behind Yale, and drifted over the line. The position of the crew at the finish is a fair index of its performance. The course rowed was a series of arabesques, and the coxswain lost badly at the stakes marking the turns. The oarsmanship was by no means finished, and the rowing lacked power. Of course there are explanations. Kernan, at No. 2, had been substituted in the last fortnight of practice, and never really got together with the rest. And the material, though carefully sifted from the class crews, was far beneath the average of previous years. Before the race Mr. Lehmann told me that all the men in the boat, except Perkins, who was too heavy, were ideal bow oars. After the race I think he might have omitted the "ideal."

The work of the Yale crew would, in any previous year at New London, have been called superb. The only thing the matter with it was that it was matched against rowing in which the most expert critic could scarcely find a fault. Its position between Harvard and Cornell was the second choice, so far as the stream was concerned, and the heavy wind and rough water were fitted to a crew averaging 170 pounds, and were precisely what Yale men had been hoping for. It rowed the stroke it had been taught, rowed it well, and with the courage in adversity which has always characterized Yale teams; and the strength and physical condition of the crew were such that, with the exception of bow, whose head dropped for a moment on his oar after the finish, none of the men showed signs of distress. If they were inferior to Cornell in oarsmanship, the difference was perceptible, for the most part, only to old oarsmen. The leading crews rowed thirty-two strokes to the minute—and Harvard too, for that matter—except on a spurt, when the stroke went up a peg or two. As Yale and Cornell rowed almost equally well, the difference between the two crews was probably in the power that went into each stroke. It was merely a matter of vitality. The Yale men, five of whom were from the Freshmen crew of last season, averaged nineteen and five-eighths years old—two years less than Cornell. They had not the same nervous energy to put into the stroke, and they were not so well able to stand the strain of the race. The defect is one that time may remedy, and all the best men in the boat have a year or two more to row, whereas four of the Cornell men are to graduate this year, and three of them next.

The Cornell crew had third choice of positions, and was forced to begin the race in shallow water. According to an interview published in a New York newspaper, the crew considered that this cost it the equivalent of several boat-lengths. Yet from the press-boat it was manifest that in both wind and water it had a great advantage, and in view of the fact that the men averaged nine and a half pounds less than Yale, this advantage must have made considerable difference. The Harvard crew, which was of about the same weight as Cornell, must have suffered far more from the weather conditions than it gained from its first choice of course. Yet no permutation of positions could have affected the order in which the crews finished, or detracted from the splendid achievement of the Cornell crew. Old oarsmen from Yale and from Harvard spoke with unqualified praise, and an old Oxford oarsmen told me that, so far as he could see, there was no single fault to find. Both in form and in dash the race was such as can be rowed only by men who have pulled together two and three years, who are at one with their coach, and who are inspired by loyalty and by love of their *alma mater*. There is no reason why such a crew, properly acclimatized, should not bring home the Grand Challenge Cup from Henley.

A notable feature of this very notable race is the fact that to accommodate three crews the old straightaway course was abandoned for a wider course which follows the bending of the ship channel. The straightaway course was narrow even for two crews, and in the very ancient days when Harvard used to get the lion's share of victory the Yale crew attributed defeat to the fact that it had been forced to row in the eel-grass of the shallows. On such occasions the leader of the Harvard Glee Club used to ask his men why the Harvard crew never got into the eel-grass, and they answered, in chorus, "There's only room for one!"—a refrain which was used with equal success to explain why the New Haven girls had only one foot in the grave. Those were rude times, unchivalrous and ungallant. It was to be hoped that the broad new course would obliterate the memory of them; but I tremble to think what might happen if an ambitious crew were beaten in the western path.

Perhaps the most interesting development of the season's rowing was with regard to the stroke. In times past the newspapers have been filled with criticisms and comparisons of various styles, crammed full of technical terms and considerations that filled a reader's soul with admiration. A few days of reporting at New London made me suspect that the sagacious critics had really done little more than rehash a mess of ill-assorted phrases, which it does credit to any man's intelligence not to understand. In the present season, at any rate, such discussions have little or no value. Mr. Cook, the Yale coach, told me that all three crews were rowing the same stroke. There had been a great deal of talk, he said, about an American stroke and an English stroke, and Cornell's victory last year was hailed as a product of home industry; but, in point of fact, the Cornell stroke differed only in minor details from the traditional Yale stroke, which was a close adaptation of the stroke Mr. Cook had observed, in the late seventies, during a study of English boating. The main differences between the English stroke and that rowed by Cornell and Yale were due to the different rigging of American shells—seats that all slide above the keelson instead of alternately on the opposite side of the boat from the outriggers, and swivel oarlocks instead of stationary thole pins. This stroke Cornell had learned at Henley and from watching the Yale crews. Mr. Cook was at one time inclined toward the traditional Courtney stroke, with its rapid leg-drive and absence of body-swing; but he soon returned to his first love. It is to be noted that in proportion as Mr. Courtney slowed down his time and lengthened the swing, the record time of his crews improved. Mr. Courtney stated to me that, so far as he had been able, he had kept this year's crew to the last year's stroke, and he makes no claim of originating its essential principles. Mr. Lehmann said that there were really only two ways to row, a good way and a bad way, and that the crews at New London were all rowing the good way. In a word, the intercourse between America and England during the last twenty-odd years has convinced our leading oarsmen that the principles of the English stroke are the correct ones, and they are agreed that it is best to stick to the English principles as far as the rigging of our boats will allow. The question of rigging, finally, I referred to Mr. Chase Mellen, who rowed four years on the excellent Brasenose crew at Oxford, and has since rowed, coached, and observed a decade or more in America. In his opinion, the differences in rigging were immaterial, so long as a crew kept to the long leg-drive and the long body-swing. The English stroke, whether adopted as at Harvard or adapted as at Cornell and Yale, is now generally approved, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. Certain variations, it is true, were to be observed in the Cornell boat. The men swung farther back than last year, and their recover began with more of a jerk than is usual in England, but I could not find that any one qualified to judge thought these features more than variations depending on the individuality of the coach. Mr. Courtney told me that he had not been aware of the fact that the stroke had varied from its last year's form until the fact was pointed out by returning graduates.

With the happy establishment of a uniform style at New London, there bid fair to be radical changes in the personnel of the coaches, at least at Yale and Harvard. During Mr. Cook's long and very successful leadership a school of young oarsmen has grown up that is more closely in sympathy with present undergraduate aims and intentions. For some years past there has been an effort to give these men a controlling voice in crew management. This year, I understand, the movement is reaching a head, and it is not unlikely that next spring will see a new man in charge of the crew. As far as I could make out, the choice is likely to lie between Mr. Alfred Cowles, of Chicago, and Dr. J. A. Hartwell, of New York. Dr. Hartwell is widely known as a football-player and a crew captain, and is, besides, a scholar of mark. If he undertakes the coaching, as Yale men think the more likely, the crew will have a man of strong personal popularity and strong power of leadership; and there is every reason to think that he will preserve all that is best in Yale rowing traditions.

At Harvard it is understood that Mr. Lehmann will not return. During his stay of two years, however, he has taught or has been the means of teaching scores of oarsmen the principles of good rowing, and there should be a number of men capable of carrying on his task. Mr. J. J. Storrow, captain of the winning crew of '85, has been his constant aide, and is not unlikely to be given command next year. It seems probable that he will be assisted by Mr. E. C. Storrow, '89, who had charge of this year's Freshman crew, and succeeded so well that his men, in spite of a recent fit of tonsillitis that visited the entire crew, came in only half a length behind the Yale, and well ahead of the Cornell Freshmen. In the past the vice of Harvard oarsmanship has been the absence of a settled style. An old oar who had rowed excellently in four defeated crews lately told me that he had learned four different strokes. Now that there is but one style at New London, and that a good one, a similar lack of consistency would be little short of maniacal. Whether Harvard accepts Lehmann's lieutenants, and whether she adheres to the English rigging, are matters of indifference compared with the fact that a stroke has been established which there is every reason to stick to. In spite of two years of sore defeat, Harvard men have seldom had more reason to hope the crews in the future will give a good account of the university.

The plans of Cornell for another year are in doubt only as regards the question of whether she will compete at New London. From her own point of view there are excellent reasons why she should not. In order to compete with Yale and Harvard at their natural and traditional meeting-place, she has to make a tedious and expensive journey—a journey which in time and in money is prohibitive to a vast majority of undergraduates. Then, too, in order to meet neighboring universities, that in other sports than rowing and in geographical position are her natural rivals, she has to row two hard races under the most trying circumstances. It is not strange that she should have been the champion of an American Henley at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga; and the objection raised against the western course at New London has a smack of the old preference for a meeting in New York State.

That Yale and Harvard will consent to row again at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga seems far from likely. The journey is almost as trying as that from Ithaca to New London, and the place lacks all the charm of tradition and atmosphere that cluster about the historic course. If the oarsmen I talked with at the recent race are at all representative of the feeling of their universities, the question of breaking with Cornell is merely a question of expediency. Each college seemed actually more eager that Cornell should be beaten than that its own boat should win. Apparently it was thought that a victory would make it easier to say good-by to the third crew.

The propriety of this feeling is open to question. The point at stake is not whether Cornell is a worthy opponent—of that there has been no doubt for years. It is whether the triple arrangement at New London is for the best interests of sportsmanship at Yale, Harvard, and Cornell. If it is not, and the best sense of all three universities seems to be that it is not, it is far better for Yale and Harvard to end relationships, now that Cornell has reached a top notch in her fortunes, than to take advantage of the failure of an off year. It seems more manly to say, You have shown yourself better in every race, and we covet the glory of a possible victory, but we have found that we care more about each other, and wish to

eliminate every element that detracts from the spirit of our natural and traditional rivalry.

The experience of the past decade has shown that no one college is physically able to give its best dates to the worthiest opponents in all contests, and at the same time meet its traditional and natural rivals on even terms. For half a dozen years past the wisest advisers at both Yale and Harvard have favored a dual league. The trend of athletic development of late has made the dual league a virtual fact. Next fall, for the first time, Harvard is to be given the advantage over Princeton in the football dates, and it is possible that the athletic team will withdraw from the inter-collegiate games. It is not to be assumed that the parties to a dual league are to hold aloof from other colleges. The case is rather that games with other colleges are to be regarded as incidental and in a measure preparatory to the final game. A college will play all comers, so far as it is possible to do so without endangering the contest with a natural rival. In the same way, Oxford and Cambridge have always met all possible teams in cricket and the two games of football—many of them teams of distinct superiority—and have yet made such matches tributary to the inter-'varsity match.

This tendency toward concentrating athletic interests is by no means incompatible with the adoption of the Henley idea. At Poughkeepsie or Saratoga the thing that makes Henley Henley is physically impossible for most of the colleges that are expected to compete there. From Yale or Harvard the journey is expensive in both time and money; and once there, it is necessary to stay or to go back for good. In England it is possible to run up daily from London or Oxford, and, at a pinch, from Cambridge, and yet see all the races. For three or four pounds an English undergraduate can be at all three days of Henley and share all its pleasures. The first requisite for a regatta like Henley is that it shall draw its support from a small area. At Harvard and at Yale a movement is afoot that seems likely to end in augmenting the programme of races at New London, so that there will be several races a day during several days. At both colleges the class crews are becoming more and more prominent, and at both there are boat clubs that are putting forth lay crews of increasing excellence. Under Mr. Lehmann's influence the Weld Boat Club of Harvard has become very active, and has won notable races against outside boat clubs. A few years more of development and a slight rearrangement of fixtures will give scope to a number of interesting races at New London appealing to the colleges, schools, and clubs of New England. A similar regatta might be held in any other geographical section of the country—for instance, at Poughkeepsie, Saratoga, Detroit, or on the Mississippi.

Any one who is inclined to commiserate with Mr. Lehmann on the result of his mission would do well to consider what he has accomplished for Harvard, and through Harvard for American boating, along the lines of general development. He found a university that had passed only a step beyond the conditions that have dominated boating in all American universities. The aquatic interest existed for the purpose of getting out winning crews; all races were aimed solely at this result, and the so-called sport of boating was about as much fun as galley slavery. Taking advantage of the Weld Boat Club and the class races, he broadened and developed boating as a sport, and by doing so established a school for the teaching of the true principles of rowing. In a paper printed a few months ago in these pages I described the long and delightful course of the Oxonian who makes his way to a 'varsity boat, and pointed out how perfectly the system was adapted to maintaining and perfecting oarsmanship. Such a system Mr. Lehmann has started at Harvard. Its full development cannot be reached until the social life of the place is divided into definite units, as in the English colleges, but it is a long stride in advance that the notion of it has become fixed. It will be interesting to watch the development of the ideas he has bequeathed to us. It should be the duty of some graduate, not too old, to burst open his blinds on the morning of the next boat-race, and wake up the undergraduates with the tidings that a bright new day has dawned at New London that has not yet been touched.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 652.*)

Friday, June 24.—The Cortes was dissolved by decree of the Queen-Regent. Martial law was proclaimed in Madrid. It is asserted that the Sagasta cabinet will resign to make way for a new government which will not be so positively committed to the policy of continuing the war.

"In pushing out to occupy a good position near Sevilla to wait and intrench until supplies and artillery could be landed, the Fourteenth [should read *First*] and Tenth Cavalry and Wood's regiment had a skirmish. The enemy was driven from his position, and General Wheeler reports he now occupies the ground." . . . . "Further news from General Wheeler places our loss in this morning's firing at about ten killed and forty wounded." . . . . "The Spaniards occupied a very strong and intrenched position on a high hill. The firing lasted about an hour, and the enemy was driven from his position, which is now occupied by our troops, about a mile and a half from Sevilla. The enemy has retired toward Santiago de Cuba." General Shafter's despatches to the War Department, from which the foregoing sentences are taken, refer to an engagement that will always be remembered, not only as the first serious action after the landing of our army of invasion, but also because our dismounted cavalry, in a most difficult position and after severe losses, gave proof of superb fighting quality by their determined and ultimately victorious advance. Briefly told, the story is that the enemy, having withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood of Baiquiri when our forces landed there, retreated towards Santiago; but at a point near Sevilla, which lies southeast of Santiago, two thousand Spaniards took up a strong position to bar the way. When news of this stand was brought by our scouts, General Young's brigade marched directly to the attack, while the dismounted "Rough Riders," under Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, took another route to the same point. The latter walked into an ambush in a narrow trail that led upward between hill-sides covered with brush. This brush, jungle, chaparral—whatever word seems densest—hid the enemy. From three sides at once a heavy fire at short range was opened upon our men. Sergeant Hamilton Fish was the first American soldier to fall; soon afterward Captain A. K. Capron was mortally wounded. A perfect list of our losses cannot be made at this time, and the number of men slain in this encounter on the Spanish side is not known. Fierce and yet accurate firing by this extraordinary regiment of cowboys and clubmen, dead-shots in the main, directed by a colonel who at that particular moment could suggest, "Don't swear, or you'll catch no fish," proved to be at least sufficient to hold their terribly exposed position until reenforcements came up; then a dash carried hills, thickets, and an iron building in which the Spaniards had fortified themselves. And so General Shafter, from headquarters on the *Segurança*, is able to say in his despatch that "General Wheeler [who commands on shore] reports he now occupies the ground."

A DIGEST OF THE WAR REVENUE BILL.

The Act "*To provide ways and means to meet war expenditures, and for other purposes,*" makes the following provisions:

The tax on beer manufactured or sold or stored in warehouses, or removed for consumption or sale, within the United States, is increased from one dollar to two dollars on every barrel containing not more than thirty-one gallons, and at a like rate for fractional parts of a barrel.

A discount of 7½ per cent. is to be allowed by collectors to brewers on sales of stamps.

SPECIAL TAXES.

Bankers: with capital not exceeding $25,000	$ 50.00
Same: with capital above $25,000, for each additional $1000	2.00
(Note.—Savings-banks with no capital stock are exempted.)	
Brokers	50.00
Pawnbrokers	20.00
Commercial brokers	20.00
Custom-house brokers	10.00
Proprietors of places of amusement in places of more than 25,000 population	100.00
Circuses	100.00
Proprietors or agents of all other shows	10.00
(Note.—Tax must be paid once in every State or Territory where exhibitions are held.)	
Bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms—each alley or table	5.00
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, and Snuff.	
All tobacco and snuff, per pound	.12
Cigars and cigarettes weighing more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	3.60
Cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	1.00
Cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	1.50
Dealers in leaf tobacco and tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs.	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not more than 100,000 lbs	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs.	24.00
Manufacturers of tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs.	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not exceeding 100,000 lbs	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs	24.00
Manufacturers of cigars: annual sales not exceeding 100,000 cigars	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 but not 200,000 cigars	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 200,000 cigars	24.00

(Note.—Any person liable to these taxes who shall not have paid them shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall pay a fine of not more than $500, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both, at the discretion of the court.)

ADHESIVE STAMPS.

After the 1st of July, 1898, there shall be paid the following stamp taxes. The penalty for not paying them shall be a fine of not more than $100, and the unstamped instruments shall not be competent evidence in any court. Proper provisions are made against forgery and evasion of the law, while a penalty is provided for non-cancellation of the stamps. Public bonds, debentures, and certificates of indebtedness are exempted from the payment of the tax.

This exemption includes stocks and bonds issued by co-operative building and loan associations, capital stock not exceeding $10,000, and building and loan associations making loans only to their members.

Foreign bonds are required to pay the same taxes as domestic bonds when sold in the United States.

SCHEDULE A.

Bonds, debentures, or certificates of indebtedness issued after the first day of July, 1898, by any association, company, or corporation, on each $100 of face value or fraction thereof	.05
And on each original issue of certificates of stock, on each $100 of face value, or fraction thereof	.05
On all sales, or agreements to sell, or memoranda of sales, or deliveries or transfers of shares or certificates of stock, on each $100 or fraction thereof	.02
On each sale, agreement of sale, or agreement to sell any products or merchandise at any exchange or board of trade, or other similar place, either for present or future delivery, for each $100 in value of said sale, or agreement of sale, or agreement to sell	.01
And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.01
On checks, drafts, or certificates of deposit not drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon or issued by any bank, trust company, or any person or persons, companies, or corporations, at sight or on demand	.02
Inland bills of exchange, drafts, or certificates of deposit drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money otherwise than at sight or on demand, or any promissory note, except bank-notes issued for circulation, and for each renewal of the same, for a sum not exceeding $100	.02
And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.02
(Note.—This applies to domestic money-orders issued by the United States.)	
Foreign bills of exchange and letters of credit, including orders issued by express or other companies, drawn in but payable out of the United States, not exceeding $100	.04
And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.04
If drawn in sets of two or more, for every bill of each set not exceeding $100	.02
And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.02
Bills of lading or receipts, other than charter party, for merchandise to be exported from the United States to any foreign port	.10
Common carriers must issue bills of lading for goods shipped to the consignor or his agent, and on the original and each duplicate of these	.01
(Note.—But one bill of lading shall be required on bundles or packages of newspapers when enclosed in one general bundle at the time of shipment. Failure to issue these bills of lading entails a penalty of $50 on carrier for each offence.)	
Telephone messages for which a charge of fifteen cents or more is imposed	.01
Telegraphic despatches	.01
(Note.—Tax on telephone and telegraphic messages is not to be levied on messages dealing with the business of the telephone or telegraph company or railroad company sending them.)	
Indemnity bonds	.50
Certificates of profits, or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any association, and all transfers thereof, on each $100 of value or fractional part thereof	.02
Certificates of damage issued by port-wardens, etc.	.25
Certificates of any legal description not otherwise specified	.10
Charter party, vessel not exceeding 300 tons	3.00
Same, vessel exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons	5.00
Same, vessel exceeding 600 tons	10.00
Broker's contract or memorandum of sale	.10
Conveyances of real estate, consideration value exceeding $100 and less than $500	.50
For each additional $500 or fractional part thereof	.50
Custom-house entry of goods, not exceeding $100 in value	.25
Same, exceeding $100 and not exceeding $500	.50
Same, exceeding $500	1.00
Entry for withdrawal of any merchandise in custom-house bonded warehouses	.50
Life-insurance policies: each $100 or fractional part thereof of amount insured	.08
Provided, that on insurance policies issued on the industrial or weekly payment plan, of the amount of the first weekly premium	40 per cent.
(Note.—Provisions do not apply to fraternal or beneficiary societies or orders, or farmers' purely local co-operative companies or associations, or employés' relief associations, operated on the lodge system or local co-operation plan, organized and conducted solely by the members thereof for the benefit of themselves, and not for profit.)	
Marine, inland, and fire insurance: on each dollar or fractional part thereof	½ of 1 per cent.
(Note.—Purely co-operative or mutual fire-insurance companies exempted.)	
Casualty, fidelity, and guaranty insurance: upon premium charged on each dollar or fractional part thereof	½ of 1 per cent.
Leases, not exceeding one year	.25
Same, exceeding one year but not three	.50
Same, exceeding three years	1.00
Custom-house manifests of entry or clearance, tonnage of vessel not exceeding 300 tons	1.00
Same, exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons	3.00
Same, exceeding 600 tons	5.00
Real estate and personal mortgages or pledges for securing payment of any definite or certain sum, also conveyances in trust intended only as security, exceeding $1000 and not exceeding $1500	.25
For each $500 or fractional part thereof in excess of $1500	.25
Passage tickets to foreign ports, costing not exceeding $30	1.00
Same, costing more than $30 and not exceeding $60	3.00
Same, costing more than $60	5.00
Power of attorney for voting at elections of incorporated companies, other than religious, charitable, or literary societies, or public cemeteries	.10
Power to sell or rent real estate, to sell or transfer stock, bonds, scrip, or to collect dividends or interest thereon, or to perform any and all other acts not above specified	.25
Protest	.25
Warehouse receipts	.25

SCHEDULE B.

Medicinal proprietary articles and preparations: each packet, box, bottle, pot, vial, or other enclosure, with its contents, selling at retail,	
For 5 cents	1/6 of 1 cent.
Above 5 cents and less than 10	¼ of 1 cent.
" 10 cents and less than 15	⅜ of 1 cent.
" 15 cents and less than 25	⅝ of 1 cent.
For each additional 25 cents of the retail price or value, or fractional part thereof in excess of 25 cents	⅝ of 1 cent.
Druggists' prescriptions are not taxable.	
Perfumery and cosmetics, and other similar articles: same taxes as proprietary articles.	
Chewing-gum or substitutes: each box, etc., value not more than $1 at retail	.04
Above $1, for each additional dollar or fractional part thereof	.04
Sparkling or other wines bottled for sale: on each bottle containing one pint or less	.01
On each bottle containing more than one pint	.02

EXCISE TAXES ON THOSE ENGAGED IN REFINING PETROLEUM AND SUGAR.

On every person engaged in refining petroleum or sugar, or owning or controlling any pipe-line for transporting oil or other products, gross annual receipts exceeding $250,000, on the gross receipts of such persons, etc., exceeding $250,000 ¼ of 1 per cent.

(Note.—Penalty: not less than $1000 and not exceeding $10,000 for each failure or refusal to make return, and for each and every false or fraudulent return.)

On every seat sold in palace or parlor cars, and every berth sold in sleeping-cars	.01

LEGACIES AND DISTRIBUTIVE SHARES OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Amount exceeding $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, passing either by will or by law, or transferred by deed, grant, bargain, sale, or gift, to take effect after the death of the grantor or bargainor, to any person or persons, in trust or otherwise, the following taxes:	
Lineal issue or lineal ancestor, or brother or sister of decedent, on each and every $100 of value	.75
Descendants of brothers and sisters, on every $100	1.50
Brother or sister of father or mother, or descendant of brother or sister of father or mother of deceased, on every $100	3.00
Brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, or descendant of brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, on every $100	4.00
Persons in other degrees of collateral consanguinity, or a stranger in blood, on every $100	5.00
On property above $25,000 and not above $100,000, the above rates to be multiplied by one and one-half.	
Exceeding $100,000 but not exceeding $500,000, the above rates to be multiplied by two.	
Exceeding $500,000, and not exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by two and one-half.	
Exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by three.	
The tax or duty shall be a lien or charge on property for twenty years, or until the same shall be within that period fully paid to and discharged by the United States.	
Mixed Flour.—Every person, etc., engaged in making, packing, or repacking mixed flour, per annum	12.00
Tea.—Duty per pound	.10

(Note.—Internal-revenue collectors are to sell stamps in quantities of not less than $100, face value, with a discount of one per cent., except as otherwise provided in this act.)

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

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MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:



"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:



Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me. Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

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MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

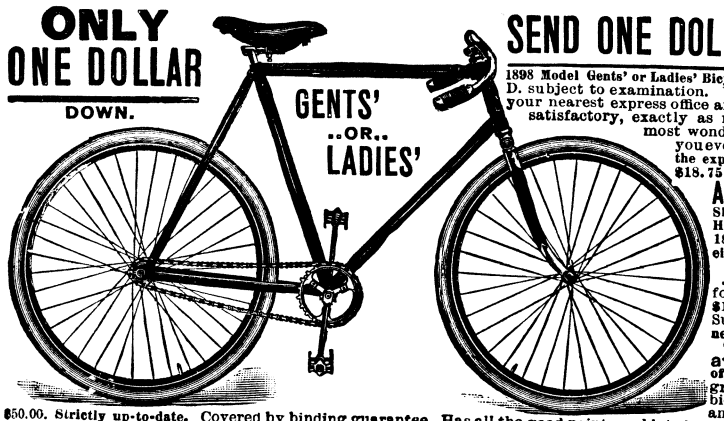
MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other interesting matter.

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SEND ONE DOLLAR and we will send you this OUR SPECIAL HIGH GRADE 1898 Model Gents' or Ladies' Bicycle by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the most wonderful Bicycle Bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent the balance, $18.75 and express charges.

At $19.75 We shall sell 3000 SPECIAL regular $50.00 High-Grade, guaranteed, 1898 Model Bicycles in either Gents' or Ladies.'

We Have Bicycles for 1898 at $13.95, $19.75 and $22.50. Such values as were never offered before.

THIS SPECIAL WHEEL at $19.75 is a wonder of value, strictly high-grade and equal to any bicycle you can buy anywhere at $40.00 to $50.00. Strictly up-to-date. Covered by binding guarantee. Has all the good points and late improvements of all high- and most reliable bicycle makers in America. The identical same bicycle as is sold everywhere under their special name and name plate at $40.00 to $50.00, never less. The name of the maker is a household word among bicycle riders. You will recognize the bicycle the moment you see it as the same high-grade bicycle sold everywhere at $40.00 and upwards. In offering 3,000 at the unheard of price of $19.75, we are pledged not to use the maker's name or name plate.

DESCRIPTION. OUR SPECIAL 1898 Bicycle now offered at $19.75 is made from the very best material throughout, only first-class mechanics are employed and the finish is such as can be found only in the highest grade wheels. FRAME is 24 inches deep, true diamond, (Ladies' is 22 inches, curve shape with two center braces) 1⅛-inch highest grade imported German seamless tubing. FORK CROWN, drop forged, highly polished and finished and nickel-plated. HANDLE-BARS, very latest and best wood or nickel, up or down curve or ram's horn. WHEELS, highest grade, 28-inch. SPOKES, highest-grade, 14-15 swaged. HUBS, latest large tubular, turned from bar steel. RIMS, highest grade non-warpable wood. TIRE, our own special guaranteed strictly high-grade single tube pneumatic, complete with pump and repair kit. CRANKS, highest grade forging, 6½-inch throw, highly nickel-plated. PEDALS, handsomest and best rat trap. BEARINGS, highest grade tool steel, highly finished. SPROCKETS, finest forgings, heavily nickel-plated, detachable. SADDLE, strictly high-grade, padded. Weight, 25 lbs. Full ball bearing with ball retainers throughout. Finished in the highest possible enamel in blue, black or maroon, and shipped complete with tool bag, pump, wrench, oiler and repair kit.

OUR GUARANTEE. We issue a written binding, one year guarantee, during which time if any piece or part gives out, by reason of defect in workmanship or material, WE WILL REPLACE IT FREE OF CHARGE. With care the bicycle will last 10 Years.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR State whether Ladies' or Gents', kind of handle bars and color of finish and we will send you the bicycle by express C. O. D. subject to examination, you can examine it at the express office and if you find it equal to any bicycle you can buy elsewhere for $40.00 to $50.00, and such a bargain as you never saw before, pay the express agent the balance, $18.75, and express charges. OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE shows a complete line of Bicycles at $13.95, $19.75, $22.50, etc. Also a full line of bicycle sundries, bicycle clothing, etc. SEND FOR IT.

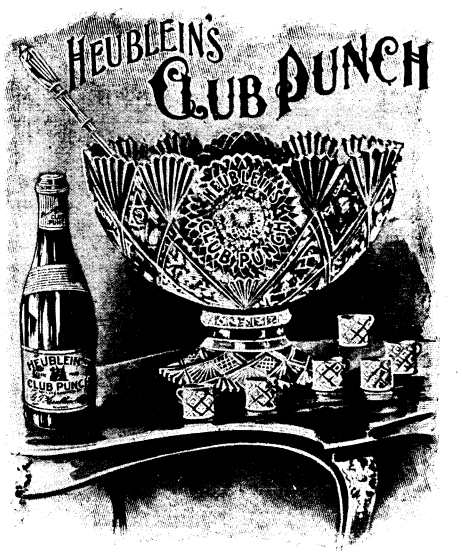
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As Delightful to Drink as it's easy to make.

Fill bowl with ice, pour contents of bottle over same—it's ready for use. For a delicious **Claret Cup,** add one pint of good Claret to one quart of Club Punch. Fruits in season may be added.

For an afternoon tea, evening party, yacht, or picnic, it makes entertaining easy. For sale by dealers. Prepared and guaranteed by G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.; New York; London.

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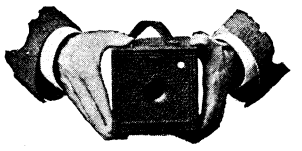
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Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.
A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

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NO CLEANING-DUST AND RAIN PROOF
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When the children's best clothes come from the wash with the colors faded and streaked, and with worn spots showing in places where there should be no wear, then you may know that your laundress is using something besides Ivory Soap.

You can save trouble and expense by furnishing her with Ivory Soap, and insisting that she use it and nothing else. The price of one ruined garment will buy Ivory Soap sufficient for months.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,

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Bird's Eye
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There is no Baking Powder equal to the Royal in leavening strength. The slowness of the action of the Royal Baking Powder, as compared with all others, renders it particularly valuable for use in camp or at military posts. It does not deteriorate with age, and, more than any other brand, gives uniform and satisfactory results under the varying temperatures prevailing and conditions of service required for Army and Navy use.

Maintains Full Strength in All Climates.

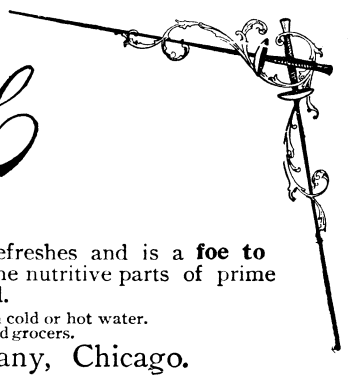
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Prepared in a minute, with cold or hot water.
At druggists and grocers.

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Books containing Four-Year Range of Prices, Dividends, and Earnings sent free on request.
A Permanently Invested Fund of over TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS is held as a Guaranteed Security for all persons having business with us.
Correspondence solicited.

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Opens June 25. *Write for booklet.*
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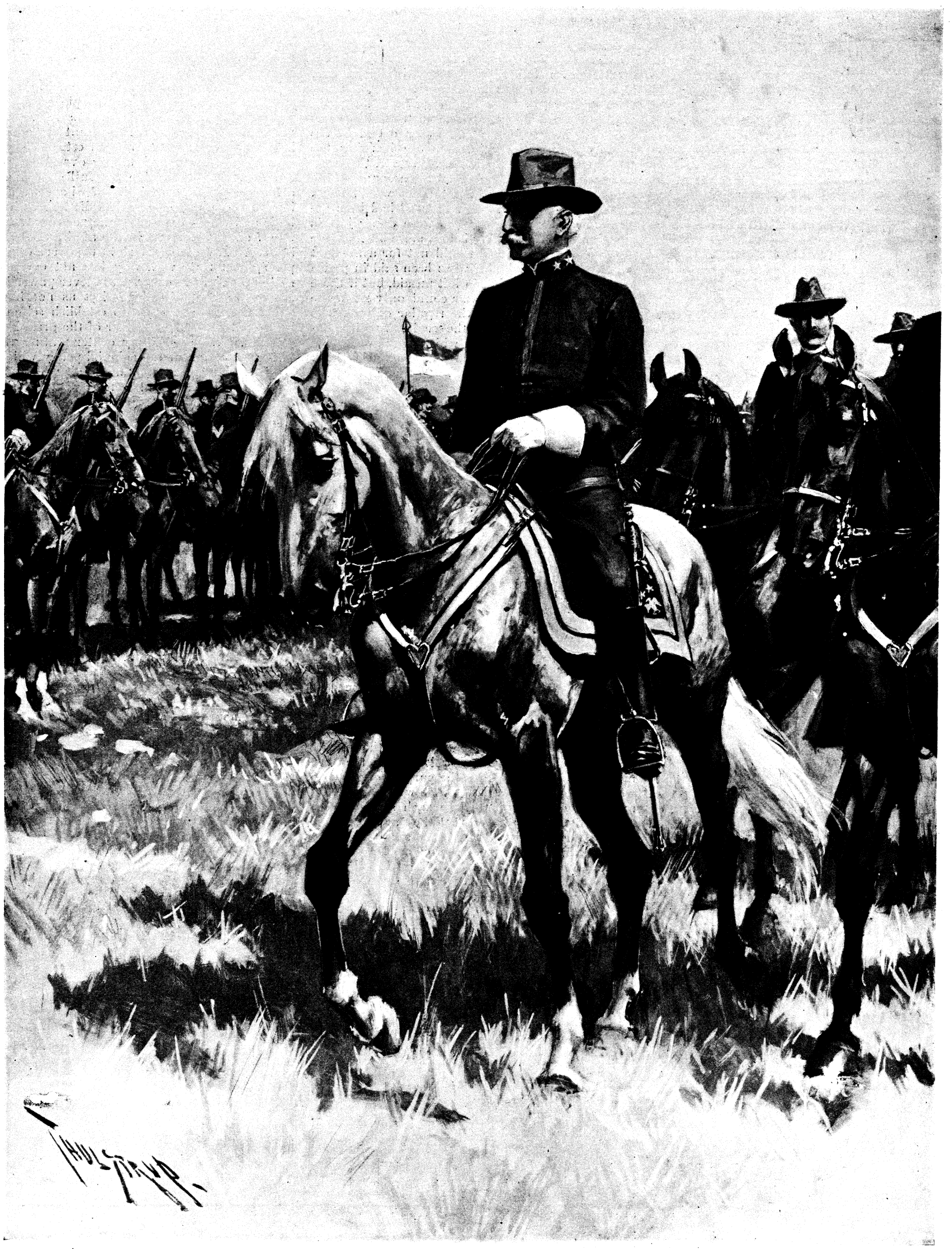
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2168. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., COMMANDING THE ARMY.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 9, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

WE are very much afraid that the action of the Senate Appropriations Committee, in refusing to insert an item appropriating $50,000 to defray the expenses of the joint commission to be appointed for the settlement of questions at issue between the United States and Canada, is significant. We believe that the people of the United States are eager to meet half-way the friendly manifestations of Great Britain towards this country, and that they favor the settlement of our issues with Canada, but we fear that pressure must once more be brought to bear upon the Senate, in order that it may not disgrace us by placing the country in the position of repelling the advances of the one power in Europe which has been our friend in our present trouble. In the mean time the British commissioners have been appointed, and they are among the most distinguished men in the empire. They are Lord-High-Chancellor HERSCHELL, Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Sir LOUIS HENRY DAVIES, and Mr. JOHN CHARLTON.

WE ought to be thankful to the violent and abusive newspapers of Germany, which have insulted us with the vehemence and the vituperations of Spaniards, for they have called forth a noble letter from Mr. CARL SCHURZ to *Die Nation*, of Berlin, which is another of that eminent German-American's contributions to the welfare of his adopted country. Mr. SCHURZ, we have no doubt, expresses the sentiments of the Germans who are citizens of this country, and who have already rendered it most excellent service, in sounding a note of warning to the Jingoes of their native land, who apparently are under the absurd impression that the German-American is not a patriotic American. This is what Mr. SCHURZ says, however, and Mr. SCHURZ knows whereof he speaks better, probably, than any other living man:

> German-Americans are proud of their new father land, and know how to appreciate its advantages and great qualities. Now that war is going on, they stand with their new country. Its friends are their friends, and its enemies their enemies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional outbursts of theatrical heroics in Spain, when men of politics seek to placate the Carlists and other hotheads by declaring that Spain will fight to the death, there is evidently a movement there for peace. And this movement is strongest in that part of Spain which is most modern—that is, that part which is industrious. The Chamber of Commerce of Barcelona is in accord with the friends of peace in the same city in wishing an end to the war. Not only are many thousands of working-men out of employment on account of the suspension of industry, but commerce is paralyzed. In other words, the elements of superiority which Cataluña possesses over the rest of the Spanish peninsula are sorely wounded, and either there must be a speedy peace or the thriving people of the eastern coast must become what other Spaniards are. There is no more active enemy of war than commerce, whose peaceful ends increase the brotherhood of nations, because those ends depend upon international friendship, and are destroyed by international enmities. The industrials of the eastern provinces find strong allies in the indifference of the people of most of the other provinces, and especially in the hardships that are now beginning to be felt cruelly throughout the kingdom. War might have been prevented if Europe would have guaranteed the dynasty. This means, of course, that the politicians who compose the government, and those who composed the last government, and those who will compose the succeeding one, know that war with this country means ruin to Spain, and they are continuing it, as they entered upon it, merely through fear of a revolution at home if they do not uphold that ephemeral thing known as "Spanish honor." Therefore if the politicians can now persuade the army to do what the powers refused to do, to guaranty the Queen-Regent and her son, or the latter alone, there may be an application for peace at any time.

THERE is no desire on our part to lessen in the smallest degree the great credit that is due the volunteer soldiers, and which is always theirs whenever the country engages in war, for our citizens make good soldiers quickly. Crying injustice, however, is done to the regular army by the press and the war correspondents, as well as by the politicians. The country has received splendid service from the regular army in every war, and our officers who have won the greatest distinction have, in most instances, been the graduates of West Point. These instructed soldiers show their education at the very outset of the war, and while the volunteers are learning the wisdom of prudence by hard experience, the regulars are practising it. To read the accounts of the battle on the heights of Sevilla, one would think that none but the "Rough Riders" had been engaged in it, but the regulars were doing just as effective work, and doing it in a more businesslike and prudent way. We would not for a moment wish that any word which has been said in praise of the volunteers had been left unsaid, but if those who are writing of this war could only know the bitter discouragement of the regular officers, who devote their whole lives to the service of their country, due to the manner in which they are treated by the newspapers and the politicians, we think they would dwell a little more on the deeds of the regulars. It is not in human nature to remain content under such injustice as is habitually done to the regular army. We know, of course, why politicians and their favorites succeed in securing commissions for themselves and their civilian relatives and friends in preference to deserving soldiers, but why is it that the newspapers and their correspondents refuse to give credit to the regulars? It will not cause the volunteers any grief, we know, if their professional brethren receive what they earn. Why not be just to the American soldier whether he be serving the country permanently or temporarily?

THE letter which Governor BLACK has written explaining his reasons for not calling into the field the Seventh, Twenty-third, and Seventy-fourth regiments of the National Guard of this State is most excellent. It is a pity that it could not have been written before the first call was responded to, because it is absolutely true that many men went to the front under that call who should not have gone. They were influenced generally by the fear of what would be said of them by their comrades in the militia if they staid at home. Now it is true that the militia is not organized for the purpose of going to war in foreign parts, and the men who join militia regiments do not contemplate such service when they enlist. They know that they are liable for service for the Federal government within the country, and for the suppression of domestic insurrection within the State. Beyond that the terms of their service do not extend, and there was no more obligation to volunteer resting upon a militia-man, under the first or second call, than rested upon any private citizen within the required ages. Under the circumstances of the call, however, great pressure was brought to bear upon the members of the various regiments, which some of the weaker among them did not have the courage to resist. Therefore some men have gone off leaving their families unprovided for, while others have endangered their own future prosperity by throwing up business engagements which gave them their whole substance. If this were a war in which the life of the nation was involved, the question would be different; but as it is not, Governor BLACK is right in saying that he will not issue a call which may force into the service men who ought to remain at home, and who would therefore go unwillingly. Nothing more demoralizing to the service itself can be conceived than the presence of a large number of men in the ranks who ought to be at home, and who feel that they are violating personal and domestic obligations simply under the influence of a weak regard for a sentiment within their organizations which—if it really exists, which we somewhat doubt—is very unjust.

ONE of the most effective speeches against the annexation of Hawaii was made by that veteran Republican, Senator MORRILL of Vermont. It is worthy of careful study, and if the question of annexation is to come into the practical politics of the year it will doubtless be widely distributed throughout the country. Let us not make any mistake about the meaning of this movement. If we enter into it, let us enter into it with our eyes open, and with a complete understanding of all that it signifies. By annexing Hawaii we are adopting a colonial policy, and are making almost necessary, at least almost inevitable, the retention of the Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico, while our retention of Cuba will only be prevented by our solemn promise that the Cubans should establish their own government. Even that promise may not be kept, in the intensity of the feeling in favor of increasing our territory that will follow the inauguration of that policy. As Senator MORRILL points out, this will end the MONROE doctrine. We have insisted, and our insistence has been accepted by Great Britain as within the proper sphere of our action, that European governments shall not interfere with any people on this hemisphere who are governing themselves. If now we ourselves interfere with distant peoples in the Pacific, preventing them from establishing their own governments, and taking over, as we do in the NEWLANDS resolution, the full government of a foreign people, a majority of whom are unwilling to come within our jurisdiction, with what logic and with what consistency can we warn Europe from interference in the affairs of this hemisphere? If we have the right to govern other people against their will, why has not every other nation the right to exercise whatever power it may possess in that direction? Let us not imagine, either, that we are about to establish self-governing colonies after the manner of the great English colonies. We are simply contemplating the deliberate adoption of the colonial policy which was England's until we taught her to abandon it, which is that of France and Germany, and which is, moreover, that which has roused our indignation and led us into a war with Spain. Our annexationists are for governing other people, not for permitting other people to free themselves from Spanish rule to govern themselves. This colonial policy which we overthrew, and in overthrowing which we laid the foundation of the greatness of England's colonies of to-day, not only costs the governments of France and Germany immense sums of money, but leads to no amelioration of the human race, and does not even provide a home for emigrating Frenchmen or Germans. So far as Spain is concerned, the effect of this colonial policy is seen in the war which we are now waging against her. We are contemplating the taking up of this old and discredited colonial policy, not, as is pretended, for the purpose of increasing and enlarging and ennobling our national life, but for purely commercial ends—for trade, and all the corruption which is implied in the intimate association of trade and government. We do not believe for a moment that the people of this country would deliberately vote for such a policy.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM IN WAR.

WHATEVER Spain may think as to her honor, whether it be satisfied or not, it is clear that neither in courage nor in intelligence are her navy and army capable of coping successfully with the sailors and soldiers of the United States. These have added new names to the list of our national heroes, and new glories to our constellation of victories. It has been the fashion to say that long years of peace and commercialism have sapped the spiritual virtues of our people, and that so engrossed have we been in the arts of money-making, so corrupted have we become in consequence of the partnership which interested persons have succeeded in establishing between the government and private business interests, that the war spirit and the war courage have gone out of our blood. It was the habit of the superficial diplomats which the Continental nations of Europe are accustomed to send to Washington to sneer at us, as the French have sneered at the English, as a nation of "shopkeepers," and immediately before the breaking out of the present war these gentlemen filled the drawing-rooms of the capital with the prediction that there would be no war, because the Yankees were too fond of money to fight. But the prophets of cowardice are now seeing their mistake, just as the French ought to have recognized their mistake long ago on the field of Waterloo.

The American people in arms are fighting as they have always fought, and as they will probably continue to fight whenever they make or accept war. In this war they have already given abundant evidence of a wonderful morale, a steadi-

ness of heart, a coolness of head, and, above all, of a fervid patriotism. On sea and land these men of arms of ours have gone into action with the dash, the discipline, and the cautiousness of old campaigners. Only once has there been a question raised as to the self-possession or self-restraint of any of our men who have met the enemy, and that in the battle of Sevilla Heights, where there may have been a little recklessness and a too eager push forward, not at all surprising when we consider the freshness of the command and the eagerness shown by both officers and men to fight. But, on the other hand, there was so much glory won in that hard struggle by and for those who were in it, for the American name, for all of us, that the excess of enthusiasm, if there was any, is worthy of mention only to forestall a criticism that might be invited by what would appear as too liberal praise to such minds as often miss the splendor of a perfect night in their analysis of the revelations of a spectroscope. We owe this explanation to the "Rough Riders" who fought in those fearful woods where bullets rushed from mysterious shadows, because we would not by any apparent minuteness of ignorance on our part have their demerits discussed by critics who might be silent were they warned in advance that slight spots on a glorious life are invisible not only to the generous but to the truly appreciative eye. From Manila to Guantanamo and Sevilla Heights our sailors and soldiers have done their duty in obedience to skilful and altogether worthy officers. DEWEY'S entrance into the harbor of Manila was itself one of those splendid examples of intelligent and brave temerity that mark the men capable of them as the geniuses of war. The deed of courage which was performed by HOBSON and his men is but a conspicuous example of the conduct of our sea and land forces on every occasion that has been presented to them. The cable-cutting at Cardenas and elsewhere, the reconnoissances under fire, the eagerness manifested by every one of our fighting souls—all these, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, make the sinking of the *Merrimac* part of a great drama which lifts up the heart and head of every American citizen.

For, believe as we may have done concerning the wisdom of the war, this eager courage to carry the flag into the heart of an enemy's country, to plant it above his sinking ships and his crumbling forts, this rush after the colors to the very death, this recklessness of life, this wonderful enthusiasm and joy in battle, are the phenomena of a deep and abiding patriotism, of a love of country as strong and as hot as that which ever possessed any people in this nineteen-century-old world. We will go further than this, for our belief is that this love of country is more generally felt, more widely distributed, here than in any other land in the modern world. The American citizen, whether he be born of English forebears or not, whether he be born here or elsewhere, is defending his own political power, is vindicating his own right to exercise political power, when he arms himself for the defence of his government. This heterogeneous race of what our delightful and courteous foes call "Yankee pigs" is not so heterogeneous when the real meaning and character of the republic are considered. We may not be men of one blood, but we are men of one mind. We may have been born under despotisms or constitutional monarchies or pretended republics, but we live in a true republic, we possess a democracy, and it is as certain as that men will continue to be governed that our democracy will remain regnant, because both those who are the offspring of the men who established it on the basis of the English democracy, and those who have come under its benignant power, who grow in grace by means of its kindly developing force, will always insist on its maintenance.

These people of different origins have a common purpose and a common destiny, and each man thinking himself worthy of the company of kings is not only more self-respectful and more self-confident than subject people, even when these have the most glorious traditions for the nourishment of their national pride, but necessarily has also more respect and love for the government of which he is part, which has been so rich in performance for him, and is so rich in promise for his descendants. This nation does not receive its character from the parents of its citizens, but from the institutions which have filled the world with the glory of English-speaking peoples; which have brought liberty into the cottage, and have applied the limitations and restraints of the golden rule to the palace; which have put the people's happiness above the prince's profit; which have established a common justice for the ruler and the ruled; and which have prospered humanity by unshackling the genius of the individual. These institutions and the aspirations that are born of them make America and Americans; and when the government, which is the creature and defender of these institutions, demands the service of its people, it addresses the patriotism of men who love it as they love themselves and their families. The old world never made a greater mistake than in supposing that the republic does not have the love of its own rulers because the grandfathers of many of the rulers were not born here. Its cynics and its false prophets are learning the truth now—learning that the patriotism of America is such that, when the direful occasion comes, the citizen becomes an energetic, courageous, and intelligent soldier, the like of whose associated qualities cannot be found in European armies. This is the great truth shown by the war as it has thus far progressed, a revelation which may work wonders in a world ready for almost any teaching of democracy. And all who love America for the virtues which are hers, and for the virtues which she breeds, will never wish her less of patriotism in war, but always more of the patriotism resting on the broad foundations of her peaceful and habitual achievements.

THE "NEW POLICY."

THOSE were weighty and well-chosen words in which Mr. CLEVELAND, in addressing a school in New Jersey, deprecated what it appears that General MERRITT was erroneously reported as calling the "new policy" of the United States. It is not against extension and annexation, it is against "foreign conquest and unnatural extension or annexation" that the ex-President protests as "dangerous perversions of our national mission." That expression may be taken to mean that we cannot safely assume control of any communities which we cannot assimilate, or of any in which we cannot discern the promise and potency at least of self-government. We have been employed in assimilating an amount of foreign immigration the like of which no other nation has undertaken to absorb in the history of the world. Our success has, upon the whole, been wonderful. If not in the first generation, then in the second, European immigration has been really assimilated into American citizenship. We have had our troubles even with this. With immigration not European we have not succeeded. Asiatic immigration we have excluded, in spite of solemn treaties. African immigration we have encouraged avowedly as that of an inferior and subject race, not meant to be assimilated, not held fit for citizenship. The negro problem is with us yet. He would be a man more bold than wise who should pretend that he even foresaw its solution. And now an increasing party is demanding that we should add to the chronic negro question a chronic Philippine question and a chronic Hawaiian question.

The increase of the German fleet in Manila Bay until it outclasses our own is an indication of the troubles which this party is inviting with European powers by taking a hand in the European game of grab. The spectacle of France cowed by its huge army into acquiescing in a perversion of justice which constitutes a national disgrace is an indication of the troubles we are preparing for ourselves at home, and the danger we are inviting for our own institutions if we prepare the huge armaments that are needed to defend distant possessions. Our best friends abroad urge us not to abandon the path which we have found to be that of peace and of unexampled prosperity for a vague dream of empire. Mr. BRYCE months ago contributed his share to that full and fair discussion of the annexation of Hawaii in consequence of which the project was beaten and abandoned. He wisely and temperately pointed out to us what grave risks we incurred, and what inadequate and trivial compensations we should receive for those risks. Only the other day JOHN MORLEY, at Leeds, expressed in earnest words the hope of our best friends in England, that we would not, by insisting upon gaining what Spain should lose, voluntarily subject ourselves to the burdens and perils of that militarism to which the nations of Europe are condemned. The men who are recognized as the representatives of the sober sense of the United States, such men as ex-President CLEVELAND in one party, and Speaker REED in the other, warn us against "unnatural" extensions to which our system of government cannot be applied. They point us to the fact that our national honor is involved, that we have solemnly pledged ourselves that this war is not to be, on our part, a war of conquest and aggrandizement, and that it would be a pitiful quibble, worthy of a Spanish theologian, to pretend that the pledge did not include the Philippines as well as the Antilles. All these things go for nothing simply because the Spanish fleet in the Pacific was destroyed in Manila Bay and not in the open sea. A Senator of the United States declares, amid applause, that, notwithstanding all these things, the American flag shall not be lowered in any place in which it has once floated "by the consent of the governed or the right of conquest," and the convention of the President's party in the President's State undertakes to make this sentiment an article of party faith.

Where have all the qualities gone upon which we have been wont to pride ourselves as Americans—good sense, good faith, love of justice, love of peace? Can a single naval victory destroy the national character of the victors? We have been for months deriding German imperialism, which is, in fact, a pinchbeck imitation "made in Germany" of the genuine British article. But it is good sense itself in comparison with American imperialism. It is true that the population of Germany cannot expand to the extent of its requirements within its own territory, and that there is a constant outflow of emigration which it may be desirable, if it be possible, to divert to German possessions, though in that Germany has as yet had no success. It is true also, that the trade of Germany even more conspicuously needs room for expansion. New fields would be opened for it by a colonial expansion upon the seventeenth-century basis of exclusive trade, which England alone has entirely abandoned, and to which Spain alone has fully adhered, with the results, in each case, that we see. But what have these considerations to do with us?

> No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours.

Instead of having to dispose of a surplus population, we are still the favorite field for emigrants from the overcrowded countries of Europe. Why should a nation possessing a half-filled and half-tilled continent be reaching out for colonial possessions, in imitation of an overcrowded island which must import two-thirds of its food-supply to keep alive, or of a military empire which yearly loses hundreds of thousands of its people by emigration? Why should we burden ourselves with a huge army and a tremendous navy, and not merely a consular but a proconsular system, in emulation of less favored lands? It is true that our trade would need and find new markets, if it were allowed by law to do so, and that the present war gives us an opportunity to take order that we shall be admitted to many new markets on equal terms with other nations. But to expand our trade abroad, the first step is to strike the shackles from it at home. With what face can we demand an "open door" in Asia and Polynesia while on both coasts we are slamming the doors in the face of the foreigner? What basis in reason or in righteousness is there, in a word, for the "new policy" of colonial expansion or imperialism? That is the question which it behooves every American to ask himself in view of the new adjustment of parties which is coming over the new issue. Upon the answer to it will depend the future of the republic. Such answers to it as have thus far been returned indicate that in the new political alignment most of the sober, conscientious, patriotic American citizens will be upon one side, and all the boys and all the blatherskites on the other.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, June 25.—After yesterday's engagement at La Guasima, near Sevilla, the Spanish forces retreated towards Santiago; the "Rough Riders" and their companions of the regular cavalry (volunteers and regulars both dismounted, as already mentioned in the "Diary") rested, and buried their dead at the crest of the hill so gallantly won; Sevilla, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by General Chaffee's command, and our outposts were still further advanced, as the following despatches show:

To General Shafter:

I have just seen two negro boys who left Santiago this morning (Saturday). They report that the soldiers and citizens are very short of food. The soldiers and officers have seized all the food in the shops. They are killing young horses for food, and in the hospitals are subsisting on bread made of rice flour. Three Spanish generals took part in the fight at Sevilla yesterday. Five wagon-loads of wounded were carried into Santiago, and many other wounded got there on horses or afoot. We can see Morro Castle and the flag very distinctly from our position. The Cubans confirm the reports as to the fine character of the fortifications around the city. Seven lines of barbed wire are stretched around the trenches. The Spaniards have recently dug deep trenches around the entire city, connecting a series of small forts.

WHEELER.

To General Shafter:

We can plainly see Santiago, less than seven miles away. The country is level for six miles this side of the city, except for hills on the south, which extend to within a mile of Santiago. These hills now appear deserted. The country is fairly open, and it will not be difficult to move troops over it. General Chaffee occupies Sevilla to-day. (Dated Saturday evening.)

YOUNG.

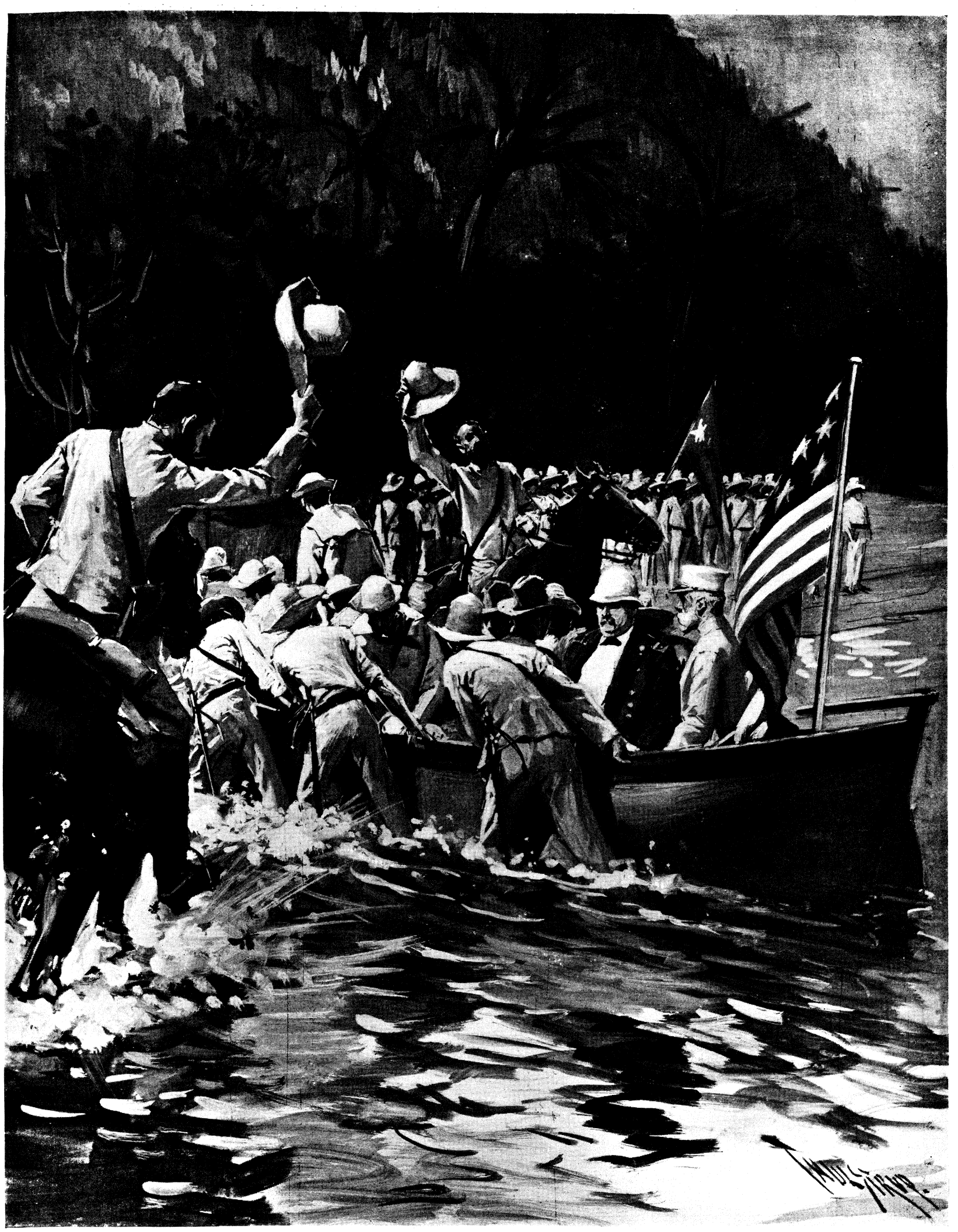
Sunday, June 26.—Beyond Sevilla, on the way to Santiago, and distant not more than four miles from that city, is San Juan. There our advance-guard, the Seventh Regular Infantry, halted this morning; and later in the day the entire First Brigade, General Wheeler commanding, came up. Still further in advance—almost within rifle-

(*Continued on page 666.*)



THE SEAT OF WAR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY OF INVASION UNDER GENERAL SHAFTER.

Drawn by Charles Graham.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND ADMIRAL SAMPSON LANDING ON THE BEACH AT ASERRADERO, JUNE 20, TO CONFER WITH GENERAL GARCÍA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, FROM MATERIALS RECEIVED.

CONFERENCE AT ASERRADERO.

[The following interesting description of the meeting between the Cuban and American commanders is from a private letter by Mr. Caspar Whitney.—ED. WEEKLY.]

THE entire meeting was exceedingly interesting and picturesque in setting. We left the transport fleet off Santiago and steamed west twelve miles, where we hove to about three miles off shore; then, in three small boats, General Shafter and the important members of his staff, and Davis, Bonsal, Remington, and I, rowed to the shore, the general's boat leading, and ours next. As we approached we discovered about one hundred Cubans on the beach; and as the general's boat got into shallow water, two Cuban officers rode out on horseback to greet him, while a score of Cubans waded in, and catching hold of the general's boat, hauled it on shore. The balance of us waded up to our middle.

As we reached dry land the Cubans gathered around; some shouted "Cuba libre! Viva Americanos!" and all seemed eager to show their appreciation of our efforts in their behalf. After a short audience given to the crowds which pressed upon us, we took up our march towards García's camp. For a mile we followed a narrow winding trail, going up grade always, and at times steeply. The Cubans had fallen in behind us and acted as escort, and all along on the trail other Cubans stood here and there at present arms, or gravely saluted us as we went past.

Finally we reached the foot of a small eminence which crowned the mountains running down to the sea. From the foot to the top two lines of Cuban soldiers stretched, perhaps three hundred in all; and as we began the climb to the top, on which was García's camp, or, rather, the hut in which a rendezvous had been agreed upon, they all presented arms, and a tiny bugle gave forth a most plaintive welcome.

The conference lasted an hour or thereabouts, and during it the Cubans filed past several times, evidently in an attempt to impress us—as on the stage twenty soldiers will parade in front and pass around behind the scenes to the front again, to give the appearance of a regiment.

They were all armed with rifles, some had machetes also, and all looked well nourished. None of the soldiers had shoes, and their clothes were ragged, but certainly seventy-five per cent. of them never had worn a shoe, and never would. General García is a good-looking man of much dignity.

After the conference the Cubans formed a hollow square, and once again the plaintive squeak of the bugle heralded our approach; we passed through the square under an escort of twenty men, and all the square fell in behind us.

To-day (June 22) the troops are landing—have about all landed by now (6 P.M.). At daylight this morning we began our approach on the town (Baiquiri). The *New Orleans*, *Detroit*, *Castine*, and *Wasp* were directly in front of the harbor, and back and very near came our ship. Two miles back were the remainder of transports. About 2000 troops were got into small boats towed by launches, and when they started towards shore the gunboats opened fire—and such a fire! they simply riddled the town, setting fire to what the Spaniards had not had time to fire before running, and the marksmanship was splendid. It was great—the excitement of stealing up to shore under fire, and the prospect of a fight made the blood course. The Spaniards cut and run, and gave no fight.

Simultaneously with the bombarding at this point, other points five and eight miles west of here were shelled, and the settlements fired.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Prison Association of New York (135 East Fifteenth Street), through Mr. W. M. F. Round, its corresponding secretary, asks for money to buy a farm, not far from New York, on which some men who come out of prison can find a home and employment. Mr. Round says:

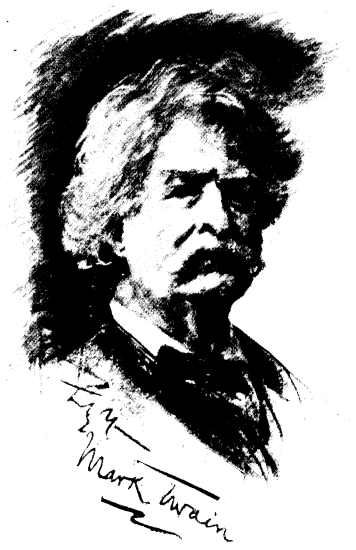
> It is for those whose spirits are broken by long imprisonment, who come out downcast, physical and spiritual wrecks, to be cared for till they die, or till hope revives. And during the period of shepherding they should have a place where self-respect would "come to its own again" by the ability to earn at least a part of a living by some light industry.

This work speaks for itself. The expediency of it is not less obvious than its mercifulness.

The evidence of the gallantry of the Rough Riders at La Guasima is somewhat more convincing than that of their discretion. About their gallantry there is no shadow of a doubt, and it seems to have been effective to pull the command out of an exceedingly dangerous situation with comparatively small loss.

One comfort that comes with reading of active soldiering on land in Cuba is the prospect which it encourages that better acquaintance with the Cubans as fighting-men will raise them in our estimation, increase our respect for them, and extend the belief that they and their cause were worth helping. All accounts, so far, of their work in co-operation with our men, are very creditable to them and satisfactory to us.

Here is the latest portrait of Mark Twain, reduced from a black and white sketch made in Vienna. For an American who is busy writing books Vienna must be just now a pretty good place to be in. Nothing goes in these parts



except war and war news, and in London, so far as appears, fights and fighting interests engross attention almost as completely as in New York. Although Austria is the country whose government seems closest to Spain in its sympathies, we have not heard of any such discourtesies towards Americans in Vienna as have been reported from Paris. Certainly in Mr. Clemens's portrait, which was dated "May 24," there is no indication that the relationship between the Austrian Emperor and the Queen-Regent of Spain has caused him personal embarrassment or disturbed his ease of mind.

If vanity is pardonable in any species of man, it is in a soldier. A vain clergyman seems a very imperfect reflection of God's image; a vain doctor may give the impression that he is thinking of himself when he should be thinking of you; a lawyer ought to be too shrewd and worldly-wise to admit of more personal vanity than just enough to be useful in his business. But it is different with fighting-men. Why do we deck them out in gay raiment if not for looks? Why provide them with fine feathers if they are not to feel an interest in being fine birds? A reasonable degree of vanity seems almost a part of a complete soldier's necessary outfit, and if it is a blemish it is a soldierly blemish, at any rate.

True, the absence of it is not a sure sign of inefficiency. There were Grant and Lee, men judged to be successful in their calling, and yet both of them persons of incorrigible modesty. And there was Von Moltke, who, in his pictures at least, does not betray any noticeable solicitude about his looks. Doubtless soldiers may be shamefaced and yet proficient in their business, especially in the intellectual end of it, but they may also be reasonably vain without giving good reason to doubt their military capacity. War is such a painfully foolish business at the best that a little personal foolishness in its professors seems to fit into the general economy of the institution. It is the duty of soldiers, when actually working at their trade, to seem, at least, to like soldiering, and how can they do that unless they look proud of being soldiers?

Somewhat ominous is the photographic reproduction given here of the first pension check paid on account of our present war. It is for $14 40, and records the first payment made to Elsie A. Monfort, of Council Bluffs, on account of her pension of $12 a month for the death of her son, William F. Monfort, twenty-five years old, who lost his life by the sinking of the *Maine*. No consideration forbids us to hope that pension checks originating in casualties of the present war may continue to be rare enough to be interesting as curiosities.

Congress has passed a bill to pay $379 56 to Moses Pendergrass, of Libertyville, Missouri. The story of the reason for this liberality is pathetically interesting, and is valuable as an illustration of the sort of pickle that an honest man may get into who undertakes to do an honest job of work for Uncle Sam. In 1886 Moses Pendergrass put in a bid for the contract to carry the mail on the route from Knob Lick to Libertyville and Coffman, thirty miles a day, from July 1, 1887, for one year. He got the postmaster at Knob Lick to write the letter for him; and while Moses intended that bid should be $400, his scribe carelessly made it $4. Moses got the contract, and did not find out about the mistake until the end of the first quarter, when he got his first pay. When he found at what rate he was working he was sorely cast down, and opened communication with the Post Office Department. The department informed him that he must either carry out his contract or throw it up, and that if he threw it up his bondsmen would have to pay the government $1459 85 damages; so Moses carried out his contract, walked thirty miles every week-day for a year and carried the mail, and received for his labor $4—or, to be accurate, $6 84; for the route being extended after his bid was accepted, the pay was proportionately increased. Now, after ten years, a bill has finally been passed to pay to Moses the difference between what he earned in that unlucky year and what he received.

The *Sun*, which tells this story, says that bills have been introduced in three or four Congresses for Moses's relief, and that committees have repeatedly investigated his claim. It must have cost the government thousands of dollars in labor to pay that poor man his just dues.

Well, that is the way that governments have to do things. Isn't it appalling? Is it surprising that when a government gets into a fight it should take it some time to roll up its sleeves?

At Commencement (May 26) at Tuskegee Institute, Mississippi, this year, Principal Booker T. Washington, A.M., reported an enrolment during the year of 712 boys and 335 girls. The income of the year was $114,469, of which $52,000 was expended on the permanent plant. The pupils paid in work towards their personal expenses $52,000. The institute has many departments, in which are taught agriculture, truck-gardening, and various trades and industries, besides which it carries on the general business of education. Its deserts are widely known and appreciated. It needs an endowment of half a million dollars, and should have it. In its aims, scope, and methods it has proved itself one of the best machines that exist for promoting self-help and intelligent industry among the colored population of the South. It is starting on its eighteenth year. Its pupils last year came from twenty-four States and two foreign countries. Three thousand of its former pupils are at work.

Any one who has ever tried to get to the bottom of any piece of college vandalism will be particularly interested in the strange case of Professor George H. Stephens, late of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, who has confessed to various outrages committed upon that institution, including the burning of one wing of the handsome Pardee Hall. Stephens's confession is a very extraordinary and tragical story of degeneration and perverted intelligence. He was graduated with high distinction at Princeton in the class of 1891, winning the Chancellor Green fellowship in mental philosophy. The income of this fellowship maintained him for another year at Princeton, and after taking his master's degree he spent still another year in the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was called to Lafayette in 1895 to be Associate Professor of Ethics and Logic. His engagement at Lafayette was for two years. President Warfield, who seems to have taken very kindly to him at first, concluded, before the term of his engagement had expired, that he was not a satisfactory instructor, and not a person whom it was expedient to retain. On what grounds he based this opinion has not yet come out, but he told Stephens that he would not be re-engaged. Stephens objected so strongly to being dropped that President Warfield kept him on for another year. Then Stephens, finding that he was not to be retained, made an open fight in the newspapers and elsewhere against President Warfield, but the trustees of the college unanimously sustained their president, and Stephens's connection with the institution closed.



BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW, U. S. V.

Then, it seems, having developed a violent hatred of President Warfield, he determined upon a policy of retaliation, by which he hoped to undermine the president's influence. To that end he began a series of depredations and outrages, which, he thought, being attributed to students, might indicate bad discipline, and operate in various ways to Dr. Warfield's injury. He broke into the college chapel and crippled the organ so that it wouldn't work; he cut the ivy that grew on various of the college buildings; he stole the hymns and Bibles out of the chapel and threw them into a cistern; and another time he put tar on the college benches, carpet, organ, pulpit, and Bible, causing great damage. His most serious crime, of setting fire to Pardee Hall, he has confessed in detail. One wing of the building was destroyed, but, to his disappointment, the fire was believed to have been of accidental origin. A watch was finally set in the chapel, and when Stephens came there at night with a basket of bad eggs to do more mischief, he was attacked and driven off. He dropped his eggs and a key, and the key led to his detection.

Stephens is not obviously insane, though the easiest explanation of his conduct is to say that he must be a monomaniac. Besides his intellectual ability, he had a remarkable physique and unusual strength, and might have won distinction in athletics. But athletics did not interest him. He was active in religious work, and yet it is evident that there was something about him that was noticeably wrong and that excited Dr. Warfield's distrust. His pitiful story will be long remembered in colleges, and is pretty sure to be cited by future commentators who are puzzled to account for particularly atrocious acts of college vandalism.

The sentiment in and about Harvard College against the war must be pretty strong. A class-day orator is more likely to reflect the opinions prevalent about him than to defy them, and this year's incumbent, Mr. Grilk of Davenport, Iowa, did doubtless express opinions which have been and are held by many of his mates when he found it impossible to escape the conviction that in going to war with Spain "our government acted hastily, without thought, without the dignity becoming a great republic." How his deliverances in this strain were received by his audience does not appear, but it is recorded that the brief announcement following the oration that there would be no poem read because the class poet, Mr. Scull of Boston, had gone to the war, "was all that was needed for the enthusiasm of the entire assemblage to break loose in a prolonged cheering and applause."

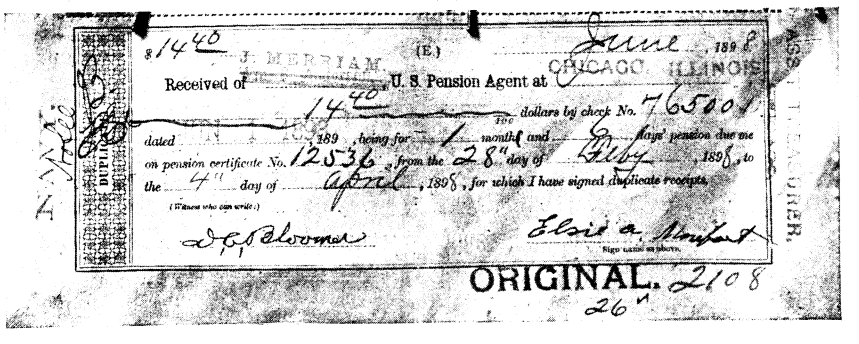


PRIVATE GOODE TAUMAN, U. S. MARINE CORPS.
Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

Mr. Scull is one of Colonel Wood's Roosevelt Rough Riders. No doubt he is a good and intrepid gentleman, but it may perhaps be doubted if he is a bolder man than Orator Grilk, who had the hardihood to tell a class-day audience in Sanders Theatre that our war can't be justified, and that our new "imperial policy" lacks commonsense. It is not necessary to share all of Mr. Grilk's views in order to recognize his self-renunciation in so shaping his remarks that even his nearest sympathizers could hardly feel like giving him more than silent support.

A great many friends and admirers of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the Harvard coach, have been glad to read of his engagement to marry an American lady—Miss Davis of Worcester. Mr. Lehmann has worked hard and persistently during the last two years in the interest of American sport, and has had twice to bear the disappointment of seeing his pupils badly beaten. It is pleasant to know that he had something better to take home with him than the mere memory of two defeats. It is pleasant to know also that his relations with this country are to be strengthened by a new tie. Whatever ailed his crews, he has helped us at a point where we needed help in promoting among our college athletes a better conception of the amenities and purposes of true sport.

Admiral Dewey has been made an LL.D. of Princeton, and it is currently reported (with how much truth cannot be discovered) that Constructor Hobson has been honored by the venerable and renowned Med. Fac. of Harvard College, which has conferred upon him the dis-



THE FIRST PENSION CHECK OF THE PRESENT WAR.

tinction of honorary membership. The report is credible enough, though (such is the obscurity which veils the venerable society's operations) we may never know positively whether it is true or not.

In the WEEKLY of June 25 it was mentioned that 15 out of 121 members of the graduating class of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven had enlisted, making the largest number of enlistments in proportion to the size of the class at that time reported from any institution. Word has since come that the graduating class of 30 at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, has sent 8 men to the war (more than one-quarter of the class), and that out of 44 Seniors of the University of Maine, at Orono, 14 (nearly one-third of the class) enlisted, and were, at the time of writing, with the First Maine Regiment at Chickamauga.

These last reports will be hard to beat, though other colleges are likely to be heard from. Out of a total attendance of 300 at the University of Maine, 40 have enlisted—a proportion that recalls the days of the civil war.

The college men in the volunteer armies of whom we, in this part of the country, have heard the most, have been those who joined the regiment of "Rough Riders." There are hundreds of others who are quite as notable. A correspondent of the *Church Economist*, who has been at Camp Alger, and has made it his special concern to look into the state of religion in that camp, takes note of the influence of college men in various regiments, and especially in regiments in which whole companies are made up of college men, who work together for good. He tells us that Company H of the Twenty-second Kansas Regiment is entirely made up of college men, and that in that one regiment there are 354 "teachers, preachers, and active young churchmen," who have organized a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor society, and who keep the tone of the regiment at a high level. Another such regiment, it seems, is the 159th Indiana, where the superior character of the men in one or two companies rejoices the chaplain, and gives effect to his labors. Religion at Camp Alger seems to have risen quite above sectarian jealousies. We read of a service Episcopal in form but conducted by a Presbyterian clergyman from Indiana, and of another which was conducted by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Seventh Illinois while the Universalist chaplain of the Sixth Massachusetts preached the sermon.

One of the notable chaplains of the volunteer army is the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, of the Fourth Missouri, who will be remembered as the oldest son of General Sherman.

The laws of the trades unions hold, it seems, even in war-time, and to the detriment of the interests of the state. The newspapers record that on Saturday, June 25, in New York, the men engaged in installing the electrical plants on two ships chartered by the government stopped work at noon, according to union rules, notwithstanding that their refusal to go on with the work meant a delay of two days in starting the ships for Newport News.

Great interest is felt in the exploits of the dynamite-cruiser *Vesuvius*, which has demonstrated her ability not only to keep high explosives on her stomach in heavy weather, but to expel them shoreward at the proper time, and with due force and a fair degree of accuracy. How effective the work of the *Vesuvius* can be has not at this writing been clearly shown, but she has demonstrated abilities enough to secure close observation for her performances. She can certainly persuade her earthquakes to go a mile or two away before they operate, and she has made it certain that wherever one of them happens to light it is sure to be remembered. In the absence of the Holland torpedo-boat, she ranks as the leading novelty of the war.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE FOULING OF THE BEACHES.

The Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I HAVE received your letter concerning the condition of the beaches in the Rockaway district, with photographs showing actual conditions, which are substantially the same as I saw last summer at Long Beach and farther east. The illustrations are in no wise exaggerated, and they show, as nothing else could, the intolerable littering of these resorts. I am told that large numbers of persons pay from $50 to $100 per season for bath-houses, and are unable to make the least use of them for weeks together, because of these accumulations of rubbish.

The same conditions, aggravated by the presence of putrefying garbage, have been the subject of great complaint for years concerning the beaches of both Long Island and New Jersey. The first serious effort for relief was made in the summer of 1894, when it was arranged to deposit all refuse behind a bulkhead enclosing the



GENERAL VIEW OF BEACH NEAR ROCKAWAY.

shoal on the west side of Rikers Island in the East River. This relieved the beaches, but it made a much more grievous annoyance nearer home. All of the collections of the city were dumped there, including an average of about five hundred tons of *garbage* per day. This garbage, putrefying under water, sent forth such an all-pervading stench that the people of Westchester County, and as far away as Flushing on Long Island, as well as those on the Sound steamers, raised a loud cry of protest.

The Legislature passed a law making it a penal offence to deposit anywhere within the metropolitan area, on land or under water, any refuse containing garbage. It therefore became necessary to resort again to sea-dumping, all of the scows being, during the summer season, towed out to the light-ship, ten miles beyond Sandy Hook. This was practically as bad as the previous dumping closer inshore, for, while it led to the drifting of floating matters to more remote points, there was always a sufficient supply of the various wastes (about 2,800,000 cubic yards yearly) to defile the added miles of beach to an intolerable degree. This was the condition when I became Commissioner of Street Cleaning in January, 1895. Mayor Gilroy's commission had investigated the matter thoroughly and had thrown much light upon it, but when practical work was to be done the whole subject had to be studied anew and in detail. Considerable progress had been made when the administration of Mayor Strong ended. The first step of the process was to cause a separation of the wastes. Thus far everything from houses had been set out in the same receptacles and removed by the same carts and scows to the same point of deposit. It was found necessary to separate garbage, ashes, and paper and rubbish from one another, the ashes to be removed in the same carts with the street sweepings and dumped on the department scows; the light refuse to be collected in "P-R" carts, and culled for the sale of their valuable parts; and the garbage to be delivered to the boats of the Sanitary Utilization Company for transportation to its reduction-works at Barren Island. This separate disposal of garbage has been completed since January, 1897, and the source of offensive odors from the deposits on the beaches has been eliminated. Since the latter part of 1895 paper and refuse have been collected by themselves, but most of this material has been thus far dumped on the sea-going scows, awaiting the completion of yards for its picking over. Most of this material, such as mattresses, barrels, boxes, straw, old furniture, etc., is still borne by wind and wave to be deposited along miles of beach, to the greatest discomfort and disadvantage of those who use them or who live near them.

It would have been impossible to do away with this annoyance completely for the present summer, but the amount of refuse so deposited might have been very largely reduced, and by next spring it might have been entirely done away with.

That it has not been greatly mitigated by this time is one of the effects of Croker's debt-limit bugaboo. I had hired, and the city is now paying rent for, four yards in which to deposit the paper and rubbish of as many large districts of the city. Other yards had been negotiated for for the remaining territory.

The first yard taken in hand, in East Eighteenth Street near Avenue C, was equipped with the necessary appliances, and had been in active operation since early in 1897. This yard disposes of the collections of 14 of the 150 "P-R" carts of the department. The process is as follows: The old furniture, boxes, barrels, etc., are burned in an iron-enclosed open-air fire. Wire mattresses and other worthless metals, etc., and the ashes of this fire and of the furnace are hauled to the sea-going scows. Other matters are opened out and spread on a table 50 feet long (an endless belt, four feet wide, passing over rollers). This belt passes between two rows of pickers, who select out, each his own kind, seven grades of paper, five kinds of rags, carpet, shoes, hats, rubber, cork, strings, bottles, metals, glass, etc. These are baled or otherwise prepared for market, and are stored under sheds or in bins until sold. The worthless parts of the wastes—such as dirty paper, straw, and excelsior—are burned in a separate furnace, incidentally producing the steam by which the machinery is driven. These wastes amount to about 15 per cent. of the whole. The remainder, 85 per cent., is sold by the contractor, who pays the entire cost of running the works, and pays the department something over $5000 per year for this privilege.

This is only a small experimental plant. The result with the improved plants in contemplation will be very much better; for example, the appliances contracted for in the yard in East Forty-eighth Street will have four times the capacity of this one, while they will cost only about 50 per cent. more to construct and to operate. The extension of the same system throughout the city would bring a large net income to the treasury, aside from the saving of over $30,000 per annum in the cost of sending this portion of the city's wastes out to the light-ship and on to the beaches. There is also to be considered the heavy cost to the riparian owners of clearing their beaches, and of the intolerable annoyance to which they are subjected.

All of this work was under full headway when I was removed from office. My successor, Commissioner McCartney, was fully satisfied of its importance, as well as of the importance of depositing the street sweepings and ashes at Rikers Island, and was desirous of carrying out the whole scheme; but the present remarkable administration "turned it down." It would obviously like to go back to all of the old Tammany methods and conditions, were this possible. Fortunately the garbage contract will last nearly through this term of office, and is likely to be renewed. In short, the garbage problem seems to have been solved for all time. There is, however, little reason to hope that the present fouling of the beaches will be lessened so long as Croker remains Mayor.

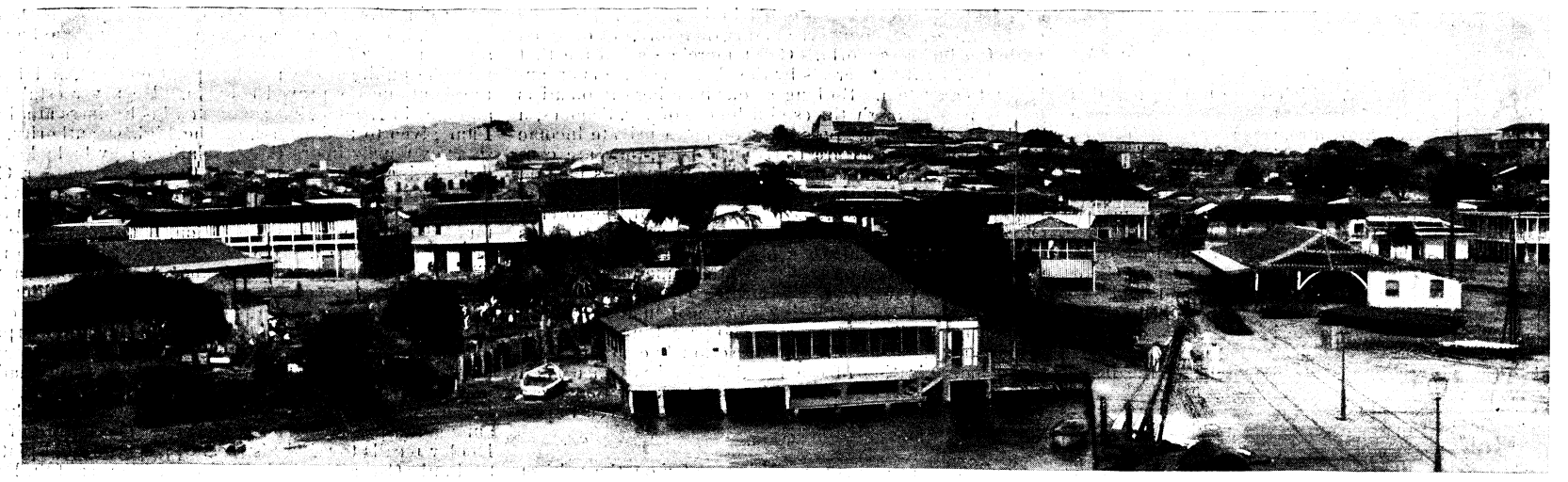
GEORGE E. WARING, JR.



NEW YORK'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SUBURBAN SEASIDE RESORTS—TYPICAL GROUPS OF FLOTSAM FROM THE CITY'S DUMPING-SCOWS CAST ASHORE IN THE ROCKAWAY DISTRICT.



THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24—THE HEROIC STAND OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, FROM DESCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

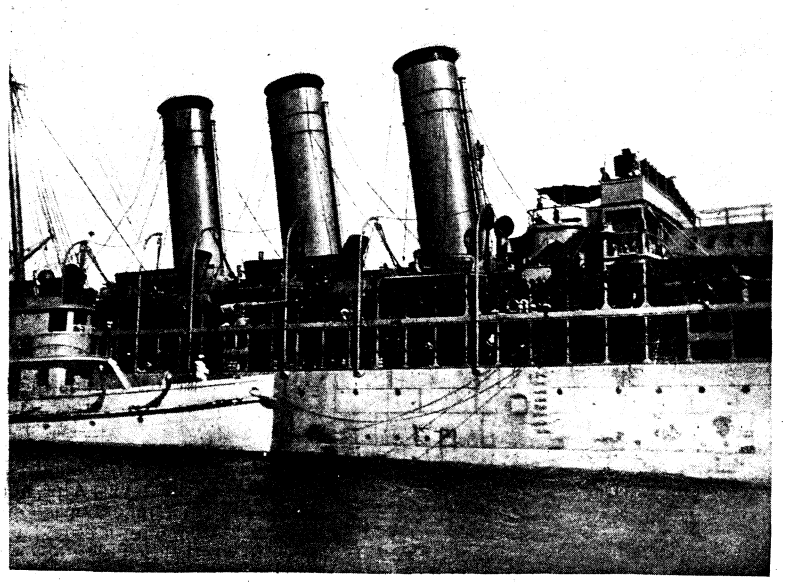


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, SHOWING CATHEDRAL ON THE TOP OF THE HILL.

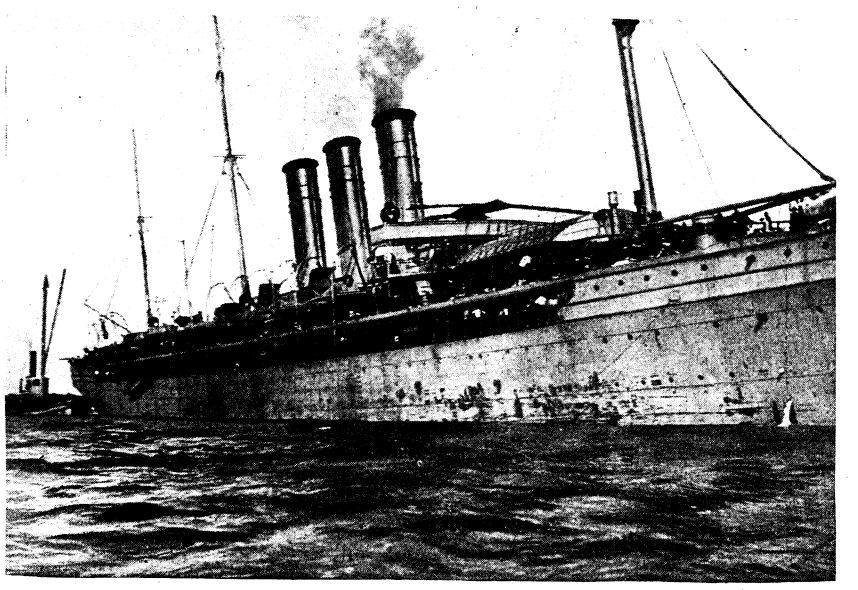


THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSUL.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



GOING ABOARD.



UNDER WAY.

DEPARTURE OF MICHIGAN TROOPS, ON AUXILIARY CRUISER "YALE," FROM HAMPTON ROADS FOR SANTIAGO, JUNE 23, 1898.

LONDON.

June 11, 1898.

Parliament is again sitting, and wrangling, but nobody heeds. The riots at Belfast which have broken out this week in honor of the centenary of the Irish rebellion give point to Emerson's well-known remarks on the fluidity of politics. Just as the riots of 1886 were claimed by the one side as evidence of Ireland's unfitness for autonomy, so the bloodshed now reported as having occurred in the Orange stronghold is regarded by sanguine Nationalists as proof positive that imperial rule should cease. If Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy collapsed when he retired from public life, no certificate of death could be given to Gladstonian home-rule so long as he lived. Now that he is gone, the groups of politicians who form the Liberal party cannot indefinitely postpone a decision as to what is to be done with Ireland. Unionists whose unionism has not stifled their Liberalism, and who adhere to the body of doctrine preached by Mr. Gladstone in his prime, are watching the tactics of the Liberal leaders with eager interest. If Mr. Gladstone's death has really killed the three forms of home-rule associated with his name, the renunciation of the Irish alliance by his political successors, and the death of Liberal Unionism itself, would seem to be the natural sequel. The possibility of disbanding the Unionist party, however, is a problem now complicated by other considerations than those bearing upon Ireland. The alliance formed to defeat Mr. Gladstone continued to exist mainly to prevent the loss of markets and the disintegration of empire. The centre of political gravity is changed by Mr. Gladstone's death. Public interest has passed from domestic to foreign affairs. The mind of the man in the street is indifferent to constitutional change. He is bored with constitutional tinkerings. What the average citizen longs for is that Britain may peacefully retain and enlarge the prosperity she now enjoys, or, at the worst, triumphantly defend it.

Although the tie between Mr. Dillon's party and the official Liberals is at present relaxed, there is, nevertheless, nothing to show that the Irish alliance may not be revived at any moment convenient to Liberal strategists. Nobody knows what the bickering syndicate of Liberal leaders really think about home-rule. It is improbable that any one of them sincerely believes that, where Mr. Gladstone failed, a second-rate politician will succeed. Until, therefore, a certificate of the death of home-rule be issued by responsible Liberal spokesmen, invested with plenary powers to bind the party, the Unionist alliance will be maintained intact. There is, however, another point of importance which tends to show that no material change in the existing composition of parties is immediately to be looked for. The deliberate efforts of Mr. Dillon and Mr. John Redmond, the leaders of the two Nationalist parties in Parliament, to poison the mind of America against Britain is a matter upon which the Liberal party probably has as definite an opinion as that of the followers of the government. Still, no Liberal leader—certainly not Mr. John Morley, the late Irish Secretary—has yet found it convenient to repudiate or denounce the conduct of the Irish Nationalists. If they were to do so, they would bar the door to a renewal of the entangling alliance which is the real source of the diseases of the Liberal party. Unionists, on the other hand, are unable to contemplate common action with politicians openly hostile to a friendly understanding with our American kinsmen. Among the friends of such enemies of an Anglo-American *entente* are to be found Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and Mr. Fowler. These gentlemen and their followers are suspect not only on account of the political company they have kept, but because of their silence in regard to the conduct of their Irish friends in denouncing Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Chamberlain's statement that war itself would not be too great a price to pay for an Anglo-American alliance is seriously accepted by the large majority of the English electors. The doctrine, however, is anathema maranatha to the Irish Nationalists. In this connection it is worth noting that personal dislike to Mr. Chamberlain, whose rising star begins to enlighten even the darker portions of the political firmament, constitutes the creed of as many extreme Radicals as extreme Tories.

General conviction begins to prevail that new problems and new developments will require new men to deal with them. Old shibboleths have lost their significance, and are mere tags, of which every one is weary. Enthusiasts desire to inscribe upon Mr. Gladstone's grave the words "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and to adopt those words as the motto of the future Liberal party. Common-sense, however, tells the electors that peace is a matter determined more by the conduct of other nations than by their own, which has no higher interest; that retrenchment is impossible with a growing population and an era of universal armament; and that projects for constitutional reform simply nauseate the country. With a diminished export trade, and the visible menace to Anglo-Saxon freedom exhibited by certain powers, it is recognized that the policy of destructive reform, which has now lasted for nearly three parts of a century, has had its day. England is Liberal through and through, has been Liberal throughout the home-rule controversy, and became reactionary only when Liberal ministries began to confuse change with progress, and preferred the day-dreams of industrious visionaries—who chatter the dialect of reform or the idiom of local veto—to grappling with the evolution of Anglo-Saxon destiny. The present Liberal leaders have placed themselves in a cleft stick. At no distant day they will be compelled to acknowledge failure by retirement from nominal leadership which nobody acknowledges, or they will be compelled by circumstances to nail the green flag to the mast.

British reforms of the future are not to be found on the lines of constitutional change, but in the reorganization and improvement of existing institutions. As the debate last night showed, the country as a whole perceives as clearly as the Radicals that the Tory management of foreign affairs is neither businesslike nor successful. The reason is clear. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Unlike the foreign offices of Russia, of Germany, or of France, it does not primarily exist for the nation. Downing Street is sufficient unto itself—contented in ignorance, it resents criticism, despises commerce, and is, therefore, out of touch with the business world. Great merchants tell me that neglect of British interests by the Foreign Office is organized into a system. So long as our budding diplomatists merely pass through the establishment of Mr. Scoones, a well-known "coach," possess a minimum private income of $2000 a year, and are fairly well born, they are considered as suitable to cope with the best business men on the Continent. The interests of trade and of labor are, not unnaturally, neglected, when the chief of the Foreign Office is too preoccupied to make the acquaintance of his own subordinates, and when his immediate assistants are men who look down on trade with the same sense of compassion as that felt by the governing classes in the days when England was ostensibly governed in the interests of men of family. If anything approaching an Anglo-American alliance should ever be seriously contemplated, the democratization of the English Foreign Office is an essential preliminary. I have reason to know that these views are not confined to the opposition, or even to private members of Parliament.

Conflicting accounts reach this country on the subject of the United States army, and though the most trustworthy of these accounts do not paint the picture in *couleur de rose*, the inevitable effects of a long peace on military efficiency are by no means the monopoly of republics. In the forty years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the fighting in the Crimea, the British army attained a maximum of inefficiency. It is only now, when the chief actors in the great drama of the struggle with Russia are dead, that the public is beginning to learn the extent of the incapacity and inefficiency of the men responsible for the equipment and training of the British army. But for the courage of the British private the Crimean campaign would have been a disastrous failure. Indeed, but for the accident of a fog on the morning of the battle of Inkerman, which enabled a handful of British troops to impress forty thousand Russian soldiers with the idea that they were more numerous and better supported than they really were, the English army would have been driven into the Black Séa, and the subsequent history of Europe altered beyond recognition. It was not until political and social influences were partly eliminated that our standing army began to prosper. Even now the efficiency of the Indian army and of the force under Sir Herbert Kitchener is attributed by capable critics to the fact that neither body of troops is under the control of the headquarters staff in London. The mismanagement, incompetence, and waste of the civilian staff of the War Office have not been materially reduced since the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. The country does not get value for its money, while the officials interested in the maintenance of the present costly and inefficient administration naturally do their best to prevent the organization of the army passing into the hands of capable men. The influence of society is almost as paramount at the War Office as in the Department of Foreign Affairs. The task of purging the military stall in the Augean stable of maladministration is one that awaits the constructive statesman of the future. Mr. Chamberlain is the only man capable of such Herculean labor, and it is to him that the more thoughtful and energetic Tories are beginning to turn.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, who is now in Paris, is reported to have held a conversation with Monsieur Henri des Houx, in which he has expressed his views on the delicate question of an Anglo-American alliance. Mr. Depew is reported to have said that for more than a century the relations between the United States of America and the British government have been strained, and that although the States can come to an excellent understanding with England on certain clearly determined points, there is an abyss between the two countries which will prevent forever the formation of an alliance with England. "Our hearts are not drawn to that side," says Mr. Depew. Some remarkable utterances of the same speaker during the early days of the Venezuelan difficulty are not forgotten, but full allowance is made for Mr. Depew's position in the French capital, where the preparations for the United States section of the exhibition are understood to have fallen into arrears. It is only fair to Mr. Depew to say that his alleged statements are not yet corroborated.

Students of history, who hold that the friendship of France to the United States in the Revolutionary days was dictated less by love for the Americans than by hatred for England, will accept one of Mr. Depew's alleged statements as to the common aspirations of the French and American republics with a grain of salt. I have just returned from a short visit to France, where I have conversed with people of all classes. Without a single exception, the antipathy to America and the sympathy with Spain were most marked, especially among the propertied class in the country. France has invested $500,000,000 in Spain. The war, therefore, hits France almost as hardly as if she were a belligerent. For obvious reasons, the Paris shopkeepers can scarcely be taken as representative of the French nation. The burden of sustaining Spanish credit virtually falls upon French capitalists, and as Spain is bleeding to death, the task of sustaining her is becoming intolerable. There can be no true friendship between a decadent and a rising and triumphant race. That the French, notwithstanding their delightful qualities, are decadent is a truth that any one with eyes in his head and the capacity for observation may see for himself. The ever-increasing use of alcohol in its most fiery and dangerous forms is felt by well-wishers to France to be ominous for the future of the race.

The fall of the great speculator Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley is exciting a good deal of interest. It is estimated that since March, 1896, the cash consideration received by Mr. Hooley from the companies he has floated amounted to close upon $35,000,000, and this without reckoning share-holdings, some of which went to a high premium. The fact that he was on the verge of insolvency was not a secret to the initiated few. More than a month ago he accepted a judgment against him for a debt of $35,000, of which he was to pay $10,000 down, and $5000 a week for five weeks. For a reputed multi-millionaire to adopt this method of discharging a debt is tantamount to a confession of failure. Eight of Mr. Hooley's promotions have undergone a depreciation of more than $18,000,000. From the Dunlop Company alone he made a cash profit of $10,000,000. He was shrewd enough to take the public at the psychological moment, and his triumphant success proved his ruin. He never established an office in London, but conducted his business at a hotel. I am given to understand, on the highest authority, that some extremely interesting revelations may be looked for, humiliating to this country and to civilization. Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of saying that the greatest evil affecting our age was not bloated armaments, nor predatory socialism, nor bad legislation, but the growing love of money and the unconscientiousness of some rich men. The system of speculative finance which affords a man of the Hooley type opportunities for making millions out of the silly section of the public is obtaining a notoriety that is not without its menace to legitimate enterprise. The attempt of Monsieur Jaurés to bring about organic unity among the existing organizations of the socialistic party all over Europe is significant of much behind. Mr. Leiter's wheat deal helps M. Jaurés. It is much talked of among the poorer classes over here. The failure of Mr. Hooley recalls to mind his recent present of gold plate to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are considered as lacking in judgment in accepting such a gift from a man who induced the public to give millions more for his various companies than they are worth. The plate in question is irreverently known as vessels of the "Hooley Communion Service."

Mr. John Morley has dealt with the Anglo-American alliance in a speech at Leeds, pitched in the same key as Sir William Harcourt's sneer at the "new Birmingham foreign policy." If he does not condemn outright Mr. Chamberlain's conception of an English-speaking alliance, he damns it with faint praise, and thus suggests to the American people a British coldness that does not exist. The form of Mr. John Morley's speech is perfect; his literary instinct safeguards him from lapsing into the slipshod style of the ordinary politician; but none the less is his meaning unintelligible, except on the theory that he reluctantly recognizes the fact that most sensible people in England and the States are bent on the establishment of closer relations—whatever he and his Irish masters may do or say. Pledged as he is to Irish autonomy, Mr. Morley is in a dilemma. Open approval of an Anglo-American alliance would place him under the ban of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond, who are busily occupied in poisoning the wells of international good feeling. If, on the other hand, the late Irish Secretary were frankly to condemn Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, he would alienate that portion of the Liberal party which recognizes that home-rule was buried in Mr. Gladstone's grave. Mr. Morley is a philosopher, bookish, industrious, sedate, but he is devoid of the saving grace of humor—the salt of public life. Perspective has no more meaning to Mr. Morley than to a Chinese artist. He suffers from an obsession of the revolutionary idea of the eighteenth century. Consequently, every speech which he delivers, while admirable in form and delightful to hear or to read, is saturated with the spirit of an age as obsolete as that of Augustus. Search will be made in vain throughout all Mr. John Morley's utterances for any indication that he understands old things to have passed away, or that constructive statesmanship and the conservation of the liberties England now enjoys are the proper tasks of her rulers, present and to come.

From conversations with politicians of all shades of opinion, excepting the Irish, I gather that anxiety is felt, not least in government circles, as to the composition of the Anglo-American commission for the arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Canada. I may perhaps record the conviction entertained here that unless the commissioners appointed on both sides are qualified by their antecedents and opinions to come to an early arrangement, a favorable issue is scarcely to be expected. The names of the American commissioners are looked for with much interest.

The Wagner cycle, which was heralded with a flourish of trumpets, is now in full swing at Covent Garden. Disciples of the master are divided as to the merits of the rendering of the "Rheingold," the "Walküre," and "Siegfried." Every one admits that under Herr Mottl the orchestration has been superb. On the other hand, the stage-management is criticised as inadequate. The abbreviation of the score is denounced as ruthless, and many of the performers are regarded as inappropriate. Many thousands of pounds have been collected by the management on the understanding that the well-known Baireuth tradition was to be followed, and that we were to have in London a cycle represented under the Wagnerian method. These proposals, however, have been seriously interfered with by the despotism of the London dinner hour. Dinner is incompatible with an unmutilated score, and as subscribers to the cycle prefer food to music, the score has been ruthlessly cut. Furthermore, it has been found difficult or impossible to engage actors competent not only to sing, but willing to act Wagnerian drama in the manner laid down by the master himself. The stage-management of "Siegfried" is denounced as inferior to the standard of a musical German provincial town. Evidence exists already of all the elements for a great musical controversy, the echo of which will doubtless reach the other side of the Atlantic.

Amid wars and rumors of wars it is pleasant to turn aside to the giant struggle for the championship in the open golf competition. This year it has been won by a professional, Harry Varden, of Scarborough, on the Prestwich Links, which are described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in his delightful *Golfing Rhymes*. Prestwich is not St. Andrews, but the course, which contains a mighty range of sand hills with the awesome name of Himalayas, is not an easy one. Over this course, Himalayas, Alps, and all, Varden played four rounds in 307 strokes, an average of four and a quarter strokes a hole, with a crowd, a close competition, and some bad weather. This achievement implies a delicacy of touch, nervous strength, and steady eye which may fairly be looked on as matchless. I believe Varden was once a Jersey caddie, a fact that should inspire the whole caddie fraternity with a desire to live up to the reputation of their great representative.

Arnold White.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

IV.—A CATARACT OF INFORMATION.

PETER SADLER would have been glad to have the Archibald party stay at his hotel for a few days, and Mrs. Archibald would have been perfectly satisfied to remain there until they were ready to return to their own house, but her husband and Margery were impatient to be in the woods, and it was therefore decided to start for the camp the next day. Peter Sadler was a man of system, and his arrangements were made promptly and rapidly.

"You've got to have a guide," said he, "and another man to help him, and I think I'll give you Phil Matlack. Phil is an old hand at the business, and if you don't know what you want, he'll tell you. If you are in Phil's hands, you needn't be afraid anything will happen to you. Whatever you want, ask him for it, and ten to one he'll have it, whether it's information or fish-hooks. I tell you again, you're lucky to be here early and get the best of everything. Camp Rob with Phil Matlack will stand at a premium in three or four weeks from now."

That evening after supper Mr. Archibald lighted a cigar and went out into the grounds in front of the hotel, where he was presently joined by his wife.

"Where is Margery?" asked he.

"She is in her room," replied Mrs. Archibald, "but she called to me that she would be down directly."

In about ten minutes down came Margery and floated out upon the lawn. She was dressed in white, with flowers in her hair, and she was more charming, Mr. Archibald said, as she approached, than even the sunset sky.

"You should not speak in that way of works of nature," said his wife.

"Isn't she a work of nature?" he asked.

"Not altogether," was the wise reply. "Why did you dress yourself in that fashion?" she asked Margery. "I did not suppose you would bring such a fine gown, as we started out to go into camp. And even in this hotel a travelling suit is good enough for any one."

"Oh, I tucked this into one of my bags," replied Margery. "I always like to have something nice to fall back upon. Don't you want to take a little stroll, Aunt Harriet?"

Mr. Archibald leaned back in his garden chair and slowly puffed his cigar, and as he puffed he took his eyes from the sunset sky and watched his wife and Margery.

A little beyond them, as they walked, sat two elderly ladies on a bench, wearing shawls, and near by stood a girl in a short dress, with no hat on, and a long plait down her back. A little further on was a tennis-court, and four people, apparently young, were playing tennis. There were two men, and neither of them wore a tennis suit. One was attired as a bicyclist, and the other wore ordinary summer clothes. The young women were dressed in dark blue flannel and little round hats, which suggested to Mr. Archibald the deck of a yacht.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

Near the hotel was an elderly gentleman walking up and down by himself, and on the piazza were the rest of the guests he had seen at the table—not very many, for it was early in the season.

Mr. Archibald now turned his eyes again to the sky. It was still beautiful, although its colors were fading, and after a time he looked back toward his wife. She was now talking to the two elderly ladies on the bench, and Margery was engaged in conversation with the girl with the plait down her back.

"When I finish my cigar," thought Mr. Archibald, "I will go myself and take a stroll." And it struck him that he might talk to the old gentleman, who was still walking up and down in front of the hotel. After contemplating the tops of some forest trees against the greenish-yellow of the middle sky, he turned his eyes again toward his wife, and found that the two elderly ladies had made room for her on the bench, that the tennis game had ceased, and that one of the girls in blue flannel had joined this group and was talking to Margery.

In a few moments all the ladies on the bench rose, and Mrs. Archibald and one of them walked slowly toward an opening in the woods. The other lady followed with the little girl, and Margery and the young woman in blue walked in the same direction, but not in company with the rest of the party. The two young men, with the other tennis-player between them, walked over from the tennis-court and joined the first group, and they all stopped just as they reached the woods. There they stood and began talking to each other, after which one of the young men and the young woman approached a large tree, and he poked with a stick into what was probably a hole near its roots, and Mr. Archibald supposed that the discussion concerned a snake-hole or a hornets' nest. Then Margery and the other young woman came up, and they looked at the hole. Now the whole company walked into the woods and disappeared. In about ten minutes Mr. Archibald finished his cigar and was thinking of following his wife and Margery, when the two elderly ladies and Mrs. Archibald came out into the open and walked toward the hotel. Then came the little girl, running very fast as she passed the tree with the hole near its roots. In a few minutes Mrs. Archibald stopped and looked back toward the woods; then she walked a little way in that direction, leaving her companions to go to the hotel. Now the young man in the bicycle suit emerged from the woods, with a girl in dark blue flannel on each side of him.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, and rising to his feet, advanced toward his wife; but before he reached her, Margery emerged from the wood road, escorted by the young man in the summer suit.

"Upon my word," Mr. Archibald remarked, this time to his wife, "that ward of ours is not given to wasting time."

"It seems so, truly," said she, "and I think her mother was right when she called her a creature of impulse. Let us wait here until they come up. We must all go in; it is getting chilly."

In a few minutes Margery and the young man had reached them.

"Thank you very much," said this creature of impulse to her escort. "My uncle and aunt will take care of me now. Aunt Harriet and Uncle Archibald, this is Mr. Clyde. He saw a great snake go into a hole over there just before supper-time, and I think we ought all to be very careful how we pass that way."

"I don't think there is very much danger after nightfall," said Mr. Clyde, who was a pleasant youth with brown hair, "and to-morrow I'll see if I can't kill him. It's a bad place for a snake to have a hole just where ladies would be apt to take their walks."

"I don't think the snake will trouble us much," said Mrs. Archibald, "for we leave to-morrow. Still, it would be a good thing to kill it."

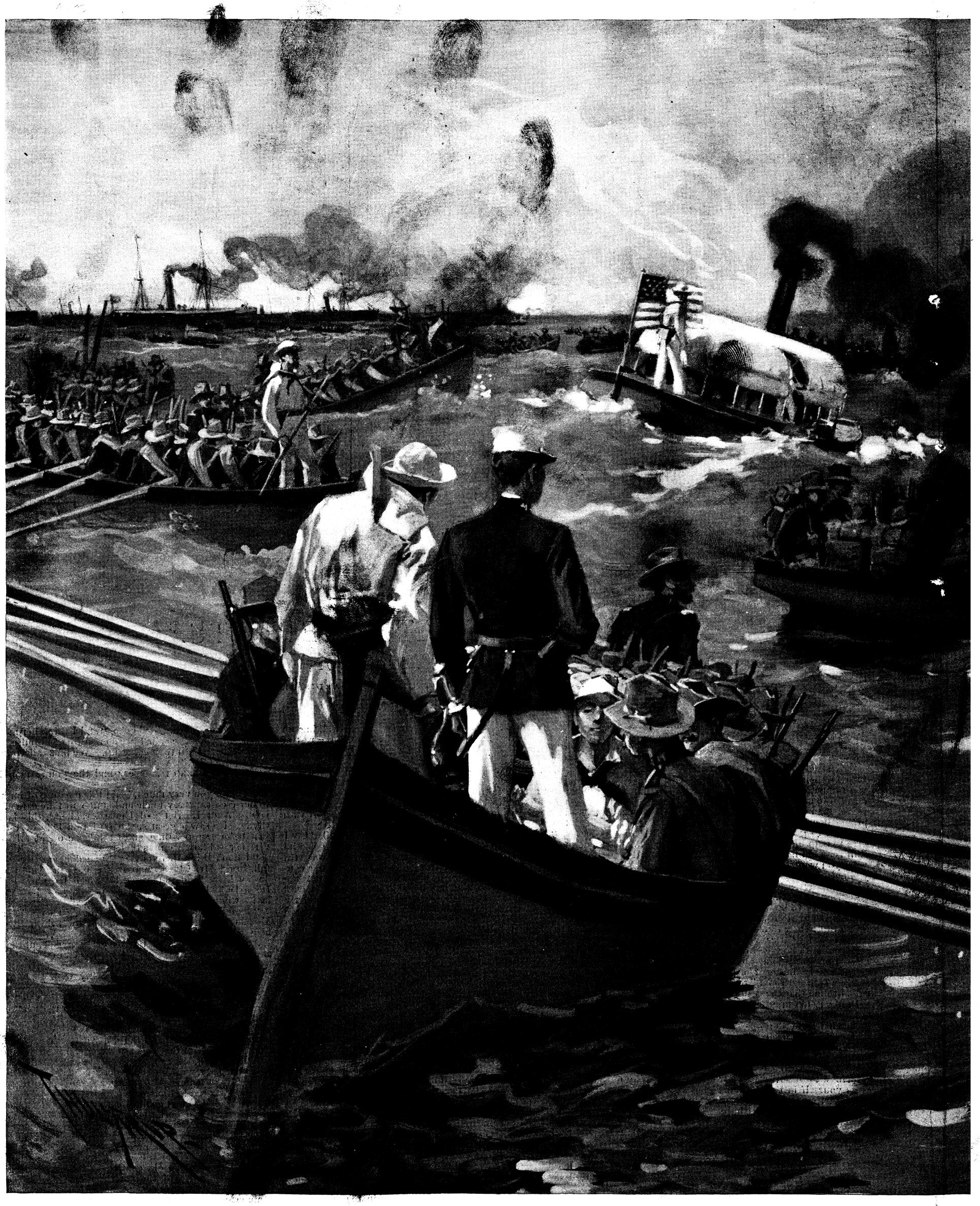
After this there were a few remarks made about snakes, and then Mr. Clyde bade them good-evening.

"How in the world, Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, "did you get acquainted so quickly with that young man—and who is he?"

"Oh, it all happened quite naturally," said she. "As we turned to go out of the woods he was the gentleman nearest to me, and so of course he came with me. Those two girls are sisters, and their name is Dodworth. They introduced Mr. Clyde and the other gentleman, Mr. Raybold, to me. But that was after you had been talking to Mrs. Dodworth, their mother, who is Mr. Raybold's aunt. The other lady, with the shawl on, is Mrs. Henderson; and —would you believe it?—she's grandmother to that girl in the short dress! She doesn't begin to look old enough. The Dodworths don't go into camp at all, but expect to stay here for two weeks longer, and then they go to the sea-shore. Mrs. Henderson leaves day after to-morrow.

"Mr. Clyde and his friend live in Boston. They are both just beginning to practise law, though Mr. Clyde says that Mr. Raybold would rather be an actor, but his family objects. The old gentleman who is walking up and down in front of the hotel has heart-disease, some people say—but that is not certain. He staid here all last summer, and perhaps he will this year. In two weeks hardly any of the people now in this hotel will be here. One family is going into camp when the father and two sons come on to join them, and the rest are going to the sea-shore, except one lady. You may have noticed her—the one with a dark purple dress and a little purple cap. She's a school-teacher, and she will spend the rest of the summer with her sister in Pennsylvania.

"That man Phil Matlack, who is going with us to-morrow, is quite a character, and I expect I shall like him awfully. They say that about five years ago he



THE INVASION

TROOPS OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S COMMAND LANDING FROM TRANSPORTS AT B



ASION OF CUBA.

ORTS AT BAIQUIRI, NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 22.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

killed a man who made an attack on him in the woods, but he was never tried for it, nor was anything whatever done to him, because Mr. Sadler said he was right, and he would not have any nonsense about it. There are people about here who believe that Phil Matlack would fight a bear single-handed if it happened to be necessary. Mr. Sadler would do it himself if he could walk. Nobody knows how many men he killed when he was fighting Indians; and, would you believe it? his wife is a plain little quiet woman, who lives in some part of the hotel where nobody ever sees her, because she is rather bashful and dislikes company.

"The other person who is going with us is not very much more than a boy, though they say he is very strong and a good hunter. His name is Martin Sanders, and I forgot to say that the old gentleman with the heart-disease is named Parker.

"It's generally thought that Phil Matlack would rather have some one else than Martin Sanders to go with him, because he says Martin knows too much. The fact is that Martin is very well educated, and could have gone into some good business, but he was so fond of the woods that he gave up everything to come out here and learn guiding. You know we were told that our camp in the woods has three rooms in it? Well, it really has four, for there was an artist there last year who built a little room for a studio for rainy days. I expect Mr. Sadler forgot that, or didn't think it worth counting. There are no snakes at all where we are going to camp, but two miles farther on there are lots of them."

"Over the brink of Niagara," interjected Mr. Archibald, "they say eighteen million cubic feet of water pour every minute. Where on earth, Margery, did you fill your mind with all that information?"

"I got it from those two Dodworth girls and Mr. Clyde," said she. "Mr. Raybold told me some things, too, but mostly about his bicycle. He feels badly about it, because he brought it here, and now he finds there is no place to use it. I should think he ought to have known that the primeval forest isn't any place for a bicycle."

"Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Archibald, when they had retired to their room, "I did not agree with you when you wished we could have started for camp to-day, but now I am quite of your mind."

Tuesday was fine, and preparations were made for the Archibald party to start for their camp after an early luncheon.

The bluff and hearty Peter took such an interest in everything that was being done for their comfort, giving special heed to all possible requirements of Mrs. Archibald, that the heart of Mr. Archibald was touched.

"I wish," said he to his good-natured host, "that you were going with us. I do not know any one I would rather camp with than you."

"If I could do it," replied Peter, "I'd like it ever so well. So far as I have been able to make you out, you are the sort of a man I'd be willing to run a camp for. What I like about you is that you haven't any mind of your own. There is nothing I hate worse than to run against a man with a mind of his own. Of course there have to be such fellows, but let them keep away from me. There is no room here for more than one mind, and I have pre-empted the whole section."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Your opinion of me does not sound very complimentary," he said.

"It is complimentary!" roared Peter Sadler, striking the table with his fist. "Why, I tell you, sir, I couldn't say anything more commendable of you if I tried! It shows that you are a man of common-sense, and that's pretty high praise. Everything I've told you to do you've done. Everything I've proposed you've agreed to. You see for yourself that I know what is better for you and your party than you do, and you stand up like a man and say so. Yes, sir; if a rolling-chair wasn't as bad for the woods as the bicycle that Boston chap brought down here, I'd go along with you."

Mr. Archibald had a very sharp sense of the humorous, and in his enjoyment of a comical situation he liked company. His heart was stirred to put his expedition in its true light before this man who was so honest and plain-spoken. "Mr. Sadler," said he, "if you will take it as a piece of confidential information, and not intended for the general ear, I will tell you what sort of a holiday my wife and I are taking. We are on a wedding-journey." And then he told the story of the proxy bridal tour.

Peter Sadler threw himself back in his chair and laughed with such great roars that two hunting-dogs who were asleep in the hall sprang to their feet and dashed out of the back door, their tails between their legs.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Peter Sadler, "you and your wife are a pair of giants. I don't say anything about that young woman, for I don't believe it would have made any difference to her whether you were on a wedding-trip or travelling into the woods to bury a child. I tell you, sir, you mayn't have a mind that can give out much, but you've got a mind that can take in the biggest kind of thing, and that is what I call grand. It is the difference between a canyon and a mountain. There are lots of good mountains in this world, and mighty few good canyons. Tom, you Tom, come here!"

In answer to the loud call a boy came running up.

"Go into my room," said Peter Sadler, "and bring out a barrel bottle, large size, and one of the stone jars with a red seal on it. Now, sir," said he to Mr. Archibald, "I am going to give you a bottle of the very best whiskey that ever a human being took into the woods, and a jar of smoking-tobacco a great deal too good for any king on any throne. They belong to my private stock, and I am proud to make them a present to a man who will take a wedding-trip to save his grown-up daughter the trouble. As for your wife, there'll be a basket that will go to her with my compliments, that will show her what I think of her. By-the-way, sir, have you met Phil Matlack?"

"No, I have not!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, with animation. "I have heard something about him, and before we start I should like to see the man who is going to take charge of us in camp."

"Well, there he is, just passing the back door. Hello, Phil! come in here."

When the eminent guide Phil Matlack entered the hall, Mr. Archibald looked at him with some surprise, for he was not the conventional tall, gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed backwoodsman who had naturally appeared to his mental vision. This man was of medium height, a little round-shouldered, dressed in a gray shirt, faded brown trousers very baggy at the knees, a pair of conspicuous blue woollen socks, and slippers made of carpet. His short beard and his hair were touched with gray, and he wore a small jockey cap. With the exception of his eyes, Mr. Matlack's facial features were large, and the expression upon them was that of a mild and generally good-natured tolerance of the world and all that was in it. It may be stated that this expression, combined with his manner, indicated also a desire on his part that the world and all that is in it should tolerate him. Mr. Archibald's first impressions of the man did not formulate themselves in these terms; he simply thought that the guide was a slipshod sort of a fellow.

"Phil," said Mr. Sadler, "here is the gentleman you are going to take into camp."

"Glad to see him," said Matlack; "hope he'll like it."

"And I want to say to you, Phil," continued Sadler, "right before him, that he is a first-class man for you to have in charge. I don't believe you ever had a better one. He's a city man, and it's my opinion he don't know one thing about hunting, fishing, making a camp fire, or even digging bait. I don't suppose he ever spent a night outside of a house, and doesn't know any more about the weather than he does about planting cabbages. He's just clean, bright, and empty, like a new peach-basket. What you tell him he'll know, and what you ask him to do he'll do, and if you want a better man than that to take into camp, you want too much. That's all I've got to say."

Matlack looked at Peter Sadler and then at Mr. Archibald, who was leaning back in his chair, his bright eyes twinkling.

"How did you find out all that about him?" he asked.

"Humph!" exclaimed Peter Sadler. "Don't you suppose I can read a man's character when I've had a good chance at him? Now how about the stores—have they all gone on?"

"They were sent out early this mornin'," said Matlack, "and we can start as soon as the folks are ready."

V.—CAMP ROB.

It was early in the afternoon when the Archibald party took up the line of march for Camp Rob. The two ladies, supplied by Mrs. Sadler with coarse riding-skirts, sat each upon a farm-horse, and Mr. Archibald held the bridle of the one that carried his wife. Matlack and Martin Sanders, the young man who was to assist him, led the way, while a led horse, loaded with the personal baggage of the travellers, brought up the rear.

Their way wound through a forest over a wood road, very rough and barely wide enough for the passage of a cart. The road was solemn and still, except where here and there an open space allowed the sunlight to play upon a few scattered wild flowers and brighten the sombre tints of the undergrowth.

After a ride which seemed a long one to the ladies, who wished they had attired themselves in walking costume, the road and the forest suddenly came to an end, and before them stretched out the waters of a small lake. Camp Rob was not far from the head of the lake, and for some distance above and below the forest stood back from the water's edge. In the shade of a great oak-tree there stood a small log house, rude enough to look at, but moderately comfortable within, and from this house to the shore a wide space was cleared of bushes and undergrowth.

The lake was narrow in proportion to its length, which was about two miles, and on the other side the forest looked like a solid wall of green reflected in the water beneath. Even Mrs. Archibald, whose aching back began to have an effect upon her disposition, was delighted with the beauty of the scene, which delight endured until she had descended from her horse and entered the log cabin in which she was to dwell for a time.

It is not necessary to describe the house, nor is it necessary to dive into the depths of Mrs. Archibald's mind as she gazed about her, passing silently from room to room of the little house. She was a good woman, and she had made up her mind that she would not be a millstone around the necks of her companions. Many people have been happy in camps, and, indeed, camp life has become one of the features of our higher civilization, and this, from what she had heard, must be a camp above the common. So, think what she might, she determined to make no open complaint. If it were possible for her to be happy here, she would be happy.

As for Margery, no determination was needed in her case. Everything was better than she had expected to find it. The cabin, with the bark on almost everything, even the furniture, was just what a house in the woods ought to be; and when she entered the little studio, which was nearer allied to the original forest than any other part of the house, she declared that that must be her room, and that living there she would feel almost like a dryad in an oak.

"You've camped out before?" said Phil Matlack to Mr. Archibald, as he was taking a survey of the scene.

"Oh yes," said the other; "I've been out a few days at a time with fishing parties, but we never had such a fine camp as this—so well located and such good accommodations."

"You are a fisherman, then?" said the guide.

"Yes. Very fond of it. Have fished ever since I was a boy, and know a good deal about bait, in spite of what Mr. Sadler said."

"I had an idea of that sort," remarked Phil; "but it ain't no use to contradict Peter. It helps keep up his spirits for him to think he can read the characters of people just as quick as he can aim a rifle. And it's a mighty important thing to keep Peter's spirits up. If Peter's spirits was to go down, things round here would flatten out worse than a rotten punkin when it's dropped."

It did not take long to establish the new-comers in their woodland quarters. The tent for the two men, which had arrived in the morning, was pitched not far from the cabin, and then Matlack and Martin went to work to prepare supper. The dining-room in pleasant weather was the small space in front of the house, where there was a table made of a wide board supported by stakes, with a low and narrow board on each side, also resting on stakes, and forming seats.

The supper was a better one and better served than any of the party had expected. The camp outfit included table-cloths and even napkins.

"To-morrow," said Matlack, as he brought a dish of hot and savory broiled ham, "after Mr. Archibald gets to work, we'll have some fish."

Mrs. Archibald had been a little fearful that under these primitive conditions the two men might expect to sit at the table with them, but she need have had no such fears. Matlack and Martin cooked and waited with a skill and deftness which would have surprised any one who did not reflect that this was as much their business as hunting or woodcraft.

After supper a camp fire was built at a safe distance from the house, for although the evening air was but slightly cool, a camp without a camp fire would not be a camp. The party ranged themselves around it, Mrs. Archibald on a rug brought from the cabin, and her husband and Margery on the ground. Mr. Archibald lighted his pipe, the fire lighted the trees and the lake, and joy inexpressible lighted the heart of Margery.

"If I could smoke a pipe," said she, "and get Mr. Matlack to come here and tell me how he killed a man, I should be perfectly happy."

That night Mrs. Archibald lay awake on her straw mattress. Absolute darkness was about her, but through the open window she could see, over the tops of the trees on the other side of the lake, one little star.

"If I could get any comfort out of that little star," thought the good lady, "I would do it; but I can't do it, and there is nothing else to comfort me."

On the other side of the room, on another straw mattress, she could hear her husband breathing steadily. Then, upon the bare boards of the floor, which were but a few inches below her little cot-bed, she thought she heard the patter of small feet. A squirrel, perhaps, or, horrible to think of, it might be a rat. She was sure rats would eat straw beds, and her first impulse was to wake Mr. Archibald; but she hesitated, he was sleeping so soundly. Still she listened, and now she became almost certain that what she heard was not the patter of small feet; it sounded more like something soft which was dragging itself over the floor—possibly a snake. This idea was simply awful, and she sat up in bed. Still she did not call Mr. Archibald, for should he suddenly spring on the floor, he would be in more danger from the snake than she was.

She listened and she listened, but she heard nothing more, and then her reason began to assure her that a snake's movements on a bare floor would be absolutely noiseless; but in a moment all thoughts of serpents were driven from her head. Outside of the cabin she heard a sound that could be nothing less than the footsteps of some living creature—a wild beast, perhaps a panther. The door was shut and fastened, but the window was open. To call Mr. Archibald and tell him a wild beast was walking outside the house would be positively wicked. Half awakened, he would probably rush out of the door to see what it was. What could she do? For an instant she thought of lighting a candle and standing it in the window. She knew that wild beasts were afraid of fire, and she did not believe that even a panther would dare jump over a lighted candle. But if she struck a match and got up she would waken her husband; and besides, if the wind, of which she could feel a puff every now and then, did not blow out the candle, it might blow it over and set fire to the cabin.

She heard the footsteps no more, and lay down again, but not to sleep. The wind seemed to be rising, and made a wild unearthly sound as it surged through the trees which surrounded and imprisoned her, and shut her out from the world in which she was born and in which she ought to live. There was a far-away sound which came to her ears once, twice, thrice, and which might have been the call of some ghostly bird or the war-whoop of an Indian. At last she drew her covering over her head, determined that so long as she could not see she would not hear.

"A wedding-journey!" she said to herself, and the idea, coupled with the sense of her present grewsome and doleful condition, was so truly absurd and ridiculous that she could not restrain a melancholy laugh.

"What is the matter, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, suddenly turning over in his bed. "Are you choking? Is the room too close? Shall I open the door?"

"No, indeed," she said, "for that was a laugh you heard. I couldn't help laughing at the thought that there should be two such idiots in the world as you and myself."

"It is idiotic, isn't it?" said Mr. Archibald. "It is gloriously idiotic, and it will do us both a world of good. It is such complete and perfect change that I don't wonder you laugh." And he laughed himself, clearly and loudly, and turned over on his side and went to sleep.

Mrs. Archibald knew that she would not sleep another wink that night, but she did sleep seven hours and a half, and was awakened by Margery singing outside her window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

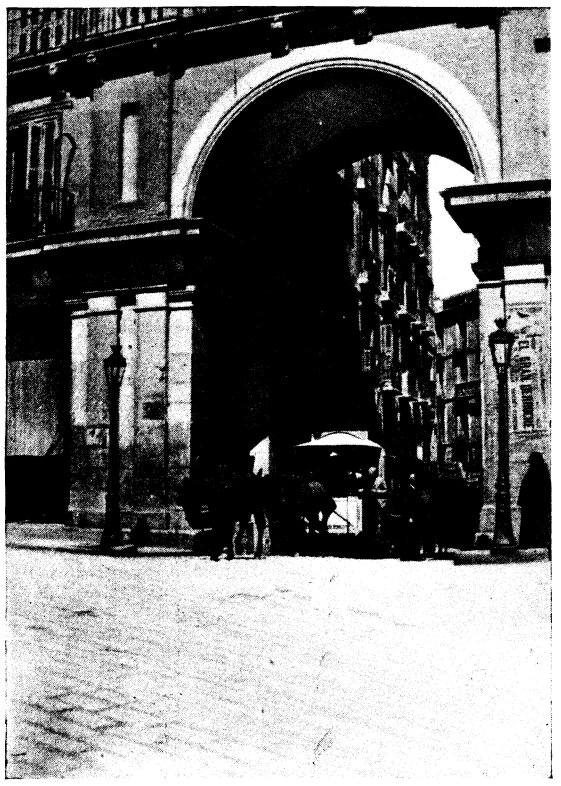
SONG OF THE BATTLE-SHIP STOKERS.

Heave on the coal, to win the goal.
Of a blasting ocean war!
By pits of hell stand sentinel,
As the deadly cannon roar.
The engines beat in blanching heat;
Our battle-ship ploughs her course;
Up there they fight in cool daylight,
While we feed the monster's force.

Over the sea, our battery
Will lay waste the upper world;
And far from fame we feed the flame,
As the bursting bombs are hurled.
We cannot know the ebb and flow
Of the battle's rushing tide;
But hear the boom of unknown doom
Where the thundering war-ships ride.

Each moment passed may be our last,
For the crashing bomb-shells fly,
And fires of fate reverberate
In the wide, smoke-laden sky.
In lurid night we feed the fight,
As the belching cannon roar.
Heave on the coal, to win the goal
Of our country's ocean war!

Katharine Coolidge.



MADRID—PLAZA WHERE HERETICS WERE BURNED.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

IX.—THE ENGLISH EMBASSY IN MADRID.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION FROM THE STAND-POINT OF A TYPICAL SPANIARD.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLF represented England in Spain on the occasion of my first visit, and to this fortunate circumstance I must attribute the rare treat of an inspection of one of the most interesting buildings in Madrid, the British Embassy. Sir Henry is as proud of his Spanish official residence as though he himself had invented it, and took me over the different apartments in the spirit of an enthusiast delighting in a work of art of his own creation. For he occupies the house which once belonged to Cardinal Ximenes—the palace of a man who was at one time more powerful than his king; the man, in short, whom some possibly sincere people still publicly defend as the organizer of the Spanish Inquisition. I confess that, even as the guest of so cheerful an entertainer as the British ambassador, the dishes that were offered me lost something of their savor for being served in halls that must have heard the moans of brave men who were being twisted out of shape in neighboring rooms. This feeling wears off after a while, else Sir Henry would not have looked so well. I am speaking here, however, of the spring of 1897. On my last visit he was away on sick-leave.

Sir Henry talked freely on the political situation, as it was then—when it seemed about as bad as to-day. Of course a diplomat can never be publicly quoted, unless he himself supplies the quotation marks. In many respects the English embassy was in a better position to know what was about to happen than any other in Madrid, not excepting our own. England is on a friendly footing with Spain, not merely for the sentimental reason that British troops helped to establish her independence from the rule of Napoleon, but for the more substantial reason that England is an excellent customer for Spanish wines, oranges, raisins, olives, and has no rival colonial interests. True it is that whenever other news is slack the Spanish press discovers that Gibraltar is on Spanish territory, but before that fact is generally appreciated there is a Carlist war, or an insurrection in one of her colonies, which serves to distract attention for the moment. English tourists are the ones that are alone recognized in Spain—the only ones credited with money and the capacity for looking after themselves. When the natives see a Yankee, they never suspect him of being other than English—which, by-the-way, is a mighty lucky thing for us nowadays. At the same time that England is highly respected by Spaniards, that country is the only one whose representative in Madrid has uniformly treated the American minister as his colleague and friend. There seems to be an unwritten law in all out-of-the-way places that whenever an American gets into a tight place he can count on the assistance of John Bull.

Whether there was any understanding between the two governments a year ago, or whether there is at this moment (April 16), I know not, but it struck me as a happy omen, when the American Legation was guarded against the possible outbreak of a mob, and when our minister was shunned by Spanish society, that the British representative should pay him conspicuous attention—in short, give unofficial notice to Spain that England and the United States bore relations to each other that could not be strengthened in treaties.

If in the future any cause for quarrel should ever arise between England and our country, there will not be wanting friends of peace who will then recall to our people that when our legation in Madrid was in danger, it was England that spontaneously offered us the protection of her flag.

Sir Henry said nothing of this kind to me; it was all too much a matter of course. But he showed me the little rooms where the monks had prayed and fasted before going to assist at the dismemberment of some wretched heretic. These little cells make very small bedrooms for the diplomats of to-day, to be sure, but it would be a thousand pities to have this interesting building altered for the sake of more luxurious sleeping-spaces. Sir Henry pointed out to me the little grated panels in the massive doors, through which food was passed, and by means of which a watch was maintained upon the holy brethren.

Underneath the street runs a tunnel, connecting the palace of the cardinal with the building across the way, which was the prison where the accused were confined until their bodies had lost all elasticity and their minds all capacity for coherent reasoning. I had seen enough. The prospect of a visit to those vile dungeons did not stimulate me in the least. Torture-chambers do not interest me; no more does the bull-ring.

On returning to my lodgings in the Calle de Fernando di Federico di Madrazo, I found little Carmen much agitated by the news that a señor was waiting for me upstairs. It proved to be a Spanish gentleman whom I had met at the table of Mr. Castelar—a gentleman who had filled honorably a high office under the government. He had large estates in Spain, and was a traveller familiar with social life in other capitals of Europe. He had his carriage waiting downstairs, and asked me to take a drive with him in the park. I accepted with pleasure, on condition that he frankly answer all my questions. He said he would, and so I began by the most delicate of all—how so Christian a people tolerated bull-fighting. He took my question in good part, though he warned me that amongst Spaniards who did not travel the bull-ring was almost too sacred a thing to question. Even the Queen-Regent, one of the most beautiful characters he had ever known, lost some of her influence over the people because she never would appear at a bull-fight. Yet she cannot prevent the little King from being debauched by this degrading spectacle.

I asked if the clergy did not take some organized stand against it. He said, "They are unpopular enough already; they cannot afford to jeopardize the little that remains to them."

As my friend explained this matter of the proverbial Spanish cruelty to me, I gathered these scraps of conclusions: The Spaniard, individually, is as gentle, as kind to his familiars, as the people of other European countries. His sins spring mostly from ignorance, which, in its turn, produces a certain indifference. He looks on at a cruel act merely because no one has taught him that cruelty is wrong. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals may exist, but so long as the public conscience on the subject is not awakened their efforts waste themselves in philanthropic resolutions. Our consul in Barcelona, H. W. Bowen, an old collegemate, told me, on the occasion of my visit there, that he had taken, or rather striven to take, an active interest in such a society from the very outset of his official residence in the country, but that he soon discovered that its functions were mainly of the resolution-passing kind.



ARTILLERY FOR CUBA PASSING THROUGH MADRID.

In Spain I have frequently had to admire the intelligent manner in which the mules and their masters have understood one another in the matter of working up and down steep hills. I have seen Spanish drivers chatting with their animals and sharing their loaf of bread with them. We are of course prone to notice the occasions when a driver loses patience and flogs unreasonably, but against these few I am prepared to believe that the great majority of Spaniards love their useful animals, and treat them as well as they treat themselves. On the whole of our bicycle run I cannot recall a single instance of a lame mule, horse, or donkey in harness. I wonder if I could say as much after an equally varied journey in America or in England.

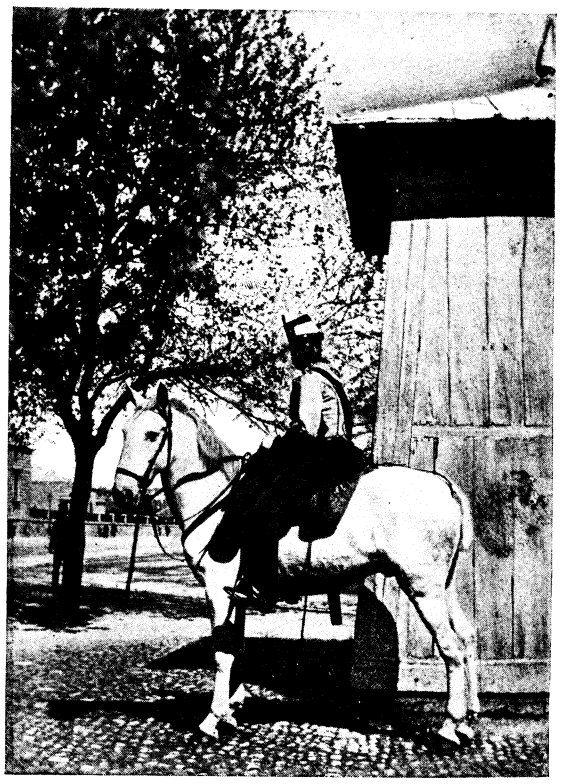
My Spanish friend knew that I was an American, of course, and yet on my return to Madrid this spring, after a year's absence, he welcomed me as cordially as ever. He spoke with feeling about the impending war, and voiced the same thoughts as his friend Castelar—that war was a disgraceful thing to happen at such a time between two such countries. "We are both to blame in this matter," said he, "but the most important thing to be done, if peace is to result, is to take such a matter as this out of the hands of popular agitators and leave it to a tribunal of impartial jurists.

"God knows that we Spaniards ardently desire peace, at any price that does not stain our national honor. The United States have helped to make the Cuban rebellion formidable, and now your government upbraids us because we do not put an end to it at once."

I pointed out to him that the American public sentiment on this subject had been developed gradually by the constant reports from Cuba, showing us that the war there was being waged in a cruel manner. He admitted this, and deplored the fact that when Spaniards got to fighting it became a question not of taking but of killing the most prisoners.

"The Cubans are like us in this matter," said he. He went on to point out that Spain at bottom lived still in the Middle Ages so far as views of war were concerned, and that things which we regarded as barbarous to them were mere matters of course.

It was hard to press this point without losing our tempers, so I asked him how far his government would be apt



HORSE-GUARD OPPOSITE KING'S PALACE, MADRID.

to go towards a solution of this Cuban matter. I pointed out at the same time that Americans had but little faith left for any promises made by the Spanish government unless action went before. Mr. Castelar had in the previous year told me that he thought the government meant to be generous in its treatment of Cuba, and the late Prime-Minister Cánovas had assured me emphatically, as late as March of 1897, that he contemplated the fullest home-rule for Cuba—home-rule that could not fail to satisfy every sensible Cuban.

My friend did not resent my apparent lack of confidence in ministerial promises; on the contrary, he probably shared the feelings of Mr. McKinley on this delicate subject. We soon agreed that the concessions demanded of Spain must be more material than promises.

He was very much dejected, and dwelt upon the empty state of the Spanish Treasury, the difficulty of paying the interest on the national debt, the terrible depreciation in the paper currency, which during my short stay in the country had sunk from 35 per cent. to 42 per cent. below face or coin value, so that 142 pesetas in paper could only buy 100 pesetas of real money. The press of all parties had so loudly and indignantly repudiated the mere idea of parting with Cuba, at any price, that I hesitated before finally hinting to him delicately that there was a solution of the question that might fill the Treasury of Spain for the moment and enable the weary troops to return home.

He probably guessed what I meant, but pretended not to.

"Can you imagine any situation so desperate that your government would listen to a proposal for the purchase of Cuba?"

He looked attentively at me for a moment, and then said, emphatically but coldly, "Yes, I can imagine such a state of things."

I confess that I was not prepared for such an admission, least of all from a man so near to the government. He went on to explain to me that with a people so sensitive in matters of form as Spaniards it was not a light matter to carry through a diplomatic scheme of this kind without an outburst from the Jingoes, and perhaps an attempt at revolution. He had much respect for General Woodford, he said, and it was a source of great comfort to him to know that at such a time the legation was in the hands of so good a man.

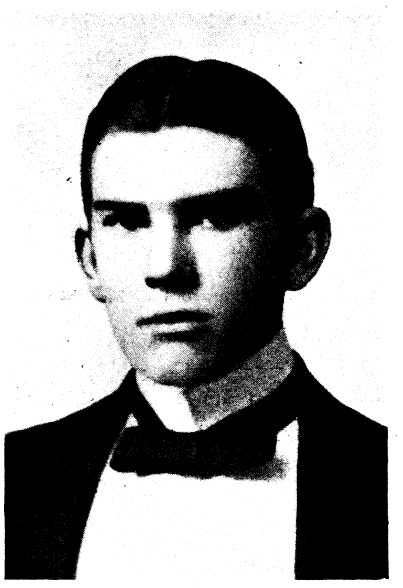
My friend spoke with a full sense of his responsibility, knowing well that I appreciated the relations he held towards the government as well as to Mr. Castelar. He had no social relations with our legation, but knew that I was to dine with General Woodford that evening; and his manner convinced me that he sought in this way to get certain ideas discussed in the proper quarters without compromising his government. I cannot give this gentleman's name, but I attach considerable importance to the views he expressed, because he is not a peace-at-any-price man, but a patriotic, long-headed, and eminently trustworthy Spaniard.



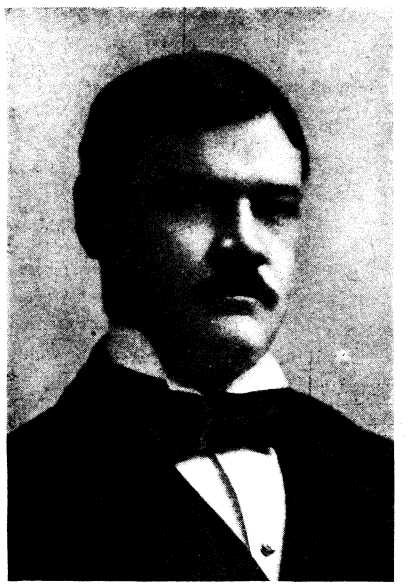
"PEASE ON A TRENCHER"—OFFICERS' MESS, 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED), PORT TAMPA.
FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY A. C. REDWOOD.



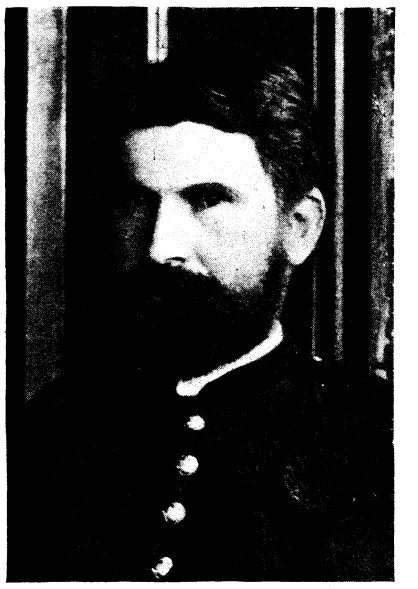
CAPTAIN ALLYN K. CAPRON, U.S.V.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH, JR.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



SERGEANT MARCUS DENNISON RUSSELL,
Troop G, "Rough Riders." Killed.



CORPORAL ALEX. LHENNOC,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



EDWARD MARSHALL,
Correspondent N.Y. "Journal." Seriously wounded.



PRIVATE GUSTAVE A. KOLBE,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



PRIVATE EMIL BJORK,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



PRIVATE PETER H. DIX,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.

VICTIMS OF THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

CUBA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Off Santiago, *Monday, June 6, 1898.*

This morning at forty-five minutes past seven o'clock the ships of Admiral Sampson's squadron began firing upon Santiago de Cuba. The attack made on Tuesday of last week was simply to locate the batteries of the enemy and develop their power. Since that affair Lieutenant Harlowe of the *Vixen*, with several Cubans for guides, climbed the hills overlooking the harbor, and determined accurately the positions of the ships inside and the various batteries commanding the approaches to the city. On a hill to the west of the channel is a new masked battery of modern guns 150 feet above the sea, and to the eastward of Morro another masked battery, 80 feet above the water. All of these guns were fired to-day with smokeless powder, so it was hard to tell, when our ships were firing, whether the enemy were serving their guns with energy or not; an occasional shell screaming through the air and sending up a great geyser when it struck the water was the only visible sign.

To the right and left of each of these batteries were smaller groups of rapid-fire guns, so there were two distinct points to attack and two separate attacking forces, the ships being divided as follows: To the east, the *New York* (flag-ship), *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *New Orleans*, *Yankee*, and *Dolphin*, with the *Porter*, torpedo-boat, lying out of range; on the west, under Commodore Schley, the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Marblehead*, *Vixen*, and *Suwanee;* the last two, as well as the *Dolphin* on the other side, lay close inshore and devoted their entire attention to the small batteries.

The eight men from the *Merrimac* were confined in old Morro, and so that picturesque pile was exempted from the fire, nor was it struck by accident during the action, though the barracks near by were hit repeatedly.

Viewed as a spectacle merely, the scene was one long to be remembered. The towering hills, bathed in the morning sunlight, showed green slopes that lifted steeply toward the sky and contrasted sharply with the dark shadows of ravines; the clouds hung low over and around the r peaks, and rolled in masses of vapor down the sides of lofty Mount Cobre. Out at sea, mist and rain shut in like a curtain the borders of this scene, while the advancing pomp of thunder and lightning overhead mingled with the flash and roar and deep reverberation of the batteries on sea and shore. The *New York* fired the first shot, the other ships following quickly, until all were engaged, and the continual rumble and shock of the heavy discharges drowned the thunder of the heavens and echoed and reechoed among the hills. The sunlight for a time lit up the great domes of smoke that rose and hung in fantastic shapes about the ships, but at half past eight it began to rain heavily, growing quite dark, and the smoke, beaten down, hung low over the water, wrapping the ships in an impenetrable mist. Along the lower hills thin wreaths of white vapor crept, rolling out into rings or hanging in straight lines of white in the ravines, and on a hill back of the town a fire burst out, the flames burning brightly and remaining for some time, until finally hidden in smoke and mist.

It was like trying to watch two rings in a circus. From our point of view right off Morro both divisions could be plainly seen, but only one at a time could be properly followed. The ships kept moving slowly about in short circles, firing at a range of about twenty-eight hundred yards, the guns of both divisions converging on the batteries and ships in the harbor. In the channel entrance shells were falling constantly, sending up columns of water twenty or thirty feet that looked like small waterspouts, that would topple over and disappear. These shots were from the mortar battery, that, having the range of the harbor entrance, was satisfied to fire there, although there was nothing to hit but the water. One of the Spanish ships could be seen at times through the smoke at the harbor mouth—the *Reina Mercedes*. She was struck several times, and must have suffered considerable damage. It is reported that the captain, five seamen, and twenty-one marines were killed, and twelve wounded (reported in the Kingston papers). Over on the west side the little *Vixen*, formerly the yacht *Josephine*, was close in under the land, firing constantly, and, with the *Suwanee*, making it lively for the near-shore battery. One man on the *Suwanee* was slightly injured by a piece of exploding shell. There were many narrow escapes, however, and it seems remarkable that neither ships nor men should have suffered after being under fire for more than two hours. A shell passed over the bridge of the *Texas*, and striking the water twenty feet beyond the ship, exploded, giving out a suffocating odor that caused the officers on the bridge and the men in the near-by port to turn and gasp for breath. The combination of powder smoke and rain acted as an acid on the paint of the ships, peeling it off in sheets wherever it came near the muzzles of the guns. One of the forward-turret guns of the *Texas* was fired straight ahead across the deck, taking all the paint along the superstructure off as neatly as if it had been done with a knife. The *New York* also suffered in places in the same way.

The *Yankee* and *Dolphin*, over on the east side of the harbor mouth, were firing with great rapidity, both quite close inshore, with the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *New Orleans* a little farther out and keeping their guns on the enemy. The *Oregon*, with her big guns trained over to starboard, giving her a slight list, wreathed in pale smoke and lit by the flashes of her broadside battery, made a picture at once terrible and impressive of the modern fighting-ship. As she moved away out of action, still firing her after guns, her crew were swarming the decks and superstructure forward, playing the hose and scrubbing down as if they had been merely at morning target practice. About 10.30 the *New York*, that had for some time been out of action down to the eastward, came along the line flying the signal to cease firing, and the ships then drew off, getting a parting salute from the forts, which the *Texas*, nearest in, replied to with a couple of shots.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Tuesday, June 14, 1898.*

The coast of Cuba along the south side of the province of Santiago is one succession of desolate hills, rising smoothly from the sea in most places, but dropping off now and then in steep cliffs of limestone or granite rock. In the face of these sea-walls are many caves, hollowed out by the action of the waves, and around them and into them the waters boil and fret, set on by the ground-swell and urged by the almost constant wind. Beyond this first range of rocky hills, covered with low and scraggly gray-green vegetation, is a series of steep and forbidding ranges, backed by mountains that loom blue and distant or hang nearer by over the lower hills. Precipitous and gashed with deep ravines, they offer no sign of human life or comfort, and on many of their ridged sides the foot of man rarely if ever treads. This is the kind of coast that extends westward from Cape Maisi 200 miles, and with the exception of tiny coves where small boats might land, there are no harbors that offer protection to vessels of any size, save two only—one where the hills sweep northward around the plateau in which is set the snug landlocked harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and the other the beautiful Bahia de Guantanamo, thirty-nine miles to the eastward. Eight miles east of Santiago there are a small town and cove in which an American company has built a large iron pier to which vessels come to load with iron ore, and where it is purposed to land troops to march on Santiago. A refuge for the fleet and a coaling-station being necessary on this coast, Guantanamo was selected as an available spot, and accordingly, on Tuesday, June 7, the *Marblehead*, accompanied by the *St. Louis* and *Yankee*, steamed up there from the fleet, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* going in and throwing a few shots into the block-house on the hill and the houses along the beach on the inside of Windward Point, and looking about to note the possibilities of the place.

A cable line runs from Santiago to Kingston, another to Guantanamo, and from there to Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti. There is a perfect net-work of wires running out of Santiago, and on Monday, the 6th, after the bombardment in the morning, the *St. Louis* and cable-steamer *Adria* got to work and cut the last one, as they supposed. Off Guantanamo the *St. Louis* immediately began grappling for the cable to Mole St. Nicholas, and found and cut it in short order, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* remaining inside in plain sight of the fort at Caimanera; at dusk the fort fired some shots, and a Spanish gunboat mounting seven 4.7-inch guns came out and gave them battle for a few minutes, and then hastily retired. There were mines in the channel farther on, which alone prevented the two ships from going up and settling matters at once. A collier was sent up from the fleet on Wednesday, with the *Dolphin* and *Vixen*, and when we steamed into the beautiful bay on Thursday we found the *Marblehead* on guard, the little cruiser *Vixen* coaling from the *Sterling*. Over the point of land the Spanish flag waved above the fort, but the stars and stripes flew in the harbor and had come to stay. The calm water and white beach shining in the sun, with the rich foliage along the

wooded shores and high blue hills beyond, made the place extremely peaceful and attractive after the rugged hills and tumbling water that we had known outside. The bay was once called Cumberland Harbor, and now would be a good time to rename it.

On board the *Marblehead* the lookouts never ceased to watch the fort and the gunboat, whose mast and funnel we could see over the low point which hid the deeper bay beyond. The loaded guns gave out on all sides their warning, and though a thousand eyes watched the scene from the thicket-hidden shores, no sound of gun disturbed the peace of the day.

Friday morning the transport *Panther*, in company with the *Yosemite*, arrived with the United States marine battalion, 650 men, under command of Colonel Huntington. They anchored close in off the beach, and after shelling the place and setting fire to the shanties and remains of the block-house on the low hill, the marines went ashore. The cable station, a one-story corrugated-iron affair, was shot full of holes, but left standing. The fishermen's houses were burned down for fear of contagion. Taking possession of the hill-top, they immediately began clearing away the wreckage, throwing up intrenchments, and setting up tents and camp equipage at the foot of the hill, among the palms and bushes. On the highest point a tall staff was raised, and for the first time the American flag floated in possession of the soil of Cuba.

Sad, dirty soil it was to the tired men who toiled all day in the heat and lay on their arms at night, eaten by mosquitoes, and in expectation of attack at any moment. From the very first the marine battalion has behaved splendidly. The transport *Panther* was fitted out with remarkable expedition—her stores "broken out," as sailors say, from the navy storehouse at the New York Navy Yard and put aboard in twenty-four hours. Jammed into narrow quarters on the *Panther*, the men had to suffer great inconvenience, and when finally landed and camped on the sand spit called Camp Sampson at Key West they were not much better off, and suffered from heat, flies, and mosquitoes as much as they would have in Cuba; but their fine appearance and the good behavior of the men, as well as their quick and efficient readiness for instant work, speak volumes for the officers and men of the marine corps.

Friday night and Saturday passed in constant work getting camp and intrenchments ready, and the men were worn out with loss of sleep and severe labor when darkness came down on Saturday.

Late in the afternoon two pickets, who were posted some two miles away from the camp, were eating a bite of supper and taking a rest under some trees, lulled into carelessness by the quiet that had so far reigned. These two men, privates Dunphy and McColgan, were shot and instantly killed by a Spanish lieutenant and his men, who had crept unobserved through the woods and fired at close range.

At 7 o'clock the Spaniards began firing from all sides and at close quarters. From the hills and black shadow of the trees came the sharp crack of the rifles, the bullets thudding on the ground, whirring through the air, chipping off branches and leaves of trees, and falling in a hail in the water. There were several boats near the shore, and three war-ships lying quietly at anchor in the still bay. The *Marblehead* fired several shots, but as their fire would have been as dangerous to friend as to foe, they could do little.

The marines had quickly formed, and from their position on the low hill came a steady return fire, checking the attack, and driving it back after a time. All night the shots were popping, now rising in furious volleys and again sinking away to scattered reports. One of the first to fall was Assistant-Surgeon Gibbs, who was shot in his tent door, having just remarked, when the firing began, that he did "not want to be killed in such a place."

On Sunday morning the *Texas* came in, and sent ashore two Colt automatic guns, which were dragged up and set in position at the top of the hill.

In the Saturday-night attack Sergeant Smith was killed, and early in the morning Lieutenant Neville with a platoon of men went out to find his body and bring it in. They were attacked by a strong force, and had to fall back. The bodies of McColgan and Dunphy were recovered, and with that of Dr. Gibbs were buried at ten o'clock on the southern slope of the hill, the enemy firing so heavily that the funeral party had to take to their guns, and the salutes that were fired over the graves were solid shot that whistled in among the Spaniards.

Sunday night the firing began again in heavy volleys, and the war-ships took a hand, word being passed by megaphone where to fire, when the *Marblehead* sent shell after shell among the enemy, one, by request, as close as one hundred feet east of the little hill which the marines were holding. The Spaniards are very much afraid of the ships, and they have learned by experience how much execution they can do.

Monday remained fairly quiet, occasional shots being exchanged, and the men lying by their guns in readiness for an alarm. Sergeant Smith was buried on Monday, with Sergeant-Major Good, a splendid soldier, who had spent many years in the service, and who was devoted to his duty.

Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, while half the marines were at breakfast in the camp at the foot of the hill, the Spanish began firing from the woods to the eastward. The men at breakfast, having stacked their guns at the top of the hill, broke out fresh boxes and rallied, driving back the attacking party. The *Marblehead's* launch, coming inshore at this time, opened fire on the Spaniards, chasing them along the beach with her rapid-fire one-pounder.

It was then determined to clean the enemy out of the woods, and an attacking force under Captain Elliott was sent out—Spicer's and Elliott's companies, C and D, with Company A, divided into platoons under Lieutenants Ingate and Magill. Divided among the commands were about forty Cubans.

Ingate's column was misled by his guide, who was then disarmed and brought back under arrest. The platoon of Company A under Lieutenant Magill went around to the eastward, and drove the enemy back toward their camp and block-house near the shore on the south side of the point, where were Elliott's and Spicer's commands, having followed the shore to westward, driving the Spaniards before them; and between the two fires they were completely whipped and driven off, their block-house and water-supply destroyed, and heliograph signal outfit captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded exceeded the entire number of the attacking party. Several of the Cubans were killed or wounded, and many of the marines were so utterly exhausted that but for the timely aid of the *Dolphin*, that had steamed around the coast and sent in her boats to bring off the wounded, many would have dropped from sheer exhaustion.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Wednesday, June 15.*

The still water and air of quiet that prevail are in great contrast with the turmoil and battle of yesterday—the voices of men, the whir of a steam-launch, or plash of oars comes in subdued notes across the broad surface of the beautiful bay.

The *Abarenda*, big and black, loaded with coal, and armed with six-pounder guns, lies near us, and has on board the seventeen prisoners captured yesterday. They were much averse to climbing up the slim rope ladder that reached to her deck, but at least have had enough to eat by this time. They all looked half starved, and reported scarcity of food, though every one and all the men found dead in the woods were loaded down with ammunition. The captured lieutenant was taken on board the *Marblehead*, and I saw him sitting at the hospitable wardroom table and making himself quite at home. Over toward the western shore the *Panther*, *Yosemite*, and *Sterling* are lying in a bunch together. The *Porter* lies alongside the *Abarenda*—small, spirited, and tireless. The *Dolphin* and *Marblehead* swing clear of the other ships, with their guns ready for instant service. On shore the flag floats over the hill, the white tents, and swarming marines, who look like big brown ants moving about on the fresh red earth of their intrenchments. Tents are going up on the hill, and at the foot, near the mess-tents and hospital, the Cuban forces are setting up shacks built of palms, cleverly put together with the Indianlike wood-lore these people have.

The sun blazes hot on the hill, and the flag droops in the faint breeze; the green rounded slopes beyond simmer in the glaring light and are still, with big black birds hovering over and dipping in among the trees.

The roughly built landing is surrounded with boats. Distilled water from the *Panther* comes in, in large barrels loaded into a cutter, and a sergeant superintends dealing it out to the men, who fill their canteens and supply their mess-kettles—good pure water, if it is rather warm. Earlier in the day every man who could was splashing about in the cooling sea, having a good swim and getting the kinks out of his tired limbs. All day, in fact, except at high noon, men were in the water, washing the red dirt of Cuba out of their systems and scrubbing their clothes, after five days of incessant toil and fighting. The clean deep sea-water, clear as crystal, and washing the sands within ten feet of their mess-tents, will be a great blessing to the men, and they enjoy it, if sharks do lurk farther out. The Cubans alone seem to despise such trifles, and once they swing their hammocks under the palm tents, they stick to them until they are turned out for duty.

About 10.30 o'clock a procession of boats left the *Marblehead* and moved in to the landing—a cutter first, with officers and armed men, and then a steam-launch towing a boat with men in bow and stern, and midship a silent figure covered with a flag—a Cuban who had been wounded the day before and had died on the ship. The boats landed at the little pier. A bugler sounds a few notes of the Dead March, and the column moves slowly up the brown hill. Flags are half-masted, and the soldier who had died bravely for "Cuba libre" is laid to rest beside the others who had given their lives for his cause as well as for their own starry flag; a silence for a time, and then a volley which marked the end, and the bugles blow a quicker step.

On board the *Dolphin*, in the great cool wardroom, now shorn of its luxurious fittings, lay three other poor Cubans, one very badly wounded, but being cared for by the good doctor. A fine-looking black fellow, done up in bandages and lying patiently on the long divan, opened his eyes as I gazed sympathetically at him for a minute, and then smiled in a proud way, as a soldier should who knew he had done his duty.

About one o'clock the *Texas* came steaming rapidly into the bay, and signalling the *Marblehead* to follow, swung around the low point of land which marks the entrance to the upper bay, at the head of which are the town and fort of Caimanera. The channel was known to be full of mines, and for several nights the *Marblehead's* launch had tried in vain to locate them or drag up the wires; but the *Texas* had orders to destroy the fort and drive out the thousand or more soldiers stationed there. So on she went, regardless, and the *Marblehead* quickly followed, and took position some distance beyond the *Texas* and to the left. It was a very pretty sight, and the *Texas* seemed to be calling by special invitation on the Dons. She swung up as close to the forts as she could go, dropped her anchor, and immediately opened fire from her port 12-inch and 6-inch guns. The *Marblehead* was close behind, and her 5-inch guns flashed and roared amid the deeper thunder of the battle-ship's big turret guns. The *Suwanee* had come from the fleet to take a hand in the proceedings, and she now took position to the right, and as near the shore as she could get, firing with her 4-inch and 6-pounder guns. The *St. Paul* had come in during the morning, and lay further out in the bay. Men crowded her rigging and swarmed at the mast-head and from every lofty perch on the *Dolphin* and all the vessels in the harbor. It was like a grand-stand view. Over the low shore they could see it all—the ships, the red-tiled roofs of town and fort, and where the shells struck and sent up the dust in thick clouds. The marines on their hill-top had even a better view, and lined up, watching it all with the greatest interest. The high hills in the background have been veiled in rain half the time during the past week, though not a drop has fallen down our way, and to-day the dark blue thunder-cloud lowering in the background made a fine setting for the ships and the wreathing smoke that floated across the bay and melted into the distance.

We had followed up after the ships, and lay as near as we could get to the *Suwanee*. The *Marblehead's* launch with a boat in tow was out looking for mines. They suspended their work temporarily and drew out of the way.

The *Texas* opened fire at forty-five minutes past one, and her shots followed one after the other with great deliberation and accuracy. Cheers burst frequently from the men watching as a shell from the 12-inch gun struck the fort, sending up a great cloud of yellow dust, followed by the tremendous roar of the big gun. The flash of the discharge and the effect of the exploding shell seem to be instantaneous; the eye cannot follow the difference; then comes the smoke rolling and swelling out in a vast cloud, and the shock of explosion reverberating and ringing in your ears.

Awe-inspiring as a thunder-storm is, the rapid firing of these big guns is even more so, and as you watch the dirt and dust spreading out in a thick cloud the force seems greater than it really is.

As only half the men on the *Texas* were engaged at the guns, her decks aft were crowded with men; officers on the bridge watched with glasses the effect of the shots, and Jackies no less interested climbed up anywhere to get a better view. The hose was kept playing to cool the ship, and a stream of water was running off the deck the entire time. We had the ship silhouetted by her own smoke most of the time, standing out in bold relief against the smoke and flame one instant, and the next enveloped in a thick haze.

Except for a few shots from the fort in the early part of the action, there was no reply to all this; its fire was badly aimed, as usual, and as ours became hotter, no doubt the garrison skedaddled. The *Marblehead* fired a number of shots into the barracks in the town, and after an hour and a quarter the firing ceased and the *Texas* withdrew. Having been in close enough to stick her nose into the mud, she left a trail of stirred-up water behind her. The *Marblehead*, in getting into position in the midst of the work, fouled a mine with her propeller blades; the ship was stopped, the wire hauled on board, and Lieutenant John Nickels, executive officer, calmly sawed off the connection. They afterwards pulled the thing on board, and we saw it on the poop-deck when the ship got back to her anchorage—a small can-buoy it looked, painted red, and with a lot of small barnacles sticking to it; it was dated 1896. Lieutenant Noel took off the war-head and dissected it; inside was an iron can containing one hundred pounds of guncotton, and had the contact been struck, it is probable that the *Marblehead* would have been destroyed. The launch tarried behind after the ships went back to their station, and continued dragging for mines. They found one after a while, and were getting it up when a lot of Spanish troops on shore opened fire on them. The bullets struck the launch and fell in the water all about the two boats. The one-pounder rapid-fire gun was quickly turned on, and the men grabbed their rifles and returned the fire vigorously. The one-pounder was banging away at a great rate, when the mounting got loose, and the gun jumped clear overboard.

Hearing the firing, the *Suwanee* hurried back, and began shelling the bushes with her six-pounders, and turning two Colt automatics loose on the hidden enemy, soon drove them off. The quick ping! ping! ping! of the little automatic's "lead squirts," as the sailors call them, has a mighty comfortable sound when you are behind them. The launch got the mine and towed it alongside the ship, from where it was taken ashore.

Wednesday night and Thursday passed uneventfully, the war-ships turning their search-lights on the shore at night and keeping a close watch for trouble. On Friday morning the *Oregon* came in for coal, and soon had two big colliers on either side of her. As the bushes and trees on the north shore of the bay were still full of Spaniards, who only waited for an opportunity to pick off a man or two, the *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Suwanee*, and *St. Paul* began shelling them out about ten o'clock, and fired for half an hour. The *St. Paul*, astern and slightly outside of us, made music with her shells that whistled through the air at a great rate. In the afternoon the *Oregon*, after coaling, fired a few shots, at the railroad station and telegraph offices in Caimanera; a train was standing on the track, and at the first shot stood not on the order of its going, but went shrieking up the line.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Saturday, June 18.*

This morning about six o'clock we saw a white flag waving on the shore where yesterday's firing took place. The *Porter* went in and sent a boat to bring off a man, who claimed to be a Cuban; he was taken on board the *Marblehead* and given a suit of clothes and a square meal, and sent ashore to the Cubans armed with a Lee rifle and cartridge-belt with U.S.N. on it; later in the day it was reported that he had decamped, proving to be a spy. Notices have been posted up in the woods to the effect that men who want to surrender will be well treated; the Spanish officers tell their men that they will be killed if captured. One man came in with three Mauser rifles and a knapsack full of cartridges; he said that he had been in Cuba eleven months, had fine things promised him, but had never received any pay, and had had nothing to eat for three days; under the circumstances, he had decided to become an American if they would let him. A party of Cubans this afternoon explored the strip of woods shelled yesterday, and found over fifty dead Spaniards as a result of the firing. No wonder they dread our ships!

It is quite certain now, from explorations made to-day, that over three hundred were killed or died of their wounds in the woods as a result of their encounter with the marines in Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday's fight.

About noon the *Marblehead's* launch, with Lieutenant Anderson in command, went up to Caimanera with a flag of truce to arrange an exchange of prisoners, with a view to getting Hobson and his men out of Morro. Nothing was accomplished, but the launch people reported that the fort, though badly damaged, was being repaired and new guns set up, and that the gunboat looked spick and span and ready for business yet. All are well ashore except some of the Cubans, who are suffering from overeating and tight shoes, having never, many of them, worn shoes before in their lives. They have a bright new Cuban flag over their camp, and for them the prospects are brightening considerably. There is no doubt of their loyalty or courage, the last words of many of those who were killed being "Viva Cuba libre!"

Off Santiago, *Sunday, June 19, 1898.*

Except for a heavy ground-swell, the sea is as smooth as glass, and sparkles under the morning sun like a polished mirror. Looking over the ship's side, the blue water, cool and deep, is lit far down by myriad shafts of light;

fish swim about, touched with brilliant color, and sea-weed, beautiful and delicate, floats along on the lapis-lazuli surface. The ships dip slowly to the long swell; the bugles call the clean-jacketed sailors to Sunday morning inspection, and they crowd the decks in silent ordered lines that have no look of war.

The distant hills are shining through the mist—pale green, with blue shadows streaked across here and there—their edges and hard lines softened by the morning air and, coming down to the blue line of the sea in splendid sweeps of color, meet the white foam on the beach. The gray walls and towers of Morro stand out clear and distinct, the red and yellow flag floating above, and the fresh earth along the lower ridge alone telling of the week's work by the busy men in the beleaguered city. All is still and calm now, however, and on the *Texas*, near by, the church flag floats above the stars and stripes—the only flag that ever does—while all hands are called to prayers and a short sermon by the chaplain. Home and all that it means seem far away, but the simple ceremony, the order and quiet, come with soothing and cheering influence to many a tired man.

There are colliers and despatch-boats moving here and there among the scattered ships, and newly arrived and very welcome is the store-ship *Celtic*, which came down, convoyed by the *Dixie*, loaded with provisions for the fleet. Launches and cutters swarm about her, for fresh stores and fresh food of any kind are needed by nearly all the fighting-ships, which have been at sea three or four weeks, and all hands reduced to paymaster's stores—canned food and salt meat; no ice, and no fruit or vegetables. Fruit in the West Indian ports is so cheap and good that it seems remarkable some clever Yankee has not loaded up a steamerful, with ice, beer, tobacco, and small luxuries, and obtained permission to "bum-boat" the fleet. There's millions in it. Delicious pineapples, called "pines" down here, cost fifty cents a dozen at Kingston; bananas, fifteen cents a bunch, limes, oranges, mangoes, and similar things cost little on shore, but are priceless luxuries to a lot of men living on salty food and drinking lukewarm water. We usually supply ourselves liberally when in port, and carry enough to give some away to our friends for a few days, after which we are short till we make another run to a market.

Last night the *Vesuvius* fired three shots from her dynamite-guns into the batteries on shore. Her guns do not make much noise, but when the shells strike and explode, there is a sound as if a block of houses had fallen down in one awful and tremendous crash. One shot was fired from the west battery in return, but did no harm.

No doubt the reports from Santiago, *viâ* Kingston, of damage to the *Reina Mercedes*, *Vizcaya*, and other ships are intended to be misleading; yet it is scarcely possible that all the shells that have dropped into the harbor have been harmless, and though we have no certain information as to the actual loss caused to the enemy, it is fair to suppose that they have not all been in vain.

The Spaniards have been busy all the week strengthening the batteries to the westward of Morro, and one or two new and large guns have been mounted. These, it is supposed, were taken from some of the ships in the harbor. The east batteries have also been strengthened, and it does not seem likely that this peaceful manner of sitting down in front of the enemy and waiting for him to surrender will soon reduce the fortress of Santiago.

One thing is certain, that the sinking of the fine big *Merrimac* and her 2000 tons of coal has availed but little, as her spars, which alone interfere with the passage of a vessel, could be easily removed should the Spanish care to do so; but to the American fleet forcing a passage in, the sunken ship might be a far more serious obstacle.

The sight of so many fine ships loafing about and doing so little is rather discouraging; but the army is expected daily, and then some active operations will no doubt begin. In the mean time the weather has been fine, and everybody is well. The sea-breeze comes in every morning about ten o'clock—the sailors call it the doctor—and it cools with fragrant breath the fierce heat of the early morning.

OFF SANTIAGO, *Monday, June 20, 1898.*

Early this morning we were informed that the army transports had been sighted to the eastward. We ran out a few miles, and at ten o'clock had them in full view on the horizon. The day was perfect, a light breeze ruffling the long swell of the sea, the sky filled with brilliant clouds, the hills showing pale blue behind us, and the fresh morning air coming out of the southeast was like the breath of summer on the New England coast. Far down to the eastward the trailing smoke of the laggards reached to the limit of vision—thirty-five ships, counting the convoys; the big *Indiana* looming ponderous and powerful, and able to play well the part of protector.

The tug *Osceola* went in advance as scout, and the *Annapolis* guard-ship, second with the *Detroit* and *Machias*, torpedo-boat *Du Pont*, and other cruisers scattered down the line. The *Gloucester* went out to meet the fleet, and when they turned toward the land and mixed up the long line it reminded me of one of the great gatherings of vessels at an international yacht-race off Sandy Hook. Thousands of soldiers looked down from the decks, and at the blue hills they were coming to conquer.

There were cheers and shouts and waving of hats. The slow voyage was ended, and presently the booming of guns as the navy saluted the army welcomed them right royally. It was a scene to be remembered always, and one not often repeated, and would thrill the blood of the most indifferent patriot that ever lived.

> The army and navy forever,
> Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

ran in our thoughts, and hurrah was on the tip of every tongue. You couldn't help it. The Jackies grinned from their grim floating forts at the soldier boys, and sunburnt men who had tramped and ridden all over the plains of the West for Uncle Sam, but had never seen a foreign shore or a fleet of fighting-ships before, smiled back in return.

Certainly if the day was any omen it was a good one, and the army was introduced to Santiago under the most favorable circumstances. CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

A NAVAL DIARIST.*

AN old sailor's life is proverbially one of movement and unlimited reminiscence; and a book at hand, by Rear-Admiral Franklin (retired), of our own navy, is an example of how interesting and varied may be the years afloat and ashore. His pictures of our naval service under the régime of about the year 1842 are pertinent and striking—its discipline, its outward show, its morale. At the time of his first professional studies our naval schools were nearly non-existent. Even on a receiving-ship the tuition was poor, and in the steerage mess the midshipmen "lived like pigs." Rear-Admiral Franklin characterizes the "general tone and style" of excited sea diction as being "very much the same as Marryat describes"; and in his pointing out the American navy's customs as derived from those of the mother-country, he says that the resemblance "was so striking that but for the flag and the crown on the one, and the flag and the eagle on the other, one might have imagined himself, if his eyes had been suddenly unbandaged, to be on board a ship of either nation." As to our naval dress, Rear-Admiral Franklin notes that blue as the distinctive color for seamen's rig dates only from about the middle of the last century; that when he went to sea *one* epaulette was worn, rather than two—a mere detail of a lieutenant's uniform—and fixed on the right shoulder; and that "there was no objection to wearing high silk hats" with uniforms! The social memorabilia are many; and the grace of an old sailor's gallantry, and the warmth of long friendships in his profession, and a kind and generous nature pervade the volume. The chapters referring to the author's active service during the civil war are merely a few of those of special

* *Memories of a Rear-Admiral* who has served for more than Half a Century in the Navy of the United States. By S. R. Franklin, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired). Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

(*Continued on page 676.*)

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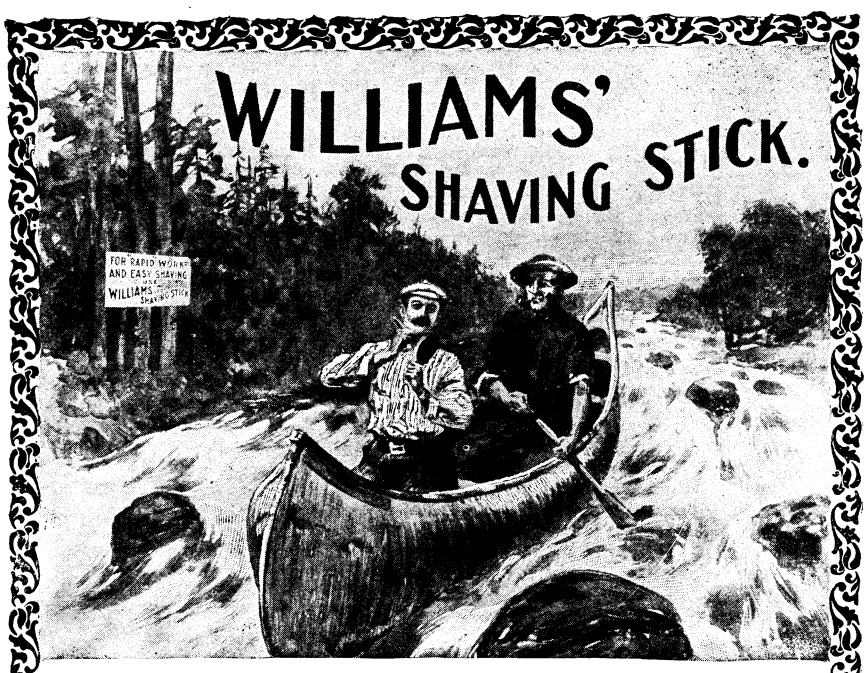


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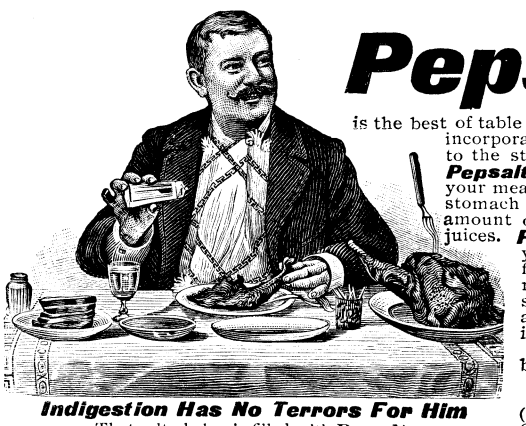
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(*Continued from page 675.*)

interest to American naval readers. They include a sketch-portrait of Farragut shortly after the attack on Mobile, and a vivid page describing the burning of the *Merrimac*. There is a ring of the present continual conflict between Spanish war despatches, as the Madrid journals report them, and the truth of matters, in such an anecdote as Rear-Admiral Franklin tells of his going to report at Norfolk the destruction of the *Merrimac*. He had witnessed the complete shattering of the dreaded ram by the explosion of the magazine. But on telling his story, "the flag-officer said to me, 'One of the officers of the *Merrimac* is here on leave, and he declared emphatically that the *Merrimac* has not been destroyed!' I replied that I did not care what he said, that there was no more doubt in my mind that the bones of the *Merrimac* were now at the bottom of the sea than that I was living at the moment. He then said, 'Oh, I am perfectly satisfied with the correctness of what you reported, *but let him enjoy his delusions.*'" (The italics are ours.) To Admiral Farragut we have this tribute from the author: "I think Farragut was the pluckiest man I ever knew. I think he was absolutely insensible to fear; indeed, that feeling did not enter into his make-up as a man at all. I do not believe that he could appreciate the meaning of the word." The style of Rear-Admiral Franklin's book, direct and simple, adds to the reader's pleasure in it; and whether he is describing an eruption of Mauna Loa, an evening at an opera of long ago, an interview with a Sultan of Turkey, a royal visit to a United States ship or a beautiful hostess at a dinner party, he is equally at ease and equally sincere in recording an impression. He was appointed an acting midshipman in 1841; and his long story seems short, so thoroughly interested is he in telling it to us. E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 659.*)

range of the San Luis battery that commands the approach to Santiago from the southeast—a force of Cuban allies is posted; within the trochas that surround Santiago on three sides, from twelve to fifteen thousand Spanish soldiers, under Linares, expect attack. The indispensable Cubans play their parts, by command of the insurgent general Garcia, some along the woods west of Santiago to intercept re-enforcements for the beleaguered town despatched by Blanco, some to block the way between Santiago and Caimanera (Guantanamo Bay) on the east, while three thousand, led by Garcia in person, have been brought in our transports to-day from Aserradero to Siboney, an anchorage six miles southeast of Sevilla. Within the harbor, Cervera's fleet; just beyond its entrance, Sampson's war-ships, guarding against a possible evasion—now that the sunken *Merrimac* is admitted to be not a complete obstruction in the channel. On land there is no marked disparity in the opposing forces, and re-enforcements for either or both may arrive before the blow is struck. The *Yale*, with a force of volunteers, should reach the coast and land her men to-morrow, while General Pando, with eight thousand Spaniards from Manzanillo, may attempt the rescue of Linares. To intercept Pando's re-enforcements has been Garcia's chief anxiety. A little pause will be given to our side while the paths from the coast are being widened into roads over which cannon may be hauled up to points commanding a beautiful old city with an ugly flounce of trenches and barbed-wire on its outskirts. Heavier guns are still to be landed; a few Gatling, Hotchkiss, and field guns have reached the front. It is reported that every road and path leading to Santiago has been mined with dynamite—a Spanish offset to the *Vesuvius*, "earthquake-thrower," that night after night has been "coughing" at the defences near the harbor's mouth. "Rough Riders" and dismounted regular cavalry encamp to-night on a plain within three miles of Santiago.

Monday, June 27.—Our marines at Camp McCalla, now in undisputed control of the outer bay, ask permission to attack the Spanish garrison at Caimanera, on the western shore of the landlocked portion of the harbor. A despatch from Miss Clara Barton announces her arrival at the landing-place in Guantanamo Bay, and states that Red Cross tents have already been erected.

Admiral Camara has received orders from Madrid, it is said, to proceed through the Suez Canal with the warships under his command. Our consul at Port Said has protested against permitting the Spanish fleet to refill its bunkers with coal there.

An official bulletin of the Navy Department announces that "Commodore Watson sails to-day in the cruiser *Newark* to join Admiral Sampson at Santiago, where he will take under his command an armored squadron, with cruisers, and proceed at once to the Spanish coast." Another official bulletin, subsequently posted, adds the information that "this squadron will sail for the coast of Spain immediately." The Bureau of Navigation has given to the press the following particulars: "Commodore J. A. Howell is assigned to the command of the First Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore W. S. Schley is assigned to the command of the Second Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore John C. Watson is assigned to the command of the Eastern Squadron. The Eastern Squadron will be composed of the following vessels: Flag-ship *Newark*, battle-ship *Iowa*, battle-ship *Oregon*, cruiser *Yosemite*, cruiser *Yankee*, cruiser *Dixie*, and the colliers *Scindia*, *Abarenda*, and *Alexander*."

The third expedition to the Philippines, commanded by General Arthur McArthur, who makes the *Indiana* his flag-ship, sails from San Francisco. The other vessels starting to-day are the *City of Para*, *Ohio*, and *Morgan City*. The *Valencia* will sail to-morrow.

Brigadier-General R. T. Frank, who succeeded Major-General Wesley Merritt in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York, is relieved of that command and ordered to report in person to the Secretary of War for assignment to duty. Brigadier-General G. L. Gillespie is ordered to take command of the Department of the East.

Tuesday, June 28.—From Cape Frances, the southeastern point in the province of Pinar del Rio, to Cape Cruz, the southwestern point in the province of Santiago de Cuba, every port but one has been an open door through which supplies could freely pass to the Spanish army of occupation. Notice was served to-day that these doors have been closed. President McKinley's proclamation of this date declares that "in addition to the blockade of the ports specified in my proclamation of April 22, 1898, the United States of America has instituted and will maintain an effective blockade of all of the ports on the south coast of Cuba, from Cape Frances to Cape Cruz, inclusive, and also of the port of San Juan, in the island of Porto Rico." The reference in the last clause is to the blockade of San Juan by the *St. Paul* (Captain Sigsbee), which has been in effect for a week already. As for Captain Sigsbee's efficiency in that command, a striking bit of evidence is supplied in the bulletin posted by the Navy Department to-day:

Captain Sigsbee reports that on Wednesday afternoon, while off San Juan, Porto Rico, he was attacked by a Spanish unprotected cruiser and the Spanish torpedo-boat-destroyer *Terror*. The *Terror* made a dash, which was awaited by the *St. Paul*. The *St. Paul* hit the *Terror* three times, killing one officer and two men and wounding several others. The *Terror* dropped back under cover of the fortifications with difficulty, and was towed into the harbor in a sinking condition, where she is now being repaired. Later a cruiser and a gunboat started out, but remained under protection of the forts.

Wednesday, June 29.—General Shafter reports that Spanish re-enforcements for General Linares, numbering eight thousand, with pack-trains and droves of animals, are advancing from Manzanillo to the relief of Santiago. An equal force (*i. e.*, eight or nine thousand men, General Snyder's division of the Fourth Army Corps) is now leaving Tampa for Santiago to aid Shafter.

Major-General Merritt, sailing for Manila this morning on the *Newport*, expects to overtake the transports of the third Philippine expedition.

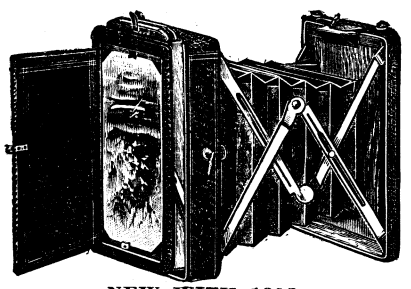
The Navy Department makes public this afternoon a portion of a despatch from Admiral Dewey, dated at Cavité, June 23, as follows:

No change in the situation since my telegram of June 17. Five German, three British, one French, one Japanese men-of-war in port. Insurgents constantly closing in on city. Aguinaldo, insurgent leader, with thirteen of his staff, arrived June 19, by my permission, on the *Nan Chan*. He established himself at Cavité, outside the arsenal, under the protection of our guns, and organized his army. The progress of Aguinaldo has been wonderful. He has invariably conducted the war humanely. My relations with him are cordial, but my conferences have been only of a personal nature.

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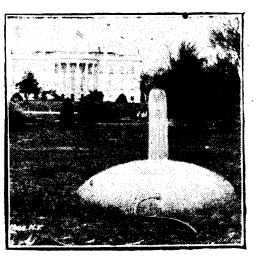
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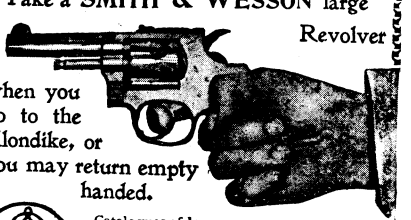
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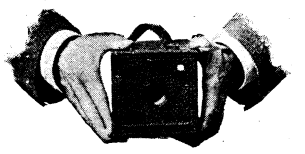
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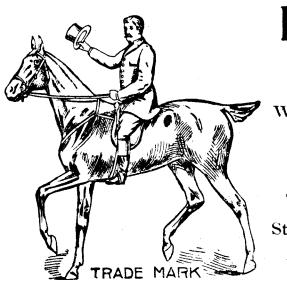


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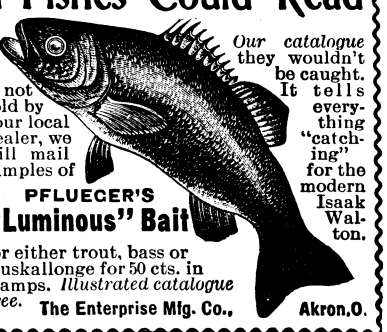


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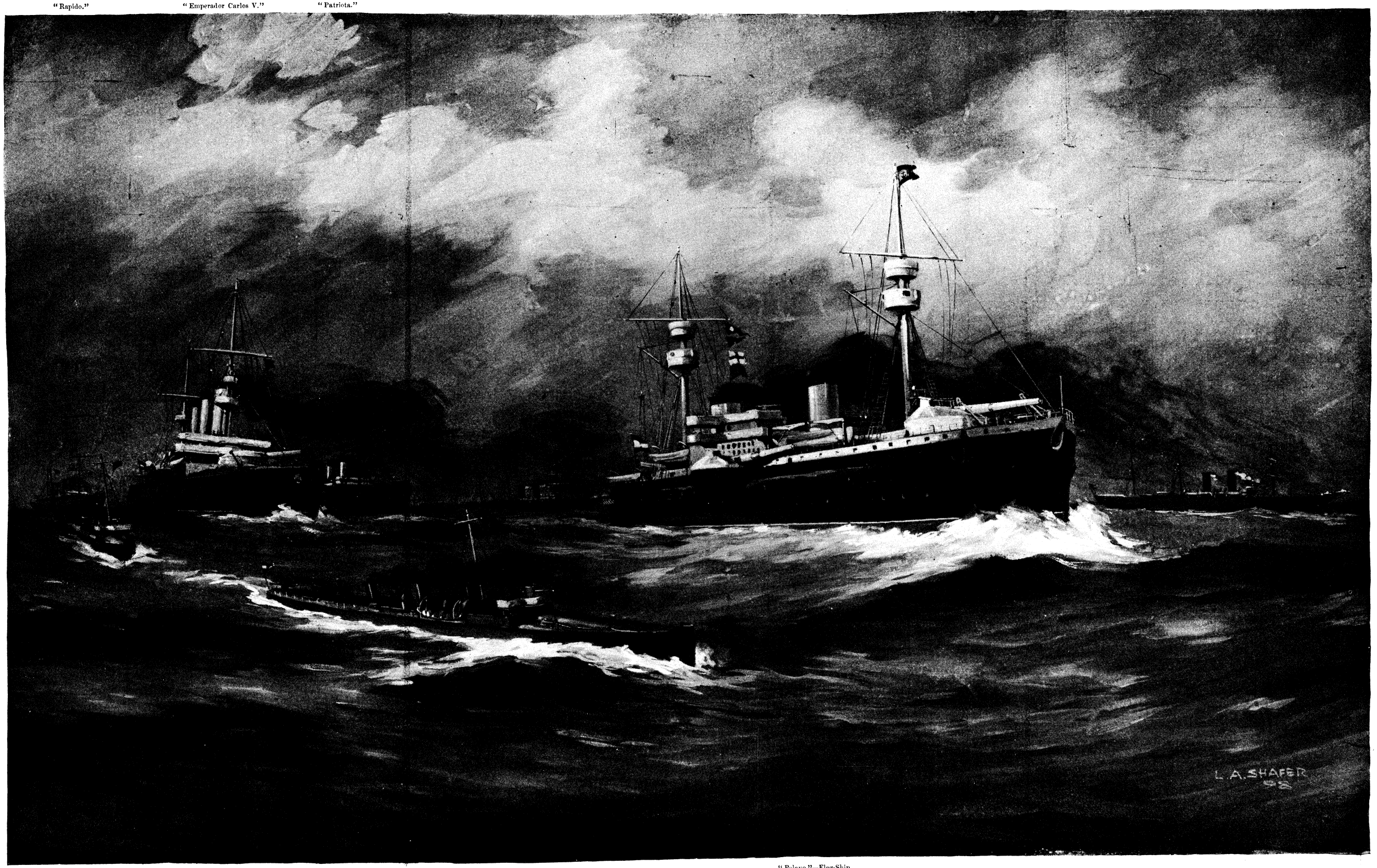
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THE SPANISH RESERVE SQUADRON, UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL CÁMARA, ON ITS WAY TO PORT SAID.—Drawn by L. A. Shafer.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

March 12, 1898.

Word was brought to Dawson of the state of the water at the Yukon flats. A great tide of human beings was pouring into Dawson by way of the Chilkoot passes, and Captain Hansen, manager of the A. C. Company, saw that if the boats did not get up the river the situation would be extremely critical. He went down in the A. C. boat *Marguerite* to Fort Yukon, where he learned of the alleged failure of the boats to pass over the bars, and assuming, it is said, that a *bona fide* effort had been made, he returned to Dawson, reporting that low water would not allow the other boats, the *Bella* and the *Weare*, to get up, that there was a shortage of provisions, and that those who had no grub must flee for their lives. There was held a series of meetings to discuss the grave situation. Captain Hansen, greatly wrought up, went about, up and down the streets, addressing crowds of men, urging them to go! go!

Healy of the N. A. T. Company, in what we can attribute to nothing else than the narrowest spirit of business rivalry, kept telling every one that there would be no shortage of grub, no starvation, and he posted a public notice to that effect. A meeting was held, in which the companies were called upon to state how far they could be depended upon. It was shown that if the other boats did not get up, there was not sufficient grub for all in the country. Healy admitted this to be the case. His attention was thereupon called to the sign he had posted, and it was taken down. The miners and people of Dawson, as the situation grew more serious, held angry meetings, and organized a committee of twelve, who called upon the small Mounted Police force, announcing their intention to divide up evenly what grub the stores had, and warning the police of the uselessness of making resistance. The officer in command went to Captain Hansen and Captain Healy, and told them that to make resistance with the handful of men at his command was simple suicide. The companies thereupon set about to defend themselves; and the A. C. Company, for one, barricaded the doors of its corrugated metal warehouse with provisions and supplies, and armed its employés with Winchesters. The day before the day set for the division, to the relief of all, and no doubt to the astonishment of Captain Hansen, the *Weare* steamed into the dock, followed a few days later (on September 30) by the *Bella*, both boats reporting a hold-up at Circle City. The *Bella* was thirty-five tons short, and the *Weare* twenty-five tons. The boats had been ordered to leave no cargo at Circle City, but to proceed on to Dawson, the point most in need of relief, Circle City being 280 miles nearer the food centre. In consequence of the danger of starvation, and the excitement at Dawson, and Hansen's report that the boats would not get up, the inhabitants at Circle City determined to stop the boats and take enough supplies by force to put themselves beyond danger. When the *Weare* arrived the boat was boarded by men armed with Winchesters, and the captain ordered to take off a part of his cargo, and at the same time the money was tendered to pay for the goods in full. The captain of the *Weare* made angry protest, but was forced to land twenty-five tons. She was believed to carry 200 to 250 tons of cargo of all kinds. It is charged that a large part of this was whiskey, or rather one way of putting it is that some charge that if the *Weare* had carried flour in place of the whiskey she had aboard, all danger of famine would have been removed. When the *Weare* was about to start up, the N. A. T. passengers who had come as far as Circle City applied for passage, but were denied it, on the ground that orders were for nothing but freight to be taken to Dawson. Three days later the *Bella* arrived at Circle City. The miners met her at the dock, and demanded the removal of her cargo. An eye-witness describes the scene as follows:

"The *Bella* arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. It was dark, and quite a number of people were on the dock. When the gang-plank was fast, a committee of miners went aboard and told the captain that they had held a miners' meeting at the A. C. store that day, that they were short of grub a certain amount, that the committee had a list thereof, and they gave the captain a copy and told him they wanted the grub left at the warehouse at Circle, and if he would not willingly do so they would compel him to. They claimed, in the first place, that they needed the grub; in the second place, that it belonged to the citizens of the United States, and that the company had no right to ship it out to Canada. The matter was referred to Captain Rae of the United States army, who was a passenger on the boat. Captain Rae told the committee that the cargo did not belong to the company, but had been sold (and the money taken) in Dawson, and they were trying to get it there. The committee replied that it did not make any difference, they were going to have it anyway, and they sent a committee down to open the hatch. Captain Rae again appealed to them. He told them it was lawlessness, against order, and not the proper thing to do at all; that if he had any soldiers he would see that they did not do it, he would undertake to fight them, but he was but one man with one gun. He told them he wished they would remember the people up-river, who perhaps were needing provisions a great deal more than they; that they might go and take out stuff, but without his permission, and he urged them to take as little as possible. He further told them that such practices were bad in a new country like this, and that it would lead to more wrong actions. He promised them that another year he would have soldiers, and they would not dare to do such a thing then. There were, no doubt, men in Circle City who, if they found out they could hold up a boat with provisions consigned to Dawson, would hold up the same boat from Dawson with gold consigned to Seattle."

The miners listened to the speech of Captain Rae, and then set to work unloading. They worked from half past nine till one, removing thirty-five tons of the boat's cargo, such as flour, bacon, hams, canned goods, etc. The *Bella* reached Dawson with eighty tons.

Before starting, the *Bella*, in contrast to the action of the other company, took aboard a number of her own passengers, dropping a barge she had in tow, and even three passengers of the N. A. T. Company, making scant forty in all. There was talk at Meneck of holding up the *Bella*, as there was but seven months' grub to last nine months, but the miners at a meeting decided not to do so.

On the arrival of the boats Hansen continued to urge the people to go, and meetings were being held all the while. Hansen offered the free use of the *Bella* to those wishing to go down. Healy made a charge of fifty dollars to those who went on his boat, the *Weare*. Hansen further told the people that if any were short he would supply them with grub to Forty Mile, and at that place the storekeeper of the A. C. Company would supply them with grub to Circle, and if any were without money grub was to be supplied them free of cost. Of those who got up-river, about thirty had to go back, and thus of all the number who started for the gold-fields after the arrival of the *Portland* with her gold, not over a dozen were able to remain at Dawson. Thus were the hardships of the trail compensated for by the disappointments of the easier and less expensive route.

The *Bella* remained but twenty-four hours before pulling out. The river was running full of ice, and navigation was dangerous. When the boat reached Circle the captain considered it unwise to go on. The passengers urged the captain to do so, and threatened to take charge of the boat themselves, but next morning, when they were about to carry out their threat, the boat was frozen fast in the ice. Many went down in small boats. The old-timers, who knew better than any one else, were the very first to leave. The whole number that went down river was perhaps three or four hundred. Among them were many of the new arrivals, and it marks the seriousness of the situation when officials of the new government, such as the Gold Commissioner's assistant and a party of surveyors, had to keep straight on.

All haste was made by those going the other way. Men with hand sleds, with now and then a dog team, were leaving in batches of twenty to fifty a day after the 1st of November. The price of everything necessary for the trip out rose, until dogs brought as high as $300 apiece. A basket sledge cost $75; dog feed, $1 a pound, snow-shoes, $30; moccasins, $7 50 to $10; moose-hide mittens, $7 50 to $10. The dog-teamsters were making money by taking parties out; $600 to $1000 was the price for passage, and that price has ruled during the winter. The situation was relieved by many of those who came in with short supplies selling their outfits. A four-thousand-pound outfit sold for $4000; $1 a pound ruled. Outfits were eagerly snatched up at that price. The restaurants were the most eager buyers. There were two in the place. They were running about half the time. They would have to close until another outfit could be had. Meats were $3 50, porterhouse steak, $8; coffee, 50 cents; pie or sandwich, 75 cents; cocoa, $1 50 a cup; and everything else in proportion. These prices continued the same until the 1st of March, when a meal could be had for $2.

Quantities of meat came to Dawson. The Indians turned in thousands of pounds of moose meat. Last year they got $30 a ham; formerly, at Forty Mile, $3 50 a ham; now they get $90 to a $100. Jack Dalton brought a hundred head of cattle over his trail to mouth of Pelly about June 1, butchered them, and rafted down, and a man named Cameron brought sixty more by same trail. Fern took seventy, William Perdue seventy, and Hibbard Norton eighteen to Five Fingers by branch of Dalton's Trail. W. S. Courtnay drove 595 head of sheep to mouth of Pelly. Both Courtnay and Perdue, starting late, had experiences in the river never to be forgotten. Prices of meat have been $1 to $1 50 a pound. The grub question has been the one question all winter. Numerous parties went out with the intention of tramping in in the spring. Supplies can be brought down river on the water before the steamers arrive. The miners, wherever one goes, appear to be well supplied, and do not stint themselves nor allow others to do so. There has been no speculation in grub among the old-timers. There has been much swapping and selling of flour, but always at $6 a sack. Flour has been gradually coming down, $50 prevailing during the winter. At the beginning of March, however, there was a sudden slump, and flour could be had for $25. It appears as if every one had been hoarding flour, until all at once they saw the end of winter and the relief of the situation, though there are many, many people who have run short, and are going either hungry or on one meal a day. There is no need of this, as food can be had for price, and Dawson is an easy place to make money for a man of resource who will work hard. There is more flour than anything else now, but other things have gone up. Butter is $2 50 a pound; lard the same; chocolate, $3 a pound; condensed milk, $1 25.

The N. A. T. Company was utterly unable to fill its orders, and there has been much bitterness among the miners. The A. C. filled all its orders. After the A. C. was sold out the N. A. T. began putting on its shelves various goods, and the prices raised, the pretence being made that it is stuff freighted up from Forty Mile. That's the Yukon way of conducting business. At the A. C. store Indians and women of the town have been able to buy anything, even flour, but no one else. The N. A. T. Company also has its favorites. Some can buy, others not. Nearly everything sold is on order. It is a favor of the most marked kind. The stock in both stores is very small. One of the clerks in the store remarked, laughingly, that that was the first place he was ever in where the less you could sell the better clerk you proved to be.

If grub has been scarce, there has appeared to be no end of liquor, but even that is giving out. Alcohol has been selling at $3300 a cask. Nails, for some singular reason, are scarce, being worth $5 a pound, $500 a keg; in connection with which there is an old man hard at work on the contract of removing the nails from the charred wood-work of the old opera-house that was burned the opening night, in return for the privilege of panning out the gold-dust dropped into the sawdust of the saloon. Coal-oil, too, has been $40 a gallon; candles, $40 a box.

Wages have been $1 50 an hour, but, on account of the short days, men have not averaged more than $6 to $7 a day. Of the new-comers, many took lays to work for one-half, a section of forty feet, on good claims, and went to work sinking holes. An astonishing number of these lays have been thrown up, for reasons to be explained at length later. Many men have been doing well cutting and sawing wood at $30 to $40 a cord. More who want to take no chances are working for wages. Little actual prospecting has been done by any one. Yet it has been nothing but a succession of stampedes all winter, at present over 7000 claims having been staked and recorded.

We had no communication with the outside world until January 4, when the official mail arrived, and on the 25th of February forty dogs brought in part of the regular mail, much more being left behind at Little Salmon, some having come direct from Dyea. The provisional government were ice-bound at Big and Little Salmon. Some of them have arrived just now. Major Walsh, the commissioner of the new "Yukon Provisional District," is still at Big Salmon, and over half a ton of mail yet at Little Salmon. The river closed in November, and there were many narrow escapes at all points.

There have been numerous cases of freezing of toes and hands, and even lives lost, but the winter has been unusually mild. A double clean-up will go out this year. Much work is being done on Eldorado and Bonanza. A striking thing is the small amount of work done on the several creeks, the very great unevenness of the pay, and the great confidence in the creeks. The country is full of gold, but at the present time it has hardly been prospected. As soon as the river froze those stranded at Circle and below began to work toward Dawson.

Al Thayer and George Ransbury, N. A. T. Company passengers, were the first to reach here, having left Circle October 30, with six dogs and two sleds, in company with an Indian guide, Paul. They brought enough provisions to take them back to Circle if necessary, and a large supply of candles and moccasins to sell for ready cash—a total weight of 1000 pounds. They were thirty-eight days in an extremely cold snap, and had to chop a trail forty times across the Yukon ice. Thayer, beyond a doubt, saved the lives of Joaquin Miller and his companion, W. H. E. Canovan, who left Circle ahead of them with a hand-sled, against the urgent advice of those familiar with the hardships and dangers of winter travel in the snow. It is just the sort of thing Miller has been doing ever since he started to come here with $50 in his pocket, and is characteristic of the man who in his reports is still advising more men with $50 in their pocket to come in to the Yukon. Thayer passed Miller on the opposite side of the river, broke down at Charley River, eighty miles out, and in consequence was overtaken. With 150 miles still ahead of them, Miller had the following supply of food: 2½ lbs. German sausage, 6 lbs. bacon, 6 lbs. pilot-bread, 10 lbs. beans, and they bought 6 lbs. of moose meat at Charley River. Exchanging their sleds, Thayer took them in charge and brought them on to Dawson. Miller is advising people about this country, using the prestige of his name as a writer of fiction and poetry. He is not fitted to advise who came into this ill-provided country without an outfit, and who has been from the start, and is now, dependent wholly on the bounty and foresight of others. Poetry is out of place here in winter, unless the dreams of the dreamer can thaw the frozen mercury or satisfy the demands of a Yukon appetite.

On the 16th of February A. E. Carr, otherwise known as Jack Carr, arrived with the mails, having made the remarkable journey of 1700 miles from St. Michael, leaving there Thanksgiving day. He has passed on toward Dyea.

Tappan Adney.

THE SHOW.

"Come in, come in!" the Showman cries;
  And touts with clattering, fleshless jaws.
"My panorama edifies,
  My portraits catch even Hell's applause.
I've store of paintings praised Below,
  With scenes to make Friend Satan vain.
But none such mastery can show
  As these—the ghastly art of Spain.

"From burning homes, from screw and rack
  See Jewish maids and graybeards flee;
With branded brow and livid back,
  The pillaged Moors attain the sea.
And, pray, admire these dungeons grim,
  That stake, those robes with tongues of flame!
They wrought their work as serving Him
  A Torquemada dared to name.

"Roll on, my show! Dark Alva here,
  My apt lieutenant, sullen stands—
Stranger to mercy as to fear—
  Apollyon of the Netherlands.
And there, toward helpless England's shore,
  The dread Armada glides, ill-starred;
My harvest had been thousands more
  Had Ireland's reefs forgot their guard!

"Ho, for the New World! Knife in hand,
  Their victims gasping at their feet,
See false Menendez and his band,
  Their master-butchery complete.
In tortures that a fiend might dread,
  Lo, shrieking Incas gold upyield.
And look! The Spanish Main runs red,
  The Spanish pirates' booty-field.

"Now note what horrors choice I have;
  The Eastern Indies' story rare.
The blazing hut, the ravished slave
  Define the Spaniard's fostering care.
And, next, baptized with sister-name,
  The Western Isles present their ring,
By Spanish crime, for Spanish shame,
  A record filled to festering!

"And last, I show thee, blackened jewel,
  Of all the Antilles carcanet!
What! Didst thou fancy Time's long school
  Could make the Spaniard human yet?
Scourged—prostrate—with thy strangled cry,
  I, Death, have seemed thy friend—of all!
Despair not! In the darkening sky
  Justice and vengeance wait to fall!"

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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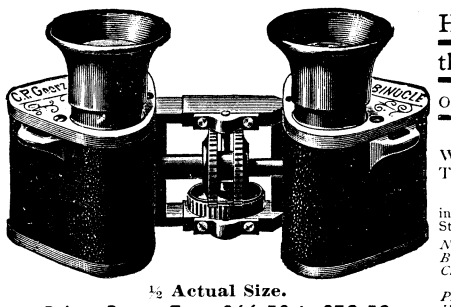
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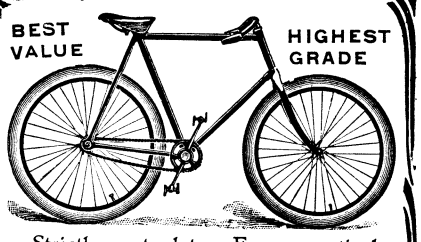
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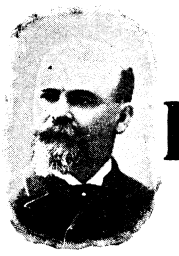
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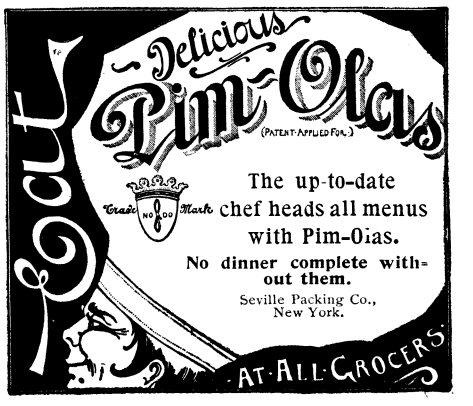


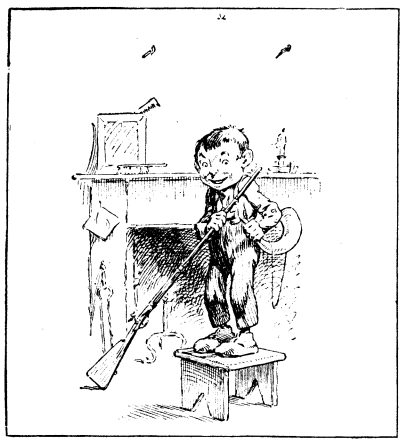
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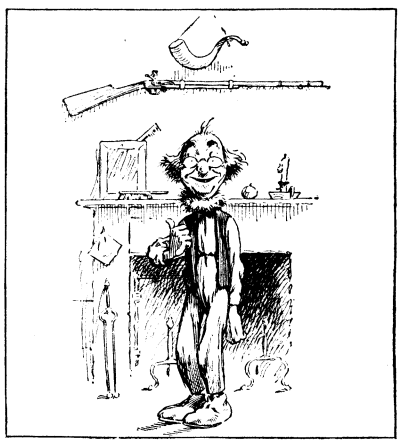
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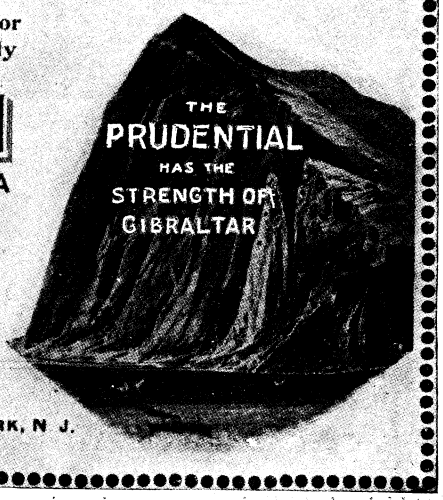
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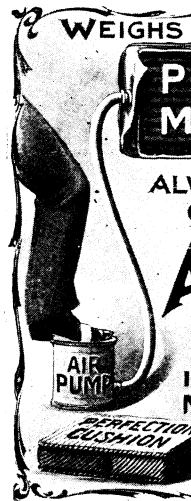
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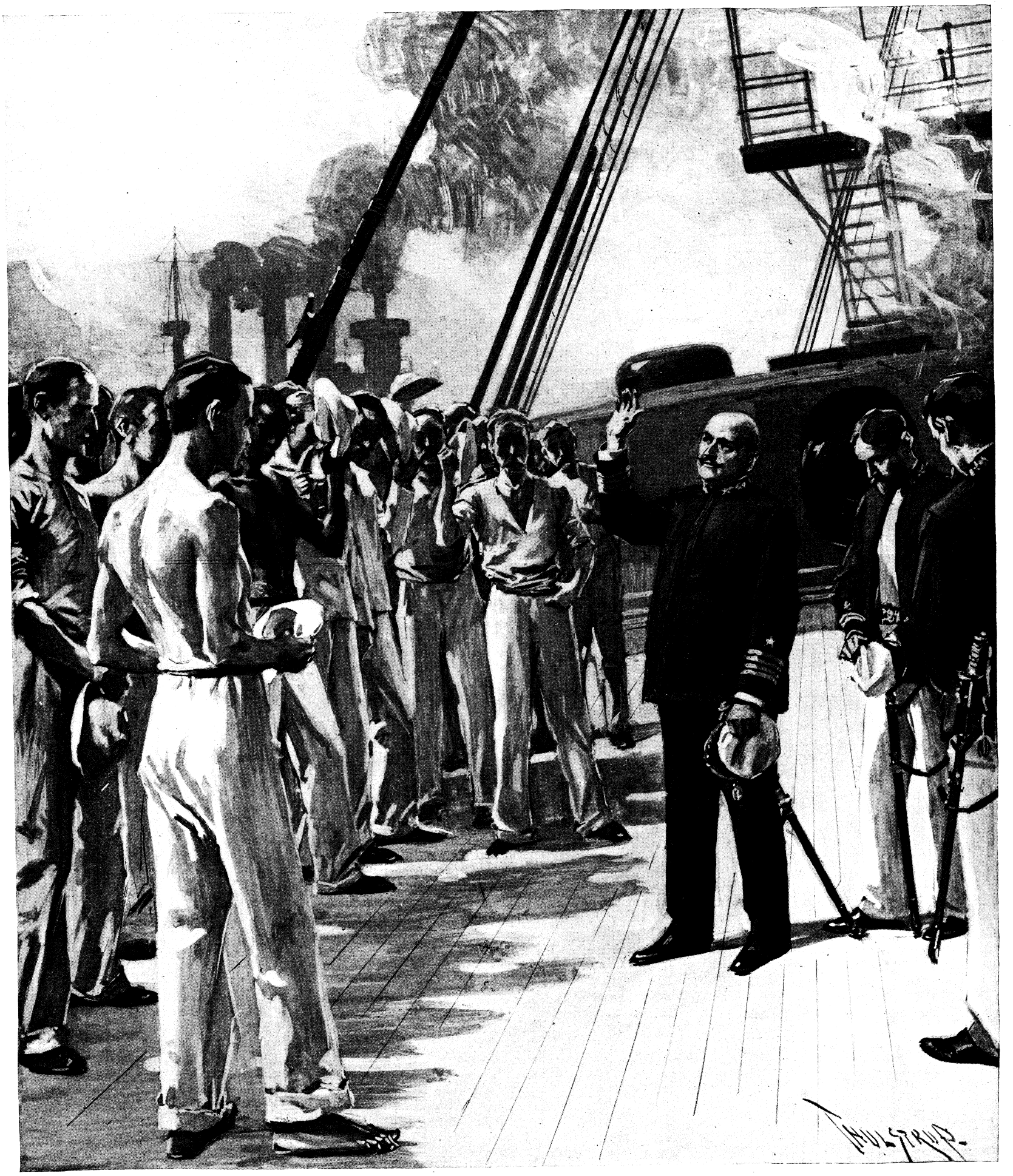
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AFTER CERVERA'S DEFEAT—CAPTAIN PHILIP GIVES THANKS ON THE DECK OF THE "TEXAS."

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MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

"Ragged Lady," by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *a story of New England character and life, was begun in the number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *issued on July 2, and will be continued during the year.* MR. HOWELLS *has written nothing more idyllic, nothing more distinctly American, than "Ragged Lady." The heroine is original and piquant, and the novel leads up to a dramatic climax. The story is illustrated by* A. I. KELLER.

ON the 6th of June Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from Tampa, denounced as untrue certain statements concerning General SHAFTER'S proposed expedition to Cuba, then in course of preparation, written by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, and published in the WEEKLY. Mr. BIGELOW had stated that the army was unprepared for the movement, that it had neither the proper clothing nor the proper food, and he warned the country against the mistake that was being made by those in authority. Mr. BIGELOW wrote his article at a time when the expedition might have been delayed, and for making these revelations Mr. DAVIS denounced Mr. BIGELOW as a traitor. Now we learn from Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from "the trenches at San Juan, Cuba," under date of July 3, that Mr. BIGELOW'S statements have been verified by facts; that the soldiers at the front are actually suffering from lack of proper clothing; that, soaked with tropical rains and blistered by a tropical sun, they have been without sufficient food; that "some of them have been without food for forty-eight hours," and that "when food did come, it was hardtack and coffee"; that "the army needs artillery. It needs some one in command who is well, strong, and able to stand hardships of a campaign, and it needs mules for transport." He adds, therein confirming Mr. BIGELOW'S declarations which he had denounced a month before, "Truthfully, the expedition was prepared in ignorance and conducted in a series of blunders." He says, moreover, that the "commanding general has not yet been within two miles of the scene of operation." Most important of all, writing on the field of battle and in the very presence of a re-enforced enemy, he declares that "the situation is exceedingly grave," and informs the enemy that if they will make a sortie, our troops must retreat. Either knowledge or honesty has come too late to Mr. DAVIS; while as to "treason," which of these two men is guilty of the sort that—to use Mr. DAVIS'S own words—"should be pointed out quickly and nailed up high as a warning," Mr. BIGELOW, who warned the country against its unpreparedness for the undertaking, or Mr. DAVIS, who betrays it in the face of the enemy and while his shells are sowing death among our troops?

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS'S address at Philadelphia on the Fourth was a timely reminder, by one of our ablest statesmen, that the idea of colonial expansion, now adopted as a rule of political action in certain quarters, should be discouraged as dangerous to the republic. We need telling illustrations of the fact that opinions should be weighed as well as counted, particularly at the critical time of a departure from established public policy. By the noisy school of aggression conservative declarations of this kind may be called sentimental and antiquated, but they command the assent of the best public opinion of the country. The taking over of new territory, whose people can never be incorporated in the Union, is contrary to the nature and mission of our system of government.

GOVERNOR BLACK and his Republican friends in the State are expecting to give to New York some new election machinery. The present bipartisan police board of the city was established through a deal between Tammany and the Republican machine under PLATT, for the purpose of giving PLATT part of the patronage of the police force of the metropolis, while, in return, Tammany was to have Republican aid in securing legislation which it needed for its own corrupt purposes. In making the bipartisan police commission, the pretence was that the police board had control of the election machinery, and that both parties should therefore be equally represented upon it. The deal between PLATT and CROKER having been disrupted by Governor BLACK, the latter now discovers that it is not necessary that the Police Commissioners should constitute a board of elections, and therefore he favors the separation of the two functions by the establishment of a board of elections—the real reason probably being that with the police commission composed as it is to-day the election machinery of the city would be entirely in the hands of the Governor's enemies, PLATT having made up his mind to defeat him for renomination, or, if he should be renominated, to prevent his election. A pure election machinery is something for which all decent citizens hope, but it cannot be established by a bipartisan system. Bipartisanship means trading, and nothing else.

SEVERAL Republican State conventions in the West have pronounced strongly in favor of the gold standard. After years of hesitation and of paltering with this important issue, the Republican party seems to be coming out on the right side. The coquetry of the politicians has made the silver cause strong enough to capture the Democratic party, just as Republican dallying with the greenback question gave the fiat-money men so strong a hold on that political rag-bag. It seems to be the fate of the Democratic party, so far as the money question is concerned, to accept the cast-off clothing of the Republican party after the latter has outgrown it. Not only has Oregon pronounced for the gold standard, but the Republicans of the First Congressional District of Iowa have followed, declaring themselves "in favor of the present monetary standard of gold, the standard of the commercial world," and demanding "such legislation by the Congress of the United States as will secure the enactment of this much-needed law." The Minnesota Republicans say that they believe "that the national honor and the material interests of the American people require the maintenance of the present gold standard." Ohio Republicans also have spoken in favor of gold, and the Republican party seems therefore to be fully committed to the cause of sound money. It is evident that if the Republican majority had passed the bill they would have obeyed the wishes of their constituents, and would therefore have assured the return of a Republican majority in the next House.

THE boundaries of the United States have been extended by the passage of the NEWLANDS resolution, and Hawaii is now a part of this country. Now that the islands are ours, we trust that the legislative branch of the government will set itself seriously to the task of carrying on their government, and that it will be many years, and only after a radical change in the character of the population of the islands, before any effort will be made to secure their admission to Statehood. At present the resolutions make the President an autocrat, as we have already pointed out. This condition should not exist any longer than is necessary, for it is utterly opposed to the character of our government and the nature of our institutions. That we shall be able to carry on the government of these islands wisely in the end we have no doubt, because we have faith in the character and capacity of the American people. But in the mean time their possession will greatly complicate our existing difficulties, and will add others. It will naturally promote a desire for further extension, and further extension will bring its attendant responsibilities. Even now with Hawaii we must consider seriously the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government, and if possible we must greatly strengthen the former. We cannot rule Hawaii well under the system which has made our preparations for war so arduous and unsatisfactory. The arm that reaches out to enfold distant islands of the ocean ought to be a stronger one than we possess, or than the founders of our government had in contemplation.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, is probably still alive, although he has not been heard from very recently. If he is, the news of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet must have convinced him that he is unfitted, either by reason of his prejudices or by his ignorance, to criticise the American navy. One thing this war has demonstrated, and that is that our navy, so far as its size permits, is one of the most perfect fighting-machines that the world has ever seen. It has dealt its blows with a vigor, a thoroughness, and an assurance that are the result only of sufficient preparation and perfect self-respect and self-confidence. The individual American sailor does not differ essentially from the individual American soldier. He is no more intelligent, he is no more courageous, he is no more ready to do his duty, than the other. But he is not hampered so much as the other by conditions and circumstances over which he has no control. The navy is more completely under the command of naval officers than the army is under the command of soldiers. What the navy has done is a tribute not only to the character of its officers and its men, but an illustration of the value of freedom from too much political interference. Taking the army and navy together, and looking at what they do as soldiers and sailors, divorced entirely from all questions that arise from political interference or civilian control, these two services have in recent weeks given the most convincing evidence of the value of democratic institutions as they go to the making of individual character. The American soldier and sailor, self-respecting and self-reliant and intelligent as they are, are the outcome of our institutions.

ALTHOUGH it is a subject which is somewhat difficult to mention, because of the fact that one is likely to be misunderstood, the attitude of Congress toward our military and naval heroes is a matter of so much importance that it ought not to be avoided. Every honor should be paid to the soldiers and sailors in the field who are making heroic efforts, efforts which we and those who are to come after us will always recall with pride. By all means, the officers who perform exceptional service should receive adequate promotion, and the men under them ample reward. But there is too great a tendency among our politicians and their friends of the daily press to go into hysterics, and to act as if each instance of duty performed is something to call forth a response consistent only with the theory that the performance of duty in this country is surprising. The officers of the army and navy keenly resent this hysterical adulation. They are trained to believe that all that they are and all that they have belong to their country. They are men of great intelligence and of the highest character. They make up the only body of public servants that we have who are entirely and unselfishly devoted to the government. It is therefore humiliating to them to receive excessive rewards for the performance of duty. They earn their professional honors, and, like all men who deserve them, they expect their proper rewards, but they do not want frenzied adulation. A case in point is General WHEELER'S recent order concerning the action at La Guasima. Every officer that the general saw was recommended to the government, and commanding officers were called upon to make further recommendations for deeds that were performed out of the general's vision. This wholesale adulation humiliates those on whom it is bestowed, and takes away the pleasure of exceptional honor when it is won. Another instance is the hasty resolutions giving the thanks of Congress to Commodore SCHLEY for the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. Commodore SCHLEY deserves the praise due to a brave and skilful man who has performed his duty; but it does not follow that he should receive an honor in the giving of which Congress would insult Admiral SAMPSON, the commander of the fleet, who, had he been present, would have done precisely what every other officer in the fleet did, and to whose preparations and watchful care was largely due the readiness of the fleet to intercept the Spaniards. No soldier or sailor will differ from us when we say that justice is much more gratifying to him than adulation.

THE achievements of the American army in Cuba are of the most glorious character. They illustrate the courage, endurance, and loyalty of the American soldier, whether he be regular or volunteer, and the intelligence and character of the regular officers. Every American must feel a thrill of pride by reason of these achievements. The mere thought of the victory which was gained over the Spaniards is stimulating alone, but when we consider all that our soldiers gained, all the sacrifices that they made, all the hardships that they endured, we not only feel proud of their success, but are struck with wonder by the exhibition of rare qualities which was called forth by strenuous conditions. It was the work of the reg-

ular army of the United States, assisted most valiantly by the "Rough Riders," the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts volunteers. We know now the stuff of which these men are made. They went to Cuba ill prepared for such conditions as they encountered and such battles as they have fought. There were less than half as many of them as there should have been. They were practically without cavalry, because the government did not send enough horses. The force of artillery was not one-tenth of what it should have been. The means for the transportation of food were so inadequate that correspondents tell us that all the time the men were on half rations, and that some of them, at least, engaged in hard fighting after a fast of thirty-six hours. They were not properly clad, and their heavy uniforms became so much of an encumbrance that they were obliged to throw them and their blankets away. So inadequately fitted out was this expedition that when the battle was at its height the rough pathways over which the volunteers had made their way to the front were choked with the wounded going to the rear to find surgeons, some of them being obliged to walk twelve miles before reaching the needed medical assistance. They fought in an unknown country, amid strange surroundings, tortured by tropical insects and tropical vegetation, soaked by tropical rains, and breathing pestilential air while they slept. Opposed to them was an excellent body of Spanish infantry, well intrenched, and fighting with desperation. Although this is the richest and, in reputation at least, the most progressive country of the world, the soldiers of the effete monarchy used smokeless powder, while our men were obliged to depend upon the old-fashioned explosive, the smoke of which clearly revealed their position to the enemy, and made them an excellent target. As has been said by the New York *Sun*, according to all the rules of war our men should have given up as defeated, but they are American citizens and American soldiers, and they did not succumb to the strenuous adverse conditions. We have every reason to be proud of our fellow-citizens in arms. They have added new glory to the American name. They have met and overcome the difficulties which have stood in their way, some of which were not due to the enemy. But of that there will be time and occasion to speak later on. The country is now content to enjoy to the full this splendid exhibition of American manhood.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

THERE are many complications to be anticipated so long as we hold the harbor of Manila, and these complications will become more numerous and more acute after Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT have made good our claim to the Philippines. The most important question that can arise from our defeat of Spain and our capture of the islands is as to their disposition. When this question comes into the sphere of practical politics the discussion of it will probably be long, and it may seriously affect the politics of the United States for years to come. In the mean time we ought to be preparing ourselves for its solution, and ought to make up our minds definitely as to the policy to be pursued for the future—whether we are to expand by assuming a dictatorship over tropical territory which, if the history of colonial powers is of any value by way of precedent, we will never colonize, or whether we are to remain content with our vast possessions, which already present to our politicians problems which they have not solved nor even intelligently approached. While it is true that some newspaper writers, both American and English, and some military publicists have settled this question for the American people, and have already announced that the result of our war with Spain is to be aggrandizement, it is clear to any one who knows this country and its people that these prophets are unwise, because there is generally a vast difference between what our people say in their excitement and what they do in their calm and calculating moments. The general recognition of this difference, and the practical wisdom, therefore, of accomplishing a great political change by a *coup*, if it is to be done at all, have been recently illustrated by the advocates of Hawaiian annexation, whose fear of an adverse verdict by the people prevented them from inserting an annexation plank in their party platforms, and inspired them to attempt a snap-judgment against the people by way of a joint resolution, which would probably be declared unconstitutional if it should ever be brought before the Supreme Court for interpretation.

In view of the debate that is sure to follow the war, and in view of the fact that public opinion now seems to be tending towards the adoption of the imperial scheme, every fact and incident bearing upon the problem should be carefully considered. If this were a European question, if England, France, or Russia were fronting a problem akin to that which is looming up before us, the statesmen of the interested power would not be worthy of their posts if they were not actively engaged in turning the experiences of the present to the account of the future. We Americans, especially in answering so fundamental a question as this, are all statesmen, for we must settle the national policy at the polls, and it behooves us, therefore, to consider carefully every fact that bears upon this issue of a future which every step in the war is bringing nearer. Public and general discussion of this question becomes all the more important in view of the character of the politicians who now control the Senate, which exercises, conjointly with the President, the treaty-making power. As to the House of Representatives, it is distinctly better equipped than the Senate, both intellectually and morally, for dealing wisely and honorably with questions affecting the direction of the national forces and energies and the character of our international relations. The House represents the popular will and the popular conscience, while the Senate stands for the abasement of our politics; for Senatorships have always been the prizes of party leadership, and party leadership of the kind under which the nation now suffers naturally produces the Senators of to-day. The question of expansion is to be determined by such Senators as QUAY, MURPHY, PLATT, MORGAN, and the like, unless intelligent discussion of the issue shall arouse a public sentiment which will affect the minds of such Senators as LODGE and his kind, men who need to be with the public—in a word, who have not yet debased themselves to the level of absolute dependence on machinery and corruption.

The question of the moment which bears upon the overshadowing problem of the future is raised by the presence of an unduly large German fleet at Manila. And while the presence of these ships is suggestive of the complications that are before us rather than a menace of immediate danger, its portent may as well be heeded. Stated briefly, it is, if events move as the expansionists predict, to quote the London *Spectator*, that our country "stands at the parting of the ways, that her external policy must be radically modified, and that she is engaged in a war which may so develop that it will occupy years, create a national debt, and leave the United States with a powerful army and the second fleet in the world. This is the vision of the future which we are called upon to contemplate, and which the unfriendly conduct of Germany is making very clear. We need have no fear that Germany will physically interfere with our operations at Manila. Although there may be much or little sincerity in the friendly professions of the Emperor, he will not be quick to enter upon an unjust war with this country. He is too clever for that, and has too much at stake in the East to risk such an encounter as would follow an attempt on his part to deprive us of any fruits of victory that would be recognized as legitimate by military and international law, a conflict in which this country would be greatly assisted by German Americans. German insults ought not to disturb us so long as we are confident that either alone or with the aid of Great Britain we shall be able to prevent Germany from doing us any injustice. Indeed, owing to the geographical relations of the two countries and the present state of the German navy, Germany is the first-class European power with which we stand on most nearly even terms. The prospect of a hostile encounter, however, is very remote. Such a war as Germany might begin if she were to insist upon her present attitude, which is evidently in the nature of a bluff, is not in the cards of the Emperor's game. It is true that her fleet at Manila is too large to be explained by the professed desire to protect the interests of German citizens in the Philippines, and that the presence of Admiral VON DIEDRICH and of Prince HENRY is clearly intended to be awe-inspiring. Admiral DEWEY, however, is equal to the situation, and neither he nor General MERRITT is likely to be too deeply impressed by imperial dramatics. Nor do we expect that either the German admiral or the imperial brother will go far enough to vindicate the *Spectator's* fears that shots may be exchanged between the American and German ships. We may certainly count on German prudence and calculation for the safety of Admiral DEWEY'S fleet from attack. Nevertheless, there is food for much reflection in the situation, and it is fortunate that we have so pregnant and apropos a circumstance to serve as a warning against any undue haste in adopting the policy of expansion, unless we are prepared to accept the possibilities mentioned by the *Spectator*—a complete revolution of our external policy, the broadening out of the war until it includes all the European nations now rivalling one another in their efforts to secure commercial and military ascendency in China, and, as a direct consequence of such a war, a large permanent standing army, and a navy large enough to withstand either of the two great European combinations; or, with the aid of England, to resist the allied fleets of Continental Europe. There are other facts and conditions in our current political and military history that suggest further considerations which must be taken into account, but they can be more profitably discussed later on. At present we would best be reflecting on the future of this republic, if we undertake the government of Pacific islands, as it is pointed to by this insolent effort to put a staying hand upon us in the midst of our war with Spain. Germany wants a foothold in the Philippines. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that it is "quite certain that Germany will do her best to obtain a footing on the islands." There are other powers interested in the East, and England is most anxious to have us for a neighbor there. In a word, if we keep the Philippines our frontiers will touch the frontiers of Europe at the point where there is at present most likelihood of the breaking out of war. In such a war we would be compelled to engage for the defence of what we had taken, for the maintenance of our national dignity, and for the proper performance of our new international obligations. This is what is suggested by imperial German bumptiousness, although it may be harmless for the moment, and, furthermore, although it is quite likely that the German nation would not be arrayed against us when the war actually came upon us. We are not at present, apparently, so much in danger of entering "entangling alliances" as of drifting into entangling differences which will change us from a peaceful republic to a strong military power. Is the next step of democracy to be, as HERBERT SPENCER predicts, a backward one towards militarism?

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, June 30.—General Wheeler in his official report to General Shafter states that the casualties in the engagement at La Guasima last Friday were—First United States Volunteer Cavalry (strength 500), killed 8, wounded 34; First United States Regular Cavalry (strength 244), killed 7, wounded 8; Tenth United States Regular Cavalry (strength 220), killed 1, wounded 10. Total strength 964; killed 16, wounded 52.

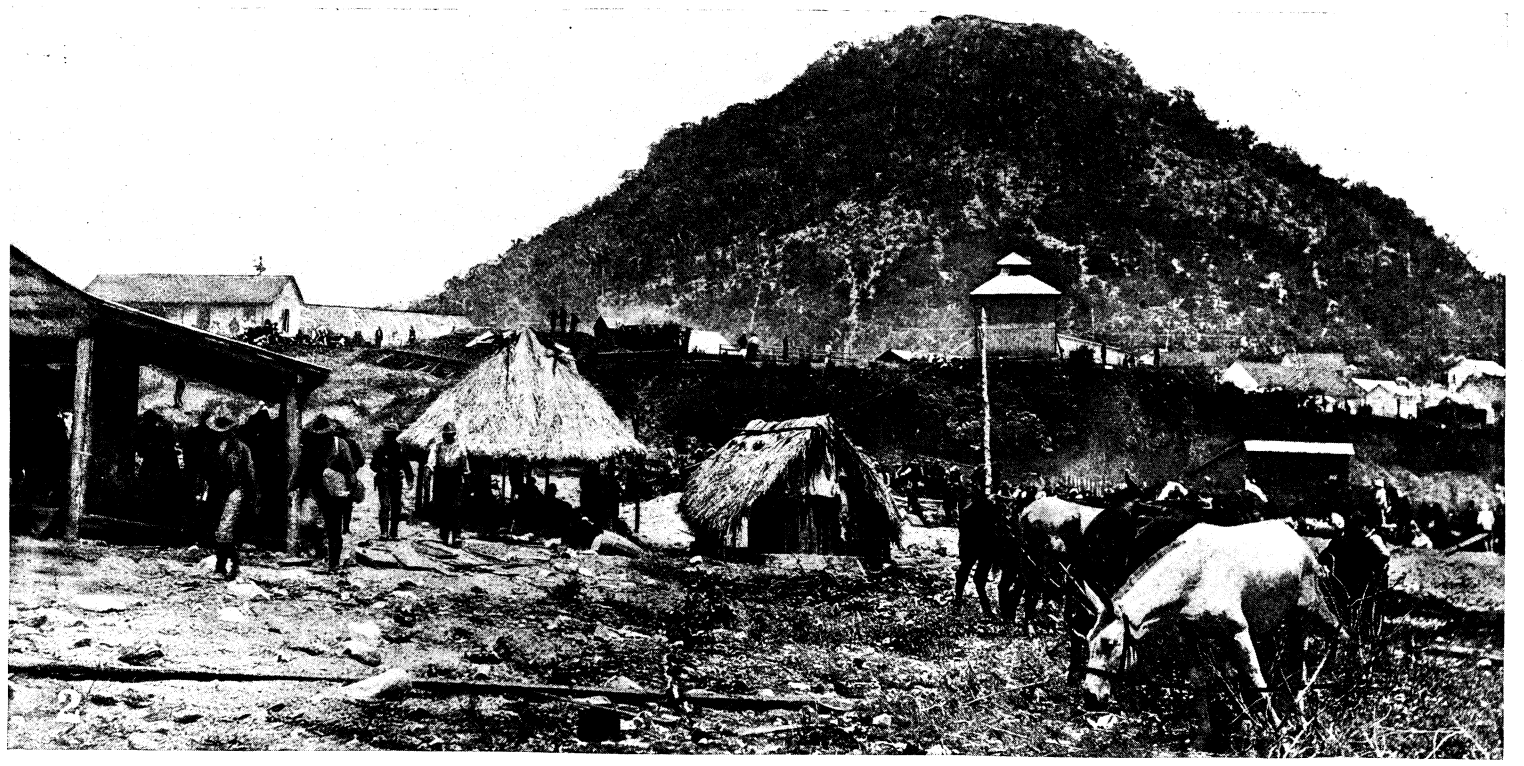
The situation at Santiago is marked by steady advance on our side; on the Spanish side, by withdrawal to positions of great strength commanding the approaches to the city. General Shafter has established his headquarters in the field. Siege-guns were landed at Baiquiri Tuesday night, but it will be impossible to move them to the front for several days. Our line extends northward to the neighborhood of El Caney, a town four miles northeast of Santiago.

The cruiser *Charleston* and the three transports of the first relief expedition arrived at Cavité (Manila Bay). On the way they stopped at the capital of the Ladrone Islands, and, in obedience to instructions given to General Anderson before the expedition sailed from San Francisco, took possession of the place (June 21). The governor of the islands, with other Spanish officers, and fifty-four soldiers were carried as prisoners to Manila. It is said they were "unaware that war had been declared. When the *Charleston* commenced to bombard the fortifications the governor sent off a boat with apologies for failing to return the *salute*, as he had no powder." A company of the Fourteenth United States Infantry was left on the island of Guam, to retain control.

Friday, July 1.—On the heights that overlook Santiago are El Caney and San Juan, the former northeast, the latter southeast of the city. The retention of both places was regarded as indispensable to the Spanish defence; the capture of both seemed the next step in our plan of attack. They were so strongly held by entrenched forces, with the support of artillery and marines from Cervera's fleet, that both were pronounced impregnable to any ordinary assault. Both were carried by assault to-day, as the final outcome of long and fierce contests. At six o'clock this morning Capron's light battery of four guns opened fire on El Caney from a bluff about one and a half miles distant. The shells struck fairly, but were not heavy enough to demolish the fortifications; and now, as throughout the day and all along the line, heroic self-sacrifice on the part of our men accomplished results that heavy guns are designed to effect with less exposure. At eight o'clock General Lawton's infantry took the problem in hand, working their way up the hill-side, the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry (General Chaffee's brigade) leading in the attack; and so, eleven hours after firing had begun, they won the trenches (which "looked like slaughter-pens"), the fort, and the block-houses. More than a hundred Spaniards were made prisoners; others escaped to Santiago. And meanwhile San Juan, even more strongly held and more essential to the defence of the city, was meeting the same fate. Here there was also an opposing American battery (Grimes's battery); here also the bitter work was done by men on foot, climbing a bare hill-side against a pelting rain of bullets, and in despite of a battery that had not been silenced. That splendid trio the "Rough Riders" and the First and Tenth Regulars showed once more the splendid courage and strength and skill it was no longer necessary to prove after their charge at La Guasima one

(*Continued on page 702.*)



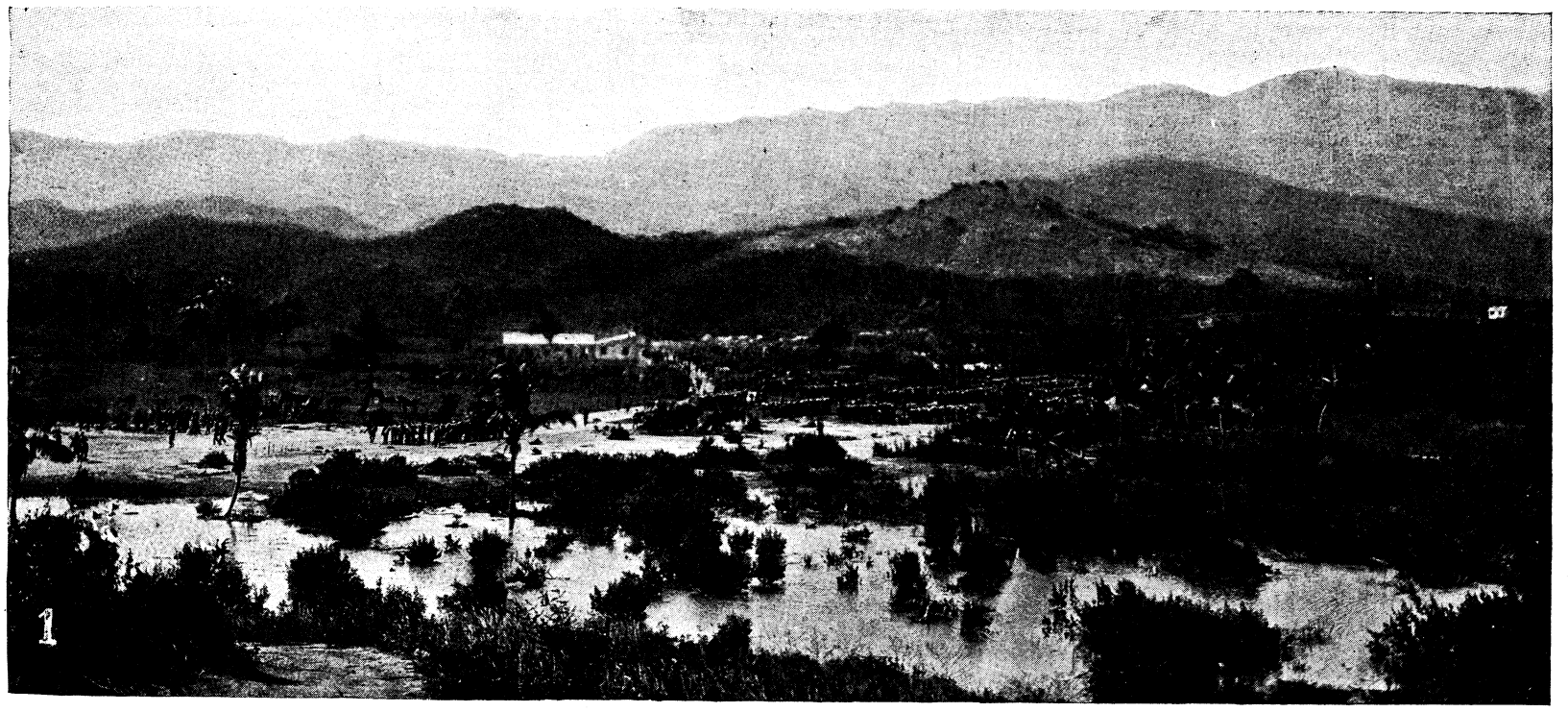


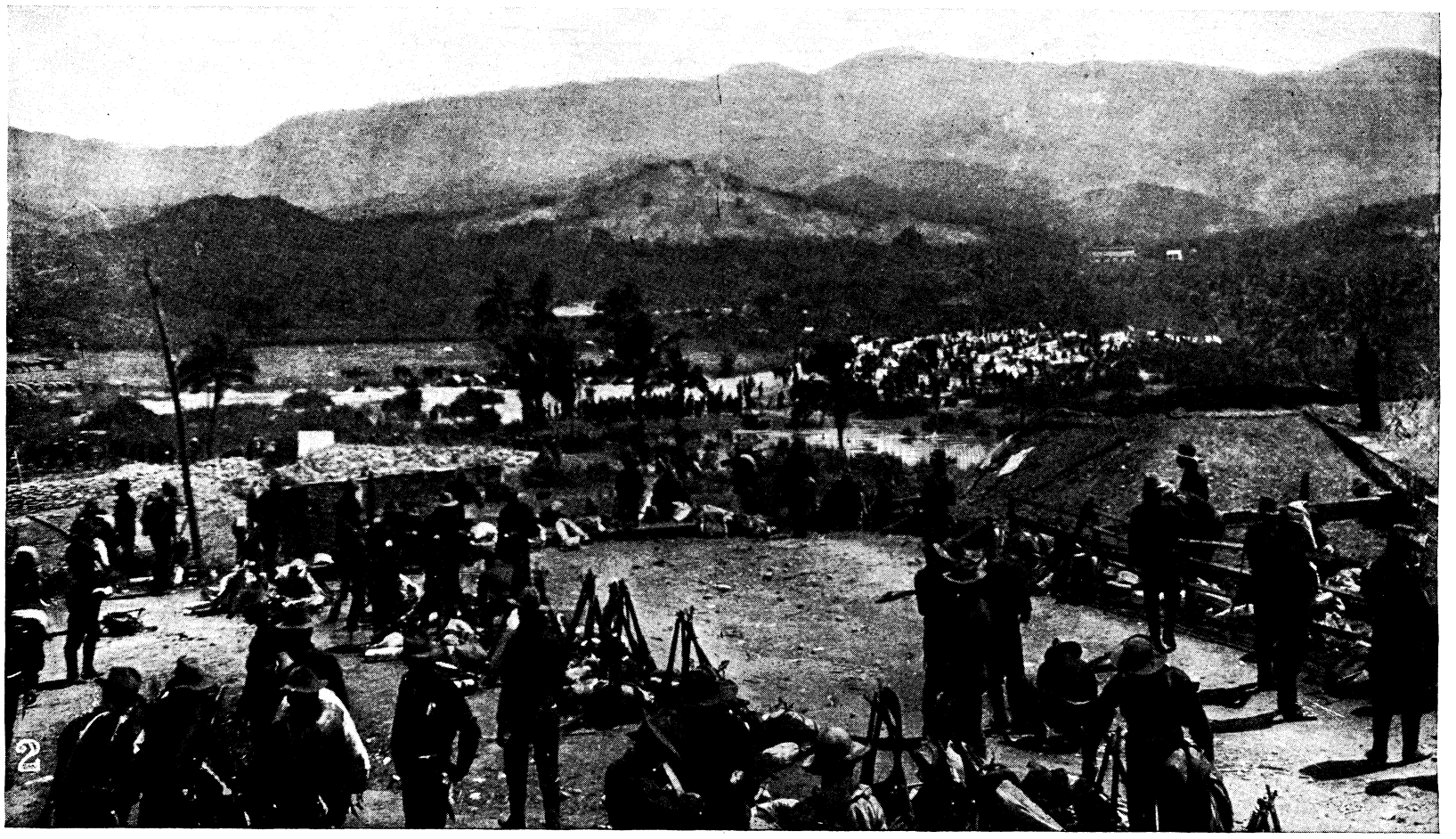


THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. Troops going Ashore in Men-of-War's Boats. 2. Hill on which the Stars and Stripes were raised. 3. Troops landing at the Pier.







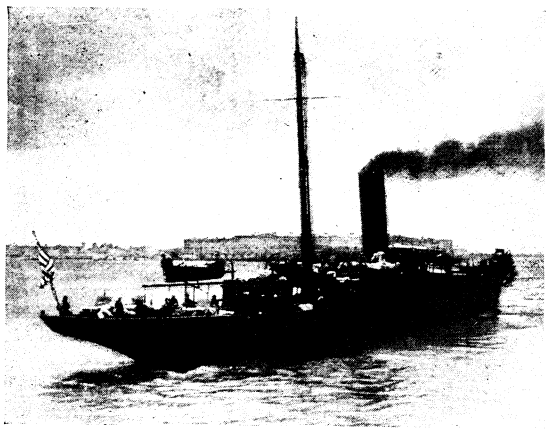
THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. The Army leaving Camp for the Attack on Santiago. 2. View Inland from the Landing-place. 3. General View of the Camp.

THIS BUSY WORLD

YALE made President McKinley an LL.D. and John Hays Hammond an A.M., both *in absentia*. It may be questioned whether it pays a great university to grant honorary degrees *in absentia*. So far as is known, an honorary LL.D. is of no practical value to its recipient. It does not bring him an income, nor entitle him to the usufruct of valuable emoluments of any sort; but it gives him a chance



U. S. S. "GLOUCESTER,"
Formerly J. P. Morgan's Yacht "Corsair," on board which Admiral Cervera was taken after leaving his Flag-Ship, July 3.

to go to Commencement and be exhibited, to make some speeches, meet many learned and agreeable men, make advantageous acquaintances, and have a very good time. All these advantages are missed by gentlemen who are honored in their absence. The President could not go to New Haven to get his degree this year, but Yale might have waited until after the war, and then engaged him. He ought not to go into the Yale catalogue without having at least one experience of New Haven; and, on the other hand, Yale should have had the satisfaction of leading her lion across the stage and of hearing him roar.

Mr. John Hays Hammond is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of the class of 1876. Just now he is in Russia or Siberia, advising with the Czar about new mines on the lines of the Siberian railway. It is doubtless an unusual experience for him to be within reach of New Haven in June. Universities like Oxford, Cambridge, and Chicago, which confer degrees several times in the year, or whenever it is convenient, have an advantage over the institutions which stick to one Commencement, in being able to cook their hare whenever they happen to catch him. Harvard still adheres to her old custom of conferring degrees only once a year, but her learned doctors are always on hand to witness their own creation. This year her LL.D. degree was conferred upon the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and upon James Mason Crafts and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

As an indication of the present standing of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in the Harvard community, it is interesting to find him chosen president for the coming year of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa. Whether this honor was done him in spite of his disapproval of the war with Spain or in consequence of it does not appear. It is probable, however, that the esteem in which he is held by the learned brethren in Cambridge is based on considerations which are not much affected one way or the other by his sentiments about the war.

The war sentiment in the Boston district is much more generally and carefully qualified than in New York. Boston abounds in men who believe in carrying the war through with spirit now we are in it, and who are ready to fight if their turn comes, but the sentiment is also very prevalent there that there should not have been any war at all.

Results of entrance examinations, so far as learned, indicate that the next Freshman class at Princeton will be considerably larger than any of its predecessors. It is thankfully inferred by the authorities of the university that public confidence in the morals of the institution has not been impaired by the painful controversy over the Princeton Inn.

A speaker at the recent International Temperance Congress at Prohibition Park, on Staten Island, opposed the sending of cakes and sweetmeats to soldiers, "as calculated to increase their thirst and the desire for intoxicants." It is not generally understood that the consumption of sweets creates an alcoholic thirst. It does create a thirst, but one which, in most cases, mere water is competent to quench. It is true enough, though, that cake and jam isn't good for soldiers. It is wretched stuff to work on, and cases have been reported where an importation of soft sweet food from friends at home has incapacitated, for a time, half the men in a company. Soldiers are athletes in training, and moderate privation on occasion does them less harm than overfeeding with unsuitable food.

The Post Office Department has decreed that second, third, and fourth class mail-matter shall no longer be returned to the sender or reforwarded to another address until extra postage has been prepaid. The classes of matter affected by the new rule include newspapers and all periodicals, books, pamphlets, circulars, and the like, and merchandise. Where the matter held is of "obvious value" the sender is to be notified, if possible, and a chance given him to pay the postage due. The object of the rule is economy. Its result will be to increase losses by mail and distress proportionately the patrons of the post-office. Nevertheless, it is proper to remember that the classes of mail matter affected are those which cause the deficit in the department's annual report. It is the abuse of the privileges granted to second-class matter especially that makes the department run behind, and a reduction in the cost of handling that class of mailable matter may be worth buying at the cost of some inconvenience.

There is some perplexity apparently as to what disposition to make of Spanish prisoners of war. Admiral Cervera and his officers are destined, we are told, to come North, either to Annapolis or Portsmouth or New York. No doubt they will be made as comfortable as the status of their minds, poor gentlemen, admit, and if private hospitality is suffered to intervene it may be they will pass the summer at Newport. There are few persons living



DON PASQUALE DE CERVERA Y TOPETE,
Count de Jerez and Marquis de Santa Ava, Rear-Admiral, Spanish Navy.

towards whom Americans in general are kindlier disposed just now than towards Admiral Cervera. There is sympathy for him as a brave man in misfortune, and a cordial liking for him—so far as he is known—as a gentleman.

As for the Spanish soldiers and sailors, who seem to have accumulated in considerable numbers in the hands of Admiral Sampson and General Shafter, why not send them back to Spain and put them ashore. They would doubtless be better pleased, on the whole, to be at home, and once there they would have to stay there, for Spain has now no means of sending them anywhere else. They can't do us any harm in Spain, we would be quit of the expense of feeding them and of the bother of guarding them, and there is no immediate prospect that we shall need any considerable number of Spanish prisoners for purposes of exchange.

Another alternative would be to bring them to New York, find them jobs, and have them naturalized in time for the fall elections, but that would be hardly military, and very likely our Italian fellow-citizens would object.

M. Jules Lemaître, in a recent discourse at the Paris Sorbonne, put the case against Latin and Greek in a way that must seem to us Americans even more effective than the arguments of our own critics of classical education. We are used to hearing that the time spent by our schoolboys in learning the dead languages would be better spent in learning modern languages and science, but, whatever else our lads may neglect, they don't get out of school without at least a working knowledge of English. M. Lemaître's complaint is that, having studied Greek and Latin twelve years, he has remained "ignorant of English, a language spoken by half the world," and that he only knows German "in a pitiful manner." It is probably true that folks who must choose whether their children



AGUINALDO,
The Philippine Insurgent Leader.



LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.,
Commander of the converted Yacht "Gloucester" in her plucky Fight with the Spanish Torpedo-boat-destroyers, July 3.

shall study Latin or English have a harder choice to make than we have when we weigh Latin against French or German. We have this advantage, too, that any fair scholar who knows English by nature and learns Latin, ought to make very easy work of French, Spanish, and Italian, whereas Frenchmen who learn Latin are not proportionately helped towards a working knowledge of either English or German.

On the other hand, it is interesting to find Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE, advising aspiring writers of English to read French. "The good French writers," he says, "have the qualities which the best English writers lack or have in less degree—lucidity, simplicity, directness, and others—and will supplement and correct that training in English which the writer of English must have.... Read French, and do not read German," says Mr. Smalley, "and read Pascal above all other French writers."

A London despatch, dated July 1, told of Mr. E. A. Abbey's election as a member of the Royal Academy. His promotion has come quickly. It cannot be more than three years, at the outside, since he became an associate member. Promotion, however, has been more rapid than is usual in the Academy since then.

All Spanish war-ships in the Atlantic Ocean being now destroyed, may we not have some of the mines taken out of our harbors, and put our larger yachts in commission again? So far as steam-yachts go, Uncle Sam has pretty nearly a monopoly of sport, but there are schooners and other sailing-craft still in possession of private owners, who will doubtless be glad to get out as soon as harbor mines cease to make navigation perilous. The omission of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise, which has been announced, is timely, but a little sporadic sailing by individuals would not be out of order.

The fiscal branch of the government neglected a seasonable source of revenue when it omitted to impose a stamp-tax on war poems. There are some 20,000 newspapers printed in the United States, of which 2000 are issued daily. Nearly all now publish original war poems in every issue. A moderate tax on all war poems printed—say ten cents each—would bring in an appreciable revenue, while a ten-cent tax, prepaid by an adhesive stamp, on every war poem submitted for publication would yield funds in a way to gladden Mr. Gage's heart. If Uncle Sam continues to develop the internal-revenue business, and really applies his mind to it, he will be able to think of many things which may be taxed, to the general content of the community and without hardship even to the payers of the exaction.

A newspaper paragraph, dated June 28, told of an interesting clash between the principal of the Boys' High-School of Reading, Pennsylvania, and the valedictorian of the graduating class. The valedictorian, a lad named Deeter, read a graduating essay, to some passages in which the principal, Dr. Scheibner took exception as being unpatriotic. In consequence he refused to sign young Deeter's diploma, though he did not refuse to let him have it if he was content to take it unsigned. What makes the controversy interesting is that the passage which gave offence is understood to have commented unfavorably on the practice very much in favor now in American schools of attempting to instil patriotic sentiments into



LOCOMOTIVES AT BAIQUIRI,
Destroyed by Spanish Soldiers before the landing of the United States Troops.



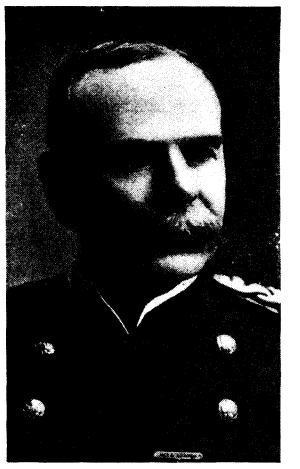
COL. CHAS. A. WIKOFF, U.S.A.,
22d U.S. Infantry.



LT.-COL. J. M. HAMILTON, U.S.A.,
9th U.S. Cavalry.



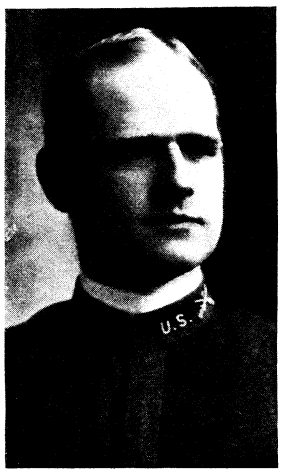
MAJOR A. G. FORSE, U.S.A.,
1st U.S. Cavalry.



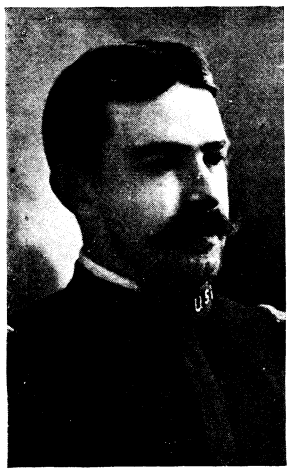
CAPT. T. W. MORRISON, U.S.A.,
16th U.S. Infantry.



CAPT. WM. O. O'NEILL,
"Rough Riders."



LIEUT. JULES G. ORD, U.S.A.,
6th U.S. Infantry.



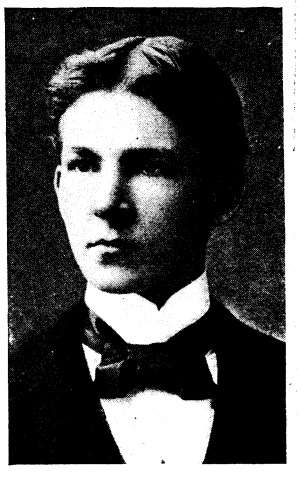
LIEUT. D. M. MICHIE, U.S.A.,
17th U.S. Infantry.



LIEUT. CHAS. H. FIELD, U.S.V.,
2d Massachusetts Volunteers.



CORP'L GEORGE H. DOHERTY,
Troop A, "Rough Riders."



CORP'L GEORGE L. IMMEN,
Co. C, 71st New York Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF UNITED STATES TROOPS KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON THE SPANISH FORCES AT SANTIAGO, JULY 1 AND 2.

school-children by drilling them in singing patriotic songs, and by causing them to repeat, somewhat parrotlike, high-sounding sentiments which few of them can be expected to understand. The expediency of this feature of public-school education seems fairly open to discussion, and attempts to choke off reasonable and decorous criticism of its methods are likely to have an effect the opposite to that desired. The sort of patriotism that is so boisterous about "Old Glory" that it discountenances free speech should try to get its bearings, and make sure it is not off its course.

Ensign Irvin V. Gillis, a young gentleman whose portrait appears herewith, is a son of Commodore Gillis, and is the executive officer of Captain Fremont's torpedo-boat *Porter*. Mr. Gillis's specialty is catching torpedoes. One dark night, Admiral Cervera, while he still had a fleet, sent a destroyer out to distribute torpedoes among the ships of the American fleet. They did no harm, but the *Porter* sighted some of them the next morning, and Captain Fremont relates how Mr. Gillis jumped in after one of them which was seen slowly approaching the *Porter*, got his arm around it, changed its direction, and was feeling for its war-nose to unscrew it, when it sank. That one was lost, though not from any fault of Mr. Gillis's; but the next one was caught and brought aboard, to be shown by Captain Fremont as "a most interesting prize, and worth to the officers and crew of the *Porter* just $6000 of the government's money."



ENSIGN IRVIN V. GILLIS, U.S.N.

It was given out last week that the third class of cadets, having so far forgotten themselves as to cheer for Colonel Mills, their late commandant, now before Santiago, had all been put under arrest by order of Colonel Mills's successor. West Point in these days must be a gloomy place. The superintendent, General Ernst, has gone to the war; all the officers who could get away have gone to the front in one direction or another, the commandant is master of all he surveys, and the cadets apparently are compelled to keep under strict restraint their natural exuberance over the war news. It would seem to a layman as if it might be expedient to give these young men a chance to vent their feelings now and then in lawful cheers.

The extraordinary privations lately endured by the citizens of Chicago are of a nature to exact sympathy from the most obdurate heart. From July 2 to July 6 Chicago had no local newspapers. On July 1 the stereotypers in all the newspaper establishments struck, and newspapers ceased to be issued in Chicago. It took four days to get new stereotypers from other cities, and to convince the officers of the typographical union that the strike was ill-advised and not deserving of the type-setters' support. During those four days came the most important news of the fighting around Santiago and the news of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Chicago got it all at second hand, over telephones and out of newspapers sent from St. Louis, Milwaukee, New York, and all outlying cities. On July 5 the printers, having investigated the stereotypers' grievances, decided, by a vote of 350 to 120, that the stereotypers ought not to have struck and should not be supported. Next morning the papers were able to issue four-page sheets, given up entirely to news, and doubtless they were able on the same day to give to the public the news of the loss of the French liner.

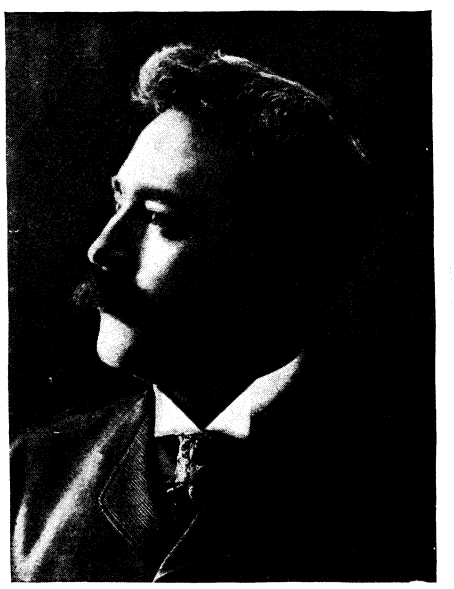
Inasmuch as all the daily papers in Chicago are on a one-cent basis, and as most of them at this time of year, when advertising is dull, lose a little something on each copy they sell, the proprietors endured the situation with more equanimity than they might have shown if they had been losing more money by the stoppage. The sufferings of the citizens of the town, cut off from their natural supply of news at a time when the whole country was holding its breath, may be imagined. It is a comfort to feel that their necessities have now been supplied, and that by this time they have caught up again with the progress of civilization.

William Tudor, 37 Brimmer Street, Boston, is collecting funds to supply the "Rough Riders" with hammocks, mosquito-netting, abdominal bands, and other requisites to warfare in the tropics. The Riders come from all parts of the country, and represent all sorts of folks, from New York club-men up to full-blooded Indians. As they come from no State in particular, they are no one's special care, and the only things they seem absolutely sure of getting in sufficient quantity seem to be ammunition and advertising. Whoever their press agent is, there is no disputing his extraordinary efficiency. But advertising, with all its virtues, does not take the place of cholera-bands in the tropics, and it is well that some one is making a business of providing the "Rough Riders" with something else than notices.

Dr. Cornelius Herz, who died at Bournemouth, England, on July 6, led a life full of curious adventure, and his autobiography, if he had left one which did justice to its theme, would have been lively and instructive reading. His notoriety as a man who was mixed up in the Panama swindles is world-wide. Every one may not know that, though born in France, he came in boyhood to New York, got his early education here, and was an American citizen. He served in the Franco-Prussian war, on the side of France, then practised medicine two years in Chicago, then spent a few months in New York, and thence moved to San Francisco. That environment was suited to his gifts, and for a year or two he was highly successful, being able to form a lucrative partnership, and presently to owe very large sums of money to confiding friends. In 1878 he went back to Paris, as representative of a telephone and electric-light company, and there became the able lieutenant of Baron Reinach, Jewish banker, and one of the greatest of the company of cracksmen who robbed the French peasants in the name of the Panama Canal. It is obvious what interesting passages there must have been in a life whereof the main achievements are in such bold relief. Dr. Herz's records, if he left any, should find their way into the hands of some competent writer.

Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. R. F. Cutting, and Miss Schieffelin (242 East Fifteenth Street, New York) are included among a number of ladies who are authorized to receive subscriptions to buy band instruments for the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers. The Twelfth, it seems, which is now at Chickamauga, had no band, and its friends in New York did not like to think of it as going off to the wars uncheered by its own outfit of martial music. About $2000 in all is wanted, part to buy the instruments, part to supplement the pay of the musicians. Musicians, as a rule, don't fight, but when fighting is going on they help the hospital corps. Money therefore which sends musicians to the front provides aid for the injured as well as band music.

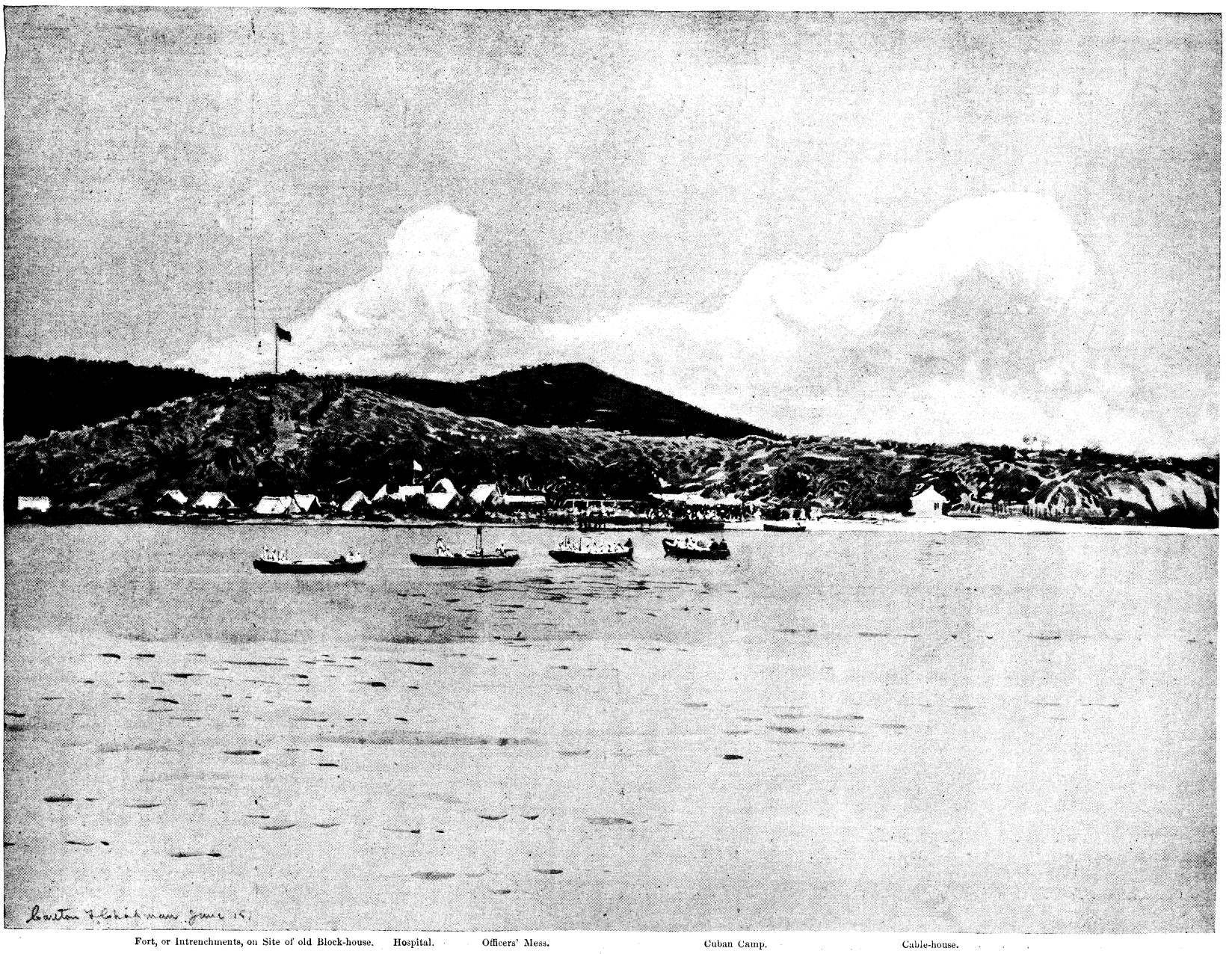
Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, whose picture appears on this page of the WEEKLY, is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and, like his chief, comes from Illinois. The $200,000,000 war-bond issue has been his especial charge, and



FRANK A. VANDERLIP,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

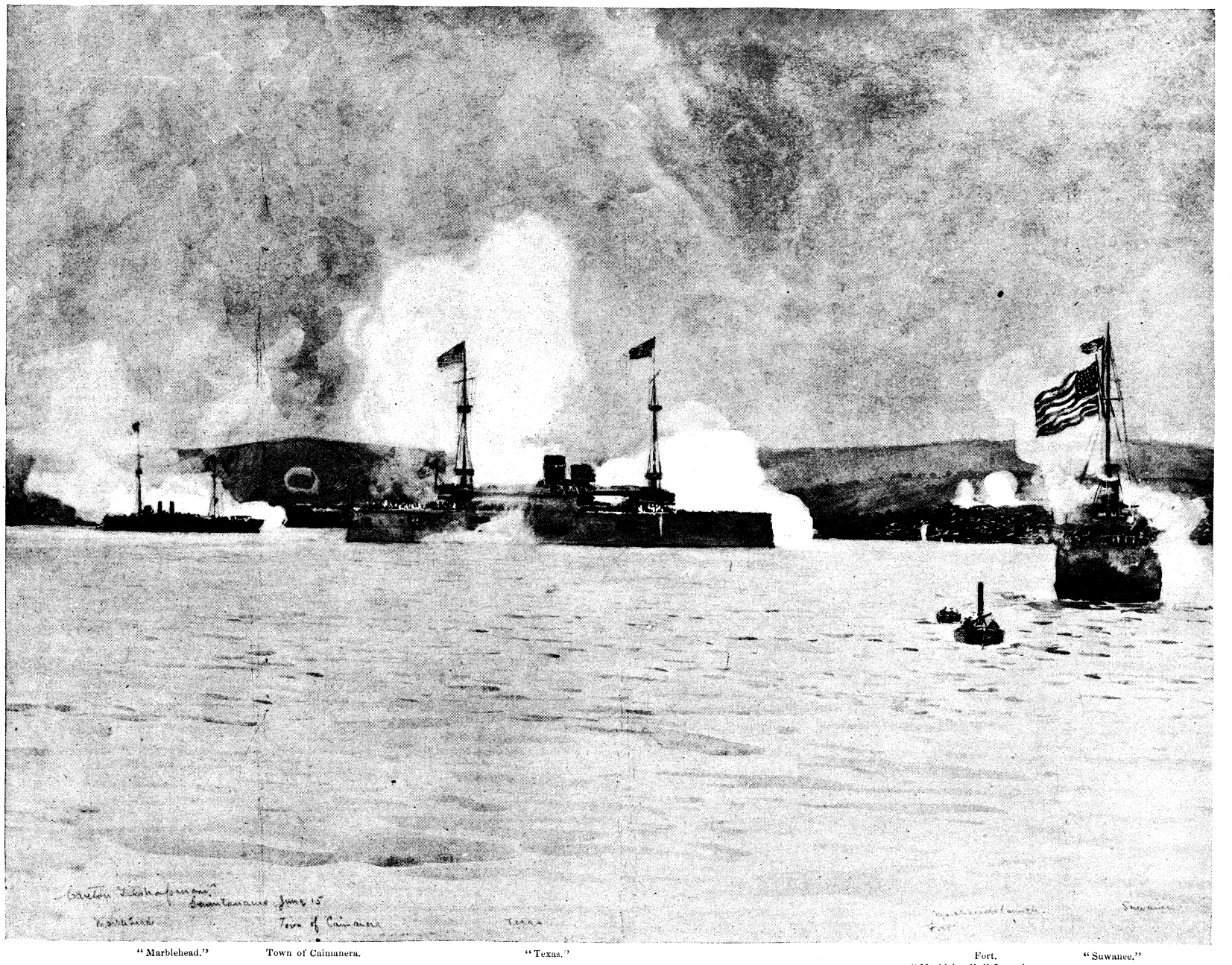
he is the author of "Circular 101," which told how to buy the bonds. This circular, which was distributed by hundreds of thousands, proved to be easily understood, and has done its business well. Mr. Vanderlip is credited with a clear mind, excellent business abilities, and an exceptional capacity for hard work.

E. S. MARTIN.



Fort, or Intrenchments, on Site of old Block-house. Hospital. Officers' Mess. Cuban Camp. Cable-house.

LANDING A FUNERAL PARTY AT CAMP McCALLA.

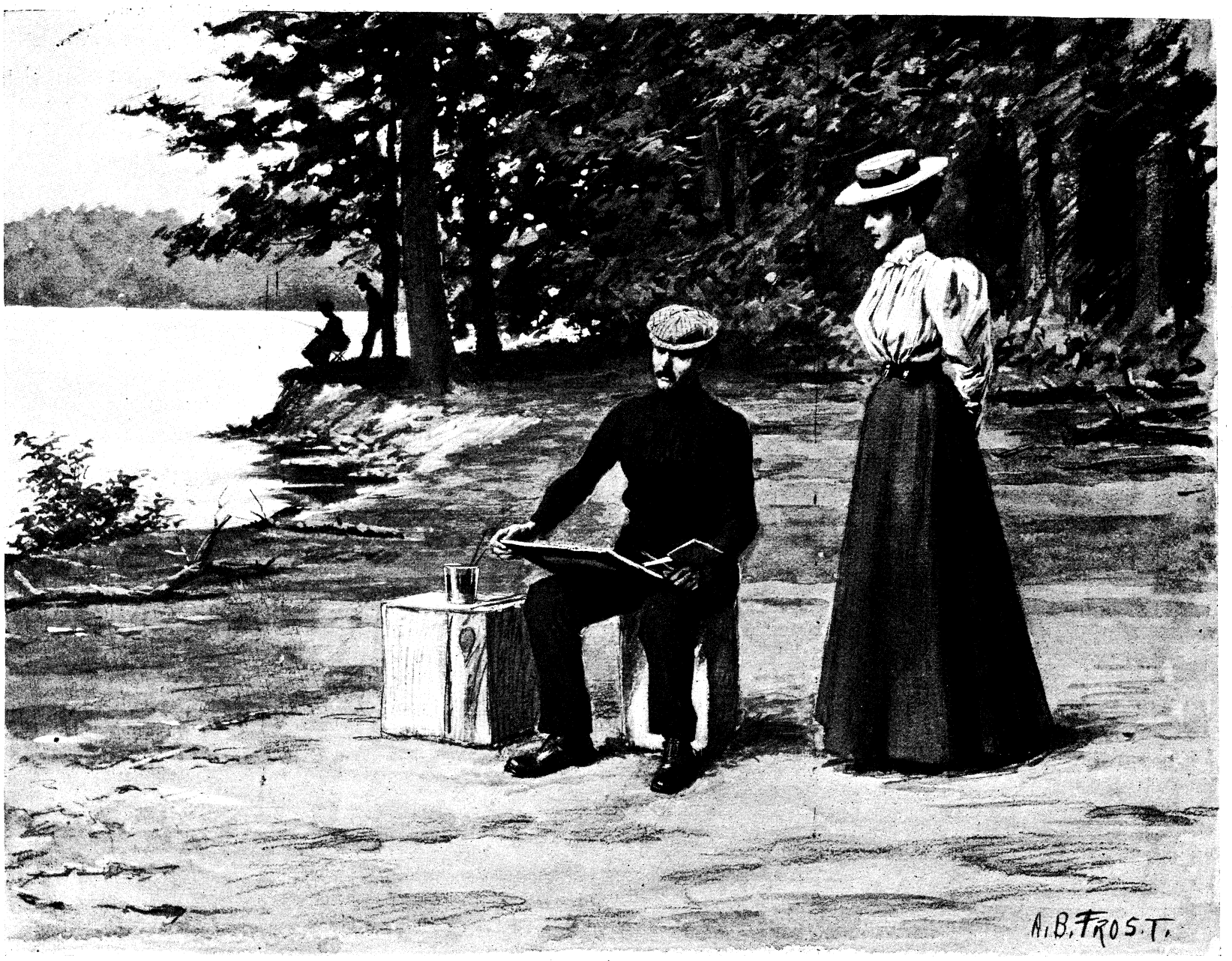


"Marblehead." Town of Caimanera. "Texas." Fort. "Suwanee."
"Marblehead's" Launch.

SHELLING THE SPANIARDS OUT OF CAIMANERA, FORT AND TOWN.

EVENTS AT GUANTANAMO BAY, JUNE 15.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

VI.—CAMP ROY.

NO thoughts of idiocy crossed the minds of any of the camping party during their first breakfast under the great oak-tree. The air, the sunlight, the rippling waters of the lake, the white clouds in the blue sky, the great trunks of the trees, the rustling of the leaves, the songs of the birds, the hum of insects, the brightness of everything, their wonderful appetites—the sense of all these things more than filled their minds.

For the greater part of that day Mr. Archibald fished, sometimes in a stream which ran into the head of the lake about a quarter of a mile above the camp, and sometimes on the shores of the lake itself. Margery sketched; her night in the studio had filled her with dreams of art, and she had discovered in a corner a portable easel made of hickory sticks with the bark on, and she had tucked some drawing materials into one of her bags.

Mrs. Archibald was a little tired with her journey of the day before, and contented herself with sitting in the shade in pleasant places, occupied with some needlework she had brought with her, and trying to discipline her mind to habits of happiness in camp. This was not very difficult during the first part of this beautiful day, but toward the end of the afternoon she began to think less of the joys of a free life in the heart of nature and more of the pleasure of putting on her bonnet and going out to make some calls upon her friends. In this state of mind it pleased her to see Phil Matlack coming toward her.

"Would you like a cup of tea, ma'am?" said he.

"No, thank you," she answered. "It would seem rather odd to have afternoon tea in the woods, and I really don't care for it."

"We can have 'most anything in the woods, ma'am," said Matlack, "that we can have anywhere else, provided you don't mind what sort of fashion you have it in. I thought it might be sort of comfortin' to you to have a cup of tea. I've noticed that in most campin' parties of the family order there's generally one or two of them that's lonesome the first day; and the fact is I don't count on anything particular bein' done on the first day in camp, except when the party is regular hunters or fishermen. It's just as well for some of them to sit round on the first day and let things soak into them, provided it isn't rain, and the next day they will have a more natural feelin' about what they really want to do. Now I expect you'll be off on some sort of a tramp to-morrow, ma'am, or else be out in the boat; and as for that young lady, she's not goin' to sketch no more after to-day. She's got young Martin out in the boat, restin' on his oars, while she's puttin' him into her picture. She's rubbed him out so often that I expect he'll fall asleep and tumble overboard, or else drop one of his oars."

"Mr. Matlack," said Mrs. Archibald, "will you please sit down a moment? I want to ask you something."

"Certainly, ma'am," said he, and forthwith seated himself on a log near by, picking up a stick as he did so, and beginning to shave the bark from it with his pocket-knife.

"Do you know," said she, "if there are panthers in these woods?"

Matlack looked up at her quickly. "I expect you heard them walkin' about your cabin last night," said he; "and not only panthers, but most likely a bear or two, and snakes rustlin' in the leaves; and, for all I know, coons or 'possums climbin' in and out of the window."

"Oh, nothing so bad as that," she replied. "I only thought—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," he interrupted. "I didn't mean that you heard all those things, but most likely a part of them. Hardly any family parties goes into camp that some of them don't hear wild beasts the first night. But they never come no more. Them kind of wild beasts I call first-nighters, and they're about the worst kind we've got, because they really do hurt people by scratchin' and clawin' at their nerves, whereas the real wild beasts in these parts—and they're mighty scarce, and never come near camp—don't hurt nobody."

"I am glad to hear it," said she. "But what on earth can be keeping Mr. Archibald? When he started out after dinner he said he would be back very soon."

"Oh, he's got the fever, ma'am," said Matlack.

"Fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, dropping her work in her lap.

"Oh, don't be frightened," said he; "it is only the fishin' fever. It don't hurt anybody; it only keeps the meals waitin'. You see, we are pretty nigh the first people out this year, and the fish bite lively. Are you fond of fishin', ma'am?"

"No, indeed," said she; "I dislike it. I think it is cruel and slimy and generally unpleasant."

"I expect you'll spend most of your time in the boat," suggested Matlack. "Your husband rows, don't he?"

"He doesn't row me," said Mrs. Archibald, with earnestness. "I never go out in a boat except with a regular boatman. I suppose you have a larger boat than the one that young man is in? I can see it from here, and it looks very small."

"No, ma'am," said Matlack; "that's the only one we've got. And now I guess I'll go see about supper. This has been a lazy day for us, but we always do calc'late on a lazy day to begin with."

"It strikes me," said Matlack to himself, as he walked away, "that this here camp will come to an end pretty soon. The man and the young woman could stand it for a couple of weeks, but there's nothing here for the old lady, and it can't be long before she'll have us all out of the woods again."

"You can come in," called Margery, about ten minutes after this conversation; and young Martin, who had not the least idea of going to sleep in the boat, dipped his oars in the water and rowed ashore, pulled the boat up on the beach, and then advanced to the spot where Margery was preparing to put away her drawing materials.

"Would you mind letting me see your sketch?" said he.

"Oh no," said she; "but you'll see it isn't very much like the scene itself. When I make a drawing from nature I never copy everything I see just as if I were making a photograph. I suppose you think I ought to draw the boat just as it is? But I always put something of my own in my pictures. And that, you see, is a different kind of a boat from the one you were in. It is something like Venetian boats."

"It isn't like anything in this part of the world, that is true," said the young man, as he held the drawing in his hand; "and if it had been more like a gondola it would not have suited the scene. I think you have caught the spirit of the landscape very well; but if you don't object to a little criticism, I should say that the shore over there is too near the foreground. It seems to me that the picture wants atmosphere; that would help the distance very much."

"Do you draw?" asked Margery, in surprise.

"I used to be very fond of sketching," said he. "I staid at Sadler's a good part of last winter, and when I wasn't out hunting I made a good many drawings of winter scenes. I would be glad to show them to you when we go back."

"Well," said she, "if I had known you were an artist I would not have asked you to go out there and sit as a model."

"Oh, I am not an artist," replied Martin; "I only draw, that's all. But if you make any more water sketches and would like me to put some ducks or any other kind of wild-fowl in the foreground I will be glad to do it for you. I have made a specialty of natural-history drawings. Don't bother yourself about that easel; I'll carry up your things for you."

About half-way to the cabin Margery suddenly stopped and turned round toward the young man, who was fol-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

lowing her, "How did you come to be a guide?" she asked.

He smiled. "That's because I was born a naturalist and a sportsman. I went into business when I finished my education, but I couldn't stand that, and as I couldn't afford to become a gentleman sportsman, I came here as a guide. I'm getting a lot of experience in this sort of life, and when I've saved money enough I'm going on an exploring expedition, most likely to Central America. That's the kind of life that will suit me."

"And write a book about it?" asked Margery.

"Most likely," said he.

That night, after supper, Margery remarked: "Our two guides are American citizens, and I don't see why they can't eat at the table with us instead of waiting until we have finished. We are all free and equal in the woods."

"Margery Dearborn!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald. "What are you talking about?"

She was going to say that if there were one straw more needed to break her back, that straw would be the sight of the two guides sitting at the table with them, but she restrained herself. She did not want Mr. Archibald to know anything about the condition of her back.

"So long as they don't want to do it, and don't do it," said she, "pray don't let us say anything about it. Let's try to make things as pleasant as we can."

Mr. Archibald was lighting his pipe, and when he was sure the tobacco was sufficiently ignited he took the pipe from his mouth and turned toward his wife.

"Harriet," said he, "you have been too much alone today. I don't know what I shall do to-morrow; but whatever it is, I am going to take you with me."

"Of course that depends on what it is you do," she answered. "But I will try to do everything I can."

Mr. Archibald heaved a little sigh, which was not noticed by any one, because it sounded like a puff.

"I am afraid," he thought, "that this camping business is not going to last very much longer, and we shall be obliged to make the rest of our wedding-journey in a different style."

The next morning, when Mr. Archibald went out of his cabin door, he looked over the lake and saw a bird suddenly swoop down upon the water, breaking the smooth surface into sparkles of silver, and then rise again, a little silvery fish glittering in its claws.

"Beautifully done!" said he. "A splendid stroke!" And then turning, he looked up the lake, and not far from the water's edge he saw Margery walking with Mr. Clyde, while Mr. Raybold followed a little in the rear.

"Harriet," he cried, quickly stepping into the cabin again, "look out here! What is the meaning of this?"

Mrs. Archibald was dressed, and came out. When she saw the trio approaching them, she was not so much surprised as was her husband.

"I don't know the meaning of anything that happens in these woods," she said; "but if a lot of people have come from the hotel with those young men I cannot say I am sorry."

"Come," said her husband, "we must look into this."

In two minutes the Archibalds had met the new-comers, who advanced with outstretched hands, as if they had been old friends. Mr. Archibald, not without some mental disquietude at this intrusion upon the woodland privacy of his party, was about to begin a series of questions, when he was forestalled by Margery.

"Oh, Uncle Archibald and Aunt Harriet!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have come out here to camp. Their camp is right next to ours, and it is called Camp Roy. You see, some years ago there was a large camping party came here, and they called the place Camp Rob Roy, but it was afterwards divided, and one part called Camp Rob and the other Camp Roy."

"Indeed!" interrupted Mr. Archibald. "Mr. Sadler did not tell us that ours was only half a camp with only half a name."

"I don't suppose he thought of it," said Margery. "And the line between the two camps is just three hundred feet above our cabin. I don't suppose anybody ever measures it off, but there it is; and Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have taken Camp Roy, which hasn't any house on it; and they started before daybreak this morning, and brought a tent along with them, which they have pitched just back of that little peninsula; and they haven't any guide, because they want to attend to their own cooking and everything, and the man who brought the tent and other things has gone back. They are going to live there just like real backwoodsmen, and they have a boat of their own, which is to be brought up from the bottom of the lake somewhere—I mean from the lower end of the lake. And, Aunt Harriet, may I speak to you a moment?"

With this the young woman drew Mrs. Archibald aside, and in a low voice asked if she thought it would be out of the way to invite the two young men to take breakfast with them, as it was not likely they had all their cooking things in order so early.

Five people sat down to breakfast under the great oak-tree, and it was a lively meal. Mr. Archibald's mental disquiet, in which were now apparent some elements of resentment, had not subsided, but the state of his mind did not show itself in his demeanor, and he could not help feeling pleased to see that his wife was in better spirits. He had always known that she liked company.

After breakfast he took Matlack aside. "I don't understand this business," said he. "When I hired this camp I supposed we were to have it to ourselves; but if there are other camps jammed close against it we may be in the midst of a great public picnic before a week is out."

"Oh, that camp over there isn't much of a camp," replied the guide. "The fact is, it is only the tail end of a camp, and I don't suppose Peter Sadler thought anybody would be likely to take it just now, and so didn't think it worth while to speak of it. Of course it's jammed up against this one, as you say; but then the people in one camp haven't the right to cross the line into another camp if the people in the other camp don't want them to."

"Line!" said Mr. Archibald. "It is absurd to think of lines in a place like this. And I have no intention of making myself disagreeable by ordering people off my premises. But I would like to know if there is another camp three hundred feet on this side of our cabin, or three hundred feet back of it."

"No, sir," said Matlack, speaking promptly; "there isn't another camp between this and the lower end of the lake. There's a big one there, and it's taken; but the people aren't coming until next month."

"If a larger party had taken Camp Roy," said Mr. Archibald to his wife a little later, "I should not mind it so much. But two young men! I do not like it."

VII.—A STRANGER.

It was at the close of a pleasant afternoon four days after the arrival of the young men at Camp Roy, and Mrs. Archibald was seated on a camp-stool near the edge of the lake intently fishing. By her side stood Phil Matlack, who had volunteered to interpose himself between her and all the disagreeable adjuncts of angling. He put the bait upon her hook, he told her when her cork was bobbing sufficiently to justify a jerk, and when she caught a little fish he took it off the hook. Fishing in this pleasant wise had become very agreeable to the good lady, and she found pleasures in camp life which she had not anticipated. Her husband was in a boat some distance out on the lake, and he was also fishing; but she did not care for that style of sport. The fish were too big and the boat was too small.

A little farther down the lake Martin Sanders sat busily engaged in putting some water-fowl into the foreground of Margery's sketch. A critical observer might have noticed that he had also made a number of changes in said sketch, all of which added greatly to its merits as a picture of woodland scenery. At a little distance Margery was sitting at her easel making a sketch of Martin as an artist at work in the woods. The two young men had gone off with their guns, not perhaps because they expected to find any legitimate game at that season, but hoping to secure some ornithological specimens, or get a shot at some minor quadrupeds unprotected by law. Another reason for their expedition could probably have been found in some strong hints given by Mr. Archibald that it was unwise for them to be hanging around the camps and taking no advantage of the opportunities for sport offered by the beautiful weather and the forest.

It was not long before Margery became convinced that the sketch on which she was working did not resemble her model, nor did it very much resemble an artist at work in the woods.

"It looks a good deal more like a cobbler mending shoes," she said to herself; "and I'll keep it for that. Some day I will put a bench under him and a shoe in his hand instead of a sketch." With that she rose, and went to see how Martin was getting on. "I think," she said, "those dark ducks improve the picture very much. They throw the other things back." Then she stopped, went to one side, and gazed out over the lake. "I wonder," she said, "if there is really any fun in fishing. Uncle Archibald has been out in that boat for more than two hours, and he has fished almost every day since he's been here. I should think he would get tired of it."

"Oh no," said Martin, looking up with animation. "If you know how to fish, and there is good sport, you never get tired of it."

"I know how to fish," said Margery, "and I do not care about it at all."

"You know how to fish?' said Martin. "Can you make a cast with a fly?"

"I never tried that," said she. "But I have fished as Aunt Harriet does, and it is as easy as can be."

"Oh," said he, "you don't know anything about fishing unless you have fished with a fly. That is the only real sport. It is as exciting as a battle. If you would let me teach you how to throw a fly, I am sure you would never find fishing tiresome, and these woods would be like a new world to you."

"Why don't you do it yourself, then?" she asked.

"Because I am paid to do other things," he replied. "We are not sent here simply to enjoy ourselves, though I must say that I—" And then he suddenly stopped. "I wish you would let me teach you fly-fishing. I know you would like it."

Margery looked at the eager face turned toward her, and then she gazed out over the water.

"Perhaps I might like it," she said. "But it wouldn't be necessary for you to take that trouble. Uncle Archibald has two or three times asked me to go out with him, and of course he would teach me how to fish as he does. Isn't that somebody calling you?"

"Yes," said Martin, rising; "it's Phil. I suppose it's nearly supper-time."

As they walked toward the camp, Margery in front, and Martin behind her carrying the drawing-materials and the easel, Margery suddenly turned.

"It was very good of you to offer to teach me to fish with flies," she said, "and perhaps if Uncle Archibald doesn't want to be bothered, I may get you to show me how to do it."

The young man's face brightened, and he was about to express his pleasure with considerable warmth; but he checked himself, and merely remarked that whenever she was ready he would provide a rod and flies and show her how to use them.

Mrs. Archibald had gone into the cabin, and Margery went up to Matlack, who was on his way to the little tent in which the camp cooking was done.

"Did Mrs. Archibald tell you," said she, "that we have invited Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold to supper to-night?"

The guide stopped and smiled. "She told me," said he, "but I don't know that it was altogether necessary."

"I suppose you mean," said Margery, "that they are here so much; but I don't wonder; they must do awfully poor cooking for themselves. I don't suppose they will bring anything back that is good to eat."

"Not at this time of year," said he, "but I shall be satisfied if they bring themselves home."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Margery, quickly.

"Well," said Matlack, "I don't doubt the bicycle fellow will always come back all right, but I'm afeared about the other one. That bicycle chap don't know no more about a gun than he does about makin' bread, and I wouldn't go out huntin' with him for a hundred dollars. He's just as likely to take a crack at his pardner's head as at anything else that's movin' in the woods."

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Margery.

"Yes, it is," returned the guide; "and if I had charge of their camp he wouldn't go out with a gun again. But it will be all right in a day or two. Peter will settle that."

"Mr. Sadler, do you mean?" asked Margery. "What's he got to do with it?"

"He's got everything to do with it," said Matlack. "He's got everything to do with everything in this part of the country. He's got his laws, and he sees to it that people stand by them. One of his rules is that people who don't know how to use guns sha'n't shoot in his camps."

"But how can he know about the people out here in the woods?" asked Margery.

"I tell you, miss," said Matlack, speaking slowly and decisively, "Peter Sadler's ways of knowing things is like gas—the kind you burn, I mean. I was a-visitin' once in a city house, and slept in a room on the top floor, and there was a leak in the pipe in the cellar, and that gas just went over the whole house, into every room and closet, and even under the beds, and I've often thought that that was just like Peter's way of doin' things and knowin' things. You take my word for it, that bicycle man won't go out huntin' many more days, even if he don't shoot his pardner fust."

"He won't go to-morrow," thought Margery; and then she said to Matlack: "I think we ought to know Mr. Sadler's rules. Has he any more of them?"

"Oh, they ain't very many," said Matlack. "But there's one I think of now, and that is that no woman shall go out in a boat by herself on this lake."

"That is simply horrid!" exclaimed Margery. "Women can row as well as men."

"I don't say they can't," said Matlack. "I'm only tellin' you what Peter's rules are and that's one of them."

Margery made no reply, but walked away, her head thrown back a little more than was usual with her.

"I've got to keep my eye on her," said Matlack to himself, as he went to the cabin; "she's never been broke to no harness."

Mr. Raybold did not shoot Mr. Clyde, nor did he shoot anything else. Mr. Clyde did shoot a bird, but it fell into the water at a place where the shore was very marshy, and it was impossible for him to get it. He thought it was a heron, or a bittern, or perhaps a fish-hawk, but whatever it was, both ladies said that it was a great pity to kill it, as it was not good to eat, and must have been very happy in its life in the beautiful forest.

"It is very cruel to shoot them when they are not strictly game," said Mr. Clyde, "and I don't believe I will do it. If I had the things to stuff them with, that would be different, but I haven't. I believe fishing is just as much fun, and more sensible."

"I do not!" exclaimed Mr. Raybold. "I hold that hunting is a manly art, and that a forester's life is as bold and free to him as it is to the birds in the air. I believe I have the blood of a hunter in me. My voice is for the woods."

"I expect you will change your voice," thought Margery, "when Mr. Sadler takes your gun away from you." But she did not say so.

Mr. Archibald stood with his hands in his pockets reflecting. He had hoped that these two young men were inveterate hunters, and that they would spend their days in long tramps. He did not at all approve of their fishing. Fishing could be done anywhere—here, for instance, right at this very door.

Supper was over, and the five inhabitants of Camps Rob and Roy had seated themselves around the fire which Martin had carefully built, keeping in view a cheery blaze without too much heat. Pipes had been filled and preparations made for the usual evening smoke and talk, when a man was seen emerging from the woods at the point where the road opened into the clearing about the camp. It was still light, for these hungry campers supped early, and the man could be distinctly seen as he approached, and it was plain that he was not a messenger from Sadler's.

He was rather a large man, dressed in black, and wearing a felt hat with a wide, straight brim. Hanging by a strap from his shoulder was a small leather bag, and in his hand he carried a closed umbrella. Advancing toward the fire, he took off his hat, bowed, and smiled. He wore no beard, his face was round and plump, and his smile was pleasant.

"Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen," said he, and his voice was as pleasant as his smile.

"Good evening," said Mr. Archibald, and then for a moment there was a pause.

"I presume," said the new-comer, looking about him, "that this is a camp."

"It is a camp," said Mr. Archibald.

"The fact is so obvious," said the man in black, "that it was really unnecessary for me to allude to it. May I ask to be allowed to sit down for a few moments? I am fatigued."

At this juncture Phil Matlack arrived on the scene. "Well, sir," said he, "have you any business with anybody here? Who do you wish to see?"

"I have no business," said the other, "and—"

"And you are a stranger to everybody here?" interrupted Matlack.

"Yes, but I hope—"

"Now then," said the guide, quickly, "I've got to ask you to move on. This is one of Peter Sadler's camps, and he has strict rules against strangers stoppin' in any of them. If you've lost your way, I'll tell you that that road, if you don't turn to the right or the left, will take you straight to Sadler's, and there's time enough for you to get there before dark."

"Mr. Matlack," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, who had risen to her feet, "I want to speak to you! It's a shame," she said, when the guide had approached her, "to send that man away without even giving him a chance to rest himself. He may be a very respectable person on a walking tour."

"I guess he is on a walkin' tour," said Matlack, "and I guess he's a regular tramp, and there's no orders we've got that's stricter than them against tramps."

"Well, I don't care who he is," said Mrs. Archibald, "or what your rules are, but when a perfectly good-mannered man comes to us and asks simply to be allowed to rest, I don't want him to be driven away as if he were a stray pig on a lawn. Mr. Archibald, shouldn't he be allowed to rest awhile?"

Her husband rose and approached the stranger. "Where are you going, sir?" said he.

The man looked at Matlack, at Martin, who stood behind him, and then at the rest of the company, and after this comprehensive glance he smiled.

"From present appearances," he said, "I think I am going to go."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "When do you expect to get there?" he asked.

"It seems to me," said the other, reflectively, "that I am always going there, and I suppose I shall have to keep on doing it."

"Look here," said Mr. Archibald, turning to Matlack, "give him some supper, and let him rest. There will be time enough for him to get to Sadler's after that. If Sadler has anything to say against it, refer him to me."

"All right, sir," said Matlack, "if you say so. I'm no harder on my fellow-bein's than other people, but rules is rules, and it isn't for me to break them."

"My dear sir," said the stranger to Mr. Archibald, "your words are more grateful to me than the promise of food. I see that you consider me a tramp, but it is a mistake. I am not a tramp. If you will allow me, after I have eaten a little supper—a meal which I must admit I greatly need—I will explain to you how I happen to be here." And with a bow he walked toward the table where Matlack and Martin had been eating their supper.

"Do you know what I think he is?" said Mr. Clyde, when Mr. Archibald had resumed his seat and his pipe. "I believe he is a wandering actor. Actors always have smoothly shaven faces, and he looks like one."

"Actor!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold. "That's nonsense. He's not in the least like an actor. Anybody could see by his tread and his air that he's never been on the stage. He's more like a travelling salesman. The next thing he'll do will be to pull out of that bag some samples of spool thread or patent thimbles."

"You are both wrong," said Margery, "entirely wrong. I have been looking at him, and I believe he is a Methodist minister with a dead horse. They ride circuits, and of course when their horses die they walk. Just wait a little, and see if I am not right."

They waited a little, and then they waited a little longer, and they had begun to be tired of waiting before the stranger finished his meal and approached the fire. His face was brighter, his smile was more pleasant, and his step had a certain jauntiness in it.

"I thank you all," he said, "for the very good meal I have just enjoyed. I am now going to go, but before I start I would like very much—indeed, I crave it as a favor—to place myself before you in my proper light. May I have permission to do so, madam and sir?" he said, addressing Mrs. and Mr. Archibald, but with a respectful glance at the others, as if he would not ignore any one of them.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Archibald. "Sit down and tell us about yourself."

The stranger seated himself with alacrity a little back from the circle, and nearer to the young men than to the Archibald party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

X.—IN A SAVAGE CORNER OF MOORISH SPAIN—ABSENCE OF BEGGARY—EXCELLENT DINNER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE sort of thing we relished most was our run along the Mediterranean between Alicante and Valencia, around a bold promontory from which may be seen in clear weather the western islands of the group near Majorca. Magnificent caves indent this coast, and little coves create most seductive invitation to smugglers. There are no railways here, and to judge from our experience, and especially that of our bikes, no white man ever before trod that romantic and rocky path.

We had not gone far out of Alicante when rain commenced and soon converted the already heavy road into a mire of clay. We stopped at a road-side posada, where sat three moorish-looking muleteers making a hearty meal of a rice and meat stew, which they conveyed to their respective mouths directly from a vast bowl, which appeared to be the common family utensil for all emergencies. The house consisted mainly of a door towards the road, and a roof that extended well out in the shape of a veranda, over which climbed vines. One side of this one room was occupied by a vast fireplace, the other by a store-room. The building must have been originally intended for a fortress, or else built when wood was very expensive, for



EVERYWHERE IN MADRID.



MOORISH HOUSE NEAR SAN JUAN DE ALICANTE.

even the shelves were of masonry, and an incendiary could have done no more mischief than in the vaults of a safe-deposit company.

With truly magnificent courtesy the three ragged muleteers took pity on our bedraggled appearance, and invited us to share their mess. We exchanged courtesies as well as we could by offering them our cigarettes and wine. Then we got the good lady to make us a savory tortilla, which, followed by the vigorous goats'-milk cheese of the country, made us once more happy. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy of our rough entertainers. They might cheerfully have cut our throats in the night, had they been tempted in the right manner, but until that moment arrived they would, I am sure, have made life as sweet to us as courtliness could suggest.

It struck us throughout our trip that beggary ceased the moment we got beyond the atmosphere of the show places where tourists congregate. In small places we did, to be sure, meet with signs of great poverty, and at the posadas would occasionally see a beggar—not the impudent, whining imposter of Toledo and Madrid, but a decayed grandee sort of a character, who stood before us in the majestic folds of a ragged serape, offering us in dignified accents an opportunity of showing towards him some of that hospitality which he would gladly have exhibited to us in his days of prosperity. I never saw beggars rudely treated in the small places; on the contrary, they appeared favorably known as the victims of misfortune, and it was assumed that they would not ask for bread if they were not hungry. More than once have we seen our hostess, in the midst of conversation, rise to cut a slice of bread for a man who merely stood respectfully outside the door, eloquently admiring the food within. Then this same man would take his bread, sit down on a stone hard by, and eat up every bit of it. It would be a bold woman indeed who would dare offer a piece of dry bread to a tramp on an American road. He would probably throw the bread at her head and then fire her barn.

Our intolerance on the subject of beggary no doubt is the unconscious result of growing up in a community where labor is highly paid and where mendicancy implies almost invariably idleness or drunkenness. Besides, we have a superabundance of charitable institutions for those who cannot earn a living. In Spain, however, society is more primitive, and the impotent members thereof, instead of being quartered at great expense in poorhouses and asylums, are relieved inexpensively, so far as the government is concerned, by being abandoned to the sometimes uncertain generosity of the way-side. The police appear to discourage tramping, in the interest of the public security. A beggar can do little harm when he is amongst those who know him, but once start a gang of them on the highroads of a country, and they soon acquire a taste for adventure highly harmful to hen-roosts and unprotected property.

We held a council of war at the posada, to decide whether we should plough our way through the mud or go back to Alicante for the night and make a start when the rain had ceased. As usually happened in all our councils of war, we decided unanimously to push on, in spite of rain and mud, to avoid big towns at any cost, and to run our chances of a night's lodging.

The nearest village was a couple of hours further on, and our muleteers said there was a house where we might get beds. Señor Matias was the owner. We had no knowledge of the road ahead excepting what we could gather from peasants. Spanish cycling clubs, guide-books, and maps gave us no help on this road—not that they helped us much anywhere else.

We shook hands all round, after paying our modest bill, and pushed through the mud and rain towards San Juan. Most roads of Europe, in their worst state, yet preserve on one side or the other the possibility of a foot-passenger's making his way with tolerable security. Not so in these parts. We were, it is true, on a highroad over which the royal mail was conveyed once a day. It was marked on the best map of Spain that could be procured as a first-class national macadamized road, and this shows that people can often talk about the same thing and each mean something very different.

The rain came in showers, with bursts of splendid sunshine in between. We soon got so thick with mud that we did not mind a hodful more or less, for we revelled in exquisite bits of mediæval (that is to say, Moorish) architecture. By the side of our road ran irrigating ditches with massive masonry sluices that had been built in the days of Carthage, and had probably never known repair since African warriors governed these coasts. And it is well for us that those magnificent Moors were such good engineers, for, poor as the Spaniard is to-day, he would be much poorer yet were he not profiting by the irrigation prepared for him a thousand years ago by people whom he subsequently drove out of the country.

At length the narrow streets of San Juan took us into their wallowy embrace. The little donkeys that passed us sank up to their knees, while we had ceased to care how far we went, so long as each step brought us nearer to Señor Matias.

What a blessed moment that was when we finally dropped down on a bench in his inn-yard and commenced to remove our boots! I say inn-yard for want of a word in our language that fits. The house, from our point of view, did not commence until the upper story. That is to say, we came in upon a broad space partly occupied by a mule-cart and partly by kitchen utensils. From this apartment radiated doors communicating partly into a stable for donkeys, partly into a storage-room for forage, partly into sleeping-quarters for the servants and the poorer guests, and partly into a yard devoted to manure and chickens. There appeared to be no door to this house—at least not on the ground-floor. The population of the village drifted in and out without restraint, and I must again note the excellent manners they exhibited towards strangers like ourselves, who at such a time must have been well worth staring at. There is no sign to mark this house as an inn, nor is there anything to indicate that the establishment supplies likewise a large variety of general articles in the way of wine, groceries, bread, and the things usually kept at small country stores. Five drovers were having their supper at a table near the mule cart as we came in, and a kindly old lady was cooking savory things for them at the big gypsy fire in the corner. She had no light to see by save an iron bowl filled with lard, from the corner of which emerged a slender thread which served as a wick. It was the light that shone in the tent of Hannibal two centuries before Christ was born, and it is the light which will shine for centuries to come in this part of the world unless from without comes a heavy jog to this backward people, a reminder that they must use improved tools or else become unfit to compete with their fellow-men in other parts of the world.

As I sat with the five muleteers, watching the kindly old lady cooking for a large household by the light of a lamp so feeble that it could hardly have sufficed to show the way in a mine shaft, I could not help wondering how long this state of things could last in a land that was a geographic portion of Europe, whose king claimed the title or "Most Catholic." I seemed to be an anachronism



ITINERANT KNIFE-SHARPENER.

with my kodak, my bike, my stylographic pen, my portable type writer—all recent triumphs of Yankee invention. I felt that I was in a way like Mark Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur, and that the people about might readily regard as witchcraft the mechanical devices so far beyond their power to appreciate or even to understand.

Now and then purchasers came in, who waited patiently until Matias turned up from the stable, or his wife from where she was preparing our beds, or the kindly old lady from the fireplace, or some other member of the large household. No one was in a hurry, or, if he were, he did not show it.

When we had unstrapped the luggage from our bikes and put on bedroom slippers (a great luxury at such a time) we went up stairs, the part of the house evidently reserved for distinguished strangers. Here was a broad hall opening out at the front into a dining-room which faced the village street. At the back the hall opened upon a garden full of palms and southern trees. The bedrooms were merely alcoves opening upon this hall, black spaces large enough to hold a bed and a chair. We were so glad to get this much that we questioned nothing, but made ready for dinner.

We little thought that a prehistoric lamp and a gypsy fire could have made such a dinner as the one we enjoyed that night in this far-away little Spanish village. The event made such an impression on us that the two songsters of the party treated the community to one of their choicest selections from "Carmen," which, by-the-way,



Railroad Buildings. Troops filing up the Hill. Camp. Railroad Bridge.

LANDING TROOPS AT ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The battle of La Guasima, in which the Rough Riders were engaged on this same day, was fought five miles back of this place toward Santiago."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*

Carlton T. Chapman Baiquiri June 23rd 98.

Mining Company's Iron Pier and Buildings. Block-house.

LANDING TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

sounds to a Spaniard about as much like his music as cockney does like plantation talk to a darky. However, the people showed no resentment, and the host even paid us some hollow compliments on the sweetness of our English song. George tried to explain to him that it was not English, but Spanish, which only confirmed Matias in his original view. He paid us a high compliment that night, no less than waiting on us himself, with a vast sombrero on his head, a cigarette between his teeth, and a species of smock which he wore when dressed for parade.



STREET-SWEEPERS, MADRID.

George thinks we earned this honor by reason of having sung "Carmen." That may be. I am inclined to think that we won his heart by taking an interest in his wine-cellar, by sampling some specimens of his Alicante vintage, both red and white, and finally by selecting with knowledge the wine which he too regarded as the best.

By-the-way, let me remark that throughout Spain I cannot remember seeing a single drunken man, not even among the soldiers. And Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water. Here is stuff for the teetotaler. Perhaps if in America we removed the tax on wine, we might assist the cause of temperance. Whiskey might at the same time be rated as a poison, and prohibited altogether save under medical advice. For myself, I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink. And the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap. The world over we find that the cheaper the wine the more temperate the people; for drunkards, commend me to England and the United States, where wine is heavily taxed.

Do you want to know what sort of dinner we got in this savage section of mountainous Spain? Go there and sing to Matias, and he will provide the same for you.

First course: cheese, salt fish, cold ham. These by way of a cocktail.

Second course: Matias brought up from the gypsy fire a casserole, hot from the ashes, filled with a delicious medley, such as I recall having enjoyed at Señor Castelar's eventful dinner. I cannot remember the native name, but there was much onion or garlic, potato, and pieces of meat, and many odds and ends not readily analyzed. Matias told me all about the make of this dish, and Ned vowed that he would give a grand dinner when he got home, just like this one. We had some inkling of what was to be the extent of our meal, for before each of us was a stack of plates, each plate portending a separate course. Thus, after the table was once laid, Matias had only to take away, never to bring on plates. Of course we kept the same knife and fork throughout.

The third course was a tortilla, or Spanish omelet, through which were scattered raw beans, which looked rather pretty, but which we judiciously dropped into our pockets when Matias was not looking.

As fourth course came an excellently dressed lettuce salad, which confirmed me in my respect for Matias. Then came a variety of fruit—nuts, raisins, oranges—all grown in the neighborhood; and finally a little cup of black coffee that could not have been produced better at that famous little French place in New Orleans. We had drunk with this Lucullian banquet a wine of Alicante that would have been rated at three dollars a bottle, yet our bill for all this luxury came in at the rate of one dollar a day for everything. At night we slept soundly on soft mattresses with clean sheets, and in the morning washed in tin bowls at the chairs out in the general hall. Do you wonder that we love Spain?

ON THE WAY TO MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Troop-Ship "Australia," at Sea,
nearing Honolulu, *May 30, 1898.*

"Those little flannel-cakes! If I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes again, it seems to me I should be satisfied."

He was a private of Company E, First Oregon Volunteers, a "trooper of the forces, who has run his own six horses." In his Portland home he has entertained himself as befits a gentleman of cultivated tastes and independent means. The National Guard has not been one of his amusements; he has always had a disinclination to "play soldier"; but the call to arms found in him one of its first responses. Now he is enduring some of the discomforts he knew he would have to take when he took the oath to support the Constitution and obey the orders of the President of the United States and his superior officers.

"How many times," he says, "have we gone over the bill of fare so critically, trying to pick out something good! Now, if I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes!"

It is an individual case, but not a particular. The demand—not for flannel-cakes always, but for a good, clean, and square meal—is general, and it is an indication of a state of affairs that ought to be set forth very clearly in the interests of the thousands of volunteers who are to follow this first expedition to Manila; in the interest of the administration, which is responsible for the welfare of these volunteers; and in the interest of the country, which both soldiers and administration are bound to serve.

The facts are plain to any one. It is natural, of course, for men who never have been used to roughing it to find life aboard a troop-ship hard to take. Quarters are close and cramped, food is very plain, and there is no great variety of it. Conditions generally are unpleasant. These things the men recognize, and there is very little complaint about them. But there is a demand that the food be served in proper quantities, that the potatoes be boiled until they are cooked thoroughly, that the salt pork be not raw, and that the bacon be done. Beans are not palatable when they are hard enough to be used as poker-chips, and rice is not good to eat when it takes a mill to grind it. Hardtack is a good diet, but not as a steady thing when there is opportunity for fresh bread occasionally. These things, however, are but superficial causes of complaint, and are being eradicated rapidly. Most of them were caused at the start by the rolling of the ship, which so seriously incapacitated so many of the officers of the regiment that proper inspection was not possible. It also added to the discomfort of the men, so that they were inclined to exaggerate their hardships.

There is a much more serious matter for objection and complaint in the equipment of the men. They are sent out to a climate terribly hot and distressingly humid with an absolutely inadequate supply of proper clothing. Under-clothing was issued to-day. It is made of Canton flannel, of a weight that would prove extremely acceptable at the summit of White or Chilkoot Pass, and, even such as it is, there is not enough to go around. Shoes will not go around—to one company which turned in a requisition for sixty-four pairs, twenty-one pairs were issued. There is a large supply of brown duck suits to be issued sometime, by-and-by, but not a helmet or a suitable sun-hat to go with them.

Yet one of the great dangers of life in the Philippines is sunstroke.

These things will be overcome, of course, in time, and "when we have taken Manila." We can get all we want and just what we want in Manila—when we have taken it. But the expectation is that in order to take Manila we shall want some guns—rifles for the soldiers. The guns of the First Oregon are quite in keeping with the clothing outfit. They are the old-fashioned Springfield rifles. Originally they were hard-shooting guns, but that was long ago. Now the rifling has been worn out of a great many of them, and something else is the matter with some of them. There are 200 new rifles, which ought to be in good condition for service; they are of the old model, but they are efficient. The First California boys carry the same guns.

They are going to meet Mauser rifles, and apparently some one is relying on the pluck and dash of our fellows, and on the cowardice of the Spaniards. Our boys have got the pluck, and they will show the dash. There need be no question on that score. But if the Spaniards happen to stay and fight, there is likely to be a sorry tale to tell when these old Springfields take the field against the Mausers.

Now all this adds new emphasis to the great lesson this little war with a sixth-rate, bankrupt, "effete monarchy" is teaching the United States—the lesson of the folly of being unprepared. But it points another moral. We need guns, sabres, men, equipment—everything pertaining to the make-up of an efficient army. But, more than all, we need a different system of administration. Consider this: Uncle Sam has been training a reasonably large number of his young men for a good many years in the art and science of warfare. Most of them have developed remarkable fitness for their occupation. Nearly every one of those who have had experience extending over years enough to put a captain's bars on their shoulder-straps is competent to equip and outfit an expedition of this size. Time is one of the great considerations. There must be no delay. All sorts of conveniences and comforts for the men are sacrificed in order to gain time. Even essentials of equipment are let go. And yet, with all this imperative haste, the management, instead of being put into the hands of the competent, thoroughly trained men who have made such things their life work and have developed it into a science, is kept in the bureaus at Washington. Every detail must be reported "to the Department."

"The Department" wheels around on its revolving-chair and considers the thing a while, and then telegraphs its consent. But a day has been lost, and the expedition might have been 300 miles nearer Manila and Admiral Dewey.

Some army men will say that this ought not to be said now, because it is furnishing information to the enemy. But it is better to furnish what small information the enemy can get out of this if its publication will do anything toward preventing more of such work. And every man in the service knows it is all true. The trained men are set aside for somebody else at the time of all times when their services ought to be used to the fullest possibility, and when the greatest advantage ought to be taken of their training and their ability.

We need a lot of things to make this war as successful as it should be. We need more common-sense and less politics.

Honolulu, H. I., *June 4.*

The two days spent in Honolulu by the soldiers of General Anderson's brigade of General Merritt's Philippine army were a most decided change from the lazy life of the days aboard the transports. Loafing on the hurricane-deck, watching the flying-fish, and speculating on the end of man, in particular the man who goes to the Philippines as a private soldier, gave place to positive emphatic things to do, most desirable things too, in a most delightful city. Honolulu has developed for herself lately a Hawaiian version of "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." They say it very briefly here, but for these two days they have been saying it a great many time. "*Wele ke nao*," they say, and you hear it everywhere. They have been living up to it, too. There has been a hot time—such a hot time as even Honolulu, noted for hospitality, has not seen before. It began when the three troop-ships, *City of Peking*, *Australia*, and *City of Sydney* were sighted on Wednesday afternoon, and there has been scarcely a moment's cessation since. The whole city turned out to welcome the transports in. The wharves were thronged, and there were constant volleys of cheers, until even after the ships were in their berths. As soon as gang-planks were down the serious business began. There were receptions at once at the clubs for the officers, and they were not over until early in the morning.

Kapiolani, the dowager queen, had taken the opportunity of the arrival here of the *Charleston* to arrange for the presentation of a beautiful silk flag to the ship which brought home the body of her husband, King Kalakaua, who died in San Francisco. The formal presentation occurred in the morning after the troopers got here, being delayed for that purpose. All the officers were present, and the United States diplomatic representatives. The presentation was made by Kapiolani's nephews, Prince Cupid and Prince David, who made the address. Afterward there was a luncheon on the ship. President Dole received the officers that afternoon. The men were permitted to come ashore, half a company at a time, and they did have such a good time. They wandered about the streets, staring at the curious shops, and they swarmed on the beach at Waikiki and went swimming in the surf. The Kapiolani Park was open for them, and the government and Hawaiian bands gave a concert.

Yesterday was the great day—it was feast-day for the boys. Arrangements had been made to give every soldier in the brigade a "square meal." All the city had contributed. Tables were set up under the trees in the grounds about the government buildings, and spread with everything that even a hungry soldier who has had nothing but government rations for seven days could name as part of a "square meal." The government band was there to accompany the great feast with sweet music. At 9.30 in the morning the soldiers left their ships and marched up by companies. They filed into the government grounds, and attacked the tables in battalion front.

Every man in the expedition, except the unlucky chaps who had been detailed to sentry duty, was in the hungry army. Every man got what he wanted. There was a great quantity of soda and mineral water, and 3500 quarts of water that had been boiled and then cooled. The boys strolled about the grounds after the feast was over, and in the afternoon went out to Waikiki for surf-bathing. Every soldier in town was decorated with wreaths of flowers, and many of them were half concealed by the leis.

In the morning Chief-Justice Judd, on behalf of the Sons of the Revolution resident in Honolulu, delivered a formal address of welcome to General Anderson. The general, in reply, hoped that annexation would soon be an accomplished fact.

President Dole held an informal reception in the Government Building for the soldiers who were feasting in the grounds. Little groups of them were presented to him constantly.

The hospitality of Honolulu is remarkable; the exhibition of it in the last two days is something no man who witnessed it will ever forget. But through it all this curious feature has struck the soldiers with especial force: the flags that greeted the arrival of the transports, fluttering from a forest of tall poles, from every prominent building, and from scores of residences, that waved in hundreds in the streets, were the stars and stripes. Yet



BATHING BY SQUAD ON THE TROOP-SHIP "AUSTRALIA" BOUND FOR MANILA.

over the government buildings there floated a strange flag—the banner of the Hawaiian Republic. The gentlemen and ladies who so royally extended their hospitality are Americans. The language they speak is English. The men we dealt with in the shops were Americans; we bought goods made in the United States, and we paid for them with United States money; we rode about in carriages built in the United States and pulled by American horses; we were at home, and our own flag waved over our heads constantly. But over the government buildings a strange flag floated, and we were in a foreign land.

Oscar King Davis.



CHAPLAIN GILBERT HOLDING CHURCH SERVICE, MAY 29.



ON THE HURRICANE-DECK.

Lieut. H. P. McCain, U.S.A., Assistant Adjutant-General. Lieut. S. A. Clomans, U.S.A., Commissary. Major Sam. R. Jones, U.S.A., Quartermaster. Lieut. E. W. Clark, U.S.A., Aide.



ASSISTANT-SURGEON WHITING HOLDS A VACCINATION BEE.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. M. ANDERSON AND STAFF.



DINNER.



STRING BAND OF COMPANY E., 1ST OREGON VOLUNTEERS.

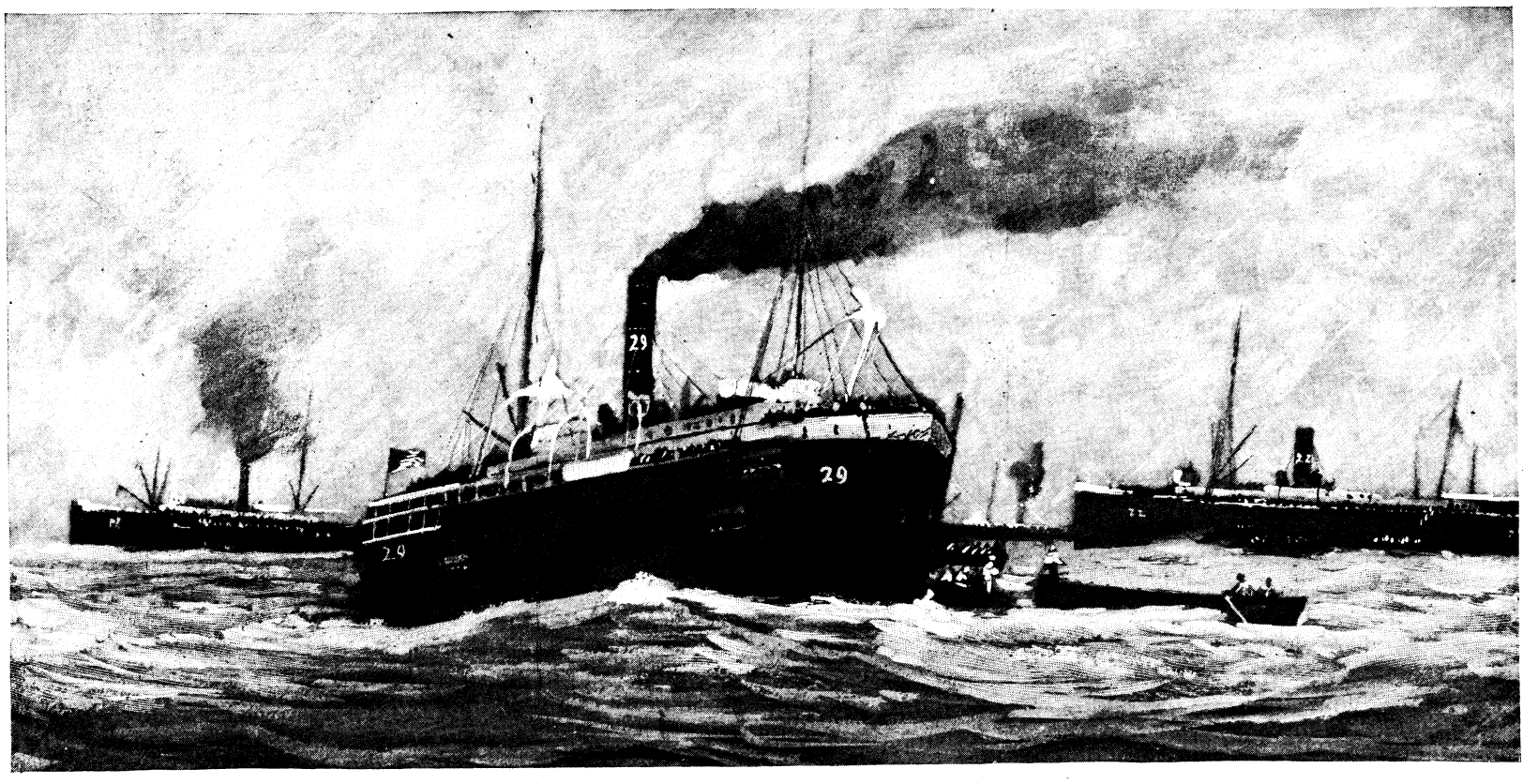
WITH OUR TROOPS FOR MANILA.

SCENES ON THE TRANSPORT "AUSTRALIA," OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION, CONVEYING GENERAL ANDERSON AND THE 1ST OREGON VOLUNTEERS.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OSCAR K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

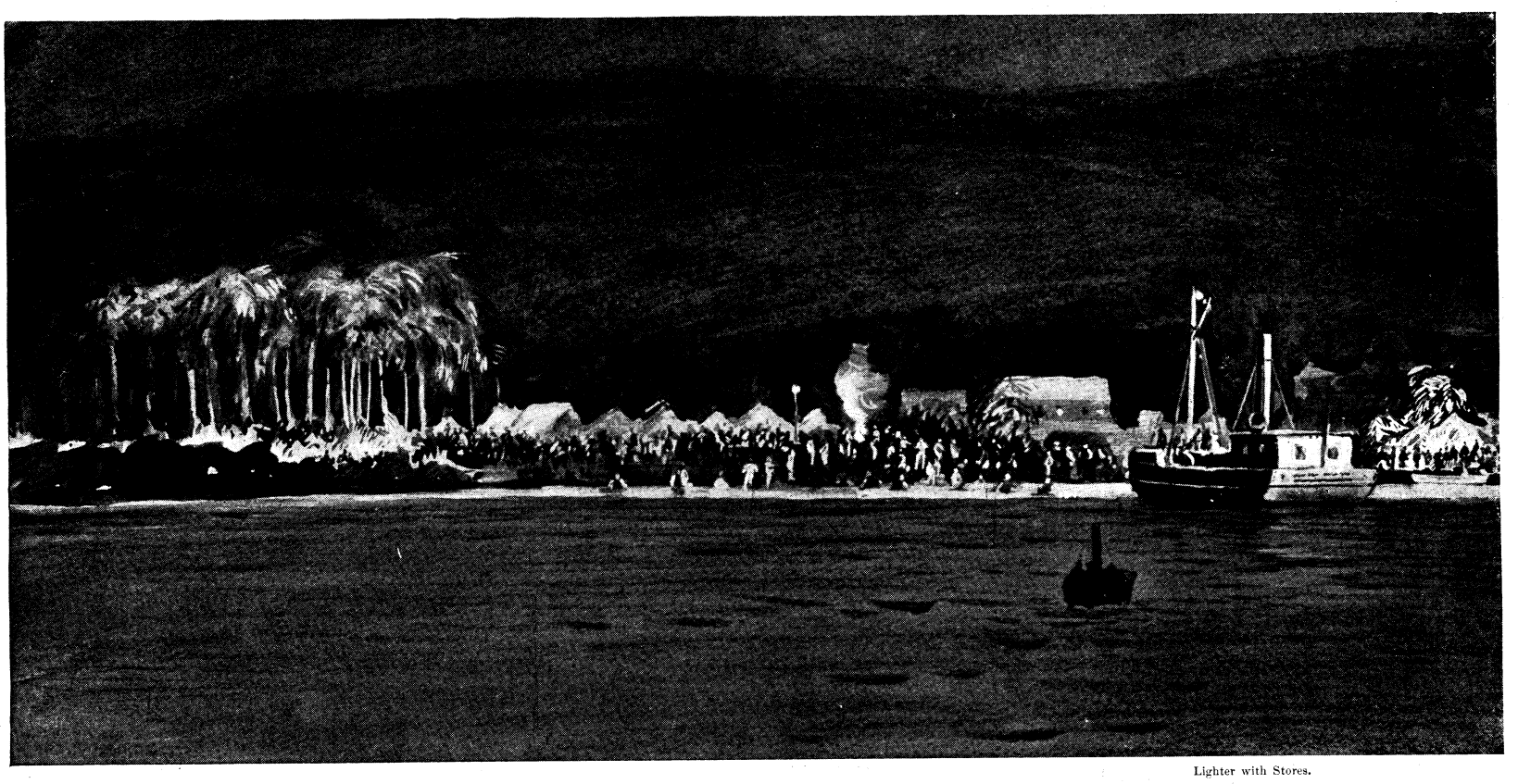


TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON" RECONNOITRING OFF SANTIAGO HARBOR TO OBSERVE THE ERECTION OF NEW SPANISH BATTERIES.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

"At dawn the Spanish sighted the 'Ericsson' close under their batteries, and sent a 10-inch shell whizz-whirring over her. Others followed, one going between her two funnels."—*Correspondence from Santiago.*



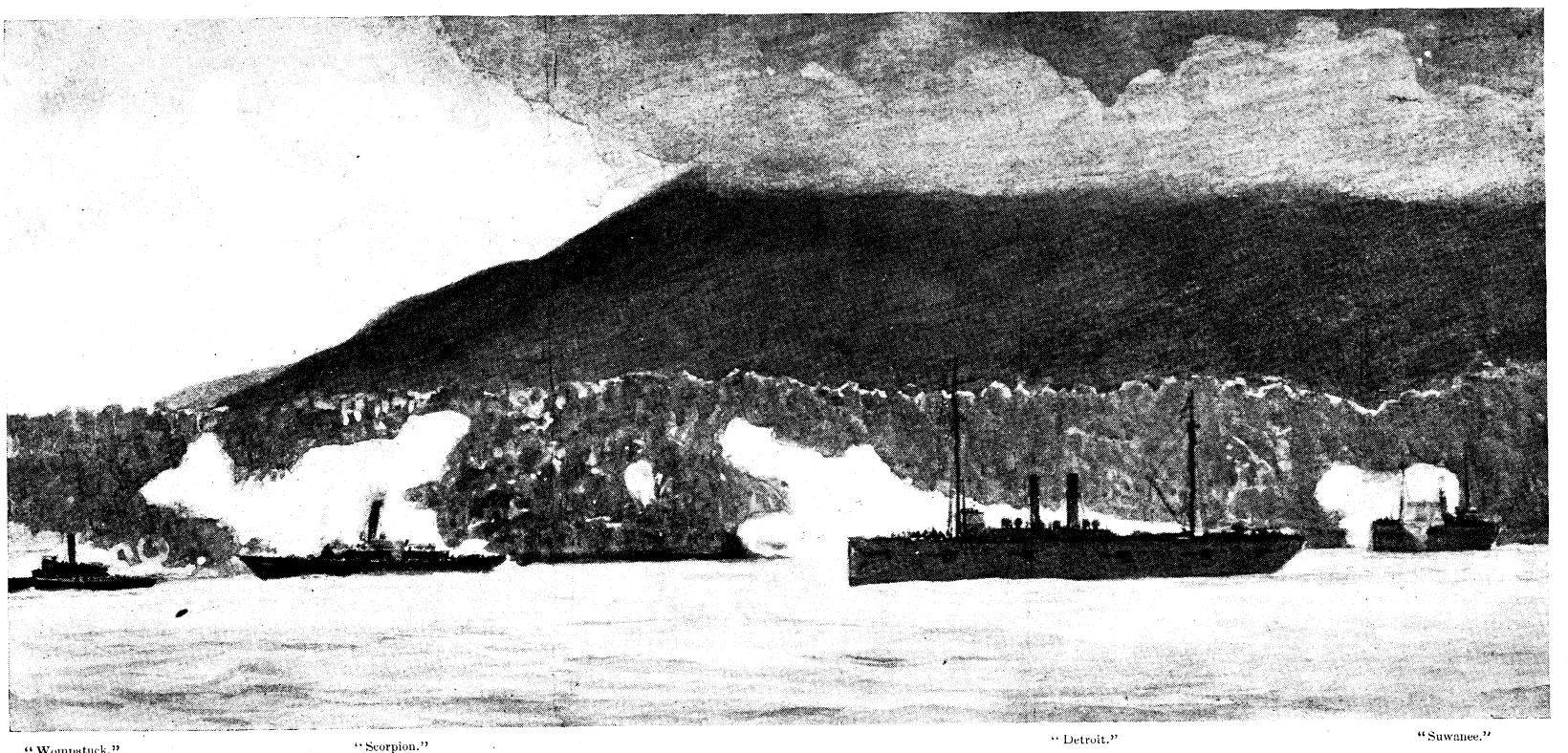
BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23—LANDING TROOPS UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A HEAVY SEA.



Lighter with Stores.

ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24—THE FIRST CAMP ON THE BEACH.

"The 'St. Louis' kept her search-light on the beach, and the soldiers went in swimming."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*



"Wompatuck." "Scorpion." "Detroit." "Suwanee."

SHELLING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE SHORE ROADS NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

LANDING THE TROOPS OF THE SANTIAGO EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



SEASICK SOLDIERS OF 3D UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON TRANSPORT "ARANSAS."

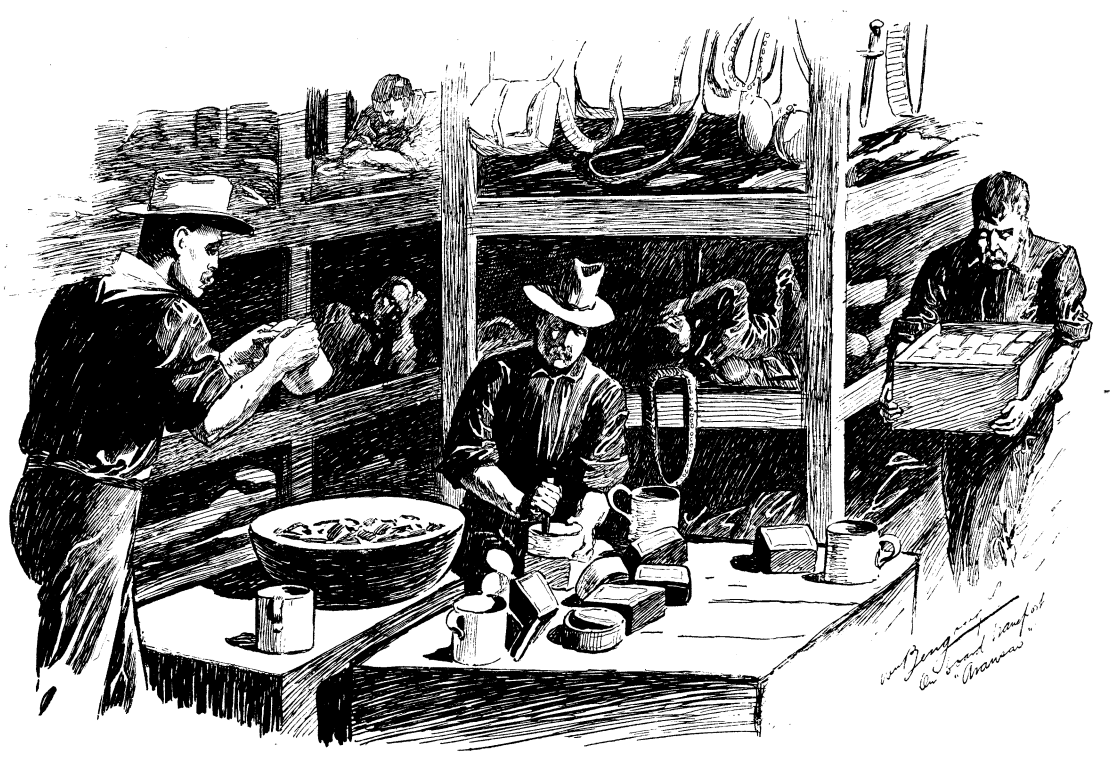
THE LOSS OF "LA BOURGOGNE."

At five o'clock on Monday morning, July 4, the French transatlantic liner *La Bourgogne* was run into by the British full-rigged sailing-ship *Cromartyshire*, about sixty miles south of Sable Island, and sunk. The collision occurred in a fog. It appears that each ship heard the other's fog signal, but apparently too late to avoid disaster, for, almost as soon as the Britisher saw the steamship loom up in the fog, the *Cromartyshire* rammed *La Bourgogne* amidships. The two vessels then drew away from each other, and, so thick was the fog, the captain of the *Cromartyshire* thought the liner had proceeded uninjured. Not until an hour or more later, when the mist lifted, did the Englishman know of the terrible catastrophe that had resulted. The liner had sunk ten minutes after being struck!

La Bourgogne sailed from New York Saturday, July 2, with 750 souls on board. Of these, 220 were first and second cabin passengers, 297 were steerage passengers, 11 were officers, and there were 222 in the crew. Of these there were saved not one first-cabin passenger, only 11 second-cabin passengers, 51 steerage passengers, and 104 of the crew, making a total of 166 saved out of 750 in all on board. All the officers but four, and all the women but one, were drowned. There were over a hundred women on the ship, and many children. Captain Deloncle went down with his ship.

Those passengers who were saved are unanimous in asserting that the crew behaved in a most brutal and cowardly manner and displayed a woful lack of discipline. The sailors apparently made little effort to launch the life-boats, leaving this to the passengers, with whom they afterwards fought for places in the boats and on the rafts. One boat-load of women, without oars, was upset, and all were lost. Mrs. La Casse, the only woman saved, was rescued by her husband, who had to fight his way to a raft. The men in the floating boats and on the rafts hit with oars those who tried to grasp a place of safety. Some passengers assert that many of the crew and steerage used knives in fighting for places in the life-boats. The officers apparently exerted no authority whatever. When the *Cromartyshire* had rescued those on rafts and in boats, her captain, Henderson, called for volunteers to man boats and search for more survivors. The French crew refused to aid in this work. An hour later the steamship *Grecian* appeared and towed the *Cromartyshire* to Halifax. The officers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, owners of *La Bourgogne*, offer as a reason why no first-cabin passengers were saved, that the first cabin companionway was totally blocked by the bending in of the ship's sides by the collision, thus effectually shutting off all avenue of escape for those in saloon state-rooms.

Conspicuous for their heroism on this occasion of relapse to the rights of brute force were three Catholic priests. These men, when they saw that the ship was bound to sink with a majority of those on board, gathered as many of the panic-stricken passengers as they could, and delivered absolution to those of their faith. None of the priests was saved. Of the first-cabin passengers,a number were well known socially, among others the wife and daughter of ex-Judge John F. Dillon, of Fair Hills, N. J.



MESS HOUR—OPENING MEAT-CANS BETWEENDECKS ON A CROWDED TRANSPORT—THREE TIERS OF BERTHS.

WITH THE TROOPS FOR SANTIAGO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

On Docks at Port Tampa, *June 12, 1898.*

It is after midnight, and I can't get a row-boat out to the transport *Iroquois*, that is to carry me to Cuba—and we sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, but to-morrow—we sail! I can't get a bed at the inn here—not a pallet, a blanket, a place on a billiard table, or even on the floor.

Being new and untried, I had one drawback as a correspondent, but luckily I learned my trouble early. I had no policy. A war artist found this out, and being friendly, he took me from an unfinished letter to a private room. He had something on his mind, he said, and I could finish the letter any old time.

"You don't know much about the army?"

I told him that until six weeks ago I was not able to tell a doughboy officer from a cavalryman by the stripes down his leg. He smiled with infinite pity and tolerance.

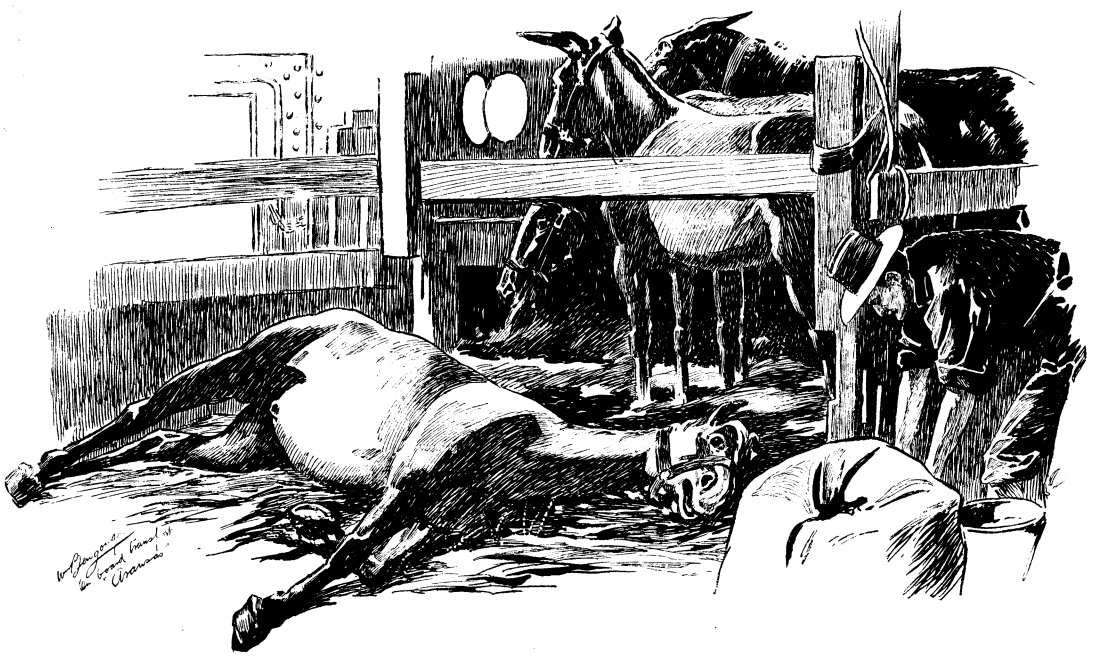
"Therefore," I said, "I am not a military critic, and shall not pass judgments and deliver opinions for some days yet."

"You've got to," he said, in a tone that ended argument. "You must have a policy. I'll give you one." And he began.

Now the war artist with pencil has no peer, and with his pen he laid bare in these columns, not long ago, the bowels of a battle-ship after a fashion that would have done no discredit to Kipling. But when he talks—there's the rub. He is a linguistic terror to the foreign attachés who are beginning to plume themselves on their English. He favors monosyllables, pauses, dashes, exclamation points, Indian sign-language, and heys, huhs, and humphs that fill out sentences, complete paragraphs, and round up elaborate argument.

"There is a lot any damn fool can say—of course—hey? But you mustn't say it—huh? Give 'em hell afterwards. That's right—ain't it? Understand? Regular army all right." (Sign-language here.) "These damn fools outside—hey? Best army in world at close of war" (sign-language), "best equipped—you understand, huh? Congress" (violent sign-language) "wanted to squsb it—squsb it—that's right—you understand—huh? Cut it down—cut it down—see? Illustrate—wanted 18,000 mules—got 2000—same principle—that's right. No use complainin' now—hey? No good—people think you complainin' of regular army—regular army all right, huh? You mustn't say it now. Give 'em hell afterwards—understand?" (Sign-language.) "All right now—go ahead."

I nodded my head basely—the policy was so simple, so lucid, and I believed I might understand after I had thought it all over; and, after thinking it all over and translating the artist into English, I make out, with an active use of inference and common-sense, merely that most men in public life do no more than they have to do; that political systems shrink in consequence, until they fit closely to immediate needs; that when there is a sudden need for sudden elastic expansion the system has grown stiff from disuse; and that the honest public servants are now doing their best, and that we must be patient. That the trouble is with the men and the people who have blindly refused to recognize the possibility of the emergency now upon us—the landlubber of the Western interior, the rural Populists and the city agitators, and the tender hearts of Boston; that these are the men who are to be "given hell"—afterwards—to the particular end that never again shall a soul of them see Washington except at his own expense and for his own personal business or pleasure.



SEASICK HORSE ON A TROOP-SHIP.

I am aboard the *Iroquois* now, and the transports are moving down the bay to St. Petersburg, where the *Iroquois* grounds on a sand bank near the docks, and an hour later anchors near by for the night. The other transports have gone on to quarantine, and we will sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, as I have said before, but to-morrow we sail!

Nearing Santiago, Monday Morning, *June 20, 1898.*

And we did sail. Just now we are not more than twenty miles away from the harbor of Santiago, and running fearlessly along the big, grim coast mountains of Cuba, with colors to the breeze and the band playing. In two hours we hope to hear a welcome from Sampson's guns, and then—well, nobody knows what will happen then.

The troops are in two divisions of three brigades, and with three regiments to each brigade, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York constituting the volunteers. Besides, there is General Wheeler's cavalry of forty troops, of which four troops alone are mounted.



CHIEF-TRUMPETER C. W. PLATT OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS" RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT BAIQUIRI.*

But in spite of transport and war-ship, officer and soldier, I cannot realize that this is war; that this is not some strange huge excursion; that we are not to land in peace and safety, and in peace and safety go back as we came; that even at this moment a little farther down these gashed mountains, showing ever clearer through the mist, are enemies with whom the officers and soldiers around me may soon be in a death-grapple. The officers seem to realize it, however, for, while they are cheerful, an intense seriousness is perceptible under all, and an active longing to get to shore and to work. And these soldiers! cooped up as they are like chickens, short of rations, aboard here for two weeks, restless and sick with inactivity—nobody hears a word of grumbling or sees a sour face. Big fellows, strong fellows, they are—intelligent, quiet, orderly, obedient, good-natured, patient—patient beyond words. Here and now, in advance, I take off my hat with profound respect and perfect confidence to "plug" and "doughboy"—Uncle Sam's own boys of horse and of foot. They were lying asleep all over the decks this morning at daybreak. Their faces looked gray in the dawn, and some lay in attitudes that suggested ghastly premonitions. The premonitions will come true fast enough so far as some of the poor fellows are concerned, doubtless, but when the blow strikes, may it come painless and bring peace.

This boat carries "Iron" Lawton, who commands the second division; Chaffee the strong, now a brigadier-general—and the Major. General Lawton was colonel of a regiment at the close of the war, before he was twenty-one years old. He captured Geronimo, who called him "the big captain," and refrained from killing him because he made such a superb figure on horseback. Everybody who knows the army has his eye on General Chaffee; and as for the Major—there are many majors on the expedition and several on this boat, but only one *Major*. The Major was a civilian a little while ago, but he gives not a sign. At sunrise the lucky eye of observation turns without a particle of regret from the spectacle of shining Aurora rising from her bath to the pink-robed Major going down to his, so even in the race for glory are the goddess and the son of Mars. The one break in the monotony of the sail was the Major's battle. It was just after the war-ships met us off Key West, and a sudden firing began. Out ran the Major and set his pajamas fluttering from the rail.

"There they are! Three to one against us! See those Spanish ships over there? Where's the general—where's the general?" A moment later we heard him waking the general.

"General, the fight is on. The fight is on."

But the fight was not on—the *Indiana* was merely giving hoarse commands to an impudent steamer to heave to. After that a mischievous subaltern told him a secret of ordnance, and the Major got out his camp-cot and slept in the farther end of the saloon that night. Next day he reprimanded an aide for smoking below.

"Young man," he said, "don't you know that there are twenty tons of gunpowder stored in there under my state-room?"

However, merely because the Major is excitable and doesn't like his bed feathered with gunpowder is no sign that he will not fight—the Major may be a lion. The dandies fought well at Waterloo, and I imagine that certain young men under Colonel Roosevelt will give a good account of themselves when the time comes. At any rate, they are taking their medicine like men, and are asking no favors because they are gentlemen. I saw a little fellow on the docks at Tampa, brown as the skirts of his hunting-saddle at home, in a coarse blue shirt, with his tooth-brush stuck through the band of his slouch-hat, and in company with a hulking Irishman whom he called "Doc," and who called him by his first name. The "chumminess" of the two made me laugh outright, and I wondered if the Irishman knew the generative energy, social and financial, that was bottled up in his small comrade. Perhaps he did know, and most likely he cared not a whit for the same.

We are off Santiago Harbor now, and Morro Castle is plain through the thin mist, as are the battle-ships patrolling in stern procession under and past it and back again. The flag-ship has gone in to take General Shafter to confer with Sampson, while the transports pitch impatiently on a swelling sea of sapphire, and wait.

Night comes, and we hear nothing.

The belief is that Cervera has been asked over to the admiral's ship to dine with General Shafter and surrender, and the suspicion is that the three are having a high old time over the terms.

It is morning again, and we are putting out to sea—God knows whither bound. The Major has solved the problem.

"Supporting Spanish tradition," says he, "Cervera says 'Mañana.' 'Mañana be damned,' says Shafter. 'Mañana we land.'"....Apparently the Major is right, for we have made a big sea circle, and are heading straight for the shore again. But it's a false hope. However, we are to force a landing to-morrow—sure.

OFF BAIQUIRI, *June 22, 1898.*

There was a sober thrill last night through this ship. Orders came at dusk that we were to force a landing at daybreak, and General Lawton was to be the first man to set his foot on the Cuban coast. There was a quick conference, rations for three days were issued, outfits were overhauled and tightened, and all night the ship was in a bustle of eager preparation. Like a New England farmer, we got up next morning and ate breakfast in the dark; and like him, we sat around and waited for the light. Day broke and showed the big emerald-green mountains rosy with light, the coast foothills still in shadow, the spray breaking high against the low rock wall that makes the

(*Continued on page 700.*)

* Immediately upon landing at Juragua Mines, near Baiquiri, the American flag was carried by members of the First Volunteer Cavalry—"Rough Riders"—to the Spanish fort at the top of the hill overlooking the entire fleet of transports, four hundred feet above the sea. Chief-Trumpeter C. W. Platt stood upon the old stone breastworks with the flag, and when it was unfurled every steam-whistle in the fleet of transports was let loose, and every throat in the army yelled enthusiastically.

Later the flag was raised to the top of the abandoned fort, which had been perforated by one of the shells during the bombardment.—*Extract from Mr. Bengough's Letter.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

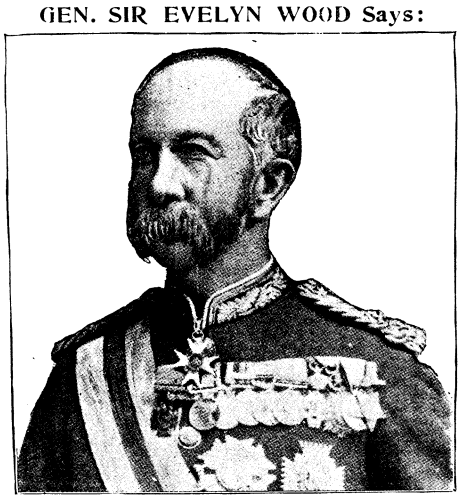
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From "The London Sketch."

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Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

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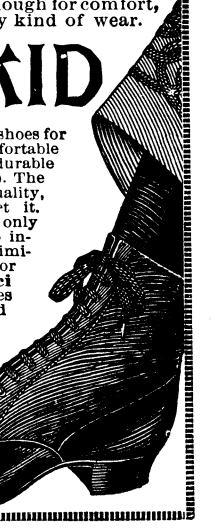
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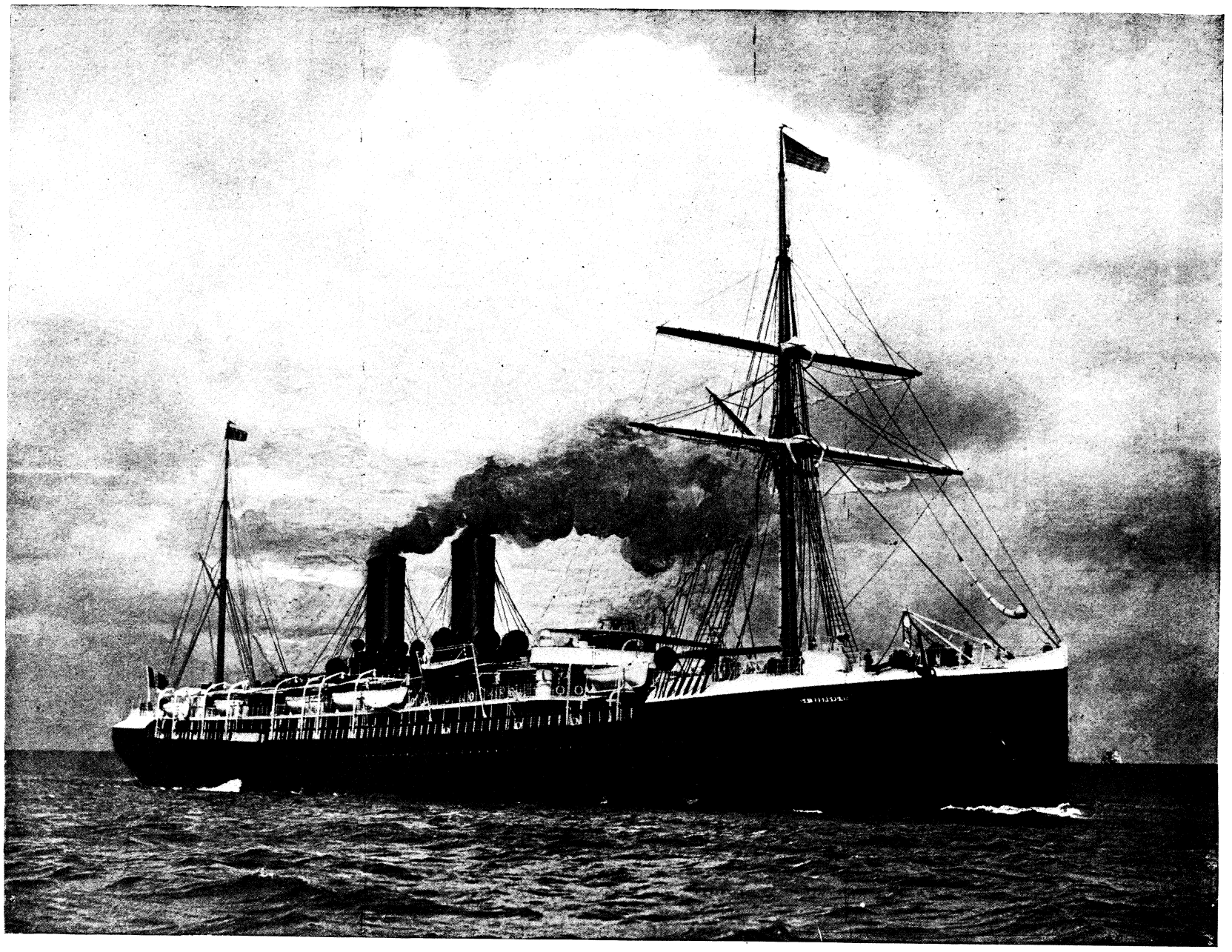
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"LA BOURGOGNE," OF THE COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE, SUNK IN COLLISION WITH THE BRITISH SHIP "CROMARTYSHIRE," OFF SABLE ISLAND, JULY 4, WITH A LOSS OF 565 LIVES OUT OF 725.—[See Page 698.]

(*Continued from page 699.*)

coast-line, and the ship floating alone in a little bay that curved like a horseshoe shorewards. And we kept on waiting. Other transports gathered; the lifting mist showed a long pier stretching into the bay and loaded with tram-cars, and the frame houses of a little mining-town—Baiquiri. Flames shot up from the town—the Spaniards were burning up the property that might be of value to us. The war-ships steamed lazily in. Natty, self-important little steam-launches began to sputter through the bay, towing a train of landing-boats, each manned by two jolly Jackies in white—and still we waited. The captain of the *Indiana*, it was said, had sent word that there was important work ahead to make the landing safe. In the middle of the forenoon and down towards Santiago a herd of maddened bulls began to bellow out in the Cuban hills. Firing had begun, and General Kent was making a feint of landing in another little bay at another little coast town—Juragua. Below that point still another bombardment was going on to keep the Dons guessing. Meanwhile the Jackies and middies and naval cadets were busy, and landing-boats stuffed with slouch-hats, blue shirts, and bristling gun-muzzles were being towed into position behind a little launch, in which stood the colossal figure of Lawton, upright and ready to lead the way. But just a moment, please.

To the right of the bay loomed a foot-hill, shaped like a huge grave, with one end steep from the sea, covered thickly on the sides with trees, terraced with palisades, and pointed on top by a Spanish block-house, the conical roof of which caught the sun like brass.

At the foot of this the boats must land, and there was no telling what game the Spaniard was playing under cover on that still hill, and up the quiet ravine on the other side, nor what the card he held up his sleeve. So the *New Orleans*, the ex-Brazilian cruiser, went ahead to investigate. As she passed the transport a megaphone shouted, "Three cheers for the army!" and the Jackies waved and cheered, while the doughboys crowded on the forward deck, and clinging to the rigging, waved and cheered back mightily. A little later the *New Orleans* gave a deep, hoarse cough as a signal, and a puff of smoke from her starboard side was quickly answered by a cloud of smoke high on the hill where her shell burst. At once the *Castine* and the *Annapolis* began to clear the throats of their guns. The little *Vixen* barked a note of sharp inquiry; the tug *Wompatuck*, with all the pride of a recruit at his first target practice, barked too, and all were fused into an angry chorus. At first they searched that hill, smoke belching from the ships like the spray spouting along the coast, and smoke forming into little clouds and rising on the hill as mist forms and rises there after a rain.

The shells whistled over the hill, screamed through the woods over the gray palisades, or crashed into dark cave-

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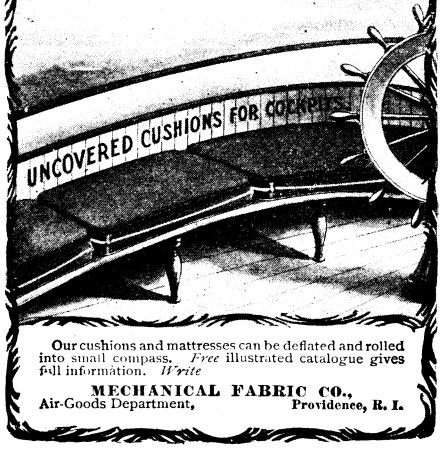
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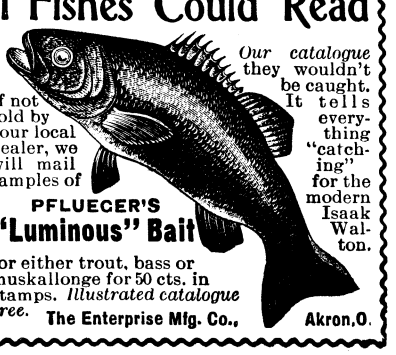
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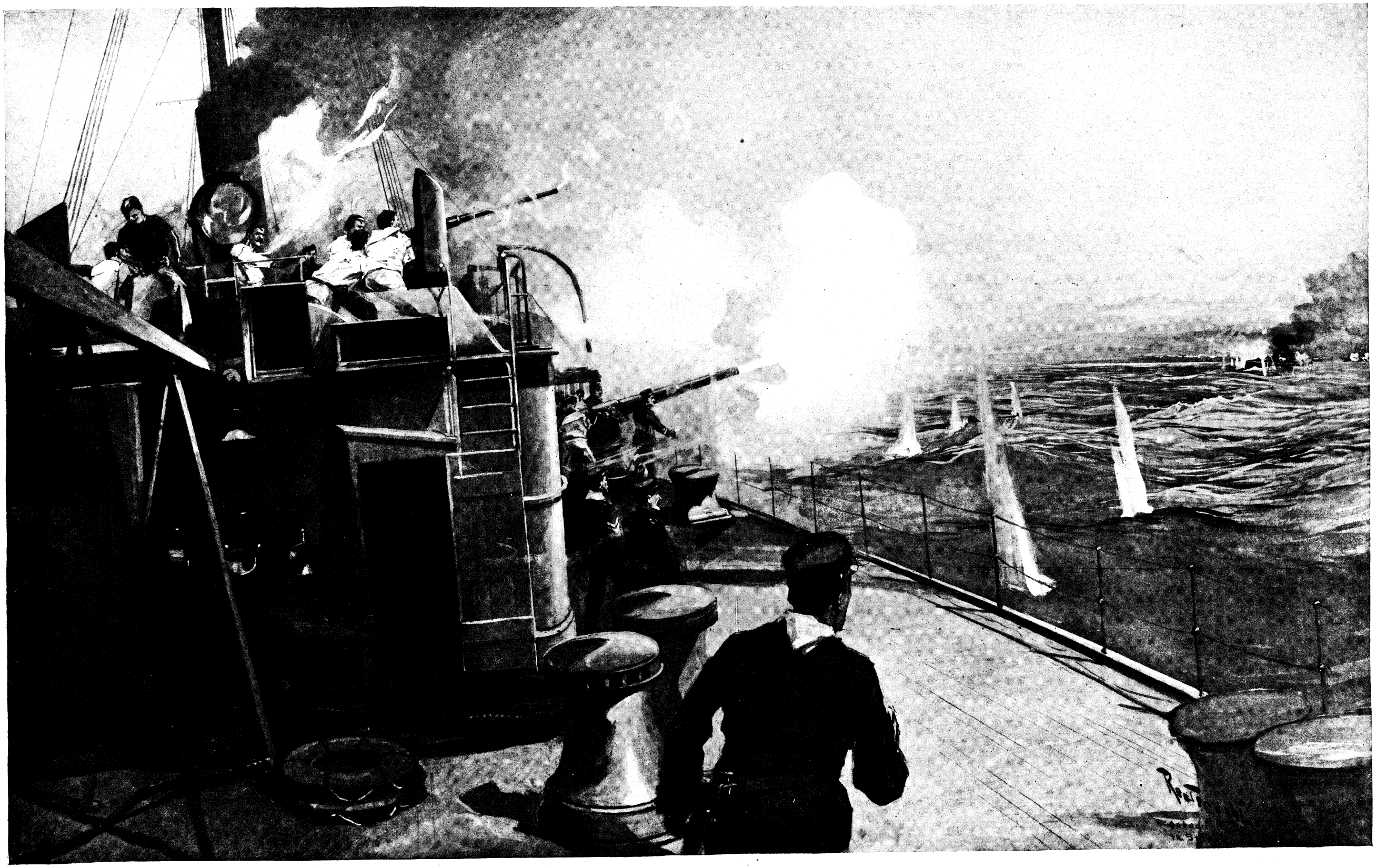
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like spots under the rocks—bursting with rage that nothing could be found, and spitting smoke and dust like demons. By-and-by a humorous gunner or two took that shining mark on the peak of the hill—the silent block-house—and a howling imp of a shell whirled closer and even closer, until the mark was lost in a cloud of smoke. Then how Jackie and doughboy roared! The house seemed to have been swept into the air; but there it stood, still impudent and shining, when all was clear again. It was a close shot, however, and that gunner needed but one more trial; but there was better work for him now; and besides, that house was needed for a better purpose than ruin. At sunset the little *Vixen*, steaming closer, had sent a casual messenger into a dark ravine on the other side of the hill, and had made a find. Spaniards broke from it like partridges from a cover, and every gun was turned on them. A few insurgents, who had been waiting for this near by, joined in the fusillade, and the Spaniards—three hundred of them—fled. Whether any were killed is not known yet, but a wayward shell found its way among the Cubans and gave two of them slight wounds. The way was clear now, and General Lawton steamed in and landed his men without the firing of a shot.

It is late in the afternoon now, and the hard-working Jackies have been piped to supper. To the right of the town I can see a short line of insurgents drawn up, perhaps for picket duty for the night. From the harbor every eye turns curiously upward to the block-house high above them. Two men are in plain sight near it—Cubans, Spaniards, or what not nobody in the harbor knows. One of them climbs to the roof, and the other hands him up something. Then a yell breaks from every throat, and a whistle, shrill or hoarse, from every craft in the harbor. Old Glory is fluttering against a bank of low-hung clouds. The stars and stripes are loose to winds from the mountain and winds from the sea. Just now they stream steadily in a wind from the sunset, as though they were ready to be borne and planted, where they soon will be—over Santiago.

John Fox, Jr.

OFF SANTIAGO.

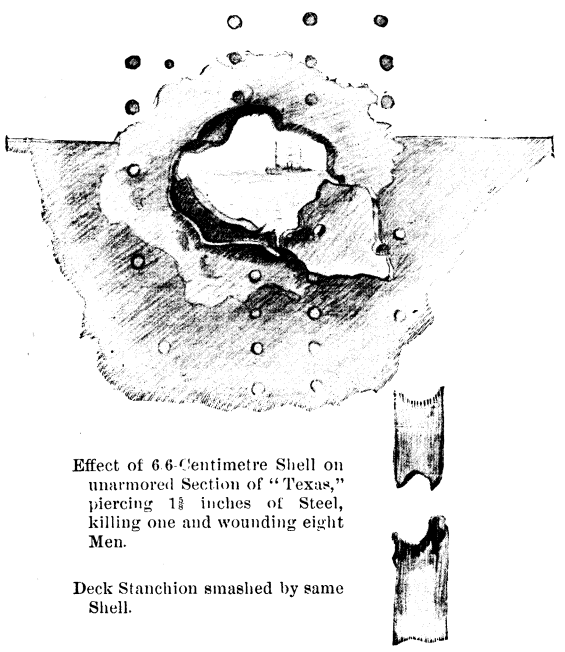
June 26.

Since the *Vesuvius* joined the fleet she has been in the habit of throwing a few charges of guncotton into the defences of Santiago almost every night, going in quite close, and firing with an accuracy that has wrought great execution to the enemy's works.

On Wednesday night she landed a shell on Cay Smith that struck a storehouse and completely annihilated it, the force of the explosion tearing a great hole in the earth, and producing a tremendous and deafening report that could be heard a long distance.

The day following this successful shot a Spanish soldier was captured in the woods and brought in. He had run away from Santiago, and frankly stated that though he had been nearly starved, and in danger of getting killed by the shells of the American ships that were liable to drop in on them at any time, yet he had not thought of running away until the Americans began throwing *earthquakes* into the forts, when he became thoroughly convinced that the best thing he could do was to escape from such a dangerous neighborhood. From the ships the Spanish can be seen, after one of these bombardments, digging in the heaps of sand and dirt thrown up by exploding shells and loading into carts the bodies of the dead. What their losses have been is a matter of conjecture, but certainly they have been considerable.

On Wednesday, while the troops were preparing to land at Baiquiri, the coast was thoroughly shelled in that neighborhood, and as far west as the batteries beyond Santiago. The *Texas*, in front of the heavy western battery, which has been her station all along, was struck by a 6.6-centimetre shell, that penetrated the forward compartment on the gun-deck and exploded, killing one man and wounding eight. There are four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns in this space, none of which was in action; but the crew of each were at their stations, and nearly every man was struck by the pieces of flying shell.



Effect of 6.6-Centimetre Shell on unarmored Section of "Texas," piercing 1⅝ inches of Steel, killing one and wounding eight Men.

Deck Stanchion smashed by same Shell.

The ship is not armored in this section, except against small rapid-fire guns, the total thickness of the sides being 1⅝ inches; the outer plating, one inch thick, was cut through with clean sharp edges, the inner and thinner plate being bent back in an irregular shape, as if it had been the cover of a tin can.

A deck stanchion in the path of the projectile was cut through, but the upper and lower parts were left standing. The shell must have exploded right here, and a man standing near was terribly burned by the flame. The whole compartment filled with dense smoke and a suffocating odor of escaping gas. A hawser coiled on a spool that reached to the deck above was knocked to pieces. The force of the explosion made a great dent in the ship's side opposite to the hole made by the shell in entering. The side frames and deck beams adjoining were bent and twisted, and the deck cut with great gashes. It seems remarkable that more men were not killed outright; as it is, all will probably recover, except possibly the man who was burned, who is very badly injured. All the wounded, with the exception of one man, who was not badly hurt, were taken up to Guantanamo and put on the *Solace*.

When the poor fellow who was so badly burned was being bandaged up he asked the doctor, in a faint voice, "Was that a Dago shell or a premature explosion, doctor." When told that it was a Dago shell, he said, "Then it's all right." The man who was killed was F. R. Blakely, an apprentice just passed his twenty-first year; his term of service had recently expired, and he had re-enlisted. He was buried at sea that evening, in the deep waters off Santiago, and the funeral service was read for the first time in the fleet since coming here.

Launches from the *Marblehead* and *Dolphin* have been busy searching the upper channels at Guantanamo for mines, and so far ten have been taken up and put where they can do no harm.

The *Texas* struck one, and got it on board, where it remains as a trophy. These mines were put down by German engineers, some as recently as April, 1898. All are contact mines, but none apparently in perfect order, for they failed to explode when bumped by the propellers of the *Marblehead* and *Texas*. The cable from Guantanamo to Mole St. Nicholas has been repaired, and is now working night and day under government supervision. The newspaper men hasten there to file their bulletins, and it seems quite "United States" to have a cable-office so handy. The office is a little box of a place twelve feet square, built of corrugated iron and lined with wood. It is right on the beach near Camp McCalla, and has a couple of shot-holes through it for additional ventilation, and as souvenirs of the arrival of the marines.

Guantanamo Bay might be in the immediate neighborhood of New York, from its appearance nowadays, crowded with colliers, transports, war-ships, and despatch-boats. At night lights shine out from the ships; the music of an accordion or a harmonica, played by some sailor to liven up the hours, comes over the water, and the murmur of voices and other concomitants of the piping times of peace. The war-ships are silent and watchful; the *Marblehead* still guards the entrance of the bay, and turns her search-light on any approaching craft, and from time to time on the dark shores. All is quiet in Camp McCalla; the marines turn in early, and only an occasional hail from a sentry tells that some there are not sleeping.



Submarine Mine struck and picked up by U.S.S. "Texas" in Guantanamo Bay.

The landing of the troops at Baiquiri was accomplished under difficulties. The wind stirred up quite a sea both days, and the cutters and launches jumped about a good deal, giving the soldiers a drenching of spray if they escaped a ducking in the surf which rolled in on the beach. There is a big iron pier there, but only one steamer at a time could lie alongside, and there was no landing-place worth the name save the beach. Two men were drowned on Wednesday, and several horses were also lost; but considering the size of the undertaking, it was handled with great success. Launches and cutters from the fleet were pressed into service, and the sailors had all the hard work they wanted in managing their overloaded boats. We have a good many more skilled boatmen in the service now than when they began the task, and the value of such sharp training cannot be overestimated.

A good many of the horses were put overboard and allowed to swim ashore, the bugles calling them in with the musical water-call. With one or two exceptions, all got ashore safely. One poor beast got confused by the multitude of boats and headed out to sea; he was having a hard time in the rough water, and was apparently giving out, when finally a boat was lowered and succeeded, after a struggle, in getting the tired animal turned toward the land. Hundreds of soldiers were watching the little drama from near-by transports; they all gave a ringing cheer when the rescue was accomplished. It was a pretty and natural exhibition of the soldiers' ready sympathy, if it was only a poor army horse in the midst of so many exciting incidents. A big ship passed near us, the men lined up ready to go ashore, boats swarmed alongside, and the band struck up "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!"

Carlton T. Chapman.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 683.*)

week ago to-day. Here, as at El Caney, it was a question of capturing trenches and block-houses before attaining the town itself. The advance was made up a steep clearing, and the enemy, firing only too accurately, did not yield until fairly driven out of the trenches by a final rush "as though our men intended to catch them with their hands." Equal courage was shown by the Seventy-first New York, with the Sixteenth and Sixth regulars, in their charge uphill upon another seemingly impregnable position, which they carried, though at a terrible sacrifice. At four o'clock in the afternoon a block-house near the San Juan River was taken by the Ninth Cavalry, the "Rough Riders," and the First and Tenth Cavalry; then San Juan itself fell before the Sixteenth and Thirteenth Cavalry, the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and "Rough Riders." For some of our men it was the second and for others the third charge of the day, uphill and against an enemy fighting with a last-trench desperation. At Aguadores, on the coast east of Morro, the fortifications were shelled by the *New York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester*.

Saturday, July 2.—Determined efforts to retake San Juan were made. The enemy was repulsed with great loss. General Vara del Rey, who commanded the Spanish force at El Caney, has been killed. He was second in command to General Linares, who has been disabled by a wound. Next in succession is José Toral. Four batteries, advanced to more favorable positions, threw shells into Santiago, and aided the movement of troops under General Lawton to extend our lines north of the city. Colonel Escario arrived at Santiago with about four thousand men to re-enforce the garrison.

Sunday, July 3.—The situation is stated in a despatch from General Shafter to Secretary Alger, which is, in part, as follows: "My lines completely surround the town [Santiago] from the bay on the north of the city to a point on the San Juan River." Another despatch includes interesting correspondence:

To the Commanding General of the Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:

Sir,—I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries and all women and children that they should leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. R. Shafter, Major-General U.S.A.

His Excellency the General Commanding Forces of United States, San Juan River:

Sir,—I have the honor to reply to your communication of to-day, written at 8.30 A.M., and received at 1 P.M., demanding the surrender of this city, on the contrary case announcing to me that you will bombard the city, and that I advise the foreign women and children that they must leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message. Very respectfully,

José Toral, Commander-in-Chief, Fourth Corps.

The Commanding General Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:

Sir,—In consideration of the request of the consuls and officers in your city for delaying carrying out my intention to fire on the city, and in the interest of the poor women and children, who will suffer very greatly by their hasty and enforced departure from the city, I have the honor to announce that I will delay such action solely in their interest until noon of the 5th, provided during the interval your forces make no demonstration whatever upon those of my own. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, W. R. Shafter,

Major-General U. S. A., Commanding.

Admiral Cervera's fleet, leaving Santiago Harbor and attempting to pass our war-ships stationed off the coast at that point, was destroyed. Despatches from Admiral Sampson and Commodore Watson follow:

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet—not one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 this morning. At two the last ship, the *Cristóbal Colon*, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago, and has let down her colors. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya* were forced ashore, burned, and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were destroyed within four miles of the port. Our loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun-fire, explosions, and drowning. About 1300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was G. H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*.

Sampson.

At 9.30 to-day Spanish squadron, seven in all, including one gunboat, came out of Santiago in column, and was totally destroyed within an hour, excepting *Cristóbal Colon*, which was chased 45 miles to westward by the Commander-in-Chief, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, surrendering to *Brooklyn*, but was beached to prevent sinking....

Watson.

Press despatches add that the flag-ship *New York* had gone eastward to Siboney, where Admiral Sampson held a conference with General Shafter, but returned in time to join in the chase of the *Colon*. Extraordinary gallantry, according to all accounts, was shown by Captain Wainwright, commanding the converted yacht *Gloucester*.

Monday, July 4.—Admiral Cervera is quoted, in a despatch to the New York *Herald*, as saying to the correspondent of that paper to-day, "I received orders twice from Madrid to leave Santiago Harbor and go to Havana .... and I gave the order for my fleet to dash forth to almost certain destruction."

Tuesday, July 5.—Refugees from Santiago who arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, to-day, say that opinion is divided in regard to surrendering the city, the archbishop with many of the inhabitants and some of the soldiers wishing to yield, while Linares and the higher officers declare they will "burn the city to the ground first."

The demand for surrender of Santiago was repeated, and again rejected. The truce was extended.

Despatches from the front give our losses at Santiago as follows: Killed, 16 officers and 339 men; wounded, 1252. The returns are still imperfect.

Wednesday, July 6.—In exchange for prisoners captured by our forces, the Spanish authorities released Hobson and his seven companions who sunk the *Merrimac* in the channel of Santiago Harbor.

Despatches from Gibraltar and London state that Camara's squadron has been recalled to protect the Spanish coast.

Thursday, July 7.—A despatch received to-day by Secretary Long from Admiral Dewey says, under date of July 4: "The United States troops have been landed, and have been comfortably housed at Cavité. Insurgents still active. Aguinaldo proclaimed himself President of the revolutionary republic on July 1."

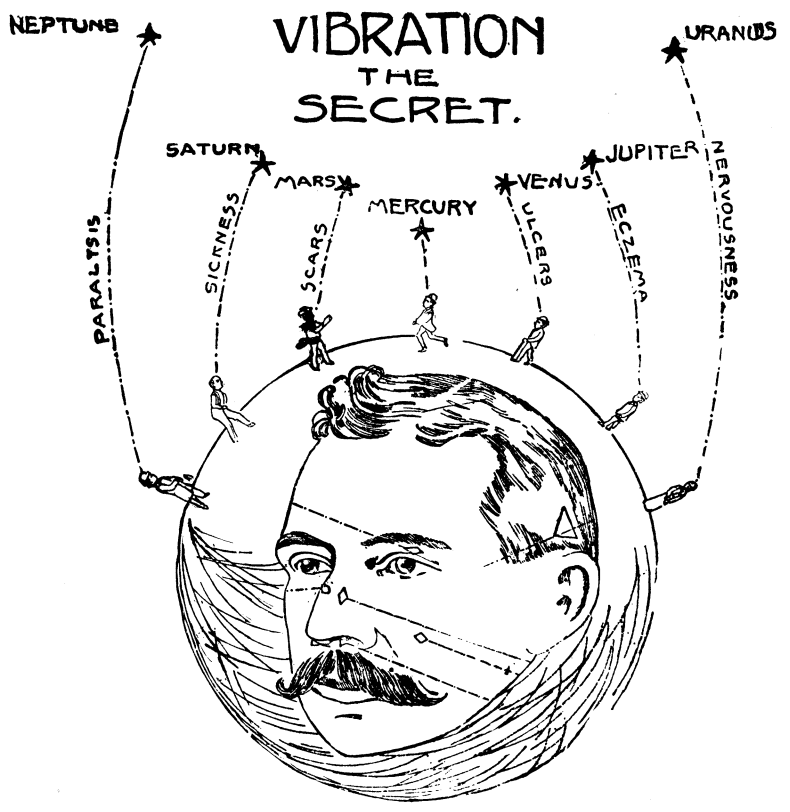
President McKinley signed the Hawaiian annexation resolution.

Nelson A. Miles, Major-General commanding the United States army, left Washington for Santiago, *viâ* Charleston.

Extensions of the armistice have been accorded—first, that there might be an opportunity for non-combatants to leave Santiago; and second (from Wednesday until Saturday), that the Spanish commander might communicate with his government in regard to the demand for surrender. Meanwhile our lines have been strengthened, siege-guns and mortar-batteries are in position, re-enforcements are on the way, and at Washington there has been discussion of plans for co-operation between army and navy.

Friday, July 8.—A despatch from Madrid states that General Correa, Minister of War, has received from General Toral, commanding at Santiago, the important communication (referred to under date of July 7) in relation to the surrender of the city. Toral says, after giving the terms of General Shafter's demand, that he has communicated with Captain-General Blanco, and warned all foreigners, who are now almost the sole inhabitants, and he adds, "It is necessary to remember that we are short of provisions, and that the troops have endured three years' campaigning."

Congress adjourned.



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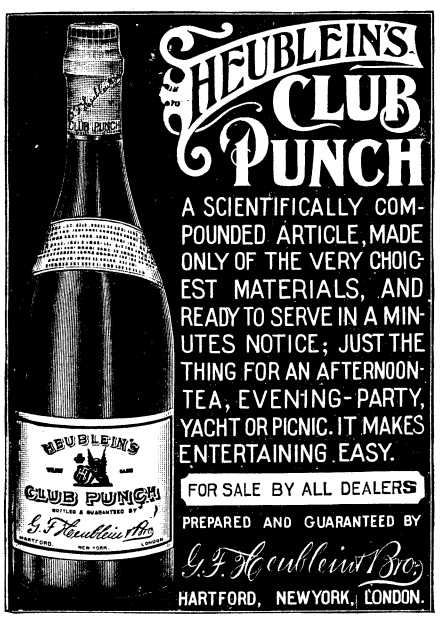
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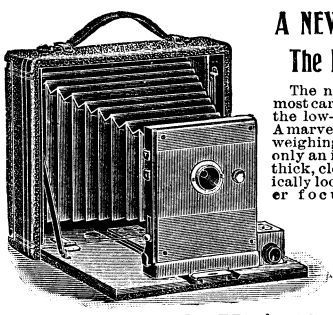
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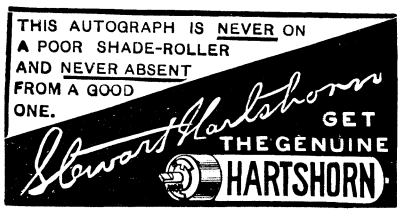
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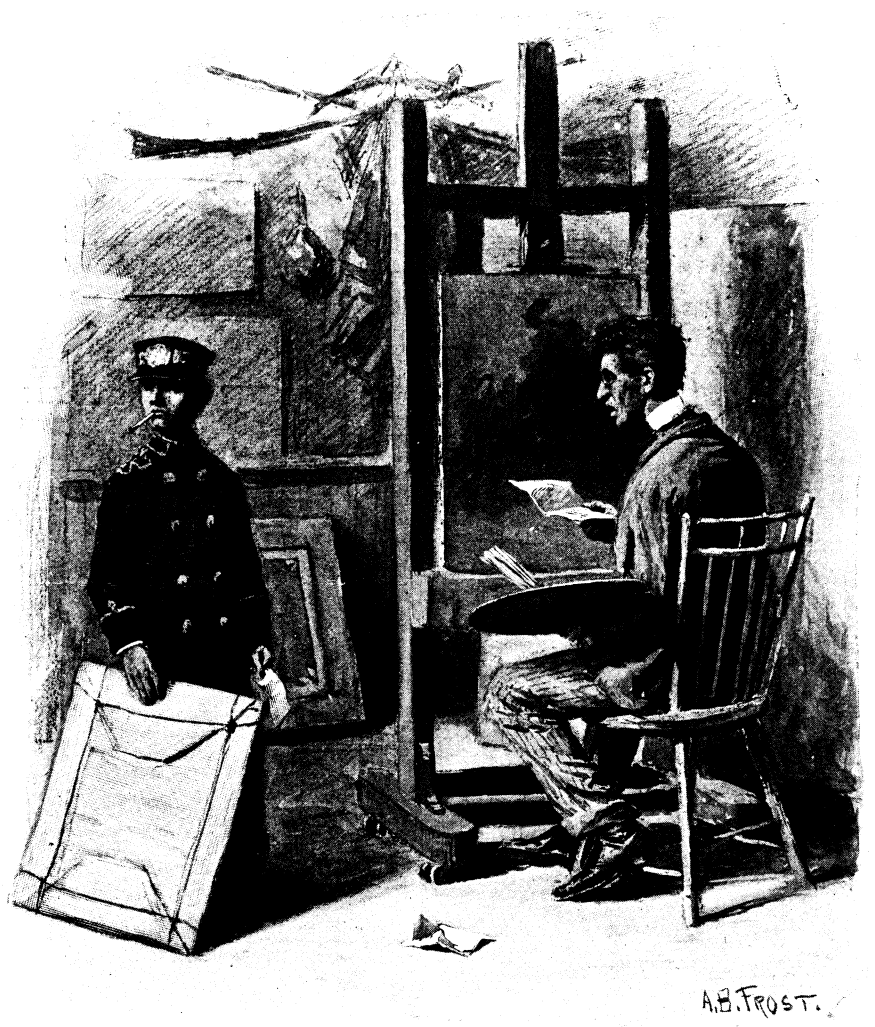
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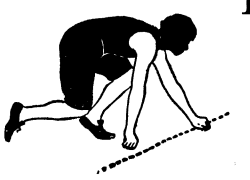
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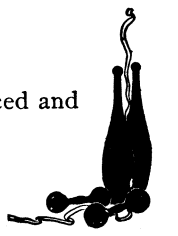
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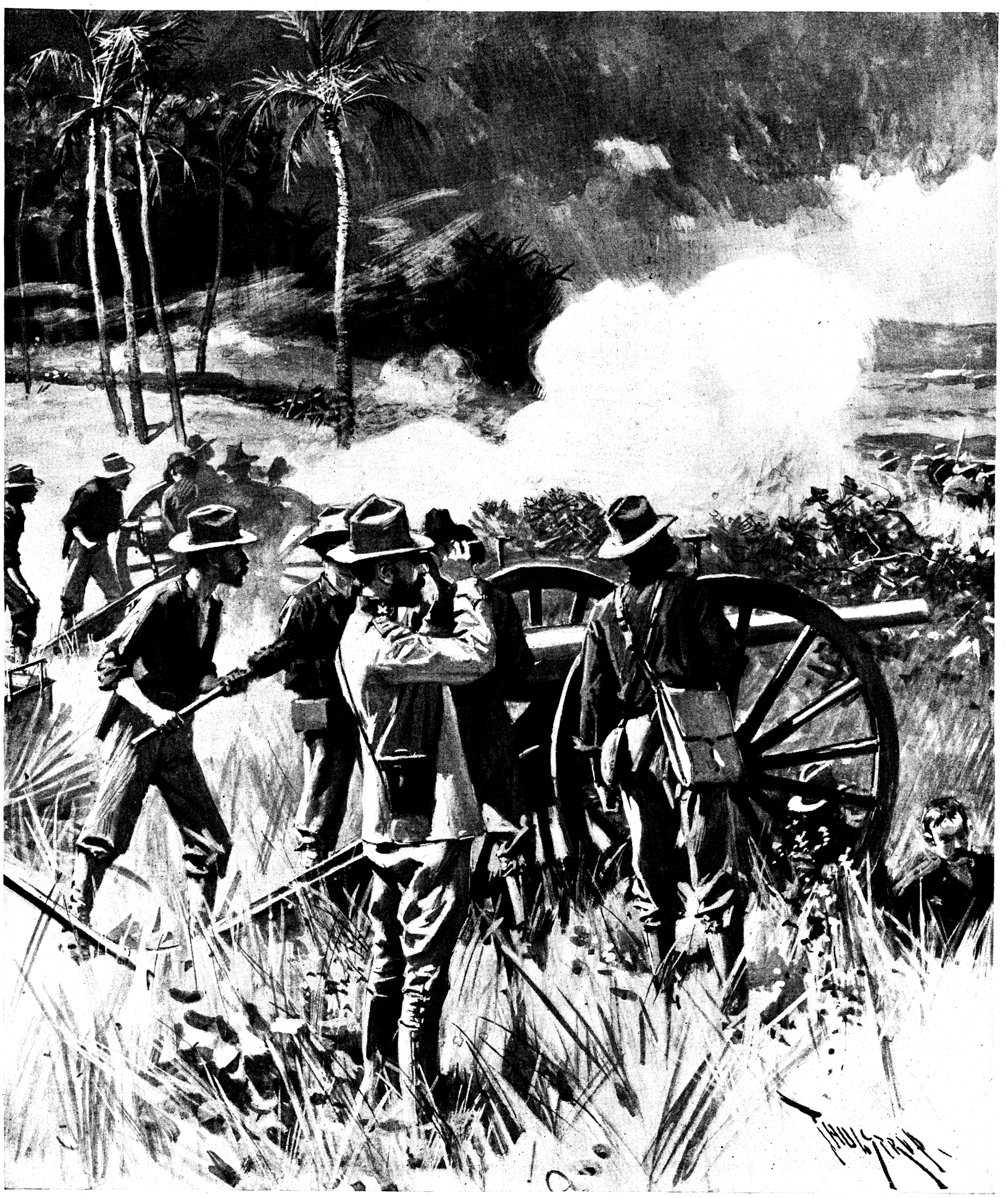
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

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SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FIELD-ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 23, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN, AND OTHERS.

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, MR. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* MR. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

IT is well to record the fact that many of our Cuban allies are worse than worthless. The conduct of some of them at the time of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet puts them outside of the pale of civilization. It will be remembered that they fired upon the escaping Spaniards, and were only prevented from murdering them by a shell from the *Iowa*. Since then other insurgents have declined to help the American troops to make roads, while others still have neglected to interfere with a body of marching Spaniards near Santiago.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL JUDSON HARMON delivered an excellent address the other day, before the Ohio Bar Association, on the subject of territorial expansion by this country, and he uttered some phrases which are so significant, so pregnant with meaning, that we give them to our readers. After laying down the proposition that our increase of territory heretofore has been merely to make room for our people, he said: "Mere expansion is not growth, it is only swelling; we may push across the seas, but we cannot grow there. Elephantiasis is not an unknown form of national malady, and is always fatal. There are still chapters of English history to be written." And we may add that the most intelligent English statesmen, in contemplating that history, have already come to the conclusion that England's colonies are not now of advantage to England herself.

IT is greatly to be regretted that injudicious newspapers and political friends of Commodore SCHLEY are trying to make trouble between him and Admiral SAMPSON. We trust that we are not mistaken in assuming that Commodore SCHLEY disapproves of this endeavor to honor him in discrediting his commanding officer. Wild and extravagant talk about Commodore SCHLEY'S exploit at Santiago ought to stop. He has been the first, indeed, to admit that he did not plan or lead the battle or gain the victory. The alertness and readiness of the fleet were due to the vigilance and wisdom of the commanding officer, and when the enemy appeared our ships went after his ships, each largely on its own account, the captains of the *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Oregon*, and WAINWRIGHT of the *Gloucester*, winning as many honors as SCHLEY. If there was any plan, it was made in advance by Admiral SAMPSON, so that if any one is entitled to the honors of the event it is Admiral SAMPSON. In saying this we think we are expressing the conviction and sentiment of nearly, if not quite, all the captains of the fleet. Commodore SCHLEY is in danger of being injured by his superserviceable friends of the daily press. It might possibly be to his own advantage if he were to succeed in putting a stop to the preposterous claims that have been made on his behalf, and which he himself admits to be unsubstantial. His flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, it is true, received the brunt of the Spanish attack, because CERVERA had ordered her assailed because it was supposed that the Spanish ships could outrun the other vessels of our fleet. That Commodore SCHLEY is entitled to honors that will reflect on his commanding officer because he successfully repelled this attack, forcing the *Colon* ashore, is preposterous. He certainly would not have been held responsible if the Spanish fleet had escaped.

THE campaign in Cuba has ended gloriously by the surrender of Santiago de Cuba. We say gloriously, notwithstanding the errors and faults that marked the beginning and the conduct of it, errors and faults which have resulted in an enormous loss of life, and may be followed by the death of many good soldiers from yellow fever. We have been fortunate in the character and condition of our enemy. He was worn out, and he had ceased to be enterprising, if, indeed, he ever was that. That he was brave is a matter of course. We have been especially fortunate in the character and conduct of our regular army officers and soldiers, who bore the brunt of the fighting, and who are distinctly entitled to the honors of the campaign. We say this without in any way reflecting upon the character of the volunteers, who did their duty as well as raw troops can be expected to do it—better, indeed, than raw troops of any other country in the world. That the regulars excelled them is due to the fact that they are trained to the business of fighting, and this training, added to the character which is conspicuous also in the volunteers, and which can be most shortly and perhaps best described as American, gives us, considering the size of our regular army, probably the best fighting force in the world. If Spain does not recognize in this blow the end of the war, it is true indeed, as has been said by an English paper, that the ways of the Spaniard are beyond comprehension.

THE bids for the government bonds were opened on the 14th of July, and the result of the bidding was most satisfactory, the bidders numbering more than 300,000. The total subscriptions for the $200,000,000 of bonds that are to be issued was for $1,325,000,000. This and the other figures that we cite are, of course, not exactly accurate, but as nearly so as is possible at this writing, for the popular character of the loan, so far as the bidding can determine that, is shown by the fact that about $90,000,000 of the bonds will go to persons who subscribed for $500 or less. As the allotments will be made to the lowest bidders, all who have bid for $500 or less will get their bonds, and outside of that, to no one will more than $10,000 of bonds be issued. As a matter of course, however, these bonds will eventually make their way into the hands of large holders, who are already offering a premium for them. The faith of the large financiers in the government was shown by the fact that there were two bids each for the whole $200,000,000, and one for $100,000,000 at a slight premium. Thus the people of the United States, who govern its policy, and the financiers, who have the interests of their clients to consider, have expressed their abiding faith not only in the ability of this government to pay every obligation it enters into, but in the substantial nature of its future financial policy.

CONGRESS is not very generous in dealing out honors and rewards for meritorious services in the field. Whatever it does by way of recognition of the heroes of the war in the army and navy is either insufficient, or, so far as the navy is concerned, is at the expense of other officers of the service. The country pays nothing for these rewards. For instance, in the navy an officer who has performed a heroic deed, like that performed by HOBSON, is promoted by being advanced certain numbers—that is, he is jumped over the heads of a number of other officers and placed in front of them, thus retarding their natural promotion, and preventing, perhaps, some of them from reaching the grade of rear-admiral. It is a gain for him, of course, but it is a grave injustice to the officers whom he skips, many, if not all, of whom would have been glad of the opportunity to render the service which he rendered. Neither they nor any one else would complain of the honor done to HOBSON or his advancement, but why is it necessary that the country should make these officers pay the debt of honor which it owes? The only just method of advancing an officer like HOBSON is to promote him to the grade above, either in the staff or line, as he may prefer, and to increase that grade and every grade above it by one number, so that while he is honored no one suffers injustice. Probably this would be the course pursued if it were not for the fact that the politicians in Congress are afraid that the country is so mean that it would resent the addition of another salary to the navy list. That is all that there is to be said in favor of the present system that we know of. In the army no permanent promotion is possible under the present system of Congressional command. If a regular-army officer performs a gallant service, he may, indeed, be given brevet rank in the regular army, but that carries no additional pay, and is a very cheap kind of honor. He may also be advanced in the volunteer service; but that is only a temporary reward, for when the volunteer army goes out of service the regular officer must return to his old rank in the regular service. The fact is that while so far in this war the politicians in Congress have honored DEWEY properly, they have refused to do anything else of real value for either service, contenting themselves at the last with helping some newspapers breed trouble between Commodore SCHLEY and Admiral SAMPSON; and if the politicians are closely watched, this record which they have made with respect to the two services will continue to furnish an excellent criterion by which to judge of their patriotism.

THE special session of the Legislature of New York was needed to give legal authorization to acts of the government of the State made necessary by the war, and to provide for contingencies not foreseen at the time of the adjournment. All that could have been done in a few days, and without opposition. It is to be supposed that the Democrats in the State Legislature have laid to heart a lesson which is very familiar to reading men, but had to be learned anew by the Democrats in the present Congress. That is, the lesson that factious opposition to the conduct of a war is the surest means of political suicide. The opposition of the Democrats in Congress has been very factious. It is true that they had so much excuse for it as could be furnished by the evidence of a determination on the part of the majority to "make political capital" out of the war. To the Democratic Senators and Representatives who had for years been picking the quarrel with Spain, and offering resolutions recognizing the Cuban Republic, while steadfastly opposing any preparation for the war which such recognition would inevitably have brought, it was no doubt a grievance that the Republicans should take possession of their own particular quarrel. Nevertheless, they should have borne themselves warily even under this affliction. Particularly they should have abstained from endeavoring to cripple the army by refusing those means of increasing it which all the experts agreed upon as the best possible means. Unfortunately they took counsel not of their reasons, but of their passions, and of Mr. BAILEY of Texas. By so doing they have put themselves in the same category with the members of the Hartford Convention in 1814 and with the opponents of the annexation of Texas in 1845, and they can look forward through an interminable vista of opposition. It is not to be supposed that this awful example has been lost upon Democratic politicians operating in smaller spheres than that of the nation. The extra session would have been brief and harmonious if it had been restricted to its proper purpose.

It was the Governor who injected into it matters foreign to that purpose. The call for the extra session specified as its objects not only the appropriation of money for war expenses, and the making of provision for the votes of New York troops in the South, Cuba, the Philippines, and elsewhere—which is an object of more solicitude to the government than to the troops—but also the making of laws which should enable him, the Governor, to manage elections in the city of New York. He did not, naturally, put it quite so bluntly as this, but this is what it comes to. The pretext for this legislation is the recent reorganization by the Mayor of the Police Commission, which, very improperly, is charged with the conduct of elections in the city. It is not unlikely that that reorganization, including the appointment of a tainted chief of police, had reference to the conduct of elections, though its chief purpose is understood to have been the reopening to policemen and to Tammany politicians of sources of income which had been closed under the honest administration of the Police Board by Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and his associates. In order to take the control of elections away from the local authorities, it was necessary for the Governor to recommend an evasion of the Constitution of the State. This he does not hesitate to do. There is one, and only one, redeeming circumstance in the situation, and that is the evidence it affords that the Governor and the boss, Senator PLATT, have "fallen out." The action of the Mayor in displacing the Republican member of the Police Board was at first very actively resented by the representatives of the boss. But although no official announcement to that effect has been made, it is supposed that one of the appointments to the vacancies thus made was dictated by Mr. PLATT, and that his pacification has been accomplished. The Governor's proposal to take personal charge of the elections in the city shows that he is not necessarily pacified when the boss is pacified. The whole public value of his performance lies in that demonstration, which is indeed of good augury for that majority of the people of New York which does not live by politics.

NO EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE.

THERE is some apprehension expressed in London lest the war between this country and Spain extend beyond the scope limited by the resolutions of Congress, until it shall interest and include other powers. These apprehensions are felt by our friends—by our only friends in Europe who control, or even influence, their government. On the other hand, there are on the Continent some who seem to be doing all in their power to compel an enlargement of the field of war by seeking their own aggrandizement through the defeat of Spain and the loss of her colonies. The Emperor of Germany is chief among these; indeed, his is the only government that is openly showing a disposition to interfere with this country in its conduct and conclusion of the war, although we have little doubt that he is generally sympathized with by the men of politics of the Continent, and that we are saved from greater annoyance and more imminent danger than we have yet encountered by reason of the friendship which Great Britain manifests towards us.

The pretence by which European interference in our affairs is to be excused is that as we have set up the MONROE doctrine against European interference on this hemisphere, Europe would be excusable for setting up a corresponding doctrine against us. Stated in general terms, we shall be obliged to admit the soundness of this proposition, and if we insist upon going beyond the expressed pledge which Congress voluntarily gave when we entered upon this war, and upon forcibly and unreasonably annexing the Philippine Islands, we shall be forced to abandon the MONROE doctrine. That doctrine is perhaps incompatible with the position, the duties, and the rights of an aggressive world-power. But this question is not yet raised. We have not yet come to it, and it is to be hoped that we shall never reach it. It is conceivable that, against our will, and for the perfection of the security against the future which we shall have the right to demand from Spain at the close of the war, we may be compelled to assume the government of the Philippines. We hope that this will not be a consequence of the war; but if it should, we cannot admit that we must therefore abandon our doctrine because we are driven into Asiatic or European territory by force of circumstances. In only one instance can we conceive that the MONROE doctrine must fall by reason of our annexation of Spanish territory. If we deliberately take that territory by conquest, and merely to increase our territory, we cannot consistently longer contend that Europe must refrain from taking American territory, or from making war upon an American people for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, or to impose upon them a European government.

As matters stand, we are not engaged in a war of the character against which the MONROE doctrine is directed. We are not waging a war for the purpose of imposing our government upon a foreign people. The WEEKLY did not believe that the war should have been begun, but the country decided otherwise, and on grounds which make the war, in international law at all events, a just war. The last power to combat this proposition ought to be the very one that is showing itself most eager to interfere. If the Emperor WILLIAM will consult BISMARCK on this point, or if he will even reflect upon the revelations which the Chancellor has volunteered concerning his view of the ethical value of lying and forgery as an excuse for war, he will be forced to the conclusion that Germany will always find it difficult to declare any war entered into by another nation to be unjust. However that may be, and whatever may have been the motives of some of the politicians and newspapers that urged on the war, the people of this country, the people who are fighting and paying for the war, believe that it is a righteous contest, entered into for the cause of humanity, and while that motive governs and determines the moral character of conduct, this war will be judged a just one in the tribunal of nations. We are using the term "just war," be it understood, wholly in the technical sense of the authorities on international law, for we are inquiring merely into our international status in view of the war. We can, of course, change the character of the war by turning it into a war of conquest and aggrandizement; but we have not yet done that, and no nation has the right to assume that we shall do so. Talk of interference, then, on the ground that we are doing in the Pacific what we refuse to permit Europe to do in the Atlantic, is based upon a mistake as to the character of our war, or upon a misunderstanding of the MONROE doctrine, for that doctrine does not prohibit a European power from asserting its rights against an American people.

We have as yet given no cause for interference nor for threats of interference, and we cannot permit Europe, or any European power, to insist upon taking part in our future negotiations with Spain for peace. We are not kept out of European waters, or European affairs, for that matter, by our assertion of the MONROE doctrine, nor are we to be treated as if we were a party to European complications because we are at war with a European power. We may hereafter involve ourselves in European complications if we deliberately thrust our own frontier among the frontiers of Europe in the East; but for the present we are dealing with Spain alone, and we shall insist upon settling with Spain, without the intrusion of Germany or of any other European power. When the time comes for making peace, the fate of Spain's colonies will be determined by agreement between Spain and the United States, and we shall not permit the fruits of victory to be parcelled out among non-participants in the combat as the fruits of Russia's victory over Turkey were divided by the Berlin Congress.

It has been intimated, even in this country, that the United States might well imitate the quiet and submissive example of Russia on that occasion. There seems to us to be every reason why we should do nothing of the kind. In the first place, it is not at all certain that Russia's quiescence and submissiveness were real, or that Lord BEACONSFIELD was as successful as he and his admirers supposed. Contemporaneous history teaches otherwise. In the second place, there is no analogy whatever between the relation of Russia to the rest of Europe in 1878 and the relation of the United States to continental Europe to-day. Russia had entered upon her war with Turkey for the purpose of enforcing reforms which the concert of Europe, including Russia, had vainly demanded of Turkey. Although Russia made war without consultation with her associate powers, she was, in fact, the champion of the Christian powers for the righting of the wrongs inflicted by the Sultan upon his Christian subjects. Therefore there was some reason for a consultation of the interested powers concerning the settlement of the sequences of the war. Even so, the congress was not held until Russia had formally accepted BISMARCK'S invitation, and had agreed to leave to the congress the task of revising the whole treaty of San Stefano. Moreover, the relations between the powers of Europe on the Eastern question were very close, and their common interest in it had been recognized in more than one treaty. In the case of ourselves and Spain there are no special relations or conditions, and no agreement that changes in any respect the rules of international law affecting the subject. The question is between the two powers engaged in war. When the time for peace comes the two contestants will have the right to settle their differences without interference from any other power, unless that interference shall be invited or assented to by both. If, for example, we shall insist that Spain surrender the Philippines, it would be as hostile on the part of the German Emperor if he were to take sides against our contention as it would be now if he were to undertake to prevent Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT completing the conquest of Manila. We are sorry that we are at war; but, as we are, it is our war, and we shall insist on settling it in our own way. We cannot permit any European power to question our good faith, or to dictate what shall be our conduct towards our conquered enemy. As for that, there is nothing in our history that tends to show that we shall be anything but generous.

THE COMING QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

As the sundry civil bill, including the expense item, has become law, it is in order for the President to appoint commissioners to represent the United States at the coming conference for settling outstanding matters of dispute between this country and Canada. The time is propitious, as the evidence of mutual good feeling between both peoples and governments is unmistakable. The Canadians manifestly share Great Britain's sympathy with us, and show every indication of friendliness. If they are met in an equally friendly spirit the conference will have all those conditions precedent of success which spring from a conciliatory temper on both sides. By the necessities of diplomacy we cannot treat directly with Canada, which has not the status of an independent power; but England has, by the high character of the commissioners appointed, shown the imperial estimate of pending questions, as well as Canada's right to an important share in their determination. Lord HERSCHELL, who was Lord High Chancellor in Mr. GLADSTONE'S last two administrations, is the British member of the commission, while the Dominion is represented by Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Sir LOUIS DAVIES, and Mr. JOHN CHARLTON.

It is fortunate that the questions in dispute are to be considered at one time and in subordination to a general plan, for each of them has long been a local and separate irritant, and has been taken up apart from its relation to the general convenience of both countries. Reciprocal trade relations have been brought before Congress seven or eight times by Canadian commissioners, but under variable and conflicting circumstances; political moods and party necessities on both sides have prevented an equitable treatment of the question. The Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, the alien labor laws, the mining regulations, and the bonding privilege have each been discussed, but have never got to the stage which left no final arrangement to be desired. All these can now be considered in their proper order and relation. It is realized by the Canadians that access to our market is indispensable to their highest commercial welfare, but it is less likely that our own people perceive the value of freer trade with the five and a half millions of our northern neighbors, and of its relative superiority and capacity for growth as compared with Central and South America. There is no comparison between the purchasing ability of the Latin Americans and the Canadians.

It is not improbable that international co-operation in the future development of the great waterways may also be considered at the conference. Not only does the reciprocal use of existing canals need readjustment, but it is clearly perceived by experts on both sides that each country can do material service for the other in the enlargement of waterways in the near future. Reports of the joint commission on this subject are emphatic and instructive. It is also gratifying that the spirit of mutual concession should have been brought to bear at a time when the need of increased markets for our exports is more urgent than ever before. The protest of the Merchants' Association of this city against the Senate committee's action in striking out the appropriation for the Quebec Conference Commission was a suggestive proof of the value our business men place upon expansion of our trade with Canada. Now is the time for better commercial relations and a general settlement of difficulties, and if the Canadians are prepared to give a fair equivalent for what they expect to get, the approaching negotiations have an excellent chance of success.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, July 9.—Major-General Miles sailed for Santiago on the *Yale*. With him is the Sixth Massachusetts. The *Columbia* accompanies the *Yale*, and carries the first battalion of the Sixth Illinois. The expedition numbers in all 1720 men.

Six of the war-ships of Admiral Camara's squadron have returned to Port Said on their way back to Spain.

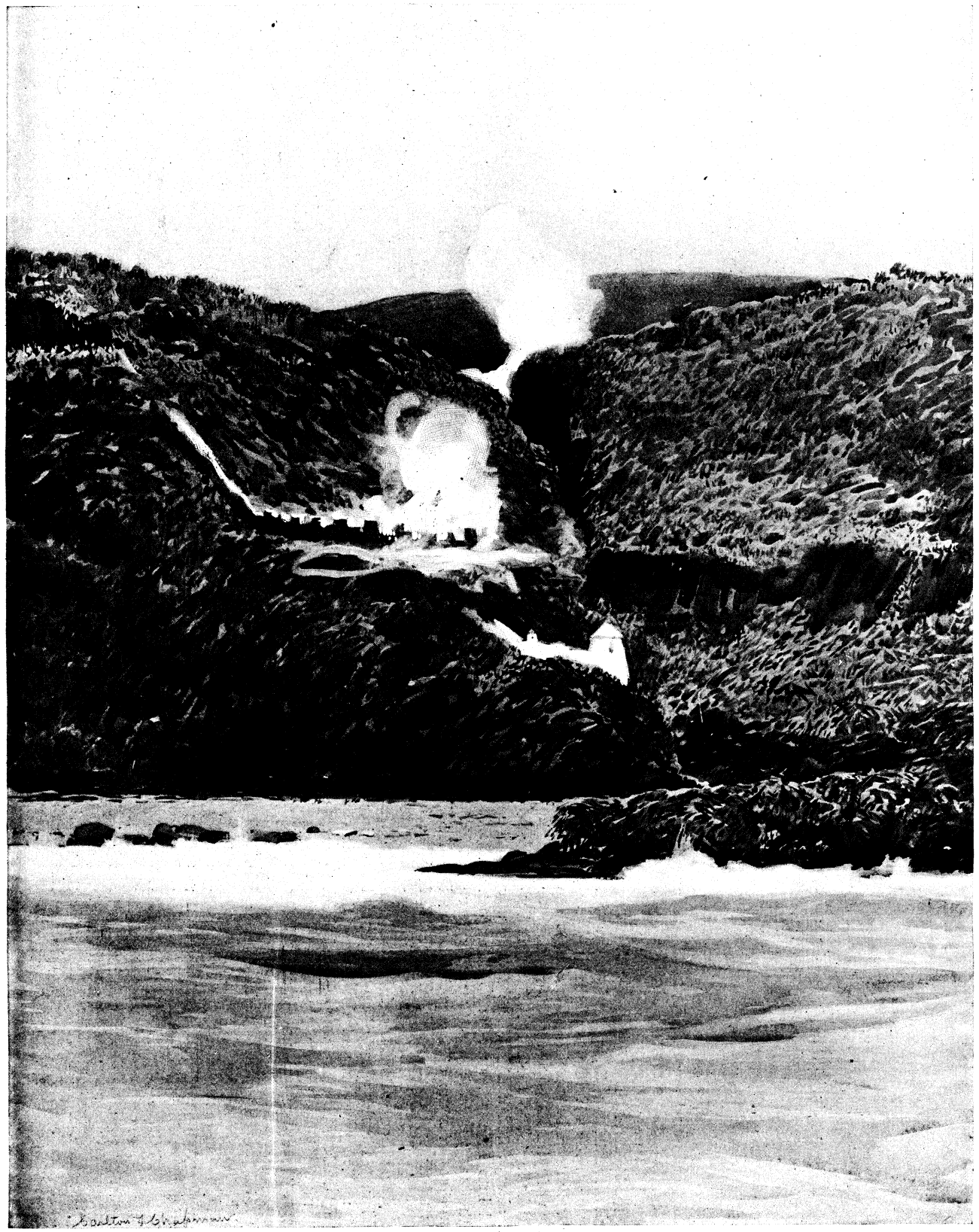
A complete report sent by General Shafter shows our losses on July 1 and 2 to have been 1593 killed, wounded, and missing.

"There have been no propositions advanced by the Spaniards regarding Santiago that we can accept," Secretary Alger said to-night. It is understood that the Spanish commander, General Toral, after consulting with his superiors at Madrid and Havana, has suggested terms (offering to evacuate Santiago if General Shafter will permit him to depart unmolested with all his troops, arms, banners, etc.), whereas President McKinley requires unconditional surrender. General Toral made his offer to-day in a note to General Shafter, and, a despatch adds, "recommended that the terms be accepted, as no others would be satisfactory." He considerately added that any attempt to conquer the city must cost the Americans enormously in the matter of lives, for he had been re-enforced, and now had plenty of ammunition. Resistance, he said, would be long as well as strong, because, as he slyly intimated, by sending out all the poor of Santiago to be fed by the Americans, he had enabled himself to provision his garrison for an indefinite time. The truce has been extended until noon to-morrow. Six batteries of Randolph's light artillery, now arriving, will occupy positions overlooking the Spanish lines and the city before the end of next week. The distribution of troops composing our line may be roughly indicated as follows: On the right, Lawton's division (Ludlow's, Chaffee's, and Myers's brigades) and Wheeler's cavalry division (First and Tenth and Rough Riders); centre, Bates's brigade; left, Kent's brigade. It is reported that the Spaniards are digging trenches in the streets of Santiago, and otherwise preparing for a house-to-house fight.

Sunday, July 10.—At 11.30 o'clock this morning General Shafter notified the Spanish commander that by President McKinley's direction the Spanish proposition to surrender with the conditions mentioned under date of July 9 was rejected, and that the United States would accept no terms but unconditional surrender. General Toral replied in effect that he would discuss no other terms than those suggested by himself. In view of this correspondence the truce was extended until four o'clock, in fact the attack, which was intrusted chiefly to the artillery, did not begin until after five o'clock, when the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana*, lying off Aguadores, threw shells over the cliffs in an effort to reach the city, about five miles distant and hidden from

(*Continued on page 711.*)

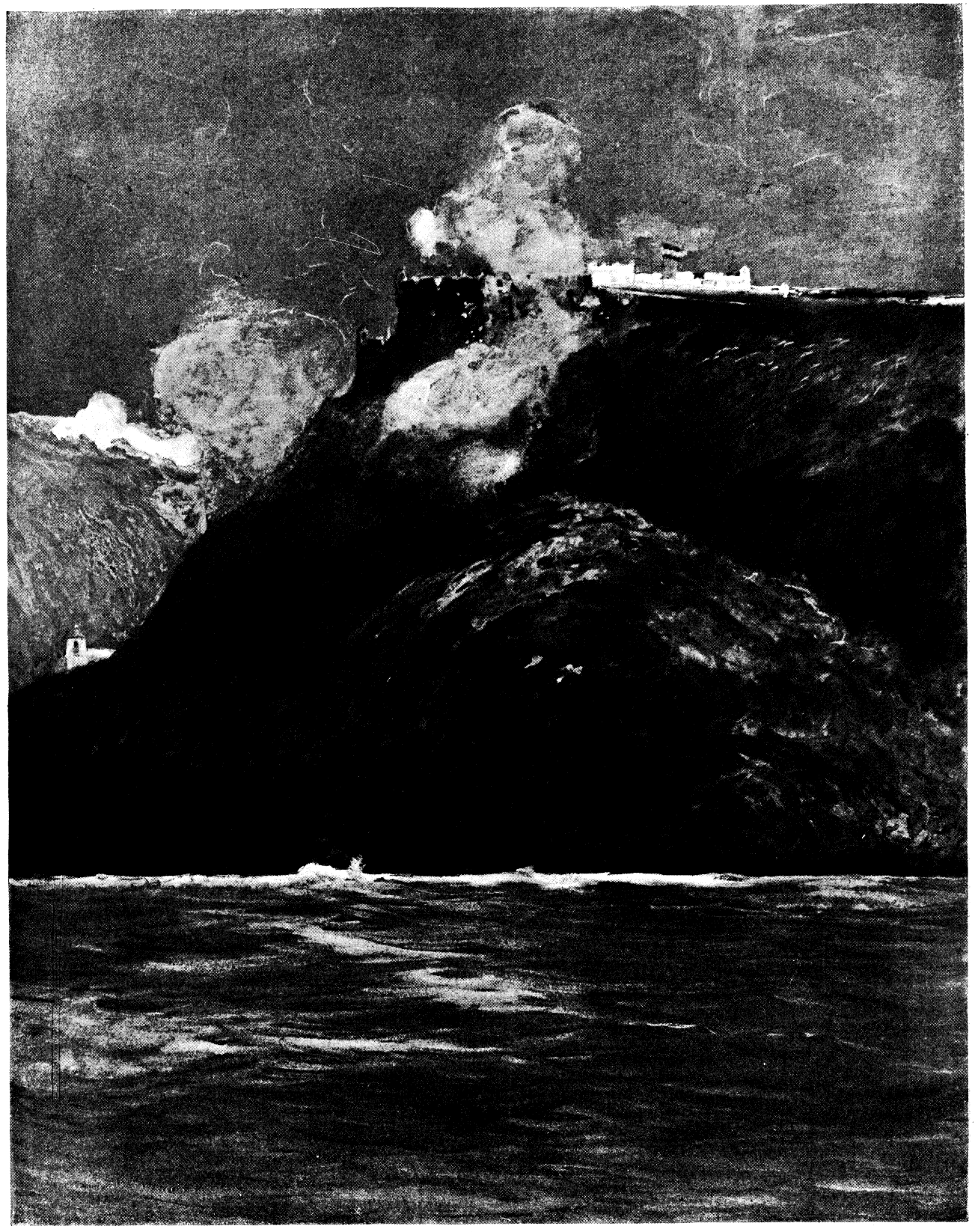
Shell from the "New York."



MOVING ON SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT AT AGUADORES, JULY 1.

The "Suwanee's" three splendid Shots: the first tilted the Flag-staff; the second tore the Flag in two; the third carried it away.

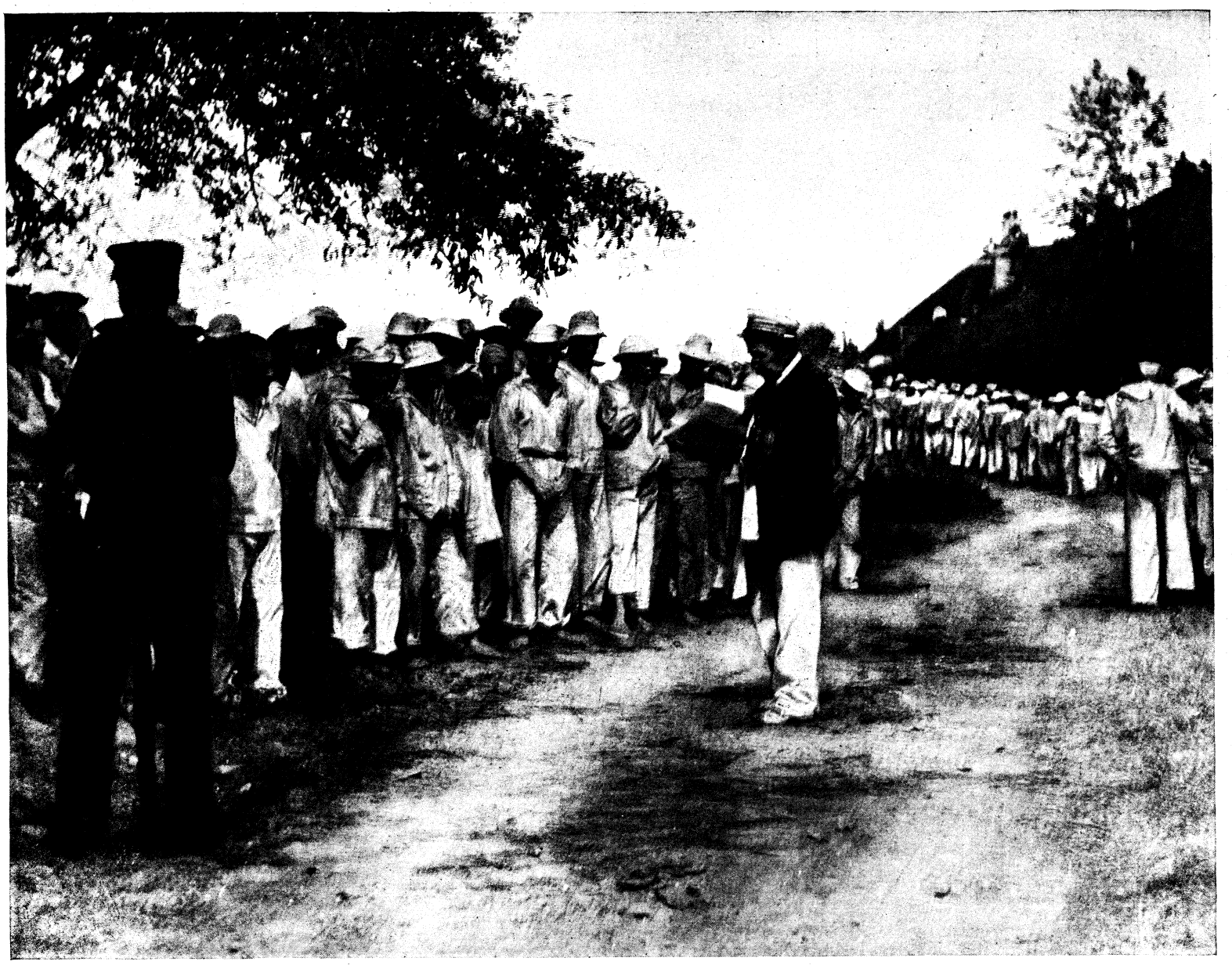
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.



NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

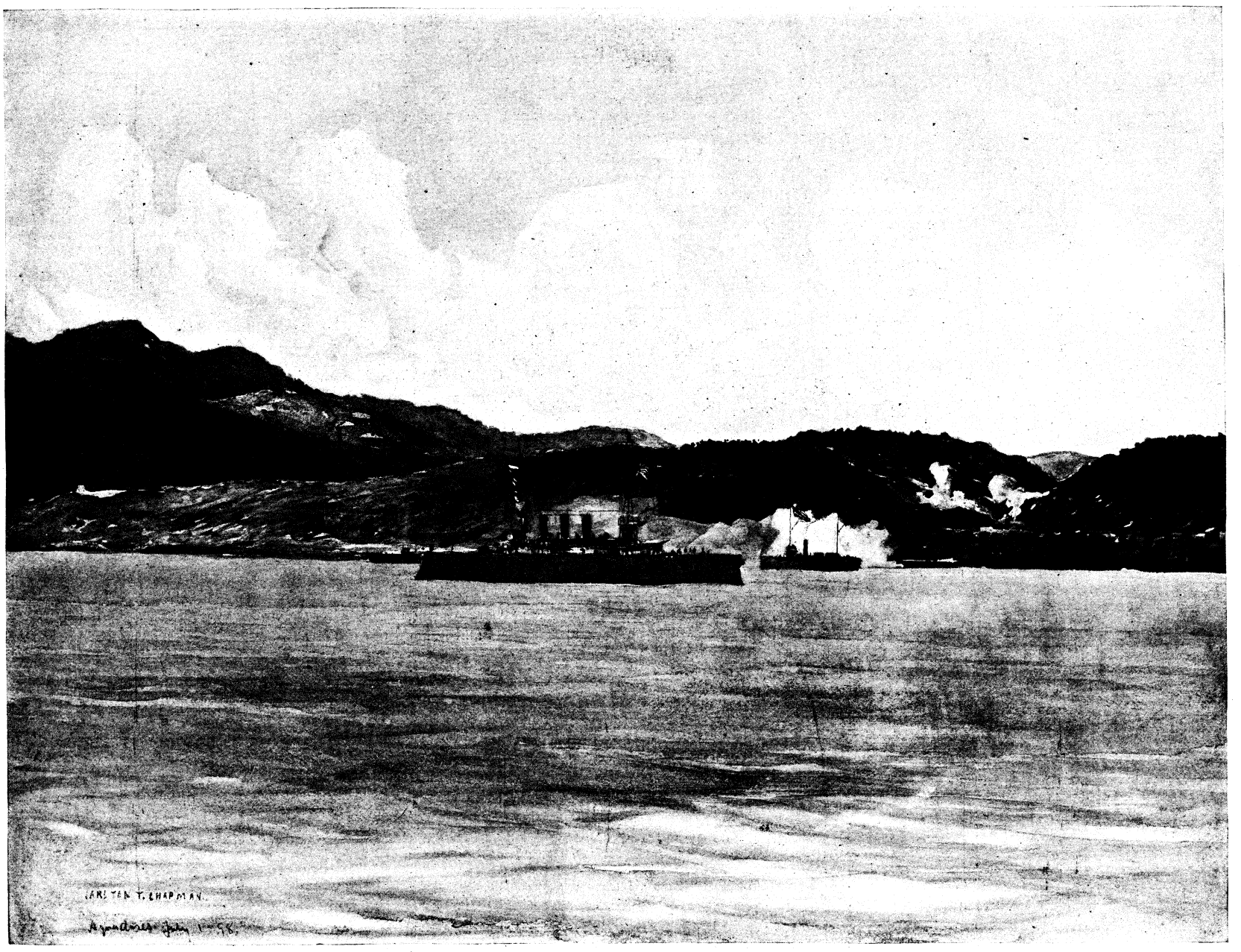
Effect of Fire from the Fleet on Fort Morro, 6.30 A.M.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.



SPANISH PRISONERS FROM ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET AT SEAVEY'S ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Captain Emilio Diaz Moreau, of the "Cristobal Colon," checking off the Names of the Men of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."



"Gloucester." "New York." "Suwanee." 33d Michigan Volunteers Attacking on Land.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO, JULY 1—COMBINED SEA AND LAND ATTACK AT AGUADORES.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Writing in *Literature* of Mr. Godkin's *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, Mr. Henry James speaks of its author as having conducted, these thirty-five years, "the journal which, in all the American press, may certainly be said to have been—and independently of its other attributes—the most systematically and acutely observant." That means, of course, the *Nation*, which was started in 1864, and it certainly has been "systematically and acutely observant," however opinions may differ as to its ability to see the whole of anything, or even to see things straight. As a social and political critic, Mr. Godkin fills a conspicuous place in this country, and if he lacks anything in perspicacity or sympathy or candor, he makes it up in vigilance, and in the possession of an equipment which makes his strictures interesting even to those who most resent them, and which affords him the means for frequent and often edifying comparisons.

How far the *Nation* has been merged in the *Evening Post*, and whether it still maintains the importance that it possessed when it was the only vehicle of Mr. Godkin's deliverances, is best known to its owners. In view of its success, and of the apparent success and importance of the British weeklies that resemble it, it seems odd that it has not had more rivals in this country. Most of our more important unillustrated weeklies of general circulation began as religious papers and developed a secular side. That was the case with the *Outlook* and the *Independent*. Our literary weeklies and fortnightlies for the most part stick close to literature. One of the brightest of them, the *Chap-Book*, has enlarged its field, flirts a little with illustration, and seems ready to take notice of almost anything that is noticeable. But the *Nation* continues to be the nearest thing we have to the secular British weekly, devoted to politics, literature, art, and social questions, and with something on its mind that needs expression.

Most of us believe we have a pretty good idea of what happened in the principal fights, both on land and on sea, near Santiago, but a multitude of rumors about various little supplementary differences have been hard either to verify or to trace to any conclusion. We have been invited, first and last, to take sides in a great many highly interesting personal disputes. We have been assured that General Merritt and Secretary Alger could not agree, that the Secretary and General Miles did not work well together, that General Miles and General Shafter were mutually jealous, and that General Shafter and Admiral Sampson found co-operation very difficult. What bases of truth there may have been to any or all of these stories, and others like them, we don't know, and are not eager to learn. The war has gone on somehow, and that is what we want. We can wait till it is over before we really settle down to gossip.

When that good time comes we can afford to consider that story about the disparity of opinion between Mr. R. H. Davis and General Shafter about the conduct of affairs at Santiago. Then too we may tackle another and more serious matter, which is not so easily deferred. We have been assured that there was a disparity of sentiment between Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley as to which of them beat Cervera's fleet. About the facts of the fight there has been no question, and it would seem to ordinary thinkers that, the facts being universally known, the equities as to glory and promotion might be left to be determined by the proper authorities. But we have been assured that Sampson suppressed Schley's message to Washington, and that the relations between Sampson and Schley were painfully strained. Also that Sampson and Schley understood each other and the situation, and were getting on well. This last report is the one we hope to see verified.

At home too, and outside of the army and navy, some nice squabbles have matured, especially, as usual, among the newspapers. The *Sun* says that the news of most of its rivals is inadequately based on occurrences, and in particular the *Evening Sun* has proclaimed that an interview with Admiral Cervera published in the New York *Herald* of July 11 was a lie. The *Herald's* story of what Admiral Sampson said to Commodore Schley also failed to win the confidence of its neighbors, while the *Herald's* story that Admiral Erben was relieved from command of the coast defences because he was slow in obeying the orders of the Navy Department is scornfully denied, and apparently on the best of grounds, by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*.

The newspapers are very interesting these days, and we read them voraciously, and compare their conflicting statements with unusual attention. Since the war broke out, the rival purveyors of news in New York, where newspaper rivalry is so very keen, have been on trial under conditions unusually favorable to the recognition of good work. The information that has been wanted has been of the sort that the cleverest and most ambitious correspondents could feel professional pride in furnishing. To get it and forward it has been man's work. Blatherskite sensations haven't counted for much, and trustworthy news well presented has counted for a great deal. There are some evidences of a disposition to return to some old-time habits and methods of presenting the news. There are prosperous and successful papers in New York, quite abreast of their fellows in enterprise, which meddle very little with pictures, use moderation in their choice of types, eschew the "crazy-quilt" arrangement of the wares they offer, and seem to rely for patronage on their ability to get the news promptly and print it in convenient and readable form. Willingness and ability to spend money is not quite all there is to newspaper-making. There is something in character and the ability to command the services of honorable and trustworthy men; something too in knowing what is important and what is not, what is true and what is false, what is worth space and what may be condensed without loss. Last spring a New York newspaper of great enterprise and a high reputation for news-getting, famous for its lavish expenditures for news, cut down Senator Proctor's report on Cuba to a column-length. Yet that report, which cost it practically nothing, was news of superlative importance, worth twice the space it would have taken to print it in full. The same newspaper, the other day, when the President appointed some two hundred lieutenants in the regular army, published the names of the appointees by States as far as Massachusetts, and left the rest out, because, apparently, to print more would have marred the prettiness of the arrangement of its page. That sort of newspapering does better in ordinary times, when folks want to be entertained, than now when they want to be informed. Meanwhile every sign that the newspaper business is winning out of the hysterical stage which has affected it so seriously in the present decade is welcome. Good newspapers may not make a country great, but they will help mightily. Newspapers that are intelligent, decent, accurate, responsible, and interesting are great promoters of civilization. In so far as the competition for war news and the treatment of it when obtained brings out the strong points of the really strong newspapers it is a good thing, and a benefit to a very important business.

The Board of Aldermen of Cambridge seems favorably disposed towards a curfew ordinance providing that children under sixteen years old shall not be in the streets after half past nine in the evening unless accompanied by a parent or guardian, or furnished with a note written the same day authorizing them to be away from home. This ordinance, which has progressed so far as enrolment, has a majority of five to three behind it, and its effects are likely to be tried. Its enforcement will call for much discretion on the part of the police, and the experience that Cambridge has with it will doubtless influence the action of other New England cities. The objection is made that Cambridge is too much of a city for the ordinance to be enforced without hardship, but Cambridge is not too much of a city to tolerate a no-license law, and where a no-license law gives public satisfaction a curfew ordinance may work well too.

The Boston *Transcript* has been publishing long lists of liberal subscriptions to the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association, which seems to be very active and efficient both in sending relief and supplies to soldiers in the field and in looking after soldiers' families that are in need. On a single day (July 12) the *Transcript* acknowledged subscriptions for this work amounting to nearly $9000, the largest single item being $2741 63 from the Massachusetts Association Opposed to Further Extension of Suffrage to Women. Evidently the organized "antis" have a mind to show that they are not lacking in patriotism, whatever views they hold about the expediency of allowing women to vote. The Volunteer Aid Association has rooms on Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, which form a distributing centre for supplies received from tributary societies in all parts of the State. The association is fitting out a hospital-ship.

Although the Chicago papers reported that President Andrews of Brown University had refused to be any longer a candidate for the superintendency of the Chicago public schools, he has been elected. Politics seemed to have abounded overmuch in that contest. An important ground of opposition to Mr. Lane, the late superintendent, is that he introduced Republican politics into the schools, and that an influential recommendation of President Andrews was that he believed in the Chicago platform. School superintendents ought not to be chosen on account of their political leanings, and it is to Dr. Andrews's credit that a political contest for pedagogical office was distasteful to him.

A contemporary paragrapher makes the "serious complaint" that there are very few places in New York "where you can take a lady for supper at midnight without rubbing elbows with boisterous women who are not recognized in good society." That seems an amusing charge, easily met by the suggestion that the need for taking a lady out to supper at midnight must occur so rarely that the maintenance of even a few respectable late-hour restaurants should be sufficient to meet it. New York has been declared to be the easiest place in the world to get food in at night, being in that particular in strong contrast to London. A man who expects to find not only an elaborate supper for a lady after midnight, but improving society as well, seems extortionate in his expectations.

Our Cuban allies seem to be many men of many minds and various conduct; at least the reports we have of them give that impression. There is great variety about the reports. One day we hear that the Cubans fight nobly; again that they are not of much use; again that being invited to help in road-making, they refused, declaring that they were soldiers, not laborers. We have heard that they massacred Spanish prisoners, and again that that report was a lie. It is not only hard to determine what the Cubans that our troops have seen amount to, but it is hard to say also how far they are representative of what is left of the Cuban people. They seem chiefly to be skirmishers, under slight discipline, fighting every man on his own hook, interested in the American invaders, and careful to gather up clothing and other superfluities that the invaders throw away. We are told that they are starved, and again that they are well fed. Both reports are probably true, but true of different lots of Cubans. Obviously it is too soon yet to form any opinion about them.

The investigations of the loss of *La Bourgogne* will be followed with great interest. The impression that there was mismanagement and failure to do what was reasonably to be expected follows naturally on the stories of the survivors and consideration of the dreadful loss of life. Still, the stories of the survivors are conflicting. Murderous brutality on the part of individuals is attested beyond the reach of question, but about the conduct of the officers and crew the information informally gathered was inconclusive. The fact that all the officers of the ship were drowned except the assistant purser weighs in favor of belief in their personal gallantry at least. There are likely to be at least two investigations—the one at Halifax which began last week, and another by French authorities. Fifty per cent. of the crew were saved, ten per cent. of the passengers, and one woman out of two hundred. Those are stubborn figures, and it will be interesting to see what the investigators will make of them.

The conviction that the war on the seas is over, and that the end of war ashore is only a matter of time, seems to have released a great number of our fellow-citizens who have wanted to go to Europe, but have wished first to assure themselves as to what was going to happen. Now that most of what was due has happened, the east-bound liners are running full again, and folks who are used to spending their summers abroad have resumed their usual habits.

It will be interesting to see whether among the ultimate results of the war we shall see an increase of travel across the Pacific. Will the Hawaiian Islands attract more visitors now that they are under our flag than they have been used to? And all those other groups and archipelagoes! It happened once to this present paragrapher to navigate a good many thousand miles of the Pacific in a sailing-ship with an enlightened skipper, who abounded in narrative of maritime experience and adventure. One experience he liked to recall was of the time when he put into Guam. It was an emergency visit of some sort. He put in there for repairs or shelter or supplies, but the impression it left on his mind was one of complete tranquillity. When conditions were adverse, as when our ship battled with sou'westers for a continuous fortnight off Cape Horn, he would sigh at the profusion of discomfort and contrast it with Guam. And when things went well, and the trades carried us along up the coast for days together without pulling a rope or changing a sail, he would be reminded of Guam and the serenity of existence there. He insisted that when he retired from active life he would retire to Guam. If his feelings about it were justified, it must be an ideal place for folks to go to who have nervous prostration, or are dismantled for some reason or other, and wish to stop living for a time and let the world jog on without them. If it is to be ours, no doubt in time we shall become better acquainted with its qualities, and possibly we shall hear more of its attractions as a refuge for overwrought Americans who are not quite dead. When the Nicaragua Canal is built, and society in the Pacific looks up a little, that big ocean ought to make a charming play-ground for yachtsmen.

The Nestor of the hour is Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. When he speaks we all listen, and though he is by no means garrulous, when the occasion calls his words are ready. More than once this year his deliverances have brought solace to the faint-hearted, and renewed the confidence of the doubtful that the republic was not going on the rocks. When, in the Senate, he reviewed the situation with Spain, and declined to assent to the view that peace must be maintained at any cost, it comforted the consciences of a great many persons, who were glad to believe that a course which Senator Hoar was not ready to condemn could not be indefensible. When, the other day, he assented to the annexation of Hawaii, and expressed confidence that the consequences of it would not be so far-reaching and mischievous as the opponents of annexation had declared, that too was a great comfort, and moderated the anxieties of the disconcerted. On July 13, at Worcester, at the opening of the summer school of Clark University, he made another speech, which had also some reassuring passages. He spoke of his confidence that the country is growing better; he spoke of the present war as a war of duty, not of glory; he spoke of its effects in reuniting the North and the South, and in bringing America and Britain into closer relations. Then he turned his attention to Professor Norton's allegations that the American people are good-natured optimistic triflers, who have no fine sense of honor, and can't distinguish what is honest from what is not. He said:

> The trouble with Professor Norton, who thinks his countrymen are lacking in a sense of honor, is that there are two things he cannot in the least comprehend—he cannot comprehend his countrymen and he cannot comprehend honor. In a true philosophy the sense of honor and the sense of duty are one. Wordsworth says that "honor is but the finest sense of justice." There never was a people on earth who, in regard to the great subject of public conduct, were actuated by a finer, by a profounder, sense of duty and a clearer sense of justice than the people of the United States in this generation and at this hour.
>
> If we continue to act on the notion which inspired this war in the beginning, we shall hold a place in the solid respect of mankind such as no nation ever held before. We have but one task remaining to us, we have to do once more what Israel Putnam did in the old time—pull the wolf out of his den.

These are bold words, and comfortable. It is somewhat amazing that any one who knows Professor Norton should suggest that he cannot comprehend honor, but that he does not comprehend the American people is by no means incredible. Senator Hoar ought to know the American people and understand them. He has had every opportunity; he has known them at home, and he has met their representatives in Congress for a whole generation. If a man who enjoys his comprehensive and more or less intimate acquaintance with the United States Senate still feels that we Americans are good people, devoted to duty, and growing better, surely we ought to take such comfort as we need about ourselves, and continue to hold our heads up among the nations of the earth.

Which way is Manila—east or west? It's a toss up; but, at any rate, it was there that the largest pan of glory seems to have been set, and Dewey skimmed it. Cervera's fleet has come and gone, and great is the renown of its departure; but, after all, as the unrestricted say, "there is no discount on Dewey." What happened off Santiago was what was expected to happen—expected because of what happened at Manila. What happened at Manila was the bolt out of the blue that makes a real sensation.

So far as we can judge, we have in our navy at least a dozen captains who ought to be admirals. Those that become admirals will deserve it, as will also a good many of those who don't. Where every commander who has a chance plays it for an admiralship we are bound to conclude that there are many others who lacked only the opportunity to do the same. We must regard our navy, therefore, as an assortment of rudimentary admirals, who failed of due development only because there was not enough of the Spanish navy to go around.

E. S. Martin.



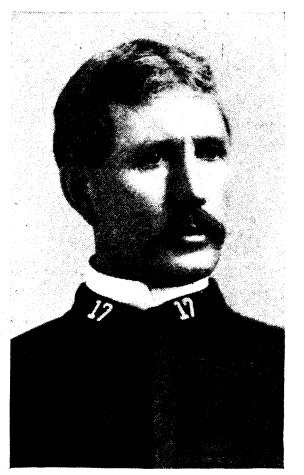
CAPT. JOHN DRUM,
10th U. S. Infantry.



CAPT. JAMES FORNANCE,
13th U. S. Infantry.



CAPT. MAXIMILIAN LUNA,
1st Volunteer Cavalry.



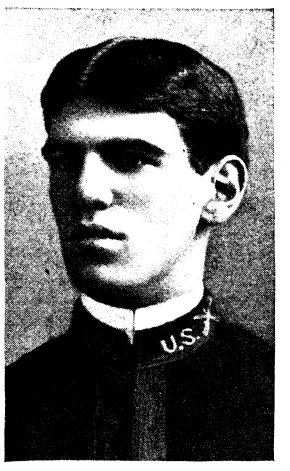
1ST LIEUT. W. M. DICKINSON,
17th U. S. Infantry.



2D LIEUT. THOS. A. WANSBORO,
2d U. S. Infantry.



2D LIEUT. WILLIAM A. SATER,
13th U. S. Infantry.



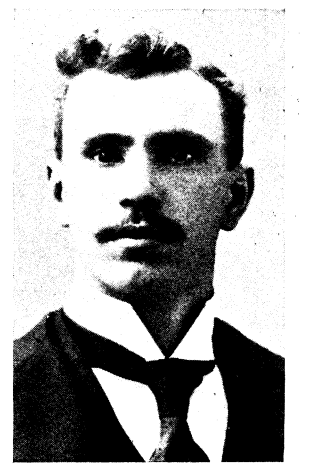
2D LIEUT. CLARK CHURCHMAN,
13th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.



2D LIEUT. E. N. BENCHLEY,
6th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.



SERGT. HENRY ANDERSON,
2d U. S. Cavalry.
Photograph by Pennell.



SERGT. FRANK W. SCOFIELD,
71st N. Y. Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS KILLED IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 707.*)

view. Signals from shore announced that the shells fell short of the Spanish position. From Shafter's lines the Spanish defences outside the city wall were fired upon by our field-guns, mortars, Gatling guns, and the dynamite gun of the Rough Riders. The enemy's reply proved to be less vigorous than was anticipated. The official report states that on our side Captain Charles W. Rowell and one private were killed and four wounded.

Monday, July 11.—The First Illinois (1350 men), Eighth Ohio (1350 men), District of Columbia Infantry (915 men), and recruits numbering about 930 for regular regiments in the field are the most recent arrivals.

General Shafter's available force to-day, after counting all re-enforcements, and deducting the dead, sick, and wounded, is about 22,500 fighting-men. This is based on an estimate of 15,337 men in General Shafter's original expedition, and a little more than 10,000 in various expeditions which have gone since then, making in all 25,500 men. From this, however, must be deducted those who have fallen in the fighting thus far, and also the men confined to the hospital by sickness. The deduction is roughly estimated at 3000, leaving in round numbers 22,500 men as the fighting force of the American army before Santiago.

At six o'clock this morning the gunners in the American lines were ordered to open fire upon the Spanish defences and the city. The firing was deliberate and accurate, and the damage to property in the town is supposed to have been very great. The fleet, co-operating with the land forces, found the range by two trial shots from the *New York*, and then threw 106 shells, of which number 101 were effective. The distance was 8500 yards.

The town of Caimanes, northwest of the city, was occupied by our troops under General Ludlow and a force of Cubans.

Tuesday, July 12.—A despatch from headquarters to the Adjutant-General at Washington relates to the extension of our lines northwest of Santiago mentioned in the last paragraph, and contains other matter of especial interest. General Shafter says that a flag of truce has been up since two o'clock yesterday, and adds that Toral is "considering proposition for surrendering, now that I have town surrounded on the north. Lines were completed at 5 P.M. by General Ludlow right down to the bay. The line is rather thin, but will have it strengthened in the morning by General Henry, who has just arrived at headquarters. Only three or four casualties; no one killed, so far as we can learn. Expect to have two new batteries in position to-morrow. Great deal of suffering among the people who have gone out of Santiago. Am doing my best to relieve it, but not entirely successful."

Secretary Alger received a report from General Miles, stating that the latter arrived at Siboney yesterday, and had had "consultation with Admiral Sampson and with General Shafter by telephone." General Miles adds: "Troops brought from Tampa, Charleston, and New York arrived, and leaving for the front. Line of investment being extended."

A despatch filed at eight o'clock this evening says that Toral has again refused General Shafter's proposal for an unconditional surrender, "expressing himself as ready to meet an attack at any time the invading army saw fit to make one."

Wednesday, July 13.—The War Department has made public a despatch from General Shafter, in which he says, among other things: "Have had an interview of an hour and a half with General Toral, and have extended truce until noon to-morrow.... Hope for his surrender. If he refuses, I will open on him at twelve, noon, to-morrow with every gun I have...." General Miles's report to Secretary Alger reads: "At a meeting between the lines, at which Generals Shafter and Wheeler and Spanish General Toral were present, the latter claimed that he is unable to act without authority of his government, but has received authority to withdraw and surrender harbor ports, munitions of war, and eastern portion of Cuba. He urgently requests until to-morrow noon to receive an answer from his government regarding offer of our government to send his forces to Spain, which was granted." Permission to withdraw is refused by the War Department.

Word was received at the War Department that fourteen cases of yellow fever had been reported at Siboney before the destruction of the town by fire yesterday at the request of the Hospital Corps and by order of General Miles.

A third army near Santiago is perhaps more formidable than either Shafter's or Toral's—it comprises the eighteen thousand miserable refugees from the city.

An Associated Press despatch from Hong-kong, July 13 (Manila, July 9), contains the report that the German gunboat *Irene*, in Subig Bay, refused to permit Philippine insurgents to attack Spaniards on Isla Grande. The cruisers *Raleigh* and *Concord* having been sent to that point by Dewey, the former opened fire upon the forts—the *Irene* withdrawing. The Spaniards surrendered. On returning to Manila, the commander of the *Irene* explained that he had interfered "in the cause of humanity," and offered to hand over certain refugees to Dewey. The offer was declined. Additional particulars are contained in a despatch from Admiral Dewey to the Navy Department, received to-day: "Aguinaldo informs me his troops have taken all of Subig Bay except Isla Grande, which he was prevented from taking by German man-of-war *Irene*. On July 7, the *Raleigh* and *Concord* went there. They took the island and about 1300 men, with arms and ammunition. No resistance. The *Irene* retired from the bay on their arrival."

Thursday, July 14.—Toral has surrendered. All that we know positively as yet, in regard to the important fact and its intensely interesting circumstances, the following despatches contain:

PLAYA, *July 14.*

To Adjutant-General at Washington:

Have just returned from interview with General Toral. He agrees to surrender upon the basis of being returned to Spain. This proposition embraces all of eastern Cuba from Aserradero on the south to Sagua on the north, *viâ* Palma, with practically the Fourth Army Corps. Commissioners meet this afternoon at 2.30 to definitely arrange the terms. W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General.

PLAYA, *July 14.*

To Secretary of War at Washington:

BEFORE SANTIAGO, *July 14.*—General Toral formally surrendered the troops of his army, troops and division of Santiago, on the terms and understanding that his troops would be returned to Spain.

General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up the conditions of arrangements for carrying out the terms of surrender. This is very gratifying, as General Shafter and the officers and men of this command are entitled to great credit for their sincerity and fortitude in overcoming almost insuperable obstacles which they encountered.

A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those free from it, and to keep those who are still on board ship separated from those on shore.

Arrangements will be immediately made for carrying out further instructions of the President and yourself.

NELSON A. MILES, Major-General of the Army.

Friday, July 15.—Spanish 4-per-cent. bonds advanced one point in the dealings in the London market, selling at 38⅜. This is taken as indicating a belief on the part of London and Paris traders that peace is in sight, and, it may be added, peace on terms not absolutely ruinous to Spain. On May 9 the price for the bonds registered in London was 29½. That was the lowest point. The ruling price at the date of the destruction of the *Maine* was 61.

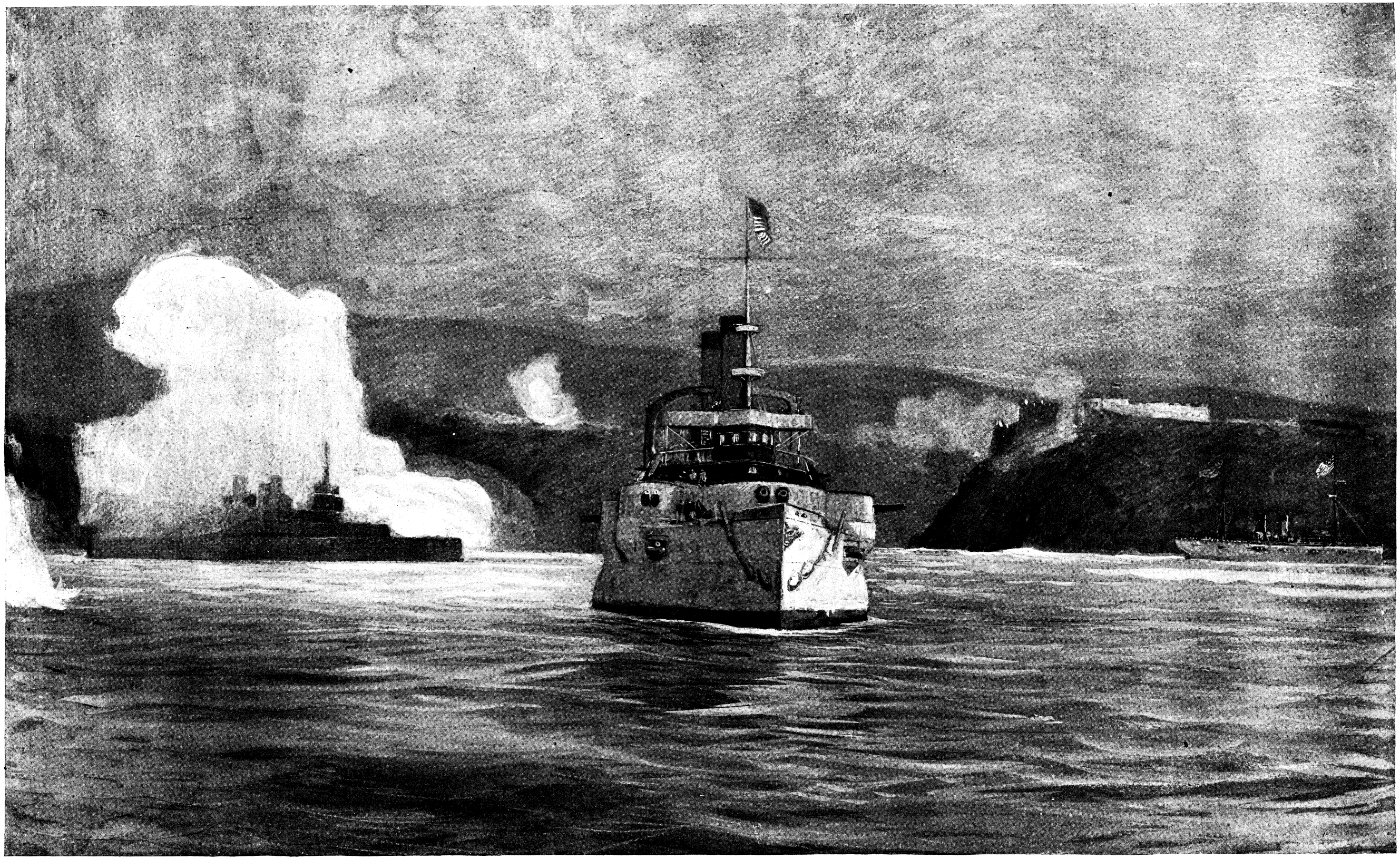
Details that seem meagre, in view of the importance of every phase of the situation at Santiago, are gathered from despatches just arriving. The truce, which was to end at noon yesterday, was prolonged at General Toral's request, communicated at half past nine o'clock, the Spanish commander suggesting the appointment of a joint commission to arrange terms. General Miles and General Shafter appointed an interview. Just before noon they rode out between the lines and met General Toral, who in the mean time had received Captain-General Blanco's authorization to capitulate. General Toral named, as commissioners to represent Spain, Robert Mason the British vice-consul, General Escarajao, and his own chief of staff. General Miles and General Shafter appointed, as our representatives, General Wheeler, General Lawton, and Captain Miley of General Shafter's staff. The terms of surrender, it is said, give us the city of Santiago, and that portion of the province of the same name east of a line drawn from Aserradero northward to Palma, and thence northeast to Sagua de Tánamo and the mouth of the Sagua River. "The Spanish captives are to be sent to Spain by the United States government. Only the Red Cross representatives are to enter the city at once; our troops not to go in until the Spanish forces leave. The Spanish officers are to keep their side-arms." This cession includes all the territory in which our forces have been active, from Aserradero to Guantanamo, and the mountainous district stretching to the Windward Passage and the Old Bahama Channel. It does not embrace the towns of Holguin and Manzanillo, garrisoned by strong bodies of Spanish regulars; but the universal opinion to-day is, beyond question, that the control of eastern Cuba has passed out of Spanish hands forever, and that this is the beginning of the end. Rumors of peace negotiations grow more persistent, although Secretary Day denies the published report that overtures of this nature from Spain have the endorsement of the English, Russian, and Japanese representatives at Washington. President McKinley, in speaking of the fall of Santiago, said: "I hope for early peace now."

Throughout the Spanish peninsula the rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution have been temporarily suspended by a royal decree. This means the uniform and resolute application of martial law, together with suppression of the news of disaster, until the government shall feel that the crisis has passed.

Saturday, July 16.—The good news reaches New York at ten o'clock this morning that the articles of surrender have been signed by General Toral, with authorization from Captain-General Blanco. M. W.



THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA" IN ACTION, LIEUTENANT LOUIS S. VAN DUZER, COMMANDING.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



"Oregon" wreathed in Smoke. Socapa Battery. "Iowa" waiting off the Entrance for the Spanish Fleet. Cay Smith. Fort Morro. "Newark."

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

LONDON.

June 25, 1898.

Evolution of Anglo-American friendship continues to progress. Noisy sentimentalities cease to attract the more thoughtful. Banquets are more appropriate means for the celebration of passing sentiments or for the registration of accomplished facts than for the international expression of deep feeling. The tendency of our race to solemnize emotion with food has naturally been followed in the case of the Anglo-Saxon movement. A large feast has been held to mark the friendly feeling that exists between the two countries. Several eminent personages expressed their approval and staid away. Other more or less distinguished people attended the dinner, spoke at great length, and relapsed into private life. It is not in this fashion that Anglo-Saxon unity will be realized The best compliment that Englishmen and Americans can pay to each other is for both of them fairly to face the obstacles in the path of an English-speaking union, while individual Englishmen may do much if they make all American visitors to England understand by practical methods that in this country they are not looked on as foreigners. Glowing epithets, eloquent phrases, and tropical imagination have been lavished on the subject of a prospective alliance. The time has come to think ahead, to define the conditions and recognize the difficulties of the case, and to leave the open volume of vague generalities to habitual emotionalists. Neither courage nor sincerity is required at the present moment to scream at the top of one's voice about an Anglo-American understanding. The one really important issue is contained in the resolution of the House of Representatives favoring the annexation of Hawaii by 209 votes against 91.

The opinion of several English statesmen, not given for publication under their names, but expressed in the course of private conversation, is that America, as a whole, does not yet grasp the full significance of her colonial policy, and that the change in the great republic from a self-contained nation to one exercising sway over colonies and dependencies is scarcely appreciated as being what it is—a supreme event to be ranked with the greatest world changes of the last three centuries. It is obviously to the interests of England that America should acquire permanent interests in the Philippines, and should become a colonial power favoring the open door. If an Anglo-American alliance were to be of the nature of the Franco-Russian *entente*, where each party to the engagement is incessantly occupied in trying to get the better of the other, conflict, not union, would be the inevitable result. Accordingly, the best friends of America in England are not those who applaud American action merely because it is likely to benefit this country, but are rather to be found among men—disinterested and sincere—who care sufficiently for the Anglo-Saxon union to face the pitfalls and difficulties in the way. A hundred examples in the history of British empire contain valuable lessons to American statesmen. If the Americans hold the Philippines they can scarcely keep out of the coming quarrel about the "open door." It is obviously to England's more immediate interests that the States should be involved in the arrangement of a question that is more likely to be settled by the effusion of blood than by the slinging of ink. Whether such an entanglement would be to the interests of America is a matter on which Americans are the best judges. Englishmen most competent to judge do not think that the new imperial policy will, in the long-run, benefit the States.

The question of the control of the Nicaragua Canal and the mending or ending of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is a matter of enormous importance to the United States, whether or not they abjure the fascinations of colonial empire. Once committed to colonization in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba, the United States will not only be plunged into the trade and politics of the Far East, but American interests will become world-wide. The fiscal question will then have to be faced. It is futile for Englishmen to ignore it. We stand for the "open door" and for the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world. The flag of England is the flag of a trustee for all nations, for equality of opportunity, and for a fair field and no favor. The fiscal policy of the United States is at present protection in its severest form. England has no business to criticise American fiscal policy at home, but if a joint understanding with America is to be possible, substantial agreement on the subject of the "open door" and the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world is an indispensable condition to common action between the two countries. If the foundation of an American empire merely means the addition to England's competitors of a new and greater power committed to protection and exclusive dealing, the interests of England would scarcely be subserved by an Anglo-American alliance. If, however, high tariffs, coastwise regulations, and navigation laws are abandoned by the United States in its colonial possessions, fair material for compromise on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty already exists.

The Niger Convention with France has been signed. The arrangement now settled between the two countries is identical with that which was foreshadowed in my February letter to the Weekly. England recovers Boussa; France retains Nikki and a foothold on the upper reaches of the Niger between Say and Ilo. The prolonged negotiations have been extraordinarily difficult. The points in dispute have been fought inch by inch. While the French press, venal and half informed as it is, has consistently supported the negotiators for France, the English members of the Niger Commission have been hampered by the unwisdom of leading English newspapers. On two occasions the French negotiators were on the point of yielding to British representations, when out came a leading article in an important London newspaper declaring that "under no circumstances would England go to war with France about a swamp." French diplomacy naturally seized upon these assertions as evidence that the English negotiators were engaged in a game of bluff. Hence unnecessary friction was introduced into the discussion, which was dangerously prolonged as the direct consequence of well-meaning representatives of the peace-at-any-price party. The one point that is new in the convention is the grant to France of two trading-stations on the Niger—one at the mouth and the other near Boussa. France obtains these stations for thirty years on payment of one franc a year. Strict provisions are laid down—on paper, be it remembered—that the land so leased shall be used exclusively for the purpose of the landing, storage, and shipment of goods, and for such purposes as may be considered subsidiary thereto. The only permanent residents allowed shall be the persons employed in the charge and for the security of such goods, their families, and servants. With the experience of French good faith in West Africa, his would be a sanguine soul that concluded the perennial Niger question is dead and buried. Free-trade stipulations can be evaded by the French, as experience in the French Congo has shown. If precedent be a guide, it will not be long before the French will attempt to utilize these enclaves, as they are called, and employ them as jumping-off places for the development and extension of what French progressives consider to be the glory of France.

An example of the insularity of Frenchmen on the subject of colonial and foreign affairs is offered by the experience of Admiral Maxse, whose interest in this Niger question has been expressed in a powerful and searching examination of the whole question of Anglo-French dispute. The result of Admiral Maxse's investigations was published in the *National Review*, of which Admiral Maxse's son, Mr. L. Maxse, is the editor. With the view of conveying to the French public a knowledge of the facts, Admiral Maxse, who is an accomplished French scholar, translated his article into French and published it in the form of a brochure. The publication of the work was attended by extraordinary difficulties. Four Parisian publishers refused to undertake the job, although the admiral's proposals relieved them of the whole of the expense. The mere fact that the brochure was unfavorable to French pretensions frightened four leading French publishing-houses out of an undertaking profitable to themselves and involving no risk—a telling comment on the extent to which freedom of opinion to-day reigns in France. At last a publisher was found, and the brochure appeared. In a manly and outspoken preface the admiral roundly tells the French people that there is one matter upon which the English can claim superiority over their neighbors—namely, a perennial desire to know the real nature of the views of an opponent. The tone of the brochure is most courteous, and is merely an impartial statement of facts drawn for the most part from official documents or textual citations from leading French newspapers. Commenting upon Admiral Maxse's presentation of the English case, the *Figaro* can discover nothing but "coarse insults," "arrogant assertions without a shadow of evidence," and "calumnies." To reason with the French in their present mood is as hopeless as discussion with an angry but beautiful woman.

The treatment of their imperial inheritance in India by the democracy is notable among the perplexing problems of the day. British electors, the vast majority of whom are wage-earners, are directly responsible for 290,000,000 inhabitants of a distant empire—a burden never borne by imperial Rome in her prime or by imperial Russia to-day. The East India Loan bill, this week before the House of Commons, by which a sterling loan of £10,000,000 is proposed by the Indian Secretary, has raised questions the wise settlement of which is necessary for the continuity of the British Raj. Certain Irish and Radical members of Parliament are doing their utmost to hamper the Indian authorities by coquetting with sedition, and investing political intrigue with the dignity of constitutional agitation. If Clive and Warren Hastings had had their proceedings discussed in the House of Commons in the same spirit as that displayed by a considerable minority of the popular Chamber towards the administration of Lord Elgin, we should never have had an Indian Empire. The burden of taxation per head in India for 1898–9 is only 42 cents. When the average land revenue—there is no rent in India—is added, the amount of taxation at the present exchange value is 80 cents per head per annum. The salt tax, of which so much is made, amounts to 10 cents per head per annum. Since 1877, the year of the last great famine, canals and great irrigation works have received an extension of fourteen thousand miles, and there has been an increase of three and a quarter million acres in the land irrigated. At the present time the irrigated land in India is capable of feeding one hundred and twenty millions of the population. So-called humanitarian interests, unduly represented in the House of Commons, are distinctly modifying the relations which have hitherto subsisted between the Indian government and the legislature. India was won by the sword, is held by the sword, and if democracy is to continue the mastery exercised by the British since the battle of Plassey, Demos must recognize the reality of the fact that behind all the justice, fair dealing, and humanity of the Indian government physical force is still the dominant factor of the situation.

The House of Commons is ignorant, but supreme. Continuity of policy in India is sustained, as in Russia, by the government never going out of office. Individuals change. Party government is unknown. The governing body is subject to a process of incessant and minute alteration. The vast populations which have successively come under British rule have been accustomed to look upon the Indian government as the final authority exercising power for and on behalf of the English sovereign. The Indian bureaucracy has no equal in history, no rival among Latin, Slav, or Teutonic races. They administer with success, as well as achieve conquests. From the member of the viceroy's cabinet down to the newest and rawest acting deputy sub-assistant commissioner there is a tone of distinction among Indian civilians. Lofty aims, pure lives, unwearied toil, even justice, intellectual vigor, strong unselfishness, and ready courage are the characteristics of the thousand or eleven hundred lonely white men who carry on the administration of India. We owe the moral strength of England's position in India to the character of the officials. Conscious that they stand as representatives of their country, their responsibilities are ever before them. National hypocrisy may be imputed to England in other directions—in her drink traffic, in her sweating system, in the prevalence of betting and gambling, in the social evil, in the condition of the submerged tenth—but the government of India, more especially since the mutiny, stands upon a firm foundation of moral strength. A few officials lent by India to Egypt have transformed the valley of the Nile. English hold on Egypt and on India alike is due to the spirit that makes India at once the pride and the burden of our country, as Manila will be the burden and the pride of the United States.

Among the Indian problems clamoring for attention, the question of the population is at once the most intractable and important. Pax Britannica, by suppressing civil war, encouraging the money-lender, feeding the destitute in famine years, has increased the population by nearly one hundred millions during the present century. A great tragedy is shaping itself on the plains of India and in the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus. Under Mogul rule periodic famine so regulated the population of Hindustan as to adjust the numbers of the people to the productive capacity of the soil. Equilibrium between the numbers of the population and the average food-supply was thus roughly but firmly established. In good years the people increased. In bad years the population diminished. In the year 1800 India contained about two hundred million inhabitants. From thenceforward human life has been treated as sacred, irrespective of its quality. The people have multiplied like butterflies. Internecine war has been replaced by a universal passion for litigation. Famines engendered by humane government have been fought by the state, and in an access of unusual generosity the people of England last year contributed nearly twelve cents a head to the sufferers from the latest scourge of dearth. Those who would have died under the rough rule of the Moguls survive to a joyless and prolific existence. Pressure of population on food-supply has already destroyed, in the Ganges Valley, village arts that flourished for centuries before the introduction of law and order. Population increases after every famine, under the operation of what is known as Doubleday's law, whereby abnormal fecundity is observed to be the invariable characteristic of the half-fed. A starved peasantry escape death only to provide in their offspring material for future famine.

Men now living may see the population of India reach 400,000,000. The peninsula is destined to become nothing more nor less than a huge congested district. Before a prospect like this the currency problem, the frontier problem, the race problem, and the fiscal problem are of insignificant importance. Emigration is possible only in dozens, or at the most in hundreds. Agriculture has little margin for improvement. The Indian peasant has known his business for three thousand years. There are parts of Bengal where the population is eight hundred to the square mile, and where every individual on it lives out of the land. To irrigation and the extension of railways there is a limit. The redistribution of the population is at best a palliative; it is no remedy. Manufactures require a stable currency, and, until the silver problem is solved, the one Indian industry must continue to be agricultural. The readjustment of taxation, about which so much is said by those who do not know India, would produce no visible effect where the total taxation per head amounts to only a few pence per annum. Nobody cares to face the black outlook. On the other hand, so-called humanity to the living checks disease, stamps out the plague which would reduce the population to manageable dimensions, even though by enforcing sanitary laws India is driven to the verge of revolution, while the emaciated Ryots in the periodic famines are maintained by a paternal government. The suggestions that natural law should be allowed to assert itself or that philanthropy as a function of government should be laid aside are insupportable ideas to the great majority of the people of England and America, but it is by no means certain that unwillingness to face facts will not produce during the next half-century an Asiatic tragedy of accumulated horror which the human mind can scarcely conceive—unless some wholly unforeseen invention or political cataclysm should change the course of history.

All roads lead to Russia nowadays—even the afternoon drama. The matinée play, as a rule, is a thing to be avoided, or at best endured. Attracted by the announcement of a play by Stepniak, for the benefit of his widow, I went to the Avenue Theatre one afternoon last week with forebodings as to the nature of the entertainment. I had known Stepniak personally, and had learned something more about him in Russia than is a common knowledge here. Stepniak was regarded as a murderer in his own country. In the view of the Nihilists and their academic sympathizers here he was a hero. To have stabbed a police official in the back, however, gives to Stepniak no immunity from criticism, and his play, "The Convert," produced at the Avenue Theatre, with the scenery of "The Club Baby," and the aid of Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Tabor, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Mr. H. Swears, was as poor a play as a well-meaning assassin ever wrote. Two remarkable features, however, made "The Convert" interesting. Firstly, the ringing cheers evoked in a London theatre by sanguinary sentiments directed against the young Tsar recalled the fact that London is ever a centre for cosmopolitan conspiracy; and secondly, the part of *Katia*, the heroine, revealed to the astonished critics present a young actress, of quite extraordinary charm and great ability, of whom scarcely any one had ever heard before. The name of Miss Margaret Halstan was new to me, and nobody at the time could tell me anything about her, except that she had played understudy to *Trilby* in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company. Miss Halstan's great personal attractions had less to do with her success than her rare dramatic power. To stir a matinée audience in a badly staged Russian play, written by an amateur, is no ordinary feat. The sincerity and sympathy of Miss Halstan's acting changed the part of a stagy *ingénue* into that of a girl visibly palpitating with the terrible reality of fate. Although Miss Halstan has gone through the theatrical mill in the provinces for two years, sheer love of art attaches her to the stage. She lives with her parents in the West End, is greatly helped in her ambitions by them, and, unless all the critics are mistaken, is destined to rise high in her profession. Her chief fault is youth. Actresses are rarely supposed to be perfect until they are grandmothers, while the average age of an *ingénue* at the Théâtre Français is somewhere in the neighborhood of forty. Déjazet played the *jeune fille* at threescore years and ten.

Arnold White.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

VIII.—THE BISHOP'S TALE.

THE stranger placed his broad-brimmed hat on the ground beside him, exposing a large round head somewhat bald in front, but not from age, and the rest of it covered with close-cut brown hair. His black clothes fitted him very closely, their extreme tightness suggesting that they had shrunken in the course of wearing, or that he had grown much plumper since he had come into possession of them; and their general worn and dull appearance gave considerable distance to the period of their first possession. But there was nothing worn or dull about the countenance of the man, upon which was an expression of mellow geniality which would have been suitably consequent upon a good dinner with plenty of wine. But his only beverage had been coffee, and in his clear bright eye there was no trace of any exhilaration except that caused by the action of a hearty meal upon a good digestion and an optimistic disposition.

"I am very glad," he said, looking about him at the company, and then glancing with a friendly air toward the two guides, who stood a little back of Mr. Archibald, "to have this opportunity to explain my appearance here. In the first place, I must tell you that I am a bishop, whose diocese has been inundated, and who consequently has been obliged to leave it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald; and Margery looked at Mr. Clyde, with the remark:

"There! You see I was very near to it."

"I presume this statement will require some explanation," continued the man in black, "and I will make it presently. I am going to be exceedingly frank and open in all that I say to you, and as frankness and openness are so extremely rare in this world, it may be that I shall obtain favor in your eyes from the fact of my possessing those unusual qualities. Originally I was a teacher, and for a year or two I had a very good country school; but my employment at last became so repugnant to me that I could no longer endure it, and this repugnance was due entirely to my intense dislike for children."

"That is not at all to your credit," observed Mrs. Archibald; "and I do not see how you became a bishop, or why you should have been made one."

"Was your diocese entirely meadow-land?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"I am coming to all that," said the stranger, with a smile of polite consideration toward Mrs. Archibald. "I know very well that it is not at all to my credit to dislike children, but I said I would be honest, and I am. I do dislike them—not their bodies, but their minds. Children, considered physically, are often pleasant to the view, and even interesting as companions, provided their innate juvenility is undisturbed; but when their personalities are rudely thrown open by a teacher, and the innate juvenility prematurely exposed to the air, there is something so clammy, so chilly to the mental marrow, that I shrink from it as I would shrink from the touch of any cold, clammy thing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald.

"I am not sure," observed Margery, "that there is not some truth in that. I had a Sunday-school class for a little while, and although I can't say there was a clamminess, there was—well, I don't know what there was, and I gave it up."

"I am glad," said the man in black, "that my candor is not sinking me in the estimation of every one present; but even if it did, I am obliged to tell the truth. I do not know what would have become of me if I had not the good fortune to catch the measles from a family with whom I was spending Sunday in another town. As soon as the disease plainly showed itself upon me my school was broken up, and it was never gathered together again, at least under me. I must make my story as brief as possible, and can only say that not long after this I found myself in another town, where it became necessary for me to do something to support myself. This was difficult, for I am an indefinite man, and definiteness seems necessary to success in any line. Happening one day to pass a house with open lower windows, I heard the sound of children's voices speaking in unison, and knowing that this must be a school, I looked in, compelled entirely by that curiosity which often urges us to gaze upon human suffering. I found, however, that this was a kindergarten conducted by a young woman. Unobserved by scholars or teacher, I watched the proceedings with great interest, and soon became convinced that kindergartening was a much less repellent system of tuition than any I had known; but I also perceived that the methods of the young woman could be greatly improved. I thought a good deal upon this subject after leaving the open window. And soon afterward, becoming acquainted with the young person in charge of the children, I offered to teach her a much better system of kindergartening than she was using. My terms were very low, and she became my scholar. I soon learned that there were other kindergartens in the town, and some of the teachers of these joined my class. Moreover, there were young women in the place who were not kindergartners, but who would like to become such, and these I also taught, sometimes visiting them at their houses, and sometimes giving my lessons in a room loaned by one of my patrons. My system became very popular, because it was founded upon common-sense."

"What was your system?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "I am interested in kindergartens myself."

"My object," he answered, "was to make the operation of teaching interesting to the teacher. It struck me very forcibly that a continuance of a few years in the present inane performances called kindergartening would infallibly send to our lunatic-asylums a number of women, more or less young, with more or less depleted intellects. The various games and exercises I devised were very interesting, and I am sure I had scholars who never intended to become kindergartners, and who studied with me solely for their own advantage. It was at this time that I adopted the clerical dress as being more suitable to my vocation than any other costume, and some one having called me the bishop, the name soon became popular, and I was generally known by it."

"But what is your real name?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Madam," said the man, "you must excuse me if I ask you to recall your question. I have a good name, and I belong to a very good family, but there are reasons why I do not at present wish to avow that name. Some of these reasons are connected with the report that I purposely visited the family with the measles in order to get rid of my school; others are connected with the inundation of my diocese, of which I shall speak; others refer to my present indefinite method of life. There is reason to suppose that the time is not far distant when my resumption of my family name will throw no discredit upon it, but that period has not yet arrived. Do you press your question, madam?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Archibald; "it really makes no difference; and out here in the woods a man may call himself a bishop or a cardinal or anything he likes."

"Thank you very much," said he, "and I will continue to speak in figures, and call myself a bishop."

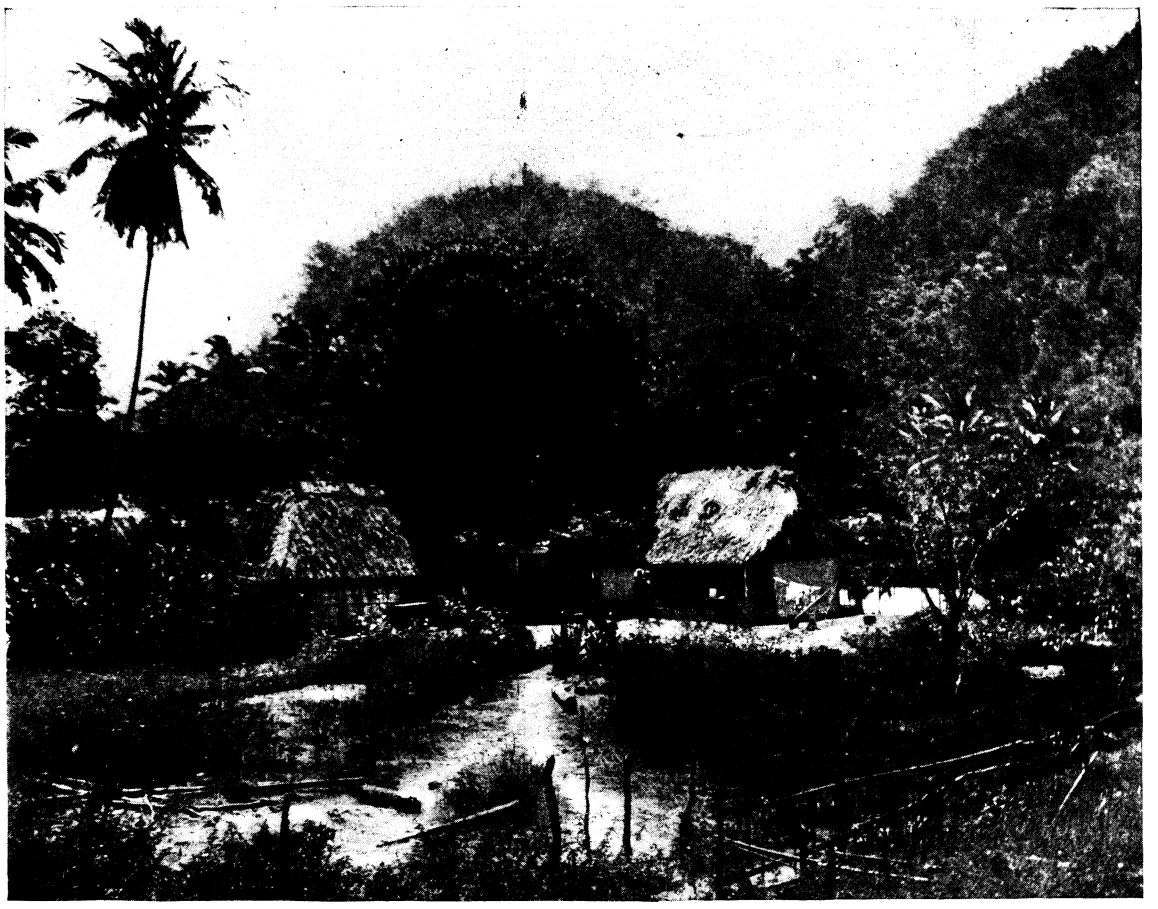
"Where I was brought up," interpolated Phil Matlack, still standing behind Mr. Archibald, "I was taught that figures don't lie."

"My good sir," said the speaker, with a smile, "in mathematics they don't, in poetry and literature they often do. Well, as I was saying, my diocese extended itself, my revenues were satisfactory, and I had begun to believe that I had found my true work in life, when suddenly there was a misfortune. There arrived in our town three apostles of kindergartening—two of them were women, and one was a man. They had heard of my system, and had come to investigate it. They did so, with the result that in an astonishingly short time my diocese was inundated with a flood of Fröbelism which absolutely swept me away. With this bag, this umbrella, with this costume, which has now become my wardrobe, I was cast out in all my indefiniteness upon a definite world."

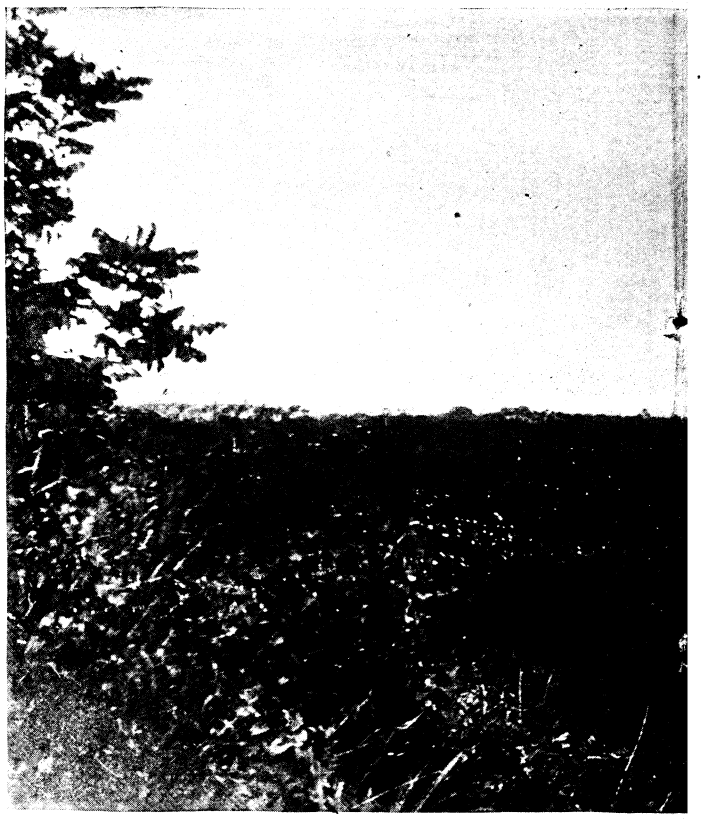
"And how did you get here?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"I had heard of Sadler and his camps," said he; "and in this beautiful month and in this beautiful weather I thought it would be well to investigate them. I accordingly went to Mr. Sadler's, where I arrived yesterday afternoon. I found Mr. Sadler a very definite man, and, I am sorry to say, that as he immediately defined me as a tramp, he would listen to no other definition. 'You have no money to pay for food and lodgings,' said he, 'and you come under my tramp laws. I don't harbor tramps, but I don't kick them out into the woods to starve. For

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.



GROUP OF THATCHED HOUSES AT SIBONEY.



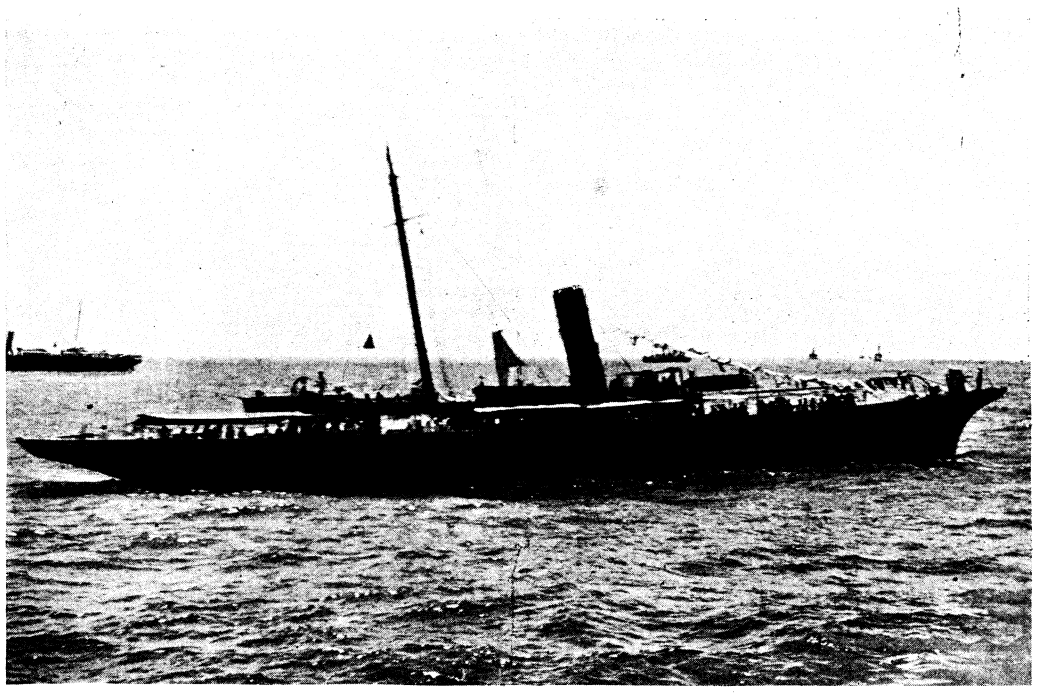
FIRST VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM THE H



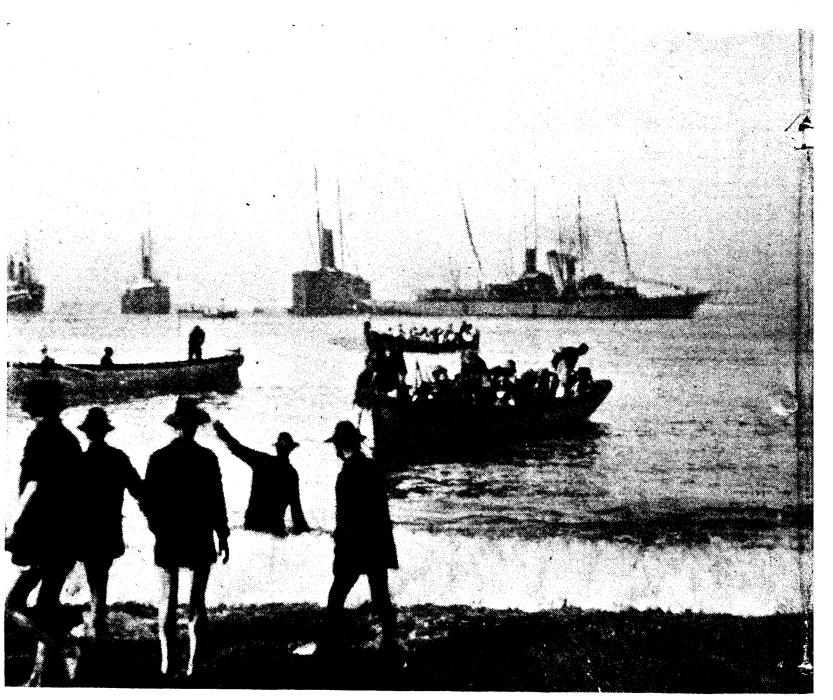
CUBAN RE-ENFORCEMENTS LANDING AT SIBONEY.



GENERAL LAWTON AT THE FRONT.

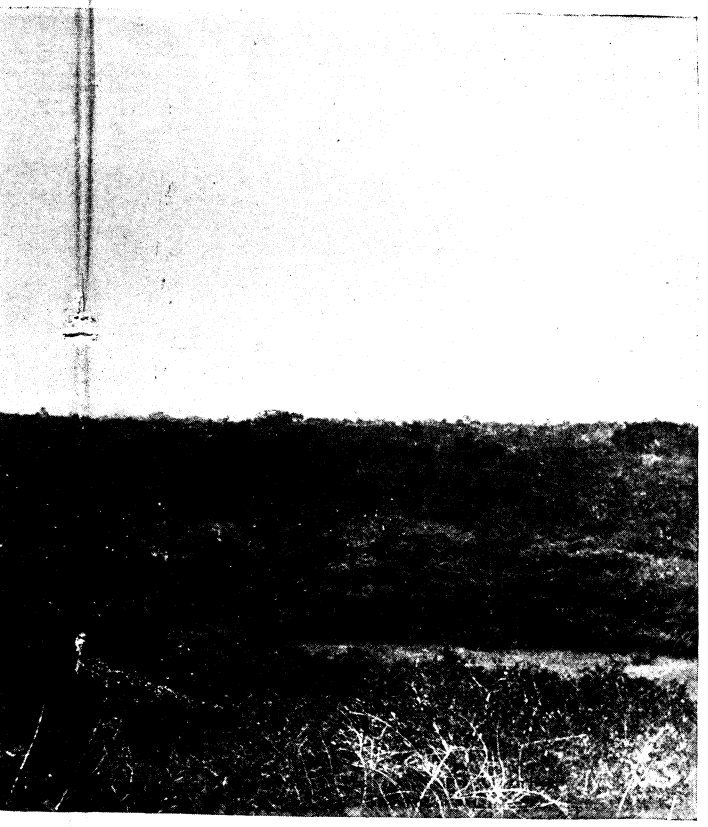


THE "GLOUCESTER" BRINGING CAPTAIN CHADWICK TO SEE GENERAL SHAFTER.

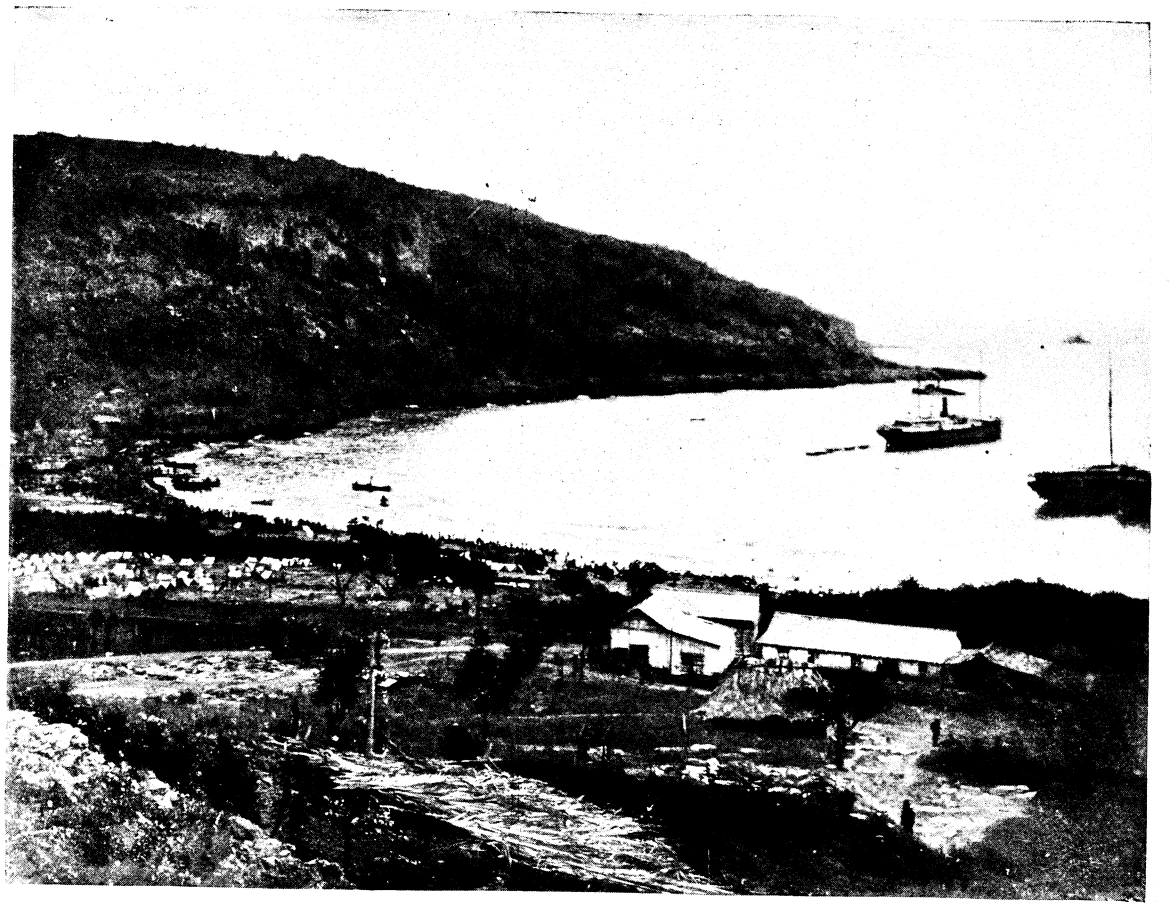


UNITED STATES TROOPS COMING ASHORE AT SIBONEY.

THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH



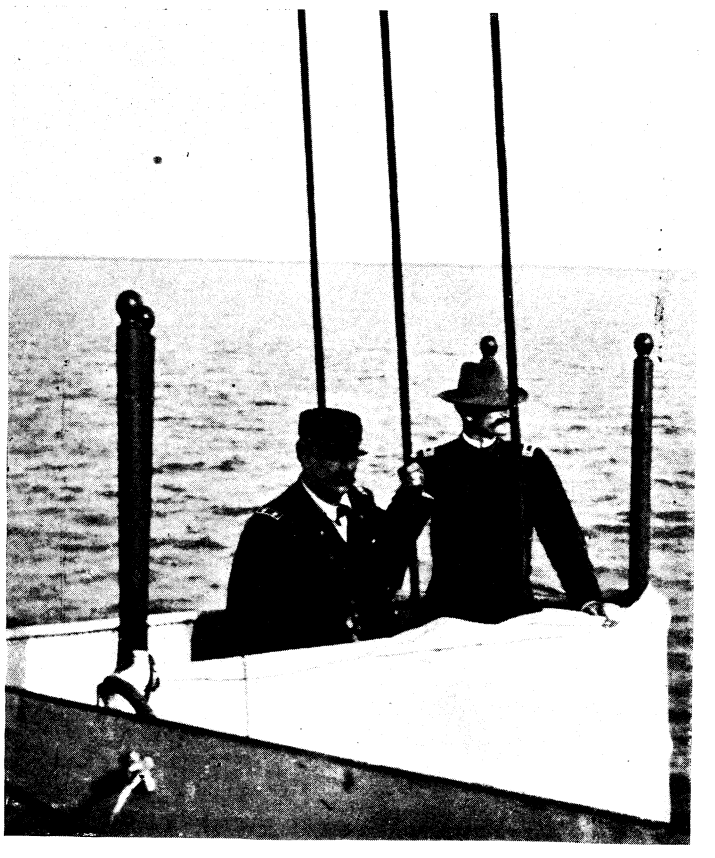
I THE HILLS—ABOUT FIVE MILES DISTANT.



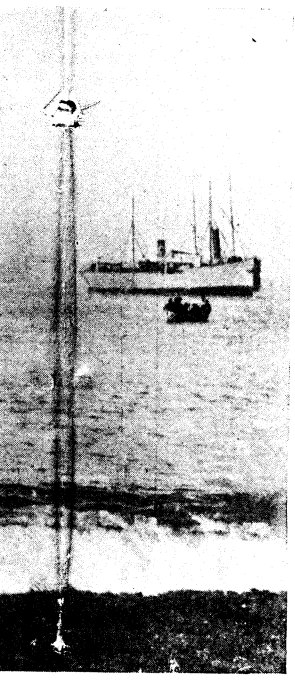
THE CAMP AT SIBONEY—TRANSPORTS IN HARBOR.



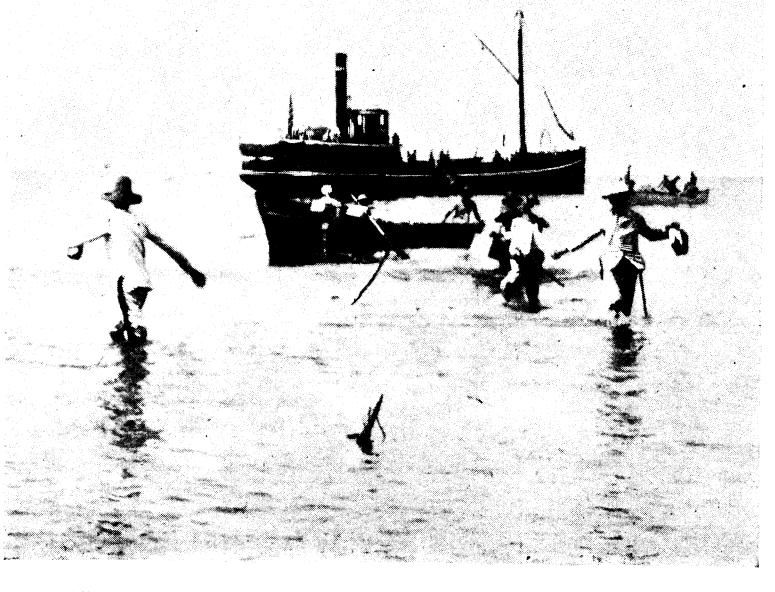
LANDING COMMISSARY STORES THROUGH THE SURF.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND LIEUT. NOBLE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "SEGURANCA."



ONEY.



CUBAN SOLDIERS FROM ASERRADERO LANDING AT SIBONEY.



SWIMMING HORSES ASHORE AT BAIQUIRI.

TH THE ARMY BEFORE SANTIAGO.

labor on this place I pay one dollar and a half a day of ten hours. For meals to day-laborers I charge fifteen cents each. If you want your supper, you can go out to that wood-shed and split wood for one hour.' I was very hungry; I went out into the wood-shed; I split wood for one hour, and at the end of that time I had a sufficient meal. When I had finished, Mr. Sadler sent for me. 'Do you want to stay here all night?' he said. 'I do,' I answered. 'Go, then, and split wood for another hour.' I did so, and it was almost dark when I had finished. In the morning I split wood for my breakfast, and when I had finished I went to Mr. Sadler and asked him how much he would charge for a luncheon wrapped up in a piece of paper. 'Seven and a half cents,' he said. I split wood for half an hour, and left Sadler's ostensibly to return to the station by the way I had come; but while I had been at work, I found from the conversation of some of the people that one of the camps was occupied, and I also discovered in what direction it lay. Consequently, after I had passed out of the sight of the definite Peter Sadler, I changed my course, and took a path through the woods which I was told would lead to this road, and I came here because I might just as well pass this way as any other, and because, having set out to investigate camp life, I wished to do so, and I hope I may be allowed to say that although I have seen but little of it, I like it very much."

"Now, then," said Phil Matlack, walking around the circle and approaching the stranger, "you said, when you first came here, that you were going to go, and the time has come when you've got to go."

"Very well," said the other, looking up with a smile; "if I've got there I'd better stop."

Mr. Archibald and the young men laughed, but Matlack and Martin, who had now joined him, did not laugh.

"You've barely time enough," said the former, "to get to Sadler's before it is pitch-dark, and—"

"Excuse me," said the other, "but I am not going back to Sadler's to-night. I would rather have no bed than split wood for an hour after dark in order to procure one. I would prefer a couch of dried leaves."

"You come along into the road with this young man and me; I want to talk to you," said Matlack.

"Come, Matlack," said Mr. Archibald, "don't be cruel."

"I am not," said the guide. "I am the tenderest-hearted person in the world; but even if you say so, sir, I can't let a stranger stay all night in a camp that I've got charge of."

"Look here, Matlack," exclaimed Mr. Clyde, "you haven't got charge of our camp!"

"No, I haven't," said the other.

"Well, then, this person can come over and stay with us. We have a little tent that we brought to put over the cooking-stove, and he can sleep in that."

"Very well," said Matlack; "if you take him out of this camp I haven't anything to say—that is, to-night."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, rising, and approaching Mr. Clyde, "I accept your offer with pleasure, and thank you most heartily for it. If you had proffered me the hospitality of a palace, I could not be more grateful for it."

"All right," said Clyde; "and I suppose it is time for us to be off, so I will bid you all good-night. Come along, Arthur. Come along, bishop."

The face of the last-named individual beamed with delight as he heard this appellation, and bidding everybody good-night, and thanking them for the kindness with which he had been treated, he followed the two young men.

The three walked some little distance toward Camp Roy, and then Clyde came running back to speak to Margery, who was now standing by herself watching the young moon descend among the trees. Then Mr. Raybold also stopped and came back to Margery, upon which the bishop stopped and waited for them. In about ten minutes he was joined by the two young men, and the three proceeded to Camp Roy.

"There is one thing, Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, "which I wish you would speak to Margery about. I don't want her to get up so early and go out for a morning walk. I find that those young men are also early risers."

"I will speak to her," said Mrs. Archibald; "where is she?"

"Over there, talking to young Martin," said her husband. "It isn't quite dark yet, but I think it is time we were all in bed."

"Quite time," said she. "Margery tells me that that young guide, who is a handsome young fellow, is going to teach her how to fish with flies. I wish you would sometimes take her out in the boat with you, Mr. Archibald; I am sure that you could teach her how to fish."

He smiled. "I suppose I could," he said; "and I also suppose I could pull her out of the water the first time she hooked a big fish. It would be like resting a boat on a pivot to put her into it."

"Then you don't take her," said Mrs. Archibald, decisively. "And you can't take her with you up the stream, because of course she can't wade. I don't want her to get tired of camp life, but—"

"Don't be afraid of the young men," interrupted her husband, with a laugh; "so long as there are three of them there is no danger."

"Of course I will not, if you don't wish it, Aunt Harriet," said Margery, when Mrs. Archibald had spoken to her about the early morning walks; "and I will stay in my room until you call me."

The next morning, when Mrs. Archibald was ready to leave the cabin, she did call Margery, but received no answer. Then she went to the little studio-room, and when she opened the door she found its occupant leaning out of the window talking to Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold, who stood outside.

"Good-morning, Aunt Harriet!" exclaimed Margery, gayly. "Mr. Clyde has brought me nearly an armful of birch bark, all thin and smooth. I am going to make a birch-bark bedspread out of it. I'll cover a sheet with these pieces, you see, and sew them on. Then I can have autographs on them, and mottoes, and when I cover myself up with it I shall really feel like a dryad."

"And here is what I have brought," said Mr. Raybold, holding up an armful of bark.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Margery, taking the mass, but not without dropping a good many of the pieces. "Of course it was kind of him to bring it," she said to Mrs. Archibald, as they left the room together, "but he needn't have bothered himself: I don't want to sleep under a wood-pile."

IX.—MATLACK'S THREE TROUBLES.

"Have you asked those two young men to breakfast again?" inquired Mr. Archibald, after examining, with a moderate interest, the specimen of birch bark which Margery had shown him.

"Oh no, indeed," said she; "they have had their breakfast. They have been telling me about it. The bishop got up very early in the morning and cooked it for them. He's a splendid cook, and he found things in their hampers that they didn't know they had. They said his coffee was delicious, and they have left him there in their camp now, washing the dishes and putting everything in order. And do you think, Uncle Archibald, that it is going to rain?"

"I do," said he; "for it is sprinkling already."

This proved to be the first bad day since the Archibald party had gone into camp, and the rain soon began to come down in a steady practised way, as if the clouds above were used to that sort of thing and could easily keep it up all day.

As there was no place under roof to which company could be conveniently invited, Margery retired to her room and set herself diligently to work on her birch-bark quilt.

Mrs. Archibald established herself in the division of the cabin which was intended to be used as a sitting and dining room in bad weather, and applied herself to some sewing and darning, which had been reserved for just such a day as this. Mr. Archibald, in a water-proof suit, tried fishing for half an hour or so, but finding it both unpleasant and unprofitable, he joined his wife, made himself as comfortable as possible on two chairs, and began to read aloud one of the novels they had brought with them.

Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold had considerately gone to their own camp when it began to rain, hoping, however, that the shower would be over in a short time. But the rain was not a shower, and they spent the morning on their backs in their tent, talking and smoking. Of course they could not expect the bishop to depart in the rain, so they had told him to make himself as comfortable as he could in the little kitchen tent, and offered him a pipe and a book. The first he declined, as he never smoked, but the latter he accepted with delight.

After the mid-day dinner Phil Matlack, in a pair of high hunting-boots and an oil-skin coat, came to Mr. Archibald and said that as there was nothing he could do that afternoon, he would walk over to Sadler's and attend to some business he had there.

"About the bishop?" asked Mr. Archibald.

"Partly," said Matlack. "I understand the fellow is still over there with those two young men. I don't suppose they'll send him off in the rain, and as he isn't in my camp, I can't interfere. But it may rain for two or three days."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "and if we want anything we'll ask Martin."

"Just so," said Matlack. "If there's anything to do that you don't want to do yourself, you can get him to do it; but if you want to know anything you don't know yourself, you'd better wait until I come back."

When Matlack presented himself before Peter Sadler he found that ponderous individual seated in his rolling chair near the open door, enjoying the smell of the rain.

"Hello, Phil!" he cried. "What's wrong at the camp?"

The guide left his wet coat and cap on the little piazza outside, and after carefully wiping his feet, seated himself on a chair near the door.

"There's three things wrong," said he. "In the first place, there's a tramp out there, and it looks to me as if he was a-goin' to stick, if he can get allowed to do it."

"Is he too big for you to bounce?" roared Peter. "That's a pretty story to come tell me."

"No, he ain't," said the other; "but I haven't got the bouncin' of him. He's not in my camp. The young men have took him in; but I expect he'll come over with them as soon as it's done rainin', for when that happens they're bound to come themselves."

"Look here, Phil," said Peter. "is he dressed in black?"

"Yes, he is," said the guide

Mr. Sadler slapped his hand on the arm of his chair. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "that's my favorite tramp. I never had a man here who paid his bill in work as he did. It was cash down, and good money. Not a minute of wood-splitting more or less than the market-price for meals and bed. I'd like to have a tramp like that come along about twice a week. But I tell you, Phil, he ain't no tramp. Couldn't you see that? None of them loafers ever worked as he did."

"He may not be a tramp," said Matlack, "but he's trampin'. What are you goin' to do about him? Let him stay there?"

"What's he doin' now?" asked Sadler.

"He's cookin' for those two young men."

"Well, they need some one to do it for them, and they didn't want to go to the expense of a guide. Let the parson alone for a day or two, and if he does anything out of the way just you take him by one ear and Martin take him by the other and bring him to me. I'll attend to him. What's the next trouble?"

"That's out of my camp too," said Matlack; "but I'm bound to report it. The bicycle fellow that you hired a gun to don't know the fust thing about usin' it, and the next thing you'll hear will be that he's shot his pardner, who's worth six of him."

Mr. Sadler sat up very straight in his chair and stared at the guide. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "what do you take me for? I hired that gun to that young man. Don't you suppose I know what I'm about?"

"That's all right," said Matlack; "but the trouble is he don't know what he's about."

"Get away, man," said Peter, with a contemptuous sniff; "he'll never hurt anybody. What do you take me for? When he came to me and wanted a gun, I handed him two or three, so that he might choose one that suited him, and by the way he handled them I could see that most likely he'd never handled one before, and so I set him up all right. He's got a good gun, and all the cartridges he'll be likely to want; and the cartridges are all like this. They're a new kind I heard of last winter, and I got a case from Boston last week. I don't see how I ever managed to run my camps without them. Do you see that shot?" said he, opening one end of a cartridge. "Well, take one in your hand and pinch it."

Phil did so, and it crumbled to dust in his hand.

"When that load's fired," said Peter, "all the shot will crumble into dust. It wouldn't do to give raw hands blank cartridges, because they'd find that out; but with this kind they might sit all day and fire at a baby asleep in its cradle and never disturb it, provided the baby was deaf. And he can't use his pardner's cartridges, for I gave that fellow a twelve-bore gun and his is a ten-bore."

Phil grinned. "Well, then," said he, "I suppose I might as well make my mind easy, but if that bicycle man hunts much he'll get the conviction borne in on him that he's a dreadful bad shot."

"Then he'll give up shooting, which is what is wanted," said Sadler. "What's your third bother?"

"That young woman has made up her mind to go out in the boat by herself the very fust time she feels like it," said Matlack; "she didn't say so with her mouth, but she said it with the back of her head and her shoulders, and I want to know if that rule of yours is going to hold good this summer. Women is gettin' to do so many things they didn't use to that I didn't know but what you'd consider they'd got far enough to take themselves out on the lake, and if you do think so, I don't want to get myself in hot water with those people and then find you don't back me up."

"If you don't want to get yourself into hot water with me, Phil Matlack, you'd better get it into your head just as soon as you can that when I make a rule it's a rule, and I don't want people comin' to me and talkin' about changes. Women in my camp don't go out in boats by themselves, and it's easy enough to have that rule kept if you've got backbone enough to do it. Keep the boat locked to the shore when it ain't in use, and keep the key in your pocket, and if anybody gets it that 'ain't any right to it, that's your lookout. Now that's the end of your troubles, I hope. How's things goin' on generally in the camp?"

"Oh, well enough," said Matlack. "I thought at fust the old lady'd give out in a day or two, but I've taught her parlor-fishin', which she's took to quite lively, and she's got used to the woods. The boss he sticks to fishin' as if it was office-work, and as for the rest of them I guess they're all gettin' more and more willin' to stay."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Well, one of them is a gal and the others isn't," replied Matlack; "that's about the p'int of it."

During Matlack's walk back the skies cleared, and when he reached the camp he found Mrs. Archibald seated in her chair near the edge of the lake, a dry board under her feet, and the bishop standing by her, putting her bait on her hook, and taking the fish off it when any happened to be there. Out in the boat sat Mr. Archibald, trusting that some fish might approach the surface in search of insects disabled by the rain. Further on, at a place by the water's edge that was clear of bushes and undergrowth, Martin was giving Miss Dearborn a lesson in fly-fishing.

"He's a mighty good fisherman," thought Matlack, looking at the young fellow as he brought his rod back from the water with a long graceful sweep, and then, with another sweep and an easy inclination of his body forward, sending the fly far out on the smooth surface of the lake, "although there ain't no need to tell him so; and I don't wonder she'd rather stand and watch him than try to do it herself."

Walking up and down near the edge of the wood were Messrs. Clyde and Raybold.

Phil smiled. "They don't seem to be happy," he said to himself. "I guess they're hankerin' to take a share in her edication; but if you don't know nothin' yourself, you can't edicate other people."

Matlack directed his steps toward Mrs. Archibald; but before he reached her he was met by the bishop, who hurried toward him.

"I shall be obliged to surrender my post to you," he said, "which will be greatly to the lady's satisfaction, I imagine, for I must appear a poor attendant after you."

"Goin' to leave us?" said Matlack. "You look quite spruced up."

The bishop smiled. "You allude, I suppose," said he, "to the fact that my hat and clothes are brushed, and that I am freshly shaved and have on a clean collar. I like to be as neat as I can. This is a gutta-percha collar, and I can wash it whenever I please with a bit of damp rag, and it is my custom to shave every day, if I possibly can. But as to leaving you, I shall not do so this evening. I have promised those young gentlemen who so kindly invited me to their camp that I would prepare their supper for them, and I must now go to make the fire and get things in readiness."

"Have they engaged you as cook and general help?" asked Matlack.

"Oh no," said the bishop, with a smile; "they are kind and I am grateful, that is all."

[To be continued.]

THE PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

From sudden death, from foeman's aim;
From cowardice, from shrinking shame;
From cruel deeds without a name:
Save us, Good Lord.

From rage of animal within;
From triumph dwarfed by brutal sin;
From lawlessness mid rifles' din:
Save us, Good Lord.

From jealousy of other's deed;
From inhumanity, from greed;
From carelessness of brother's need:
Save us, Good Lord.

From memory of upturned eyes;
From shrieks of wounded, battle-cries;
From faith forgot when danger dies:
Save us, Good Lord.

Gertrude F. Lynch.



ON THE MADRID SIDEWALK.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

XI.—AN EVENING AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was on the evening of the 22d of March, 1898, that we three homesick and leg-weary Yankees found happiness of a peculiarly Yankee kind in the family circle of General Woodford, who at that moment was our country's representative at the Spanish capital. It made us warm with thoughts of buckwheat cakes and peanut candy just to be welcomed by a good old-fashioned American "darky" butler, who made us want to hug him just because of the winsome way in which he invited us to "Walk right in here, gentlemen; de ladies is all waiting for you." If any world-weary globe-trotter wants to test the strength of that subtle thing miscalled patriotism, but more justly described by the Irishman as the love for the old sod, let that man travel on a bike for days and days in a country liable at any moment to declare war against his, never seeing a soul with whom he can exchange home news or even safely divulge his nationality.

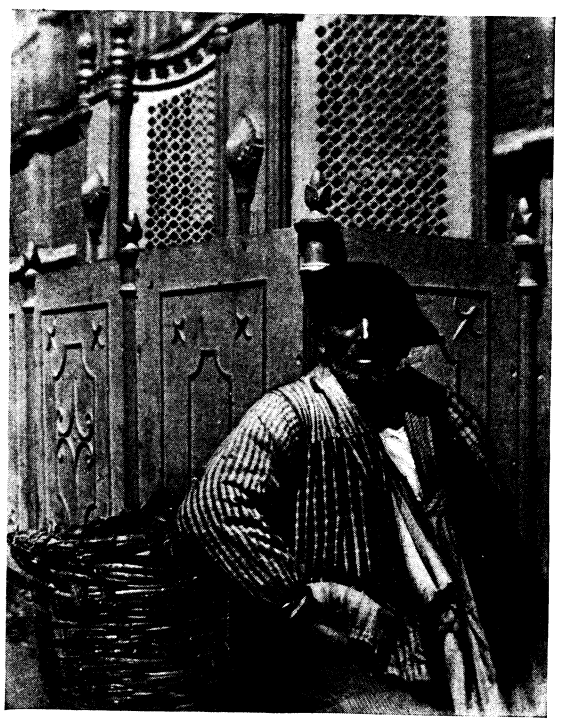
That colored man who opened the door for us at General Woodford's deserved a pension on his return home. He cheered the heart of every American who called at the Legation, I am sure, and into the bargain has passed through all the trying times which the diplomatic tension between the two countries occasioned.

I have seen many musical triumphs in my life, but never such a one as was achieved that night by our barytone, Edwin Isham, as he threw his whole heart and rich voice into the negro song, "I want you, my honey—yes, I do," and other plantation melodies which only an American can feel and make others feel. I saw the shining face of our colored friend beaming with open mouth and eyes from behind the curtain—he was homesick for his "old folks at home," and thinking of long years ago, when he too was a happy pickaninny "rolling and kicking in the sun." He told me afterwards, while helping me on with my coat, that "Dat song did do me a powerful lot of good —'deed it did." Perhaps it is the result of early bringing up, and common to all of us who have lived at all among negroes, but I feel that our citizens of African descent are an essential part of our social life, and that if they were to disappear we should lose an important element of poetry, song, and humor in our overworked money-making world.

General Woodford is an old soldier and a hardened practitioner at the bar—two careers that ought to make a man capable of smothering his feelings. He was conquered that night, for his heart was sick with the bitterness of his daily diplomatic life, and one note from a voice that sang of the home so far away made him forget all else but his desire to know peace. He held his wife's hand, and the eyes of both were wet. I wish that Spaniards could have seen him then, to learn that Yankees too have hearts, and that it is just that quality in our nature, and not the ambition for more territory, that produces with us the popular agitation against misrule in Cuba.

There were only Americans present at this dinner; one might term it strictly a family party, for no one was present save members of the legation and their families. The general is a brave and a shrewd man. He was fighting for peace, and cheerily proclaimed that war was of course out of the question between such intelligent peoples as the Spanish and ourselves. Our visit fell between two serious events —the blowing up of an American man-o'-war in Havana Harbor, and the message of President McKinley demanding that Spain put an end to her ruinous fighting at our gates.

The Spanish press was full of wild rumors, none of them complimentary to the United States. With magnificent good-humor, General Woodford persistently corrected false statements put forward by the press, and took no notice of insulting constructions subsequently placed upon his words. He believed in a "campaign of education," and daily preached moderation. He published in the Spanish press the astounding news that he had no secrets from the Spanish people; that all his despatches



TYPICAL MADRID.

received from Washington were such as might with impunity be published to the world, if the Spanish government should see fit.

So far, and General Woodford had been in Madrid since the autumn of 1897, he had not put forward seriously a single demand to the Spanish government that had not been successful. His personal relations with all his official colleagues had been satisfactory, and I believed that if war should unfortunately break out in spite of his efforts, he would leave Madrid with the personal respect of every official who had dealings with him.

The ladies of the legation felt the isolation in which they were forced to move. Their husbands had official business to transact with men accustomed to official intercourse, but they had no work to occupy them, and were in daily fear of meeting with social treatment impossible to resent, and mortifying for high-strung women to endure. Matters were so much strained while I was there that members of the diplomatic corps would not introduce Spaniards to Americans, even if they happened into the same room; it was feared that the Spanish ladies might be rude to our people. I would hesitate to repeat this had not an American member of the diplomatic body given me instances in his own experience.

This was the more to be regretted, for in many years there had not been such a good representation of our society at a foreign court as at that time in Madrid.

The house in which General Woodford had his home is one of the handsomest of the capital, comparing favorably with the Embassies of France, England, and Mexico. Unfortunately it is not the property of the United States, so that General Woodford's successor, unless he be a man prepared to spend four thousand dollars a year in rent, will have a hard time in trying to keep his social end up. A great and rich country should not allow its representatives abroad to be housed with less dignity than the agents of other powers. Besides, we should not have the archives of our different legations and embassies moving about every time the government is forced to look for new quarters.

General Woodford did not say anything to me on this matter, but other members of the legation did, to the effect that in times like those the people about our legation in Madrid and the different consulates should have been thoroughly American in speech, in blood, and in affiliation.



STREET FOUNTAIN, MADRID.

I do not know if our government ever had occasion to send confidential communications to the Madrid légation. If it did, that material came into the custody of people who were Spanish in blood and sympathy, and in such times that counts.

General Woodford spoke at some length with me about the Spanish character, which he admires highly. He regards the people as brave and courteous, and deplored the prevailing ignorance which makes it difficult to appeal directly through the press to their good sense. He told me that he discovered very little Jingoism in Spain; that it was confined mainly to the extreme military party who admired General Weyler, and to a small but noisy Parliamentary set who had little following amongst the people. As to himself, he said he felt as secure in Madrid as in any house of New York. The government kept half a dozen police in front of his door, by way of precaution, but in all other respects he lived as peacefully as he could wish.

How much of this the general believed himself, and how much he wished to believe, I could not tell. At any rate, he did not excite unnecessary alarm in those about him, and acted on the principle that it is time enough to cry out when you are hurt. To the families of his secretaries and attachés he was like a father, and his ears would have burned could he have heard a tithe of the grateful words used about him behind his back.

It was late that night when we said good-night to Mrs. Woodford and the other members of the general's household. We had danced American waltzes, had sung American songs, and talked American talk as though not likely soon to get another chance at such luxuries. The splendid suite of drawing-rooms had resounded to the exquisite tenor notes of George Devoll, and the general had paid us collectively the high compliment of saying we had done them all good by coming. We on our side remarked to one another, as we walked home that night, that if the general's family got out of us half the enjoyment that we did out of them, then we had no complaints to make.

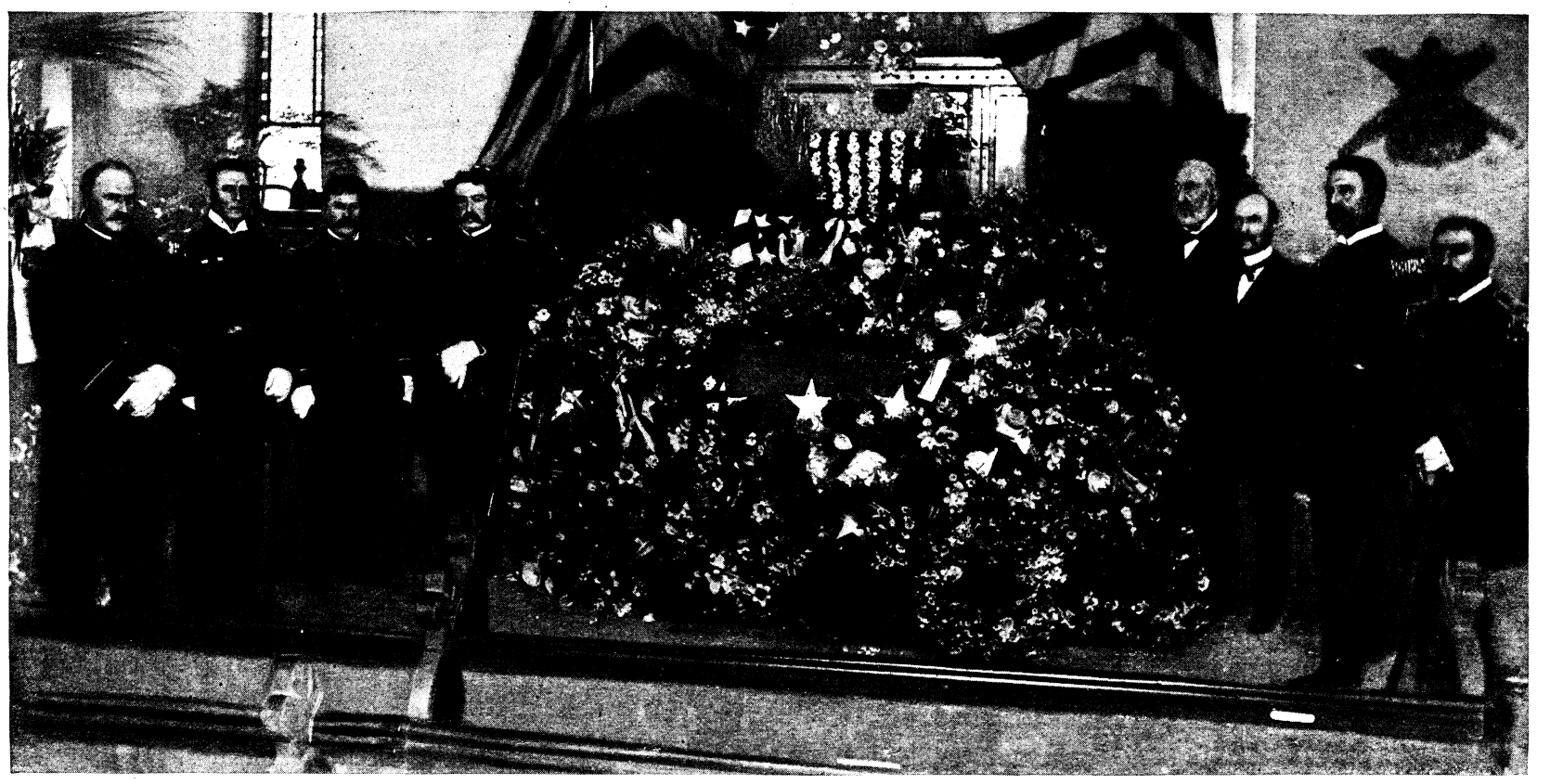
We had brought our evening dress all the way from London for this one event; we were well rewarded.



THE FAITHFUL ASS.



MADRID MARKET.



THE BODY OF CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N., LATE OF THE U.S.S. "OLYMPIA," LYING IN STATE AT THE UNION CHURCH, YOKOHAMA.

CAPTAIN GRIDLEY'S FUNERAL.

YOKOHAMA, *June 9.*

I HAVE just come from Captain Gridley's funeral. The *Olympia* was stationed here so long that his death is mourned as that of a friend rather than a commander. A note from Captain Gridley, on leaving, said that he would return in April. Indeed, he expected to spend the summer in these waters. There was then no shadow of the war. All morning the navy ladies were at the church assisting in its decoration. There is a detachment of the wives of the officers of the *Baltimore* here: Mrs. Bellows, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Brayton.

It was first intended that the services should be held on the *Coptic*, on which Captain Gridley died. But an order from Washington that the remains be cremated changed this plan, and the services were held at the Union Church. The Captain and the officers of the *Coptic* escorted the body to the Hatoba, where a detachment of bluejackets carried it, covered with its pall of stars and stripes and buried beneath flowers, to the hearse. The funeral cortége consisted of a guard of honor from the Japanese cruiser *Heiyuen*, Minister Buck, Consul-General Gowie, Mr. Miller and Mr. Nelson of the legation, the consular staff, Governor Asada of this prefecture, the Chief of Police, Marquis Gonzago de Membrini, and the Captain and officers of the *Heiyuen*. The pall-bearers were Lieutenant-Commander Briggs of the *Baltimore*, here on sick leave; Dr. Anderson of the Naval Hospital; Paymasters McDonald and Galt of the *Raleigh*, who came with Captain Gridley; Colonel W. M. Brown, of New York, on his way to Manila; Captain Davies of the Royal Naval Reserve; Dr. Donald Hoskyn of the British Naval Hospital. These were preceded by the Japanese town band playing Chopin's "Funeral March."

It was interesting to look over the church and to see the various types of Americans thus brought together, for Yokohama is a rallying-place for all nations. Grizzled seafaring men, smart-looking business men, sunburnt tourists, fashionable globe-trotters (men and women), sedate missionaries, professors, diplomats, and those exiles from home whose children have not yet seen the soil of their fathers. Among these were Mrs. James Stoughton, Mrs. Hurlbert and her mother, from Cincinnati; Mrs. Martin, who is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, with a beautiful anchor of white and green in her hand; Mrs. Anderson, the daughter of Captain Coffin, who has been recalled to service; Miss Case of Philadelphia.

The circumstance of Captain Gridley's death, after the brilliant victory, made the occasion doubly sad. You, at home, can scarcely realize what the fight at Manila has been to the Americans here, brought into such sharp competition with the representatives of other nations.

The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Booth of the Ferris Seminary. And after a prayer by Dr. Cleveland, Colonel Buck and Mr. Gowie made brief addresses.

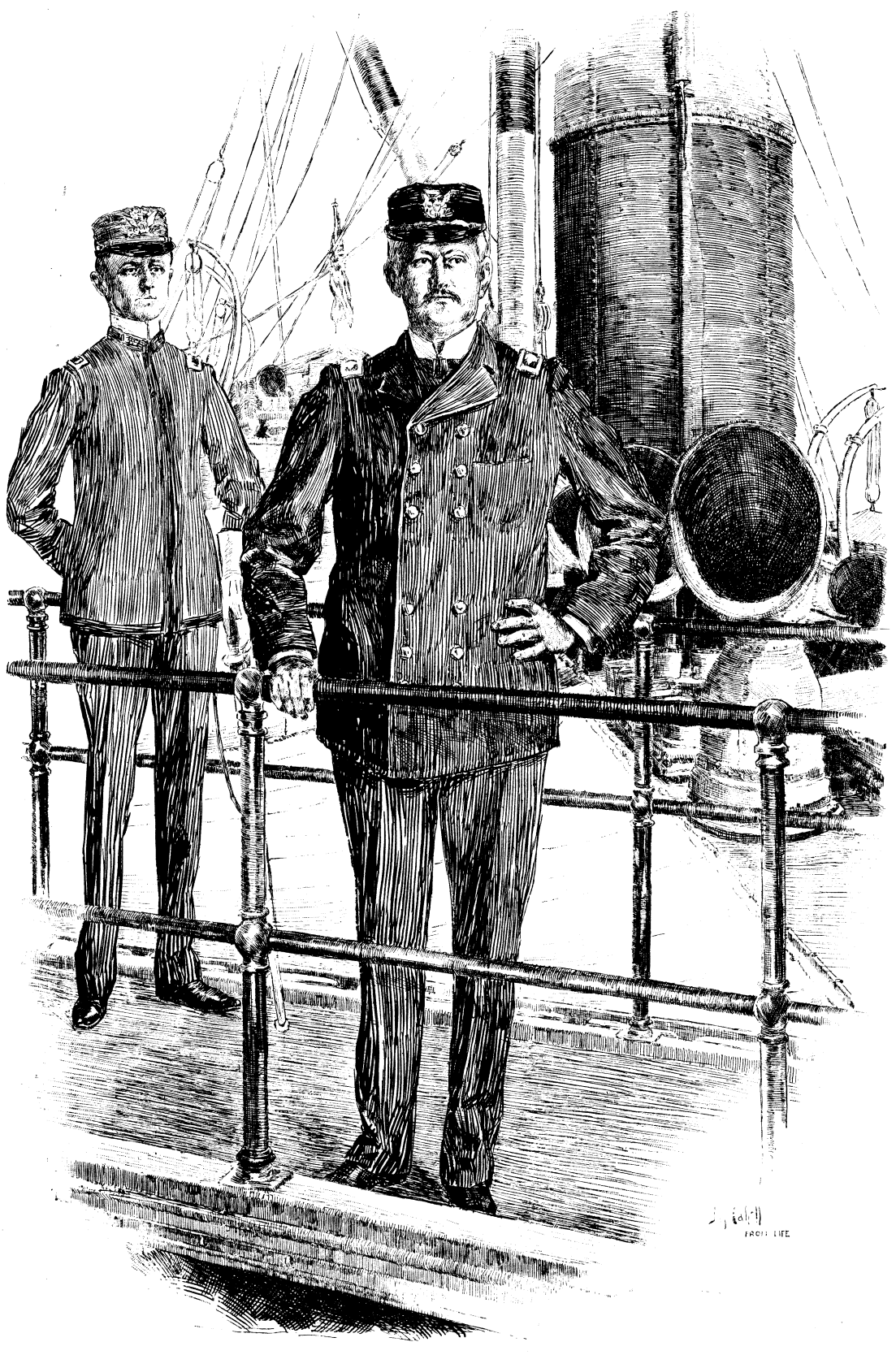
The body is to be cremated to-morrow morning, and the ashes will be taken home on the next steamer.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

CUI BONO?

DAYS of disaster, war and doom,
Filling a glad green earth with gloom,
What are ye for,
Ye days of war?
What has man done, that o'er his head
Clatter and crash these bolts of dread?
Why has the sunshine gone from life?
Why has sweet peace given way to strife?
Why are the fields that once were green
Now drenched with blood of heroes seen?
Why has the sea
Risen in awful majesty,
In anger wild,
And swallowed defenceless woman and child?
What is man's sin,
That he requires such discipline?
Days of disaster, doom and war,
What are ye for?

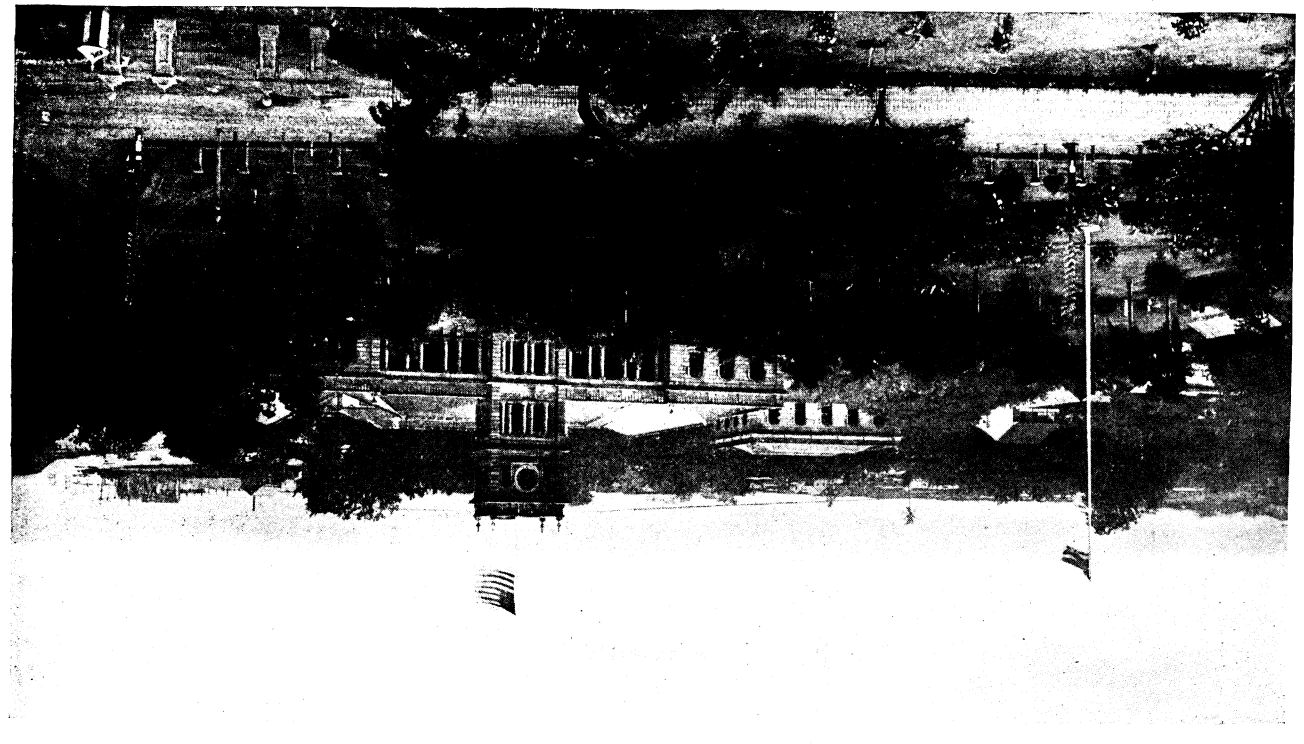
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "NEWPORT," JUST PREVIOUS TO SAILING FOR MANILA.—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.

1898—DURING THE HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION, SHOWING FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS LYING OFF THE CITY, AND THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING FLYING THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU, THE CAPITAL OF OUR NEW TERRITORY IN THE PACIFIC.—[See Page 726.]





British War-ship "Garnet." Japanese Cruiser "Kongo." U. S. S. "Boston." U. S. S. "Alliance." U. S. S. "Mohican."

1898—JUST PREVIOUS TO ANNEXATION, SHOWING U. S. MONITOR "MONTEREY" AND TROOP-SHIPS ON THEIR WAY TO MANILA.



"Monterey." "Zealandia." "Senator." "Colon."

IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

From Stephen Crane's Account of the Battle in the New York "World," July 14.

July 4.

The action at San Juan on July 1 was, particularly speaking, a soldiers' battle. It was like Inkermann, where the English fought half leaderless all day in a fog. Only, the Cuban forest was worse than any fog.

In civil life the newspapers would have called it a grand popular movement. It will never be forgotten as long as America has a military history.

A line of intrenched hills held by men armed with a weapon like the Mauser is not to be taken by a front attack of infantry unless the trenches have first been heavily shaken by artillery fire. Any theorist will say that it is impossible, and prove it to be impossible. But it was done, and we owe the success to the splendid gallantry of the American private soldier.

As near as one can learn, headquarters expected little or no fighting on the 1st. Lawton's division was to go by the Caney road, chase the Spaniards out of that interesting village, and then, wheeling half to the left, march down to join the other divisions in some kind of attack on San Juan at daybreak on the 2d.

But somebody had been entirely misinformed as to the strength and disposition of the Spanish forces at Caney, and instead of taking Lawton six minutes to capture the town, it took him nearly all day, as well it might.

The other divisions lying under fire, waiting for Lawton, grew annoyed at a delay which was of course not explained to them, and suddenly arose and took the formidable hills of San Juan. It was impatience suddenly exalted to one of the sublime passions.

Lawton was well out toward Caney soon after daybreak, and by seven o'clock we could hear the boom of Capron's guns in support of the infantry. The remaining divisions —Kent's and Wheeler's—were trudging slowly along the muddy trail through the forest.

When the first gun was fired a grim murmur passed along the lean column.

"They're off!" somebody said.

The marching was of necessity very slow, and even then the narrow road was often blocked. The men, weighted with their packs, cartridge-belts, and rifles, forded many streams, climbed hills, slid down banks, and forced their way through thickets.

Suddenly there was a roar of guns just ahead and a little to the left. This was Grimes's battery going into action on the hill which is called El Paso. Then, all in a moment, the quiet column moving forward was opposed by men carrying terrible burdens. Wounded Cubans were being carried to the rear. Most of them were horribly mangled.

The second brigade of dismounted American cavalry had been in support of the battery, its position being directly to the rear. Some Cubans had joined there. The Spanish shrapnel fired at the battery was often cut too long, and passing over, burst amid the supports and the Cubans.

The loss of the battery, the cavalry, and the Cubans from this fire was forty men in killed and wounded, the First regular cavalry probably suffering most grievously. Presently there was a lull in the artillery fire, and down through spaces in the trees we could see the infantry still plodding with its packs, steadily toward the front.

At about 2500 yards in front of Grimes's position on El Paso arose the gentle green hills of San Juan, dotted not too plentifully with trees—hills that resembled the sloping orchards of Orange County in summer. Here and there were houses, built evidently as summer villas, but now loopholed and barricaded. They had heavy roofs of red tiles, and were shaped much like Japanese, or, better, Javanese, houses. Here and there, too, along the crests of these curving hillocks were ashen streaks, the rifle-pits of the Spaniards.

At the principal position of the enemy were a flag, a redoubt, a block-house, and some sort of a pagoda, in the shade of which Spanish officers were wont to promenade during lulls, and negligently gossip about the battle.

At 11.25 our artillery reopened on the central block-house and intrenchments. The Spanish fire had been remarkably fine, but it was our turn now. Grimes had his ranges to a nicety. After the great "shout of the gun" came the broad, windy, diminishing noise of the flung shell; then a fainter boom, and a cloud of red débris out of the block-house or up from the ground near the trenches.

The Spanish infantry in the trenches fired a little volley immediately after every one of the American shells. It puzzled many to decide at what they could be firing, but it was finally resolved that they were firing just to show us that they were still there and were not afraid.

It must have been about two o'clock when the enemy's battery again retorted.

The cruel thing about this artillery duel was that our battery had nothing but old-fashioned powder, and its position was always as clearly defined as if it had been the Chicago fire. On the other hand, the Spaniards were using the best smokeless.

From El Paso to San Juan there is a broad expanse of dense forest, spotted infrequently with vividly green fields. It is traversed by a single narrow road, which leads straight between the two positions, fording two little streams. Along this road had gone our infantry, and also the military balloon.

There were two officers in the car for the greater part of the way, and there surely were never two men who valued their lives less. But they both escaped unhurt, while the balloon sank down, torn to death by the bullets that were volleyed at it by the nervous Spaniards, who suspected dynamite. It was never brought out of the woods where it recklessly met its fate.

In these woods, unknown to some, including the Spaniards, was fulminated the gorgeous plan of taking an impregnable position.

One saw a thin line of black figures moving across a field. They disappeared in the forest. The enemy was keeping up a terrific fire. Then suddenly somebody yelled, "By God, there go our boys up the hill!"

There is many a good American who would give an arm to get the thrill of patriotic insanity that coursed through us when we heard that yell.

Yes, they were going up the hill, up the hill. It was the best moment of anybody's life. An officer said to me afterward: "If we had been in that position and the Spaniards had come at us, we would have piled them up so high the last man couldn't have climbed over." But up went the regiments, with no music save that ceaseless, fierce crashing of rifles.

The foreign attachés were shocked. "It is very gallant, but very foolish," said one, sternly.

"Why, they can't take it, you know! Never in the world!" cried another. "It is slaughter!"

The Japanese shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

The road from El Paso to San Juan was now a terrible road. It should have a tragic fame like the sunken road at Waterloo. Why we did not later hang some of the gentry who contributed from the trees to the terror of this road is not known.

The wounded were stringing back from the front, hundreds of them. Some walked unaided, an arm or a shoulder having been dressed at a field station. They stopped often enough to answer the universal hail, "How is it going?" Others hobbled, or clung to a friend's shoulder. Their slit trousers exposed red bandages. A few were shot horribly in the face, and were led bleeding and blind by their mates.

And then there were the slow-pacing stretcher-bearers, with the dying or the insensible, the badly wounded, still figures, with blood often drying brick-color on their hot bandages.

Prostrate at the road-side were many others, who had made their way thus far and were waiting for strength. Everywhere moved the sure-handed, invaluable Red Cross men.

Over this scene was a sort of haze of bullets. They were of two kinds. First, the Spanish lines were firing just a trifle high. Their bullets swept over our firing-lines and poured into this devoted roadway, the single exit, even as it had been the single approach. The second fire was from the guerillas concealed in the trees and in the thickets along the trail. They had come in under the very wings of our strong advance, taken good positions on either side of the road, and were peppering our line of communication whenever they got a good target, no matter, apparently, what the target might be.

Red Cross men, wounded men, sick men, correspondents and attachés were all one to the guerilla.

At a place where the road cut through the crest of the ridge Borrowe and some of his men were working over his dynamite-gun. After the fifth discharge something had got jammed. There was never such devotion to an inanimate thing as these men give to their dynamite-gun. They will quarrel for her, starve for her, lose sleep for her, and fight for her to the last ditch. If they ever get that gun into action again, they will make her hum.

The discomfited Spaniards, recovering from their panic, opened from their second line a most furious fire. It was first directed against one part of our line, and then against another, as if they were feeling for our weakest point, fumbling around after the throat of the army.

The American reply was in measured volleys. Part of a regiment would remain on the firing-line, while the other companies rested near by under the brow of the hill. Parties were sent after the packs. The commands knew with what other organizations they were in touch on the two flanks. Otherwise they knew nothing, save that they were going to hold their ground. They said so.

From our line could be seen a long, gray, Spanish intrenchment, from 400 to 1000 yards away, according to what part of our line one measured from. From it floated no smoke, and no men appeared there, but it was making a noise like a million champagne corks.

The army was dusty, dishevelled, its hair matted to its forehead with sweat, its shirts glued to its back with the same, and indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry, and aweary from its bundles and its marches and its fights. It sat down on the conquered crest and felt satisfied.

"Well, hell! here we are."



COMPANY K, 1st NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS, CHEERING THE HAWAIIAN FLAG.

BOUND FOR MANILA.

Letter and Illustrations from our Special Correspondent with the Second Expedition.

On Board S.S. "China," *June 22.*

No place could be better fitted to study the evolution of the citizen into the trained soldier than this transport. We are all packed so closely together that the very proximity breeds confidences. There are on board a few companies of regulars and a large number of volunteers. The regulars are well shaken down, and the relation between officer and man has long since been settled according to the requirements of discipline. But "Jimmy Green," the American volunteer, is at present neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." He has lost his individuality as private citizen, and has not yet acquired the repose which comes to the trained soldier. He resembles a child which has reached the "naughty age."

He enlisted a long month ago, with the firm determination of dying for his country at some very distant period. He saw himself charging at the head of the whole army, and finally planting the flag on the walls of Manila, only to be shot down at the heroic moment. In his imagination he pictured a monument erected to his memory in his native town, unveiled with burning speeches by the village fathers. However, it is not given to every soldier to die for his country, and Jimmy Green finds war not at all the vivid succession of intense and pleasing emotions he had thought it. Quite the contrary, it means giving up most of the things that make life comfortable.

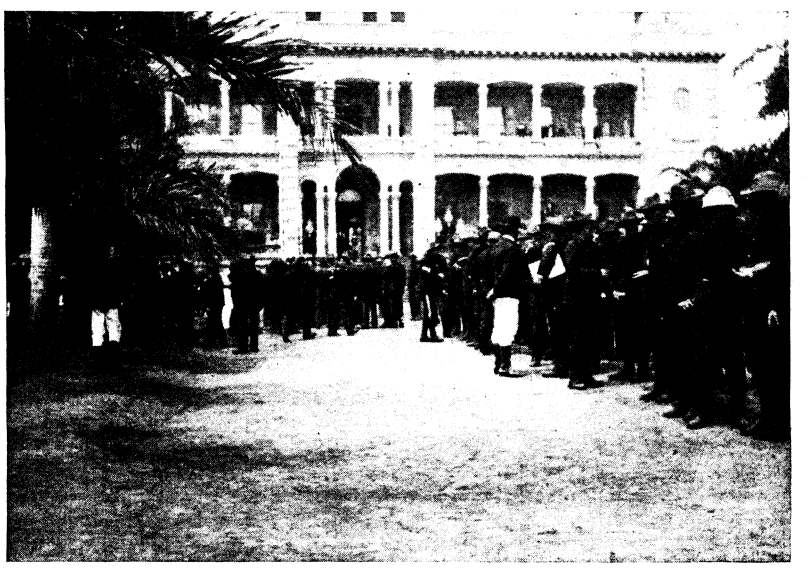
If there is one thing that he has always prided himself on, it is that he has never been bossed. Now he is ordered about and made to do that which is not only distasteful to him, but the utility of which he questions. He is required to work hard, and at night to sleep in stifling quarters, "upon uncasy pallets stretching him," kept awake by the spasmodic promptings of seasickness. When he slapped his old chum Billy, now a commissioned officer, on the back yesterday, the latter took him aside and told him he must not do so any more. And yet, with all his trouble, he does his duty without grumbling, and is really a hero without knowing it.

The only complaining I have heard is about the quantity of rations, and here the inexperience of the volunteer officer is plainly to be seen. In some way the same rations which are amply sufficient for the regulars fail to supply the needs of the men under the inexperienced management of the volunteer commissary. I see the rations every day, and must say, as they come to the volunteer, they have been rather scant. However, the volunteer commissary is learning every day. It is noticeable, moreover, that the men do not take kindly to hardtack and want too much meat.

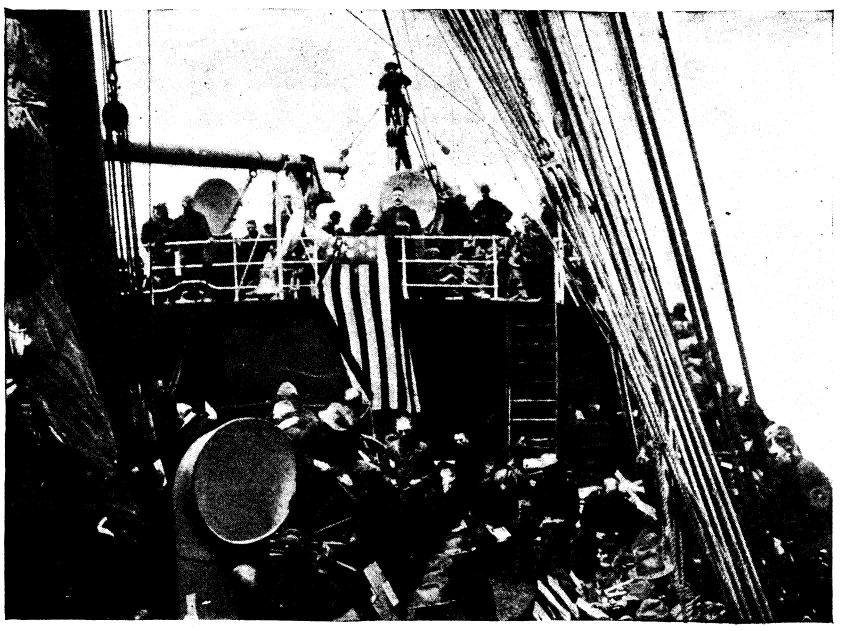
All these family troubles are the result of our system of going to war without being prepared. The resulting difficulties and hardships cannot be avoided, and must be borne. The one adverse criticism that can with justice be made on the organization of our volunteer army is that men have been appointed or elected to positions of responsibility on account of "pull" and popularity rather than any solid qualification for their work. On this account, in some of the departments, all of the hard work falls on the regulars, and they should have the credit of it.

The volunteer officers have, perhaps, more difficulty than their men in adjusting themselves to their new positions, because their duties are more complicated. The great question with them is how to treat the private—to be intimate and yet not to lose dignity. At home in the regiment it was a matter of happy-go-lucky good-fellowship, which will hardly do in actual war-time. One officer exclaimed, the other day, "I am obliged to treat the men sharply in order to bring them into form, and I am getting more unpopular every day."

It will take time to bring about a proper relation between the man of the line and his officer, but, when once established, it will be based on a truer sympathy than



TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORTS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE, HONOLULU.



FIRST SUNDAY OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO—CHURCH SERVICE ON TRANSPORT "CHINA."

exists in the armies of Europe. There is one abuse, however, which, if not put a stop to, is likely to prove detrimental to discipline. Owing to the limited number of correspondents allowed on the Philippine expedition, the newspapers of the country have hit on a plan to make Uncle Sam pay for the news they get. I am, so far as I know, the only accredited correspondent on this expedition, and yet there are on this ship alone six enlisted privates who correspond regularly with newspapers at home. These men make no secret of their business, and even go so far as to have "staff correspondent" printed in blood-red letters on their cards. The result is already making itself felt, for these men lead in the complaints which have



"JIMMY GREEN" ASHORE AT HONOLULU.

been made. They are bound to use the press to criticise their officers. Such of the latter as have political aspirations will be afraid of becoming unpopular at home. In other words, these privates will have the power of the press back of them to resist the necessarily unpleasant part of serious discipline. The objection to officers acting as newspaper correspondents is even stronger on account of their position of trust. In no other army with which I have been acquainted are officers or men allowed to do newspaper work.

The regulars are not without their trouble, the chief of which seems to be that Congress, after refusing for years to pass the army reform bill, suddenly started in to reform the army at the very time when it should have been left to do its work without being handicapped with intricate changes. Experienced men were taken from each company to give a basis for the four new companies in each regiment. Not content with this, the companies were recruited up from forty-eight men to 104 or 105—the war strength. A few men might have been digested by each company in the short time given for preparation without impairing its efficiency. But an average of sixty-six raw recruits to each company certainly weakens its organic strength.

At the last moment before embarking, a new change was made in the eight regular companies of this expedition. All new recruits were left behind, and twenty-nine experienced men from other companies were added to each of the eight companies. Each company on this expedition counts seventy-five men, of whom twenty-nine are absolutely unknown to their officers, while at the beginning of the war the regular officer knew accurately the capacity of all of his men. In addition to this process of weakening dilution and unadvised changes, all the companies are without their regular quota of officers. These have been promoted to positions in the volunteer service. Some companies have only one officer, and consequently the duties of first lieutenant and second lieutenant fall on the shoulders of non-commissioned officers, who, of necessity, are not equal to the work.

I give all these details to show under what disadvantages the commanders of our forces are laboring, and it seems that, considering the difficulties, the organization and direction of these expeditions have been handled with remarkable smoothness. We carry 3500 men in four transports. In a day or two General Anderson will arrive at Manila with the first expedition of 2500 men. There are at Camp Merritt about 14 000 troops left. The transportation of 20,000 soldiers across the Pacific Ocean constitutes one of the greatest military expeditions of the age. The greatness of the undertaking can only be realized when one remembers that six weeks ago there were no troops, no equipments, and no transports ready.

With sunrise we saw the green hills above Honolulu, and very welcome was the sight to our sea-wearied eyes. A heavy mist hung over the city, which slowly lifted as

(Continued on page ...)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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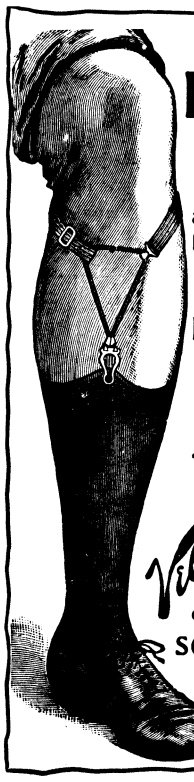
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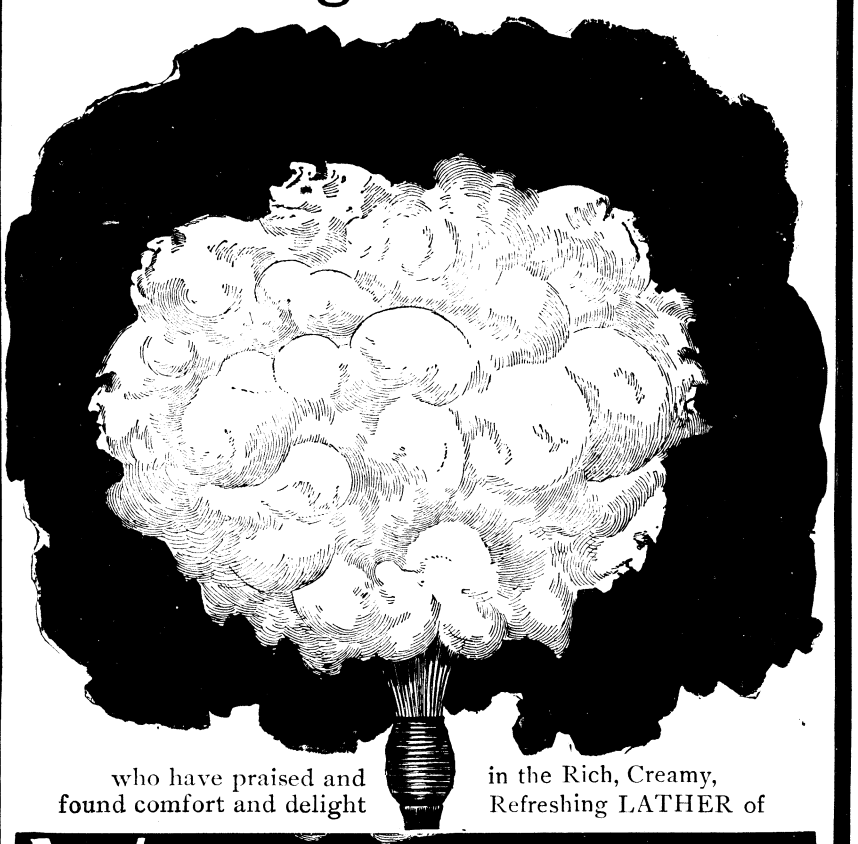
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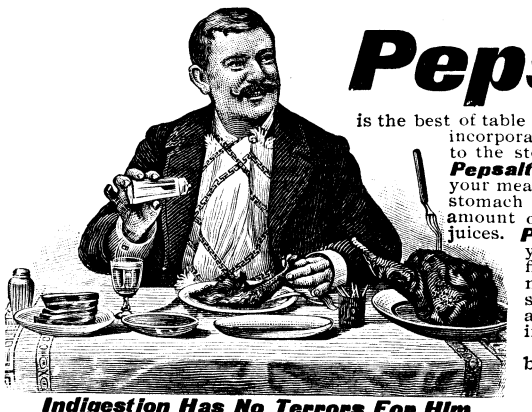
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(*Continued from page 723.*)

we entered the harbor. At the wharf a few people with a brass band had already gathered to meet us, but most of Honolulu was still asleep. Gradually it awoke and came down to the wharf. The soldiers were not allowed to leave the ship; and the people expressed disappointment, for they wished to take the soldier and regale him with the best they had, and prove that they were really worthy of annexation. Later the men were marched down a long dusty road to the sea-shore, where they all had a good swim. Between the sand-bar, half a mile out, and the shore 1000 soldiers plunged as in a huge bath-tub. All were afterwards refreshed with a good meal along great tables in the palm-filled garden of the palace, under the green canopy of lofty trees. The girls of Honolulu, in their best frocks of white muslin and bright ribbons, pounced upon the soldiers and strung wreaths of flowers about their necks. Watching the scene, I turned to an old citizen of Honolulu and asked him: "Why do you wish for annexation? You seem perfectly happy without it." He tucked his arm under mine and led me up to lunch at the officers' club, which had opened its heart and its doors wide to the American officers. He stopped me before the club door and pointed out to me a long line of polished quick-firing guns.

"Have you noticed those Maxims? The childlike native sometimes wakes up. We never know when it is coming." On the island the question of annexation is the question of the sugar interest. Take away the reciprocity treaty, and the island is lost, according to the sugar-growers.

Just so long as annexation has not taken place this danger lies before them. The island is very rich, and sugar stock pays from twenty to forty per cent. interest, but great risks are taken by the capital invested. J. F. BASS.

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

July 2, 1898.

A WOODED valley full of wooded hills, and marked here and there by a group of royal palms holding court high above the rolling sweep of green, runs between the coast mountains and the coast hills. Santiago sits at the foot of the valley and just under the sunset—amphitheatrical in shape, and facing the sea. On the other side of the town big spurs from the mountains, and on this side the foot-hills take the water-line for the mouth of Santiago Bay. The march, therefore, has been down this valley, and towards a daily afterglow of such divine peace and beauty that any such hell of human fire and passion as raged under it yesterday seemed out of question for a thousand years. All we have been able to see of Santiago hitherto have been long brick hospitals with Red Cross flags over them; this side of them, the little pagodalike fort of San Juan; this side of it, rifle-pits and a hill, almost vertical, opposite the spot where the road emerges from the woods, but of easier, but nowhere easy, slope to the right; at the base of this a level, green, semicircular, orchardlike little valley, and then the woods through which leads the main road from headquarters to Santiago, and which was the Lane of Death during the battle; and afterwards the way of entrance into Santiago was through the fort of San Juan. But about five miles up the valley to the right, and at the base of the coast mountains, is the quaint little red-roofed town of Caney, with a stone fort to the right of it, and a block-house, to the right, farther still. It would be just as well to take these three in on the way to Santiago to avoid being annoyed in the rear and to bag a few hundred prisoners. So the plan of the battle, so far as any mortal can make it out, seems to have been for General Chaffee to do this bagging as a sort of post-prandial (the troops went into action, however, I believe, without breakfast—certainly without coffee) amusement that would leave the division in a fine mettle to be led into Santiago by General Lawton. Meanwhile General Wheeler and General Kent were to lead their divisions up the main road and join Lawton's division for the advance into Santiago when the work at Caney was done. A battery of four guns was placed to the left, and on one of the foot-hills at a deserted hacienda called El Paso to pound San Juan, and a battery of four guns was placed to the right, and on a high knoll in the valley, to batter down the stone fort and, if necessary, to shell Caney. Both batteries began before seven o'clock, and from that hour, until the charge at four o'clock in the afternoon, there was a steady musket-fire around the block-house, stone fort, and town. The Cubans, who were attacking the block-house, lay out in the bush a mile distant, blazed away their ammunition, and blandly asked for more. General Chaffee stalked up and down his firing-line, swearing affectionately at his men, and getting a button shot from the breast of his blouse, while the men who, at dawn, were slipping through the brush for fear that the Spaniards would see them and run (!) were being potted at the ratio of one out of seven as they hugged the ground—but for all that advancing steadily. The guns had emptied the stone fort, thrown a few shells into the town, but were utterly unable to stir the Spaniards from their rifle-pits. Meanwhile Grimes had opened on San Juan from the left; General Wheeler had marched through the woods; the balloon had floated along high above the woods, directing the Spanish fire accurately to the columns advancing underneath. General Kent had advanced too, and both divisions had deployed to right and left, fighting through the chaparral as a swimmer fights his way through choppy waves, and trying to reform their hopelessly scattered troops into line under a heavy fire that was dropping more officers, in proportion, than men, and everybody was asking, "Where the hell is Chaffee?" General Chaffee was making slowly towards the stone fort about that hour, and was doubtless making up his mind that to take it he would have to do what Kent and Wheeler were forced to do at once, and that was to afford the unparalleled military spectacle of charging with flesh and blood, without preparation by proper artillery fire, and under magazine fire, against an intrenched enemy with unlimited ammunition—and twice that day this spectacle came to pass.

General Hawkins, who was left with only the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, saw that he must either withdraw his brigade or lead it forward, and but one of these two movements was possible for that brave old general. His trumpets sounded forward, and in the front line with his men the general himself stepped into the tall grass of that little valley of death, and made for the intrenchments on top of the vertical hill. Colonel Woods's brigade was charging at the same time to the right, and later, the "Rough Riders," who had worked their way to the front, broke through a skirmish-line of regulars, and with Roosevelt leading them on horseback, took a fortified casa to the right—Roosevelt killing a Spaniard with his pistol; and by the time that Kent and Wheeler thus held the first Spanish line of rifle-pits on the crest of the hill, Chaffee was drawing close to charge the stone fort at Caney. By four o'clock both extraordinary feats were done, and the nation should bow low before the American soldier.

There is nothing that daunts the American soldier—defective organization, deficient equipment, hen-coop life on board of transport, heat and fever of tropics, insufficient transportation, lack of food, lack of protection by artillery fire—nothing that daunts the American soldier. I have seen nothing from him but patience, cheerfulness, kindness, and affection for his stanch and dauntless friend—the officer of the line—and nothing, in return, but watchful, self-sacrificing care. There will be others to sing the deeds of the superiors, and always deeds aplenty to be sung, but I lift my voice for the plain soldier and the officer of the line. And what a pleasure it is to have it again proved that there is no better plain soldier than the American gentleman and volunteer!

The killed and wounded are near 1500, although the small bullets, the long range, and the ineffective Spanish artillery fire make it probable that the per cent. of mortality among the wounded will be small. JOHN FOX, JR.

THE "BOURGOGNE" DISASTER.

BY VICTOIRE LACASSE,

THE ONLY WOMAN SURVIVOR OF THE WRECK.

EARLY in the morning of July 4 I was awakened by the shrill sound of the fog-horn. Unable to sleep, I partly dressed and lay down again. About five o'clock I was startled by a terrible crash, and jumped up screaming.



VICTOIRE LACASSE.

While I finished dressing, my husband went up on deck to see what had happened. Rushing back to me, he said: "We are sinking! Hurry!" I went up half dressed; my husband rushed back to get life-preservers, and we put them on on deck, helping other ladies with theirs, as they did not seem to know how to put them on.

By that time the deck was crowded with people, all with awe-stricken faces, who were standing about, not realizing yet the full extent of the danger, and waiting in ignorance for some one to tell them what to do and where to go.

Among the passengers were several priests; one of them was going about giving a last blessing to the frightened groups of people that knelt around him, resigned to the sad fate which awaited them. The priest was calm and quiet, showing none of the emotion of the other passengers, never giving a thought to his own safety, going about without a life-preserver.

The captain was standing on the bridge, giving orders. His voice was lost in the din of the confusion; his figure stood out against the gray of the sky, and he met his fate with resignation.

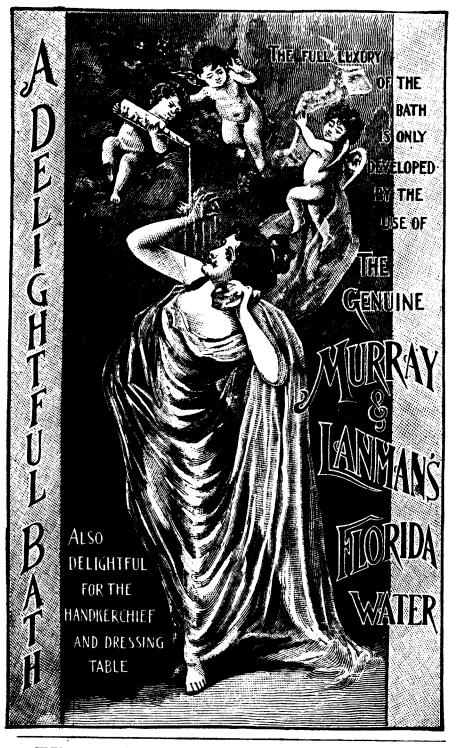
Suddenly the ship gave a list on the starboard side, which made it almost impossible for us to stand on our feet. We climbed into a life-boat already filled with frightened men and women. We only staid in it a few minutes, however, as we saw they were not cutting the ropes. My husband made me jump on deck, and dragged me toward a raft on the stern. We hardly had reached it when the ship gave a last lurch to one side, and we both fell into the water near the raft. My husband swam to it, dragging me along. He climbed on it, helped me on to it almost unconscious, and I staid kneeling without a movement. The raft was soon surrounded by a crowd of swimmers, and twenty got on it.

The ship, which had at first slanted sidewise in the water, before sinking turned bow up, and went down with a tremendous noise, made by the rush of air and water. As she went down she gave a fearful roar. It was almost like a human being sinking to his death with a dying gasp.

As the water rushed back over the ship the suction caused a fearful whirlpool, which carried around in its awful turning crowds of bodies of the dead and living covering the surface of the water. The whirlpool spread, and our raft began to be dragged into it, when a piece of wreckage suddenly struck us a blow which threw us out of the course of the whirlpool, and thus got us out of danger. Around us rose cries of human voices calling and imploring for aid. Some poor creatures who were struggling with death would swim to a raft, and when they would reach it, exhausted, would be turned away, every piece of wreckage being overloaded.

The fog which had surrounded us cleared just then, the sun came out on the scene of the disaster, where

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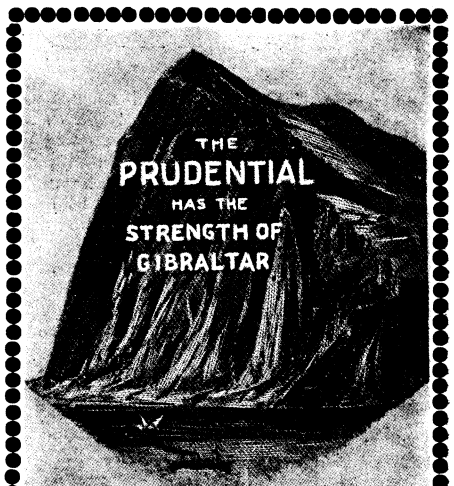
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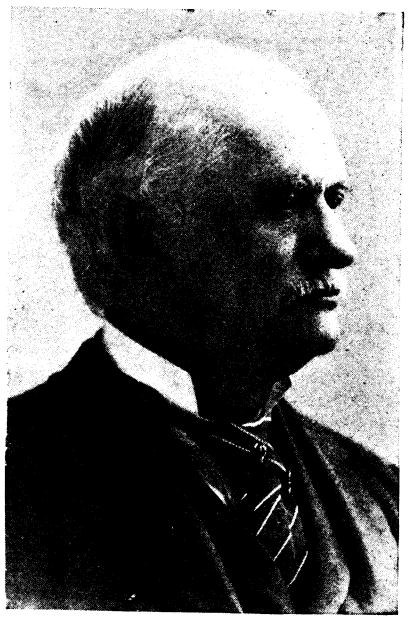
THE SINKING OF THE FRENCH LINE STEAMER "LA BOURGOGNE," JULY 4.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER FROM DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED BY SURVIVORS.

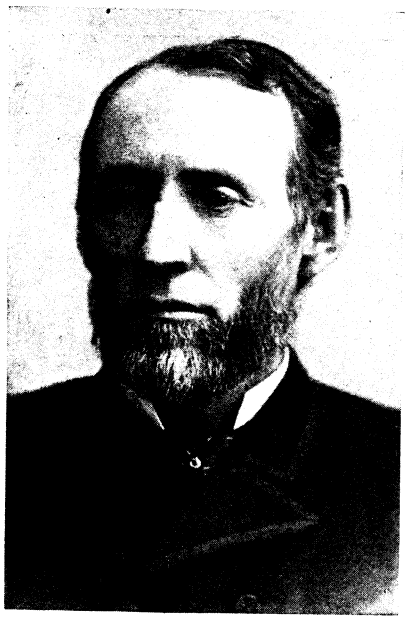
remained only a mass of wreckage, among which were three rafts and one boat, the last being upside down, with about thirty people clinging to it. Two other boats were already far away. A boat filled with women had been unfortunately struck by the funnel of the sinking ship, which caused the loss of the lives of all those in it. Another life-boat, which was filled with men and women, was cut from the davits just as the ship was going down; but it was too late, and, being overcrowded, it sank with all its human load.

For two hours no ship was sighted. It would have been impossible to pass a night on the raft, wet through, as we were partly submerged, hungry, thirsty, and faint. Suddenly a man on board of our raft called out there was a sail in sight. No one believed him at first, but we soon realized that it was truly so. This gave a new energy to us all, and we began to row in that direction. In the mean time our anxiety was terrible for fear the ship would not notice us; but a couple of hours afterwards we came in good sight of her, and realized that it was the ship which had sunk *La Bourgogne*, as her forward part was all crushed. After what seemed to us ages, a boat was detached and sent to our aid. One of the rafts was taken in tow, and two hours after came our turn. A rope was thrown over to our raft and attached to the forward part. But as a swell came up and raised our raft up, and lowered the boat, the rope snapped in two. Three times we tried again, and finally succeeded in being towed to the side of the *Cromartyshire*, where we were taken on board, exhausted and soaked through. Never did a place look so beautiful to me as the quiet cabin of this sailing-ship, with its homelike appearance of birds and plants belonging to the captain's wife.

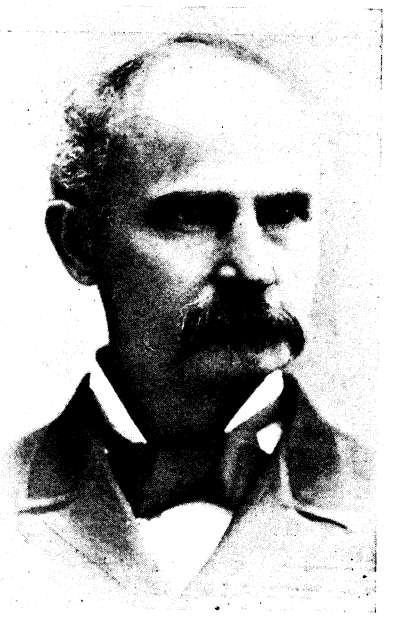
Four hours later the *Græcian* was sighted and hailed. Small boats took on board the survivors of our ill-fated ship, except my husband and myself. The *Cromartyshire* was towed by the *Græcian* to Halifax, where we landed on July 6. Never did any land look to us more comforting and lovely than the banks of Nova Scotia, and we realized more than ever the horrible nightmare we had been through and our narrow escape from death.



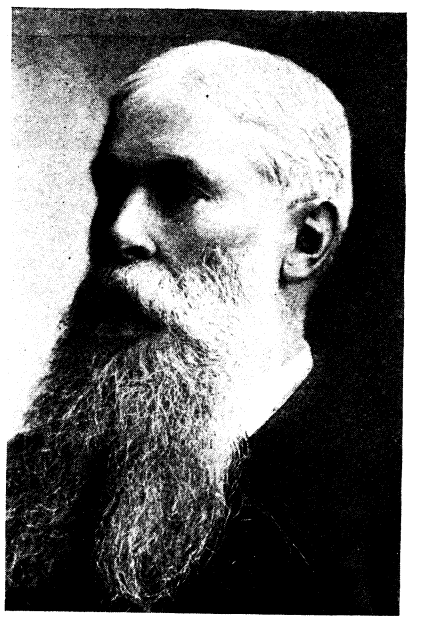
SENATOR MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.
Photograph by Bell.



SENATOR CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS.



CONGRESSMAN HITT, OF ILLINOIS.
Photograph by Bell.



PRESIDENT DOLE OF HAWAII.

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY FOR FRAMING LAWS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I.

Two chapters in the story hold most of the plot: two periods separated by a century will take us, if we can realize them, in an instant, almost, and in a glance of the eye, to the essential and significant thing in Hawaiian history. The first period is that of the conquests of Kamehameha I., or Kamehameha the Great—as great a savage as one would have cared to know—and this period includes also the extension and maintenance of his rule as savage autocrat of the island group. And that seems only yesterday, in one way. Kamehameha's war-cloak of mamo feathers draped the bier of Kalakaua in 1891, when the body of the last of the kings lay in state. Into the second period we may gather, and gather without crowding (as three gold pieces may lie easily in a pocket), the overthrow of the monarchy, the establishment of a republic, and annexation to the United States. News of the day, as this page is written, comes in the form of a despatch telling us that the Hawaiian Islands have been attached to the Department of California, now under the command of Major-General Merriam; that orders were issued to day assigning, for the time being, the First New York Volunteer Regiment of Infantry to the *Department of California, for duty at Honolulu.*

II.

When Captain Cook, seeking a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 1778, happened upon this isolated, strangely beautiful outpost of the Western Hemisphere, he noted its attractions to good purpose, and with an enthusiasm that betrays itself in a tendency to exaggerate certain details. A year later, in the winter of 1779, he returned from Alaska, to be worshipped as a god for a time, and then to be killed by the natives, who took that emphatic means of expressing their remonstrance against the human frailties of this bluff famous navigator.

Kamehameha, a nephew of Chief (or King) Kalaniopuu, was living in Hawaii at the time, and, tradition says, was a witness of this tragedy. Now Kalaniopuu died in 1782, and in the division of his estates Kamehameha got control of two districts in the island. The assassination of his only prominent rival, the late King's son, made him lord of the remaining districts in 1791; then by force, by craft, and especially by enlisting the services of English sailors (who appear to have been delighted to do their part with fire-arms and fire-water), he became overlord of at least seven of the eight inhabited islands. This result was attained in 1810. Meantime (1792–1794) Captain George Vancouver visited Hawaii several times, with a better motive and with beneficent results, for he brought cattle and sheep, unknown before, and gifts of seeds and useful plants. Kamehameha died in 1819—not before long-continued success had proved his wisdom in holding and governing new territory (a little empire, in fact), as well as splendid talent for extending his boundaries. The total area of these eight islands is one-third greater than that of Connecticut—not a small matter to keep in hand when voyages from one island to another were made in war-canoes.

That was the heroic age of Hawaii, when its population of Kanakas was perhaps ten times as numerous as at present, and the 300,000 Kanaka men and women were physically as superb, maybe, as those distant South Sea cousins of theirs with whom Robert Louis Stevenson made us so well acquainted. Certainly no other savage or barbarian, in all the stories of all the Pacific islands, is Kamehameha's superior. The race that produced him had possibilities within itself.

But just what possibilities we shall never know. In 1891 (Kalakaua then lying in state under Kamehameha's feather cloak) only 34,436 pure Hawaiians were left, with 6186 half-castes, in a total population of 89,900. In other words, only forty-five per cent. of the total population of the country were then pure Hawaiians or half-castes, while the foreigners—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and other Europeans and Americans—constituted fifty-five per cent. The census of 1896 shows a further loss for one element and gains for the other elements, as follows: Hawaiians, 31,019; part Hawaiians, 8485; Americans, 3086; British, 2250; Germans, 1432; French, 101; Norwegians, 378; Portuguese, 15,191; Japanese, 24,407; Chinese, 21,616; South Sea Islanders, 455; other nationalities, 600—total population, 109,020. So far as the pure Hawaiians are concerned, this means a decrease of 9.9 per cent. between the years 1890 and 1896. In 1832 the native population was about 130,000. It is apparent from these figures that the rate of decrease among aborigines has of late been somewhat checked, but this is inconsiderable in view of all the circumstances.

And with this statement we find that we have advanced from the beginning to the end of the century; that we are already in the midst of the second period, and know how to explain its happenings.

Liliuokalani was made Queen on the 29th of January, 1891. Two years later, when she had "announced her intention to arbitrarily promulgate a new constitution," as the report of the Committee of Safety put it, a popular uprising dispossessed her. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government was abrogated, and a provisional government was proclaimed, January 17, 1893; and at this juncture the United States cruiser *Boston* (Captain Wiltse), which had opportunely arrived three days before, landed a force of 162 officers and men—marines and bluejackets—with a Gatling gun and a 37-millimetre revolving gun, to protect the lives and property of American citizens. Professor Alexander, in his *History of the later Years of the Hawaiian Monarchy and the Revolution of 1893,* makes the very cautious statement that "the knowledge of the fact that the United States troops were on shore undoubtedly served to repress disorder, and gave the community a grateful sense of security. There was a band concert at the Hawaiian Hotel that evening, which was well attended!"

Commissioners sent to this country to ask for annexation reached Washington at the beginning of February; our minister at Honolulu assumed a protectorate February 9, and President Harrison's message of February 15 recommended annexation. Two days later an envoy of Queen Liliuokalani came to win sympathy and aid for a lost cause, and presently the governments of other nations as well were addressed in favor of her restoration. The treaty of annexation was withdrawn by President Cleveland, who sent ex-Representative James H. Blount, of Georgia, as a special commissioner to take evidence and report the actual condition of affairs (March 11). By Mr. Blount's order our flag was removed from the government building in Honolulu. On May 9 Mr. Blount was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hawaiian Islands; on the 22d of August he returned to Washington; Albert S. Willis, of Kentucky, received his appointment as minister a fortnight later, and presented his credentials to President Dole, of the Provisional Government, November 7. The ardent controversy that accompanied these "moves," here so briefly stated, makes an interesting chapter by itself; it is not essential in this story, for events proved that the actual power had passed out of Kanaka hands. On July 4, 1894, the Republic of Hawaii was proclaimed, with Sanford B. Dole as President. The commercial relations of the new republic with this country were so intimate that in 1895 the United States took 99.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian exports (total value in that year, $8,474,138 15), while supplying 79.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian imports (total value in 1895, $5,714,017 54). On July 6, 1898, the United States Senate, by a two-thirds vote, passed the Newlands annexation resolution. President McKinley's signature was affixed the next day.

III.

The change wrought during the years that intervened between the apotheosis of Captain Cook and the landing of Captain Wiltse's marines should be shown with rather more detail, for it is perhaps the most perfect example that history offers of the displacement of vigorous barbarians without violence.

While Kamehameha I. lived the King was all—the strongest, bravest, and most skilful warrior; absolute master of the land, and of every life and of every product; defender also of the ancient religion. His reign extended to May 8, 1819. The first American missionaries (from Boston) arrived April 4, 1820. It has been customary to ascribe all the changes to the efforts of Bingham and Thurston and their successors, but the records will not support any such contention. Disintegration of the old system had been begun by European man-o'-war's men, who could work incredible destruction with their powder and shot. These Europeans believed that mere men were superior to the forces of nature which the Hawaiians had blindly worshipped. The Hawaiian, accordingly, learned part of an indispensable lesson from rough seamen.

Kamehameha II. publicly defied the system of "tabu" in October, 1819; the idols and their temples were burnt; and when Bingham and Thurston reached Kailaua Bay, April 4, 1820, some of the rough preliminary work had already been done. The fact seems to be, therefore, that the islanders got the seed of their new faith at a time when the old faith had been uprooted.

In 1823 Kamehameha II. (or Liholiho), accompanied by his wife and six chiefs, visited England. A few weeks after arrival the King and Queen were attacked by disease, and died. Their remains were taken back by Lord Byron (the poet's cousin), commanding the frigate *Blonde.*

The first treaty between the Hawaiian Islands and the United States was concluded in 1826. In the following year Roman Catholic missionaries from France arrived, but never quite succeeded in making themselves at home. In 1832 they were deported to California. Returning in 1837, they barely secured the privilege of landing; and this permission was positively withheld from other representatives of the same faith and nationality. The French frigate *Artémise* reached Honolulu July 9, 1839, requiring an indemnity of $20,000, and a proclamation of full religious liberty. Of course this demand was acceded to; in fact, a "declaration of rights" preceded it by a month, and an edict of toleration by several weeks.

In 1840 the first constitution was proclaimed, providing for a legislature to consist of two houses, on the English plan. Between 1840 and 1843 a series of disputes with France and England culminated in a provisional cession to England, February 25, 1843, which was declined by the government of that country. Near the close of the year a joint declaration by France and England was published, recognizing the independence of the islands, and engaging "never to take possession, either directly or under the title of protectorate, or under any other form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

Liberty with a French, English, and American accent was speaking to these islanders who half a century before had been slaves of a clever savage chieftain. But America was coming very near, through the settlement of California. In 1850 the suggestion of a United States protectorate was declined by our government. A constitution providing for universal suffrage in the choice of members of the lower house was adopted in 1852.

The election of David Kalakaua as successor to King William Lunalilo, in 1874, brought to the already insecure office a person whose arbitrary methods alienated his friends, and whose dishonest practices utterly destroyed the credit of the monarchy. But instead of rehearsing the scandals of his reign, we may prefer to remember that they were personal, and therefore all covered (after he had died at San Francisco, in 1891, and after the cruiser *Charleston* had carried his remains back to Honolulu) by the yellow-feather mantle of the founder of the dynasty—who, "when six spears were cast at once at him, caught three, parried two, and avoided the sixth by a quick movement of the body," as Vancouver relates.

Which brings us back to the point of departure.

Marrion Wilcox.

GHOSTS.

Sadly and mistily they wander
By land and sea,
I watch them roaming here and yonder
Untiringly.
They pass before me like dim seemings
Of living things,
Then melt into the faint star gleamings
On viewless wings.

Some smile, I think, and some are weeping,
As if they knew
That passionate hearts are striving, reaping,
To crown the few;
That grief is still the lot of many,
That death alone
Is the one certain peace for any,
The one end known.

They pass before me, shadows merely,
In drifting hosts,
Holding their shrouded heads austerely—
These silent ghosts.
These ghosts whose long-forgotten voices
And sightless eyes
Remind me that nature still rejoices,
Though all life dies.

George Edgar Montgomery.

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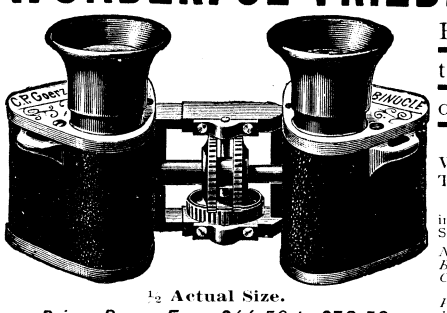
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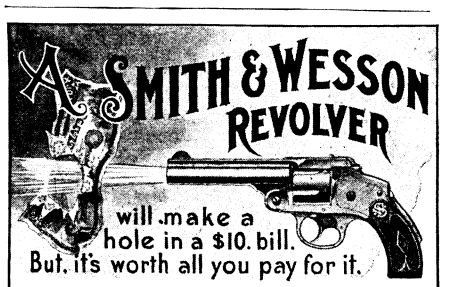
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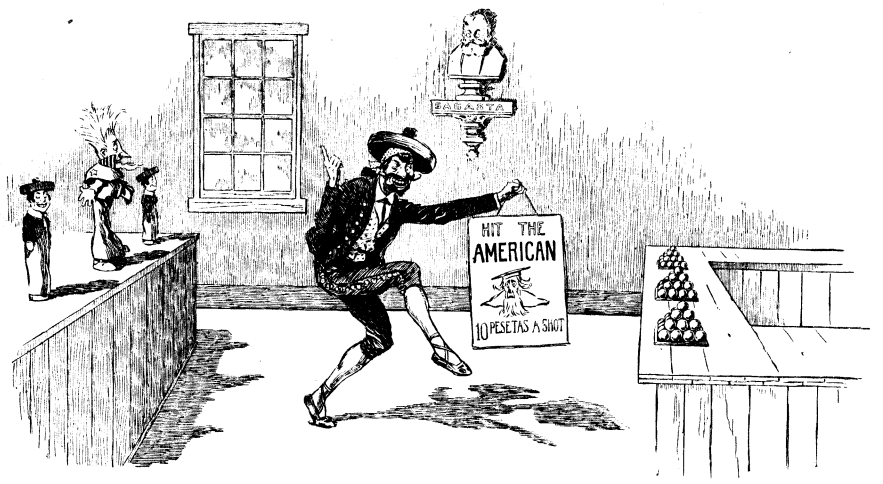


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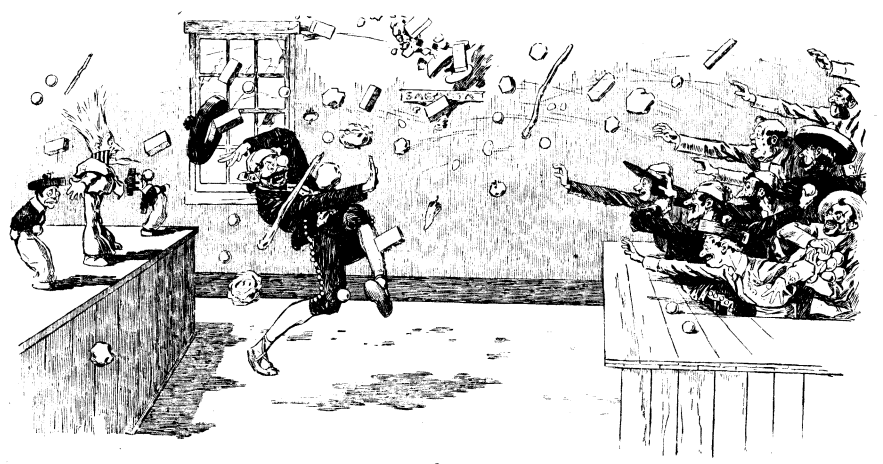
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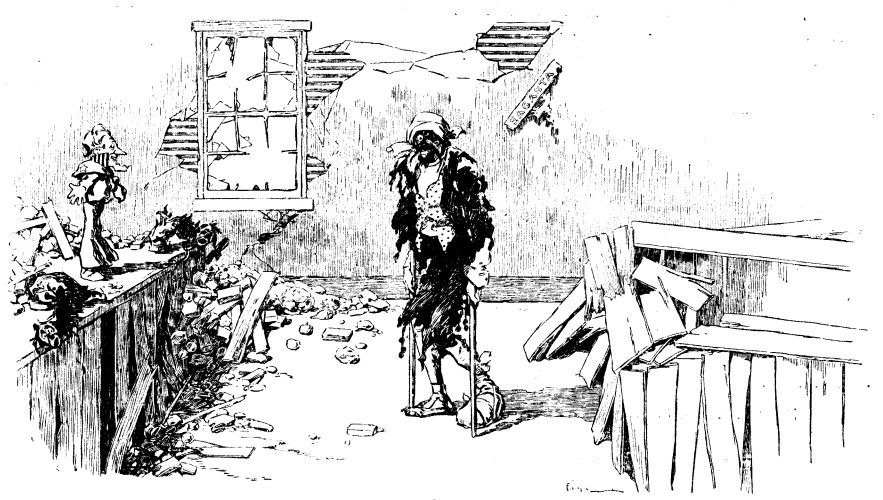
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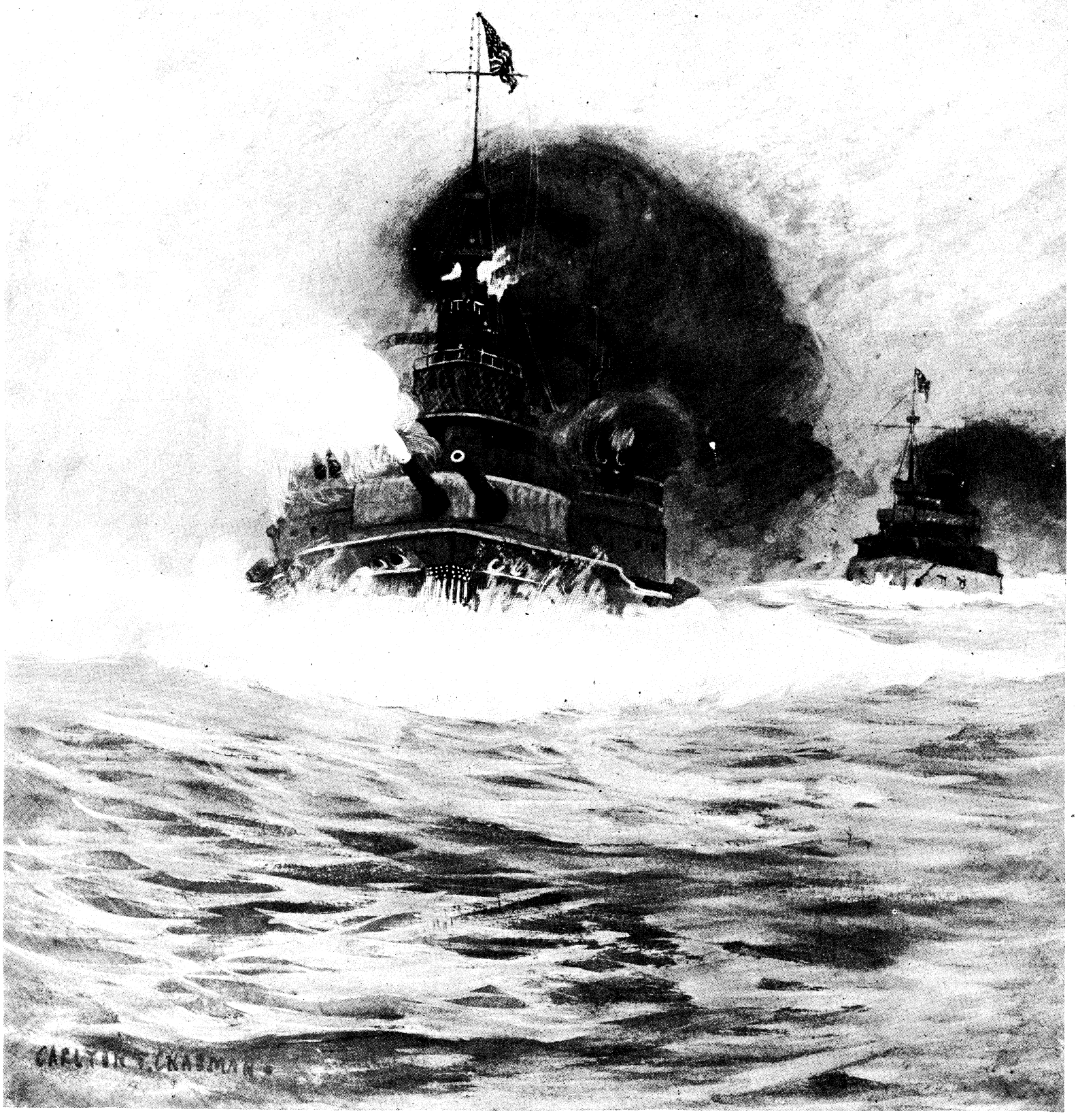
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This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents are following the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

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FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
T. DART WALKER.	AND OTHERS.

MESSRS. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither,* MR. WALKER *is with* General MILES'S *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* MR. MARTIN *at Santiago.*

THE Emperor of Germany is not unfriendly to us to the point of desiring hostile relations on account of the Philippines. His former subjects who are now American citizens, in suggesting the presentation of a battle-ship by them to this country, are probably giving utterance to a sentiment more nearly like that of the people of the German Empire than is that which apparently animates the impolite officers of Admiral VON DIEDRICHS'S fleet. We have little to fear from Germany except that exasperating reports of German misdeeds at Manila may increase the desire of the American people to keep the Philippines.

THE Spaniards and Cubans of Santiago are to have a taste of American administration of the best character. President MCKINLEY, in an admirable paper, full of justice and humanity, as well as of sound sense, has laid down the law for the surrendered province. The merchants are to receive goods from all countries on payment of the lowest duties—that is, the duties heretofore charged on Spanish merchandise. The rights of persons and of property are to be respected, and the laws as they exist are to continue to be administered by the Spanish judges. The administration of the law will be under the supervision of United States army officers, and will therefore be honest—something entirely new in respect to Cuban affairs.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S wish to be represented at the Quebec conference threatens complications incompatible with the scope of the negotiations. If restricted to the discussion of closer commercial relations with this country, such representation may well be permitted; but the introduction of the west shore fishery rights question would at once cause a protest from France, and an indefinite enlargement of the work of the conference. Newfoundland has long held aloof from confederation, although anxious to benefit by negotiations to which Canada has been a party. The present disorganized condition of the island's trade and finances calls loudly for some relief, and there is little doubt that a reciprocity treaty with the United States would be welcomed on lines similar to the BOND-BLAINE treaty of a few years ago. The disallowance of that treaty by the mother-country has since been looked upon as a precedent to discourage the separate action of Newfoundland whenever interests common to that colony and the Dominion are concerned. The general question of the fisheries, apart from the west shore difficulty, is a case in point. To our government the matter is of some importance, as possibly demanding a sharper limitation of certain questions awaiting settlement, and a refusal to entertain them if likely to lead to extra-continental considerations.

THERE is a growing belief in this country that we are henceforth to play a larger part in the world's affairs than we have ever played before, and that this is true is shown clearly enough by the expansion of our foreign commerce. The old walls erected and maintained by the protectionists are breaking down before the peaceful assaults of trade. We are discovering the mutual profit of that intimate relationship which is essential to complete growth, and which cannot prosper except through peace. We say this fully realizing that commercial jealousies and colonial adventures for the expansion of commerce are accountable, more than any other cause, for the present warlike attitude of the nations of Europe, and for the danger of militarism which is threatening this country in consequence of our defeat of Spain, our occupation of her territory, and the temptation held out to us to make England's cause in China our own by undertaking the government of the Philippines. But commerce eventually will overcome war, and when that day comes a colony will be no more valuable to the mother-country than to any other power with which she can trade on equal terms, and not so valuable as to the power that can undersell the mother-country. Protected Europe may secure an expansion through the cost of war, but England has secured her territorial greatness by her liberal trade policy. We can follow her example if we will, and make the distant parts of the world our own by stimulating our commerce along the lines in which it is now flowing and expanding; or we may follow the example of Germany and France, and tax our citizens for making trade for the few, just as we have heretofore taxed them for the enrichment of our protected manufacturers. We can have profitable commerce and civilization with peace, or burdens and barbarism with war.

IT is true, as Mr. HILL asserts, that Governor BLACK'S Election Bureau bill is "based upon the assumption that the people of the city of New York are unable or unwilling to enforce the election and registration laws at their own home." Therefore Governor BLACK proposes that the State shall perform the duty which the people of the city fail or neglect to perform. But this is modern politics. The people of no community in this State—and this is true of other States, for that matter—are able or willing to perform their political duties. Their inability is due to their surrender of their political power to bosses, who are as much personal rulers as the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of Russia. CROKER is the ruler of this city, and PLATT is, or has been, the ruler in the State. These two, having come together, agreed that elections in the city should be controlled by Police Commissioners, composed of friends of the two irresponsible tyrants, each tyrant having two friends on the Commission. Mr. HILL seems to think that because the Mayor appointed these Commissioners, New York city had home-rule to that extent. Not at all, for the people of New York city had nothing whatever to do with the matter, any more than they will have to do with the Supervisor whom Governor BLACK expects to appoint. The reason why Governor BLACK wants to run elections in the city is because he is out with PLATT. He ought not to run elections here, and his measure is bad, as well as unconstitutional, but the system that he replaces, and which left the management of elections in the hands of PLATT and CROKER, was no more a home-rule feature than is Governor BLACK'S scheme, and Mr. HILL is mistaken if he supposes it to be. Home-rule means that the municipal family shall rule the household, not that one of the members of the family, like VAN WYCK, for example, shall act as the agent for absolute rulers like PLATT and CROKER.

THE longer Spain goes on with this war, the harder is going to be the future of her people. It has been the fact for many years that Spain would be better off without her colonies, because, under her misgovernment, her colonies have been a burden to her public treasury, while their commerce has been absorbed by more competent and enterprising nations. Spain has within herself resources sufficient to make her people happy and prosperous and her government stable. If she had dropped Cuba and the Philippines long ago, she would now be well advanced towards solvency, provided her statesmen had turned their attention to her economic condition. We believe she has statesmen who can do this, and who can accomplish practical results in this direction. But in order to set about it with any hope of success, peace should be established as soon as possible. Every day of this war plunges the Spaniards deeper and deeper into insolvency, and if Spain consults her feelings rather than her interest she will come out of the war eventually not only stripped of all her colonial possessions, but so burdened with taxation, so ruined in her credit—such a bankrupt, in short—that revolution is likely to be her lot for years to come, unless, for their own protection, stronger powers of the continent take her in hand, and either divide her up or put her in the hands of a receiver. In any event, the Spanish people have already a hard road before them, and the present and succeeding generations are likely to be burdened with all the taxation that their industry and the fruitfulness of their land can bear. If peace is much longer postponed they cannot bear the burden that full payment of every debt will necessitate. We wish, for their sakes as well as for our own, that the Spanish people would insist upon putting an end to a conflict the result of which is not only inevitable, but is now seen to be inevitable by every intelligent man in Europe, including the Spaniards themselves.

THERE is a good deal of food for reflection in the commercial statistics of the country for the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June. Notwithstanding the increase in our rates of duties, there has been a very important reduction in our public revenues from customs taxation. This, however, is a phase of our commercial system with which the country has been long familiar, and of which it is growing weary, even the manufacturers becoming accustomed to the belief that the country will not always consent to play the part of a pelican in their behalf. The growth of our export trade is the important fact of the year's statistics. Owing to the falling off in imports, or in what we ought to have expected from them, the exports are double our receipts from abroad, leaving what is called a balance of trade in our favor of $615,259,024. This is more than twice as great as the balance of 1897. How enormous the difference is may be judged from the fact that only in the years 1878, 1879, 1881, 1892, 1894, 1897, and 1898 has the balance reached $200,000,000, and in the best of the years enumerated except 1898—that is, in 1897—the balance was but $286,263,144. The actual value of our exports for the year 1898 was $1,231,311,868. Ten years before, for the year 1888, the export trade of the country was $695,954,507. Last year our exports to Africa amounted to $17,000,000 as against $3,000,000 in 1888. During the decade our exports to Japan increased from $4,000,000 to $21,000,000; to China, from $4,500,000 to $10,000,000; to Austria-Hungary, from $500,000 to $5,000,000; to Belgium, from $10,000,000 to $47,000,000; to Denmark, from $3,000,000 to $12,000,000; to the Netherlands, from $16,000,000 to $65,000,000; to France, from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000; to Germany, from $56,500,000 to $150,000,000; to British North America, from $38,000,000 to $85,000,000; to the United Kingdom, from $362,000,000 to $540,000,000. Moreover, the proportion of exports of manufactured goods is now large, being 29 per cent. of the whole. The aggregate of exports of manufactures reaches nearly $300,000,000.

THE QUESTION OF PEACE.

PEACE is within our power. It rests with this country to determine the time when the war shall cease. How and when we shall exercise the power is matter for serious consideration. We may permit Spain to understand that our conditions will be hard, and we shall continue to have war for a long time to come. On the other hand, we may assure her that the nation will be as generous to its defeated foe as our sailors and soldiers have been to CERVERA and TORAL, and we may have peace at any time. At least, we may have a cessation of hostilities; for definitive and technical peace depends upon the Senate, which may possibly follow its recent traditions and refuse to accept any treaty to which the executive powers of the two countries may agree. Such a state of things as may be created by the inaction of the Senate, or by its refusal to accept the terms agreed to by the President, may endure for years, and there may nevertheless be a real peace all the time. The President has the matter in his own hands. He may accept overtures and may conclude a treaty. If his treaty require the evacuation of any part of Spanish territory by American forces, he can carry out that requirement while the Senate is debating his treaty, or, better still, before it meets for its consideration.

The question as to the prospects of peace depends entirely upon the terms which we are to exact from Spain. If by these terms she is left with something that she will inevitably or probably lose by a continuation of the war, peace may be had very soon. If, however, our demands, if acceded to, would strip Spain of all her colonial possessions, or would humiliate her beyond endurance, she would probably continue the war for the simple reason that if she is to lose all in any event, she would prefer to lose gloriously by fighting to the death, than to give up while she still possesses soldiers and other resources. As the London *Spectator* says: "If the American people desire that the terms should be hard they will be hard, and, as we think, they will be too hard to tempt Spaniards to abandon their ideas as to what in the way of resistance is demanded of them by honor. There will be peace, no doubt, in the end. Indeed, when bull-dog and blood-hound meet in combat there always is peace, serene peace—for the survivor."

This question of terms is one of great and imme-

diate importance. The determination which we reach will mean either peace or a continuation of the war, and in the continuation of the war is involved the problem of expansion. Nothing that can happen to us, we think, will go so far to make this country a colonial power like France and Germany, but not at all like England, as the continuation of the war against Spain. The passion of the people, with whom the decision ultimately rests, will be more and more inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the Spaniards, by every battle that is made necessary by such resistance, by the loss of American lives, by the piling up of war expenses, already enormous, by the interruption and depression of trade which is sure to come sooner or later. Besides, we are beginning to believe that we have been mistaken as to the character of the Cuban insurgents; that instead of being a worthy and heroic people struggling for their liberty and for self-government, their soldiers in the field at least are worthless and half barbarous, willing to take what we are ready to give for nothing, willing to stand passively and cowardly by while American soldiers are shot down in what they regard as their own cause, and eager to claim the fruits of our victories, to which they have shamefully neglected to contribute. The Spaniards whom they have shot at most eagerly were the poor victims of CERVERA'S fleet as they swam ashore from their wrecked ships. On these helpless men the Cubans seem to have been willing to do murder, but when it came to fighting armed Spaniards in the open, they left that dangerous work to our troops. The war will not have to last much longer before the American people will conclude, unjustly no doubt, that these barbarians in the eastern end of the island are typical Cubans, and will make up their minds that such a people do not possess the capacity for self-government. Not much more fighting, either, will be necessary to convince a large number of Americans that the Philippines ought not to be left under the government of Spain, nor at the tender mercies of the insurgents. In a word, as the war goes on, the chances that we shall keep whatever territory we conquer are stronger and stronger.

The time has not yet passed, however, when we may make peace on the terms on which we began the war; and if we do that, our problem is settled; while if we go on until it becomes impossible or difficult to give up Cuba, or the Philippines, or Puerto Rico, or the Ladrones either to their people or to Spain, we shall be forced to face new political problems, national and international, of the gravest character. Our right to begin the war, or to intervene, as set forth by the President in his message to Congress of April 11, rested on four grounds: first, the cause of humanity; second, our duty to protect our own citizens in Cuba; third, the injury to commerce caused by the "wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island"; fourth, the menace to our peace caused by the condition of Cuba. The resolutions in pursuance of which war was declared stated that the reason for the war was "the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba." They then declared that the "people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent"; that it was the duty of the United States to demand that Spain "relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." The resolutions then authorized the President "to use the entire land and naval force of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, *to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.*" Finally Congress disclaimed, on the part of the United States, "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty or control over the island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The war was begun, therefore, for the liberation of Cuba, and the President's authority to carry it on is actually limited to the accomplishment of the task of driving Spain out of the island. That object accomplished, the professed reason for the war ceases to exist, while we are under a solemn promise to withdraw, and to leave the "government and control of the island to its people." It is true that we have a right to indemnity and to security against the future, and to that end we control Manila and shall control Puerto Rico. Moreover, it is also true that either the Spaniards or the Cubans may so change conditions that our agreement may cease to be binding in conscience. At present, however, there is every reason to insist that if peace shall be made, the stated reasons on which the war was begun cannot be honorably departed from. We must give Cuba to the Cubans, and in the Philippines we can only demand a tenancy, or a right, which shall assure us a fair indemnity for the cost of the war.

The proposition before the country is plain. Either we must make peace at once, returning to our ordinary vocations, looking after our own affairs, withdrawing from expenditures that make taxation onerous, becoming again the republic teaching the blessings of peace, or we must go on with the war. If we accept the latter alternative, we shall doubtless, in the end, assume the government of distant colonies. The people of the islands which we shall take, including Cuba, are opposed to the proposition that we shall govern them. They are unlike us, and most of them are barbarians. We will not colonize these islands, because they are tropical, and white men do not colonize the tropics. We shall be obliged to govern them without their consent. In order to do that we shall be forced to maintain a large navy and a large standing army. The cost of these necessities will be great in money, but greater still in their moral and political effect, for, with large military establishments and distant dependencies, we must have a stronger Executive than we have now, and less meddling from Congress. We must then have an Executive powerful enough to act in a question of war and peace on his own initiative, for our borders will lie next to those of the quarrelling nations of Europe. And we must consider, too, what consequences will follow in our domestic affairs when we arm the Executive with stronger powers and give to him a large army to maintain and enforce them. All these matters must be thought of at once, for if we prolong the war we shall need to change our government; if, on the other hand, we are content with our present conditions, we shall make peace as soon as we can with dignity.

JUSTICE AND "IMPERIALISM."

ZOLA has been condemned again, and sentenced. It appears that he has run away rather than undergo his sentence. He has appealed to Philip sober, to posterity, to what you will. Only he has admitted by evasion that France is in the mean while too hot to hold a courageous writer who has shown a disposition to tell the truth about a case pending in the French courts.

The American who concludes that the French courts are deliberately doing injustice for the sake of doing it would conclude rashly. French magistrates "average up" very fairly with American magistrates. There is no more popular desire in France than there is in America to do injustice, even upon a Jew, for the sake of doing it. And yet here is the case: A court martial has condemned to a punishment which is almost capital, and which to some temperaments would be more than capital, for an offence which at the most is technical. DREYFUS did not mean to betray his country for hire, and nobody any longer really maintains that he did. And yet, in order to procure the conviction of a man who is otherwise than technically innocent, the Minister of War comes into court to read into a memorandum a name that is not there, the high generals of the army come into a civil court to tell the jury what verdict it ought to find. The judges of the civil courts not only permitted but eagerly promoted this scandalous attempt to prostitute their courts from instruments of justice to instruments for the promotion of discipline in the army, and for the suppression of public criticism upon the procedures of the army.

It is very surprising, very pathetic. There must be a cogent reason for it. This reason is to be sought in the military situation of France. To tell the truth about DREYFUS, or do justice in his case, it has been said a hundred times over, would be to "compromise the national defence." Specifically, it seems that it would be to imperil the Russian alliance. The Russian alliance, in the view not only of the leaders of the army, but of the judges of the tribunals, is more important than the doing of justice between man and man.

We do not, and in the present state of the disclosures we cannot, know how much of truth there is in this view, how much the Russian alliance would be imperilled by the publication of the truth about DREYFUS, and by the permission to ZOLA to justify himself, if he can justify himself, by the production of all relevant and competent evidence. But we are bound to take notice of the predicament in which the French generals and the French judges are placed. If our own country were assailed by powerful enemies, and had but one friend in the world, we should all feel that the support of that friend was worth having at the cost of great sacrifices and of great losses, possibly even at the cost of doing grievous injustice to individuals, possibly at the loss, if we were generals or judges, of our own self-respect.

All that we are entitled to say in the presence of such a conflict is a thanksgiving that we are not subjected to such a temptation, and a prayer that we may be relieved from it. And yet is there not a party—and a very noisy and insistent party—which is bent upon taking us—a nation which has never known temptations of this kind—into the midst of them? France knows now, better than we know, the seriousness of JEFFERSON'S awful warning about "entangling alliances," but perhaps not better than we are doomed to know it. France is a militant nation by the very necessity of her existence. It is true, as BISMARCK said long ago, that she might disarm, and that Europe might disarm, if she would explicitly renounce the project of reconquering the province which Germany conquered from her a quarter of a century ago. But it is true also, as BISMARCK also said, that such a renunciation would be fatal to any French ministry, or to any individual French politician, who should venture upon making it. And so it is a national necessity that France should maintain a standing army of 550,000 men in time of peace; and it seems to be a national necessity also that the representatives of this huge force should be able to dictate the verdicts of juries, and that judges should be content to register the decrees of generals.

But the condition which is the doom of France there are a number of Americans who are insisting that we should incur, without any necessity whatever, and in mere "gayety of heart." Without question, as soon as we embark upon the policy of "imperialism," we shall be compelled to seek for alliances. In isolation we can protect our own coasts, but we cannot, in isolation, protect distant dependencies. We shall be forced to seek alliances; we shall be forced to maintain a great army. And it may very well be that in order to secure our alliances the chiefs of our great army may find it necessary to appeal to the courts to pervert themselves from ministers of justice to ministers of injustice. What a dreadful choice is this between justice and patriotism! If we incur it, we shall differ from France in that we have deliberately brought about the situation which offers such a choice, while she has had the situation thrust upon her.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

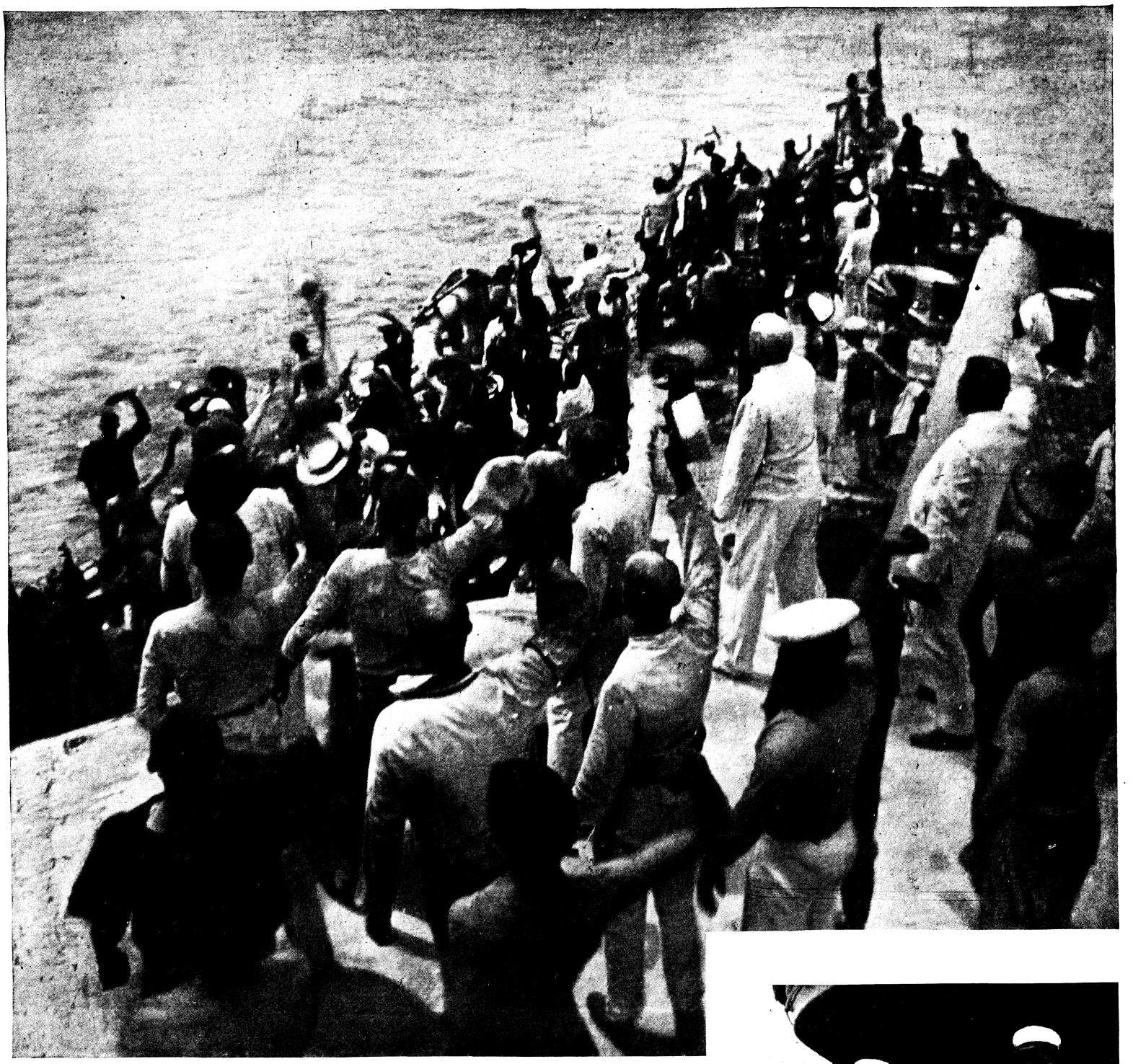
Saturday, July 16.—The conditions of capitulation submitted to our government in a despatch from General Shafter were the following: All forces and war material in the territory lying east of a line from Aserradero to Sagua, *viâ* Palma, are included; the United States to transport, with as little delay as possible, all Spanish troops in the ceded district to the kingdom of Spain—the troops to embark at points conveniently near their present garrisons, officers to retain their side-arms, and both officers and men their personal property; Spanish authorities to be allowed to take the military archives belonging to surrendered district; volunteers and guerillas to be allowed to remain in Cuba under parole during the present war, giving up their arms; Spanish forces to march out of Santiago with honors of war, depositing their arms at a point mutually agreed upon, to await disposition of the United States government, it being understood that the American commissioners will recommend that the Spanish soldiers be allowed to return to Spain with their arms.

General Shafter stated that the surrender included about twelve thousand soldiers "against whom a shot has not been fired," and that the number of troops to be returned to Spain was above twenty-four thousand.

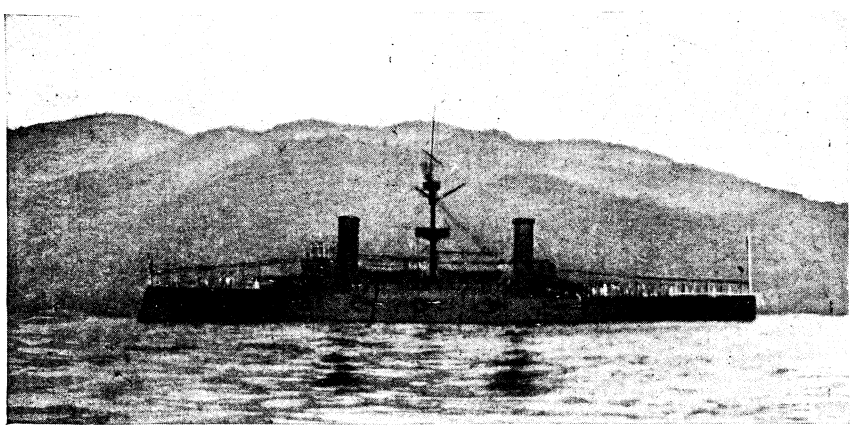
The contents of General Toral's letter, dated at Santiago July 15, and beginning, "I am now authorized by my government to capitulate," had already been made known at Washington; it is therefore only necessary to add, in order to show plainly the important successive steps in these negotiations: First, that our government adhered to its original demand that the surrender should be unconditional, thus declining the commissioners' suggestion in regard to the retention of arms by the Spanish troops, and, second, that the commissioners representing Toral and the Spanish government, yielding all other points for which they had stood out, received the promise that Spanish troops (not volunteers or guerillas) should be sent from the ceded district to Spain at our expense.

Sunday, July 17.—General Shafter and General Toral, with their staffs and escorts, met at a point between the lines of the Spanish and American forces at nine o'clock this morning. The Spanish commander, with a brief statement in his own language to the effect that Santiago de Cuba—city and province—had now been delivered into the custody of the United States, offered to give up his sword, but it was returned to him. The two generals then rode through the city, the American taking formal possession, as he narrates in a despatch of this date to Adjutant-General Corbin. "I have the honor," he says, "to announce that the American flag has been this instant (12 o'clock, noon) hoisted over the house of the civil government . . . . An immense concourse of people was present, a squadron of cavalry, and a regiment of infantry presenting arms, and a band playing national airs. A light battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Perfect order is being maintained by the municipal government. The distress is very great, but there is little sickness in town, and scarcely any yellow fever. A small gunboat and about two hundred seamen left by Cervera have surrendered to me. Obstructions are being removed from the mouth of the harbor. Upon coming into the city I discovered a perfect entanglement of defences. Fight-

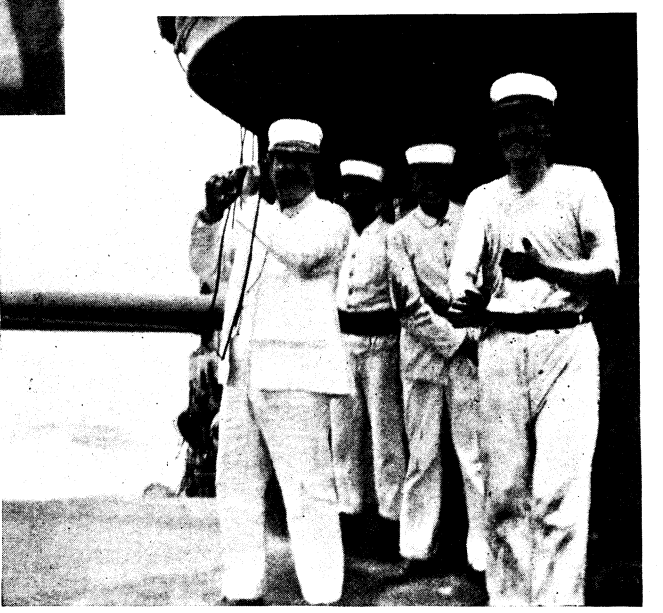
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CREW OF THE "OREGON" CHEERING THE SURRENDER OF THE "COLON."



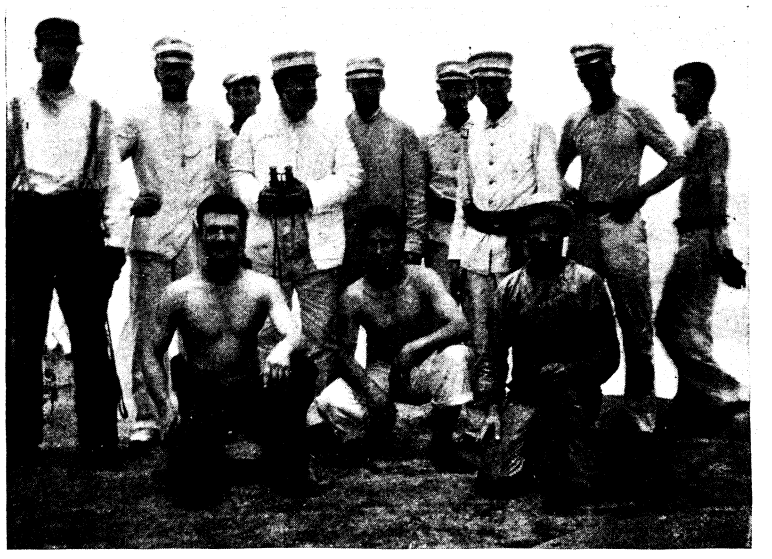
THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON" ON THE BEACH AT RIO TARQUINO, 48 MILES WEST OF SANTIAGO.



CAPTAIN CLARK AND ENSIGN HUSSEY ARE PLEASED AT A WELL-PLACED SHOT.



MEMBERS OF THE CREW WATCHING THE FALL OF A SHOT.



CAPT. CLARK, LIEUT'S NICHOLSON AND ACKERMAN, ENSIGN HUSSEY, ORDERLIES, AND PART OF CREW OF AFTER 13-INCH TURRET.

ON BOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" DURING THE CHASE OF THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON," JULY 3.



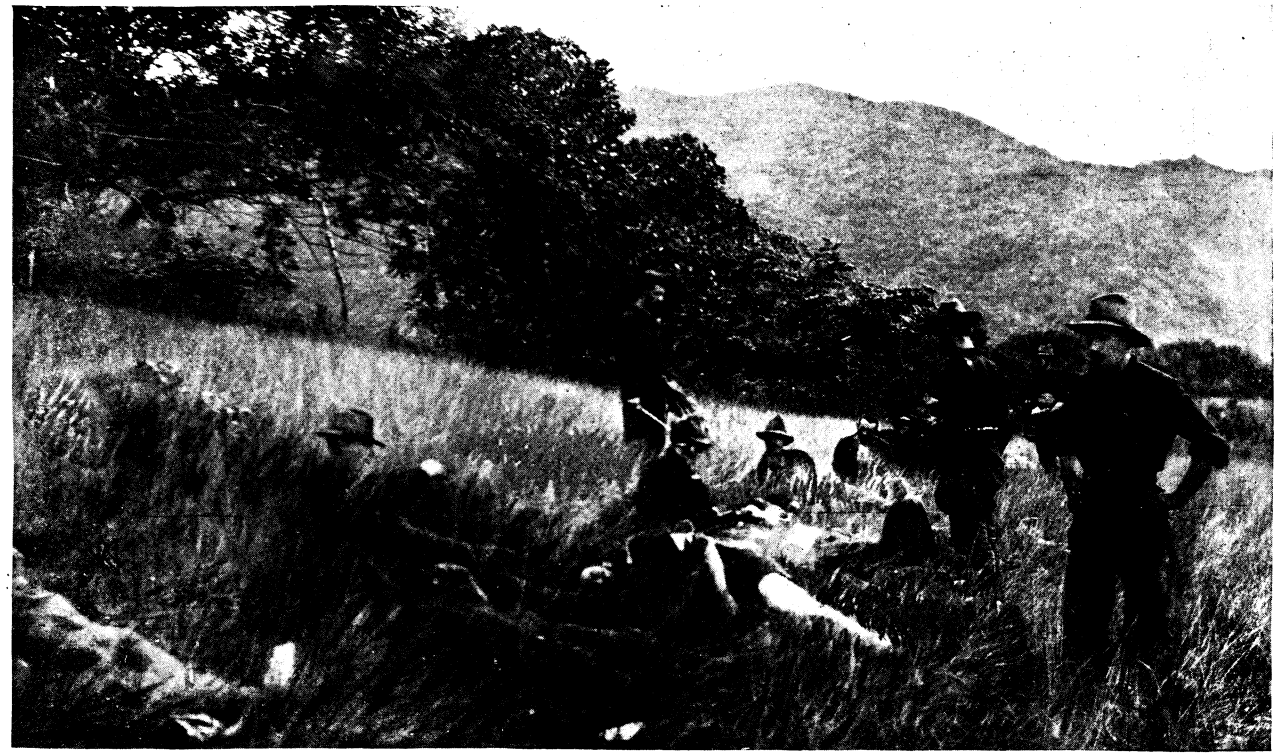
TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT PASSING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.



ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF LAS GUASIMAS—TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT.



GRAVES OF THE ROUGH RIDERS KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.



BATTLE OF EL CANEY, JULY 1—CARING FOR THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a letter addressed to Senator Hoar, Professor Norton says that the Senator's recent remarks at Worcester about him and his opinions, to which allusion was made in the WEEKLY last week, are based on misinformation. "You assail me," he writes, "for words which you say you have seen quoted as addressed by me to 'the youth of the university' where you and I were classmates more than fifty years ago. If you saw them thus quoted, you were led into error. No such words were addressed by me to the youth of the university. They are garbled sentences from an account in a Western newspaper of an interview with me dishonorably obtained and incorrectly reported. I did say to the youth of the university that this war with Spain was 'inglorious'; that for the accomplishment of the ends which, as a nation, we professed to seek by its means it was 'needless' and, consequently, 'criminal.'" To which Senator Hoar replies, in a letter addressed to Dr. Norton, that the opinions in question, whether literally reported or not, "are in general accord, I am sorry to say, with the sentiments I am constantly in the habit of hearing of as coming from you, both in public utterance and private speech, and of the style with which I used to be not unfamiliar when I occasionally met you." He adds: "All lovers of Harvard and all lovers of the country have felt for a long time that your relations to the university made your influence bad for the college and bad for the youth of the country. It was high time that somebody should say what I have said."

What Senator Hoar said of Professor Norton will do no harm, and may do good. When the Senator says that "*all* lovers of Harvard and *all* lovers of the country" have long felt that Dr. Norton's influence on youth was injurious, he goes too far. But it is true that a great many lovers of Harvard and of the country have thought that certain elements in Dr. Norton's influence were so deleterious as to more than counterbalance the value of that influence in other respects. It is an influence that has been potent for a generation with many of the cleverest men who have passed through Harvard college. It has been strong in kindness, in taste, and in most of the elements of civilization. Its defect in the eyes of those who have distrusted it has been that it has seemed to them to face backwards; to be a quencher of enthusiasm, an influence which disposed young men to regard themselves as citizens of a world which, on the whole, is unworthy, which saw its best days in Greece in the age of Pericles, and has had ups and downs ever since, with downward tendencies ominously noticeable at present. Ordinarily when we say a man is "not of this world," we mean that spiritual interests engross him overmuch; but if we should apply that phrase to Professor Norton we would probably mean that his world was the world of Greece and of æstheticism. We trace back our hopes for our civilization to a manger in Bethlehem, but Professor Norton's civilization has always seemed to look back regretfully, and rather hopelessly, to the Acropolis and the Parthenon. Perhaps these theories do him injustice, but whether just or not they exist.

In his letter to Senator Hoar Dr. Norton says, reproachfully: "You have seen fit, disregarding our almost life-long relations of friendliness, to make a public attack on me of verbal severity." The implied reproach does not seem to be warranted. If Senator Hoar felt that the opinions imputed to Dr. Norton were doing harm and should be controverted, considerations of personal friendliness should not have excused him from assailing them. His age and his position made him a particularly fit person to say what he has said. Perhaps in manner he has shown some excess of zeal, but there is no trace of malignity either in his speech or in his letter, and in both he made himself clearly understood.

The average American, though he believes in the righteousness of the war with Spain, has no wish at all to humiliate Spain or do her any avoidable injury. Indeed, it is a sorrow to him that in fighting Spaniards we have to hurt them. He believes that there are multitudes of good Spaniards who hate this war far more than we do, and suffer from it immeasurably more than we can suffer. He doesn't want them to suffer any pang that can be avoided, and accordingly he reads with satisfaction of all the incidents of war in which humanity and the touches of nature that make the whole world kin show out against the background of hard knocks and distress. Here is a letter from Manila, dated "United States Ship *Concord*," May 4," which shows how strongly this sentiment of common human kindness, of which most of us are conscious, is felt by our brethren who are doing the actual work of this war:

To-day I had a most grateful task in ministering to the comfort of the enemy. Two Spanish surgeons came on board of us early this morning in a little dugout, and asked to be permitted to see the Commander-in-Chief about the terrible condition of affairs at Cañacao, where the wounded are. They feared an uprising among the natives, who are largely insurgents and hate the Spaniards. They had only three days' provisions, and were suffering terribly. We did all we could for the poor fellows, who, indeed, looked the pictures of woe. Their uniforms were soiled and torn, and I took one of them into my room and let him have a good wash; he also exchanged his shirt and blood-bespattered trousers for clean ones. As the poor man glanced at my bureau and saw there the pictures of my wife and boys, tears stood in his eyes. "I also have a wife and two sons in Malaga," he said, taking from his pocket a much-worn envelope, and showing me a boyish scrawl at the end of a letter written in a delicate hand. The closing lines were: "Come home soon, dear papa. Your son, Juan." The poor man was almost overcome, and seemed helpless about Spain's prospects. He spoke of her misfortunes with deep feeling, attributing them to bigotry and ignorance. We made both surgeons comfortable in every way, and as they sat down to a good meal in the ward-room, one of them took from his pocket a crust of bread, saying he no longer needed that provision. One of these gentlemen was on the *Castilla*, the other on the *Isla de Cuba*, which latter made such a gallant resistance during the battle, exciting universal admiration. It is needless to say that they saved nothing but the clothes they stood in. When the Spaniards went on shore to the hospitals, where our sailors are on guard, our surgeon accompanied them. Everything will be done for their aid and protection which humanity can dictate.

The feeling shown by this naval officer who fought with Dewey is in interesting contrast to that noticed in a recent issue of an over-zealous newspaper (the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*), which remarked with some anxiety on a tendency to coddle Spanish prisoners of war—a tendency which it traced to the same weak-minded sentimentalism that induces some persons to send flowers to murderers under sentence of death.

Sympathy for our side in our war with Spain comes from two sources, which the reader of history will find particularly interesting. A Philadelphia newspaper, which is quoted by Dr. William Elliot Griffis (editor of the abridged edition of Motley's *Dutch Republic*), prints a letter from a correspondent in Rotterdam, who says that, while most of Continental Europe is inclined to sympathize with Spain, Holland stands out for the Cubans. It is apparent, from the leanings of the Dutch newspapers, that Holland has not yet forgotten Alva.

An analogous report comes from Jerusalem in the form of a copy of a prayer offered at Jerusalem on June 17, at a service in behalf of the American arms, held before a large congregation of Jews in the largest synagogue in the city. "Let Thy face shine, O God," runs this prayer, "on the young men and their leaders who risk their lives for a just cause to save the oppressed from their oppressors. But on their adversaries show Thy might. Avenge the blood of Thy servants that has been shed by a cruel nation, and crush Thine enemies for aye."

Several interesting changes are announced in the world of periodical literature. The *Critic*, after prevailing as a weekly for eighteen years, is to assume the shape and dimensions of a magazine, and to be issued monthly. The *Chap-Book* of Chicago has been bought by the *Dial* of the same town and ceases to exist, except so far as its presence may be detected in the *Dial's* inner consciousness. The *Chap-Book* was started in May, 1894, in Cambridge, by two Harvard undergraduates, and has been issued semi-monthly. One hundred numbers of it in all were published, and there were few dull ones, if any, in the lot. When a periodical sells out and disappears, the inference is that it didn't pay. In the *Chap-Book's* case a good many mourners will be ready to say, "We could have better spared some better-paying paper."

The *Independent* assumes magazine form (like the *Outlook*), but continues to be a weekly. It seems good to be in the fashion, whether the goods concerned are periodicals or millinery, and the magazine form is just now very much the fashion among the unillustrated weeklies.

A comment in the WEEKLY of July 16 about a recent disturbance at West Point which led to the third class being put under arrest gave an impression which seems to have been unjust. It is true that the third class did "holler" for Colonel Mills, the late commandant, now or recently at Santiago, but the cause of their demonstration was not a pressure of martial enthusiasm, but dissatisfaction over sundry innovations in the routine of their summer work which Colonel Mills's successor has introduced. The present commandant has made changes in tactical instruction, and has introduced practical field marches in full field equipment, reconnoissance, outpost duty, and advance-guards, in force with all arms, which has made the experiences of the present third class somewhat more laborious than those of their predecessors. Coming in from a stiff practice march on a warm morning the third class did indicate in a noisy and unauthorized manner their preference for the old way of doing things. That was insubordination, and was "mildly disciplined by the regular punishment prescribed for such an offence." It is proper to add that the practical field-work which the present commandant, Colonel Hein, has substituted for some of the drills on the plain is stated to be in line with advanced modern military methods in use in Europe, and is highly commended by competent authorities. "The work," writes an informant of the WEEKLY, "is novel and arduous, but, I believe, is thoroughly endorsed and appreciated by the cadets themselves."

Contrite acknowledgment is made of a slip in this department of the WEEKLY for July 9, which located the Tuskegee Institute in Mississippi instead of in Alabama. It is in Russell County, Alabama, twelve miles from Columbus, Georgia.

The University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, which, as lately noted, sent an unusually large proportion of its graduating class to the war, has been looking up its war record, and finds that nine of its graduates are commissioned officers in the navy and forty-six in the army—in all fifty-five, besides a good many non-commissioned officers. At least four officers who were graduates of this university are known to have been in the fights about Santiago. Two of them, Lieutenants McCorkle and Bernard, were killed, and one was wounded. The university also had three men in the battle of Manila—Lieutenant Nelson and Assistant-Engineer Delaney of the *Olympia*, and Lieutenant Joynes of the *McCulloch*.

The Chillicothe (Ohio) *Leader-Gazette* communicates to the WEEKLY its approval of the proposal to take the pictures of the Royal Gallery of Madrid in part payment of a war indemnity from Spain. The *Leader-Gazette* says, "The people of Spain prize this collection most highly, and would keenly feel its loss, so that this demand would be an exceedingly proper form of punishment for them."

But are the American people especially bent on devising proper punishments for the people of Spain? A despatch from Santiago, published in the New York *Herald* of July 20, represents General Shafter as saying to a Cuban emissary, who inquired if Santiago was to remain "in the hands of our enemies": "The Spaniards are not our enemies. We are fighting the soldiers of Spain, but have no desire to despoil her citizens." It seems likely that our Chillicothe neighbor will find this sentiment pretty prevalent among the Americans. We do not look upon the Spaniards as our enemies in the sense of wanting to punish them any more than we can help, and we certainly do not want to despoil the citizens of Spain. There seems no probability that the expediency of looting the Royal Gallery at Madrid will be seriously considered in this country. The statement, presumably true, that many of the pictures in it were spoils of former wars does not signify, for they were not stolen from us. The Spaniards of this generation seem to have the sins, political and social, of at least ten generations to answer for. They have enough on their hands without having special punishments invented for them.

A Michigan reader of the WEEKLY is apprehensive that "we who have done so well in the great things of this war are about to make a trifling and humiliating mistake" in our treatment of Admiral Cervera. He fears we will dine the admiral too much and throw him too many bouquets, and lionize him in a way prejudicial to our national self-respect.

It seems likely that our Michigan friend will find his fears without a basis. The admiral and all the Spanish officers who are prisoners of war are practically in mourning. Their country is in straits, and they would be in no humor to be "fêted" even if such a thing were proposed. They are likely to receive the treatment they would naturally prefer, in being well cared for, courteously used, and protected in retirement in some quiet place. As prisoners of war they would seem to be very well off at Annapolis.

It is related—the present version of the story is taken from a London newspaper—that when Alfonso XII., the late King of Spain, lay dying, he was heard to mutter several times: "What a conflict! My God, what a conflict!" He was not suffering greatly at the time, and some one asked him what he meant. The story goes that he said, "I see a conflict in the future."

It ought to be possible to verify so interesting a story if it is true, but what the dying King saw—if he did see it—was no more than was foreseen by some Spanish statesmen in full possession of health and all their faculties.

The government of Spain was warned many years ago, by faithful and distinguished servants of its own, that it could not hope to hold its colonies. A paragraph recently current in the newspapers, though not at this moment available, told circumstantially of one distinguished Spaniard, afterwards Captain-General of Cuba, who entreated the home government to prepare for the amicable separation of the colonies, and if not, at least to strengthen their defences. But the Spanish government did neither. Governments that cannot see, as a rule cannot hear either; nor has there been any recent Spanish government which, if it could have seen and heard and anticipated all that was coming, was strong enough to take such action as would have proved efficacious. Sagasta's predicament seems to be a good deal like Cervera's. He has the choice of being blown up in a harbor or of making a fight for it outside and being driven ashore. Keeping up the war in Cuba is Spain's way of applying an external blister to reduce internal inflammation. The blistering process must go on until more of the fever leaves the patient.

The Municipal Art Society of New York thinks that more suitable provision should be made for the flag which now flies from the staff on the cupola of the City Hall, and has arranged for a competition of designs for a bronze base for a standard similar to those in the piazza of St. Marks in Venice. It offers prizes of $400, $200, and $100 for the best three works submitted, the decision to be made by a jury of fifteen members appointed by the directors of the society. The designs and models must be sent to the secretary of the society (215 West Fifty-seventh Street) on or before October 15, 1898. The cost of the standard must not exceed $3000.

The society's enterprise is particularly opportune. There never was a time when the people of New York seemed more likely to value and appreciate a good base for a flag-staff than at present. There is no money actually in sight to make the base even when the design has been accepted, but the society believes that if the design has merit enough, either the city or some munificent citizen will furnish the funds to realize it in bronze.

Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, who died in Washington on July 12, was one of those fortunate men who find out very early in life what they want to do and spend all their days in doing it. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and was only fifteen years old when he determined, in spite of parental discouragement, to be a midshipman. An appointment was gotten for him in 1836, and after three months of study he was kept at sea nearly all the time for five years. In 1842, after examination, he became a passed midshipman, and in 1849 got his commission as lieutenant. In 1861, after a long period of almost continuous sea duty, he was in charge of the naval rendezvous at Baltimore, but applied at once for active duty. In the civil war, in command of the *Sebago*, he served at the capture of Port Royal, and under Admiral Du Pont in operations on the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. In command of the Monitor *Patapsco* he took part in the unsuccessful attempt on Charleston in April, 1863. As commander of the *Mohican* he took part in the capture of Fort Fisher.

After the war President Grant appointed him chief of the Bureau of Navigation, in which capacity he had the management of the surveys for a canal through Central America. He was greatly interested in that project, and was a member of the board which, after four years' study of the canal problem, reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route.

In December, 1877, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and six months later, at his own request, was retired. He invented the life-raft used on American ships, and designed the ram *Katahdin*, the sluggishness of which he was wont to attribute to changes in her lines for which he was not responsible.

He was an intimate personal friend of General Grant, whose life he is said to have saved on some occasion when both were young men.

The intention of the Common Council of New York to put a stop to the public use of unseemly language in the streets of New York is highly creditable, and it is to be hoped that the measures taken may prove effective. The law already provides against bad language, but its requirements have been so conspicuously neglected that a revival of its force was necessary.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

July 9, 1898.

IT is long since the Fourth of July engaged as much attention throughout the United Kingdom as it has done during the past week. While serious Englishmen were threshing out the subject at thousands of solemn dinner tables, Colonel Hay's speech at the banquet of the American Society, in proposing the toast "The Day we Celebrate," was an utterance of unusual distinction even for the American ambassador. One hundred and twenty-one celebrations of the Fourth of July have crippled the resources of the English language. Nothing new can be said in praise of the Declaration of Independence or of the great nation that to-day fills the thoughts of white men from Vladivostok to Cape Clear. Europe suffers from an obsession of the United States. When, therefore, Colonel Hay struck a deeper note than usual, every one present at the Fourth of July banquet was touched with genuine emotion. I question if there was a cynic in the room, although cynics are plentiful at the height of the London season. Less given to speech-making than some of his predecessors, the American ambassador manages to fill the eye and to touch the imagination of our people with a dignity and reserve force highly conducive to the best interests of his countrymen. Every one agreed that his speech at the Hotel Cecil reached the high-water mark of the best contemporary oratory. Colonel Hay was not merely eloquent. As spokesman for a victorious nation of seventy millions of people, he made our hearts burn within us. His speech will not be forgotten.

On July 5 an enormous Anglo-American garden party was given by Sir Francis and Lady Cook at Richmond. The news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the defeat of the murderers of Rodriguez was then known to every one. Members of Parliament and men of light and leading, with their families, intermingled with a great company of American citizens. I observed two Scotch members of Parliament, ordinarily very reserved men and totally unused to making advances to "perfect strangers," shyly introducing themselves to a group of American guests from St. Louis, and establishing, in the course of a few moments, a cordial Anglo-American alliance. I mention the incident as a sign of public opinion. It would not have happened a year ago.

Some of the London clubs celebrate the Fourth of July by taking steps to alter their statutes, which provide, in the majority of cases, that only British subjects are eligible for membership. This step is a practical proof of the extent to which American friendship is welcomed by conservative Britons. It cannot be said that this good feeling was merely evoked by recent American successes. Mr. Henry Norman, in the *Daily Chronicle*, writing from Washington, gives a wise word of warning to Englishmen. He tells us that the American people believe that the British people are eagerly seeking an alliance with them. I do not think that is the case. If Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Birmingham was open to criticism, not only by his political opponents, it was mainly on the ground that its tendency was to give foreign nations the impression that England was touting for an alliance. England is not suing for the protection of any one, not even for that of her own kith and kin. No one can lay down with dogmatic certainty exactly how far public opinion really goes, but so far as I can interpret the mind of England at this moment it is that she holds that a blow struck at America, or any attempt to wrest from the United States the fruits of her sacrifices in blood and treasure, should be resisted by England precisely as though it were struck at herself. Beyond that point public opinion does not pass—at least to-day. The Fourth of July dinner in London on Monday night was by far the most remarkable celebration of Anglo-American amity that has ever taken place in this country. There is an absurd rumor from Windsor that George III. turned in his grave on the last anniversary of the disintegration of the empire—for which his dull Teutonic obstinacy was mainly responsible—being celebrated in the presence of British bishops and British members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Ripon have both held the greatest offices under the crown, and they belong to opposite sides of politics. When Lord Dufferin and Lord Ripon interchange compliments with the American ambassador in mutual consciousness of the functions of the Atlantic cable, the project of a steady understanding between the two nations stands on a firm foundation. To push the friendship into premature partnership would end it. Solid amity engendered by mutual interests and cemented by common dangers, rather than the fleeting bliss of an international honey-moon of the Franco-Russian type, is the goal at which wise men on this side of the Atlantic are consciously aiming.

During a recent visit to Portsmouth I have had the opportunity of hearing the views of some of our naval and military authorities on the subject of recent achievements of American arms. Lieutenant Hobson's feat is naturally that which most strikes the imagination of naval men. Surprise was expressed that the operation of countermining was not resorted to at Santiago. On board the series of vessels known as the *Vernon* (the torpedo establishment at Portsmouth) a working model is shown of an apparatus intended for the same purpose as that for which the *Merrimac* was sunk by Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant companions. This apparatus enables a vessel, without a soul on board, to be controlled from the flagship. Her engines are started and stopped by electricity. Her steering-gear is operated by the same means; and at a given point, within a radius of about two and a half miles, the engines are stopped and the ship herself sunk by touching a key on board the flag-ship, which explodes a charge of guncotton. Naval men at Portsmouth are curious to know whether the American navy is provided with this device.

The admiration and interest manifested in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet are indescribable. Our naval officers look upon it as a splendid achievement, reflecting inexpressible credit on the officers and men of the blockading squadron. The practical immunity from the effects of Spanish fire by Admiral Sampson's fleet is considered as eloquent testimony to the design and construction of the American ships. It is believed that the vogue of the battle-ship will be greatly enhanced by the teachings of the battle off Santiago, and that naval problems left unsettled by the engagement at Yalu will now be elucidated. The fine gunnery traditional in the American navy has been maintained, and to perfect training in fire discipline is the victory largely due. Such is the crushing disparity between the naval capacity of the two nations that it is believed that if the Spanish fleet had been manned and fought by American officers and crews, and Admiral Sampson's squadron led by Admiral Cervera and his officers and men, the loss of life on the American side might perhaps have been greater, but the result would have been the same. If proof were needed, it is supplied by the gallant action of the *Gloucester*, commanded by Lieutenant Wainwright. Wainwright's failure to observe his admiral's signal is Nelsonic. The opinion of the professional experts coincides with that of hard-worked lieutenants of the Channel squadron. It is that the American navy, both as regards *personnel* and *matériel*, is now as near perfection as skill, courage, practice, and discipline can attain, and is quite as good as the best in the world. It may be interesting to add that this result is ascribed partially to the freedom from political interference enjoyed by the fleets of the United States. These views, which are general, were not expressed for publication, and therefore possess such value as attaches to unpremeditated and sincere appreciation. German comment on Commodore Schley's victory is acidulous, but since the achievements of the German navy are still on the knees of the gods, the acerbity of Teuton observations may be borne by Americans with equanimity. The German Emperor is not the type of man to be trusted with battle-ships. In the interests of humanity, it is a pity that he has contracted a taste for colonies. The Germans will have a bitter awakening when they learn that their colonial aspirations will lead to nothing so long as the pickelhaube system of administration is adopted. The German navy is a danger-point.

While touching on naval matters I may mention that the British Admiralty has given an order for two torpedo-boat-destroyers the specification of which provides for a speed of thirty-five knots an hour. The "catchers" in question are to be engined by a rotary motor on the turbine principle invented by the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, a son of the late Lord Ross, whose name will always be identified with the great telescope which he erected at his Irish residence, Birr Castle, in King's County. The officers and men of the United States ship *Brooklyn* will remember how, at the naval review at Spithead in 1897, the *Turbinia*, a little launch of about forty tons, engined on the rotary system, attracted the attention of the whole fleet by the phenomenal pace at which she dashed up and down the line between the British battle-ships and the foreign men-o'-war—among which was the unlucky *Vizcaya*. In the opinion of Mr. Parsons, the inventor, the principle is not only applicable, but can be utilized with greater facility, in the case of large ships than in that of small.

With regard to the military side of the campaign, sympathy is felt with General Shafter for apparently being subject to constant cable instructions from Washington. The lesson of England's wars, great and small, has borne in upon our rulers the necessity for choosing as commander the best man available, supplying him with what he wants in the way of materials and men, giving him a free hand, and then holding him strictly responsible for the results. The extraordinary difficulty of General Shafter's task is fully appreciated on this side, and the spirit displayed by the troops landed on a tropical shore in the worst season, after being cooped up on board ship, is the most remarkable exhibition of dauntless courage, physical stamina, and soldierly instincts that the world has seen for a long time past. The march from Baiquiri to Santiago recalls some of the conditions of Havelock's march to Lucknow, but it must be confessed that the difficulties in General Shafter's path were even greater than those of Havelock.

The epoch-making exploit of Commodore Schley has somewhat obscured the brilliancy of the feat accomplished by General Shafter's force. Military criticism agrees that the advance on Santiago was, under the circumstances, hazardous to the point of rashness, and that nothing but the magnificent material under his command would have brought General Shafter through. The Rough Riders' combat in the jungle against unseen foes, and their final success, are ranked among the finest things recorded in military history. It is amusing to note the changed tone of the German newspapers, obviously inspired by compulsory recognition of the fact that America is as great in war as in peace.

Much speculation has been aroused by the sudden announcement of the Admiralty that the naval manœuvres which have been held annually during the past eleven years will not take place. The reason given by Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is that it is inadvisable to decrease the stock of steam-coal held in reserve, having regard to the fact that the strike or lockout in South Wales might possibly spread to the non-associated collieries from which the royal navy has latterly been mainly supplied. To countermand the manœuvres owing to want of coal seemed to be so extraordinary a statement on the face of it that, although the excuse was accepted without demur in the House of Commons, I at once proceeded to South Wales to investigate the facts for the benefit of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If, as I now know, want of coal was not the real reason for annulling the customary naval manœuvres, then the true cause of the change is probably political, and therefore interesting to readers of the WEEKLY.

Coal suitable for the British navy has been produced in the Taff Valley for marine use since 1848, and is unrivalled for its special purpose, although Japanese and the Pocahontas coal of Virginia are respectable competitors. Its smokeless character, the small quantity of ash, and great steam-producing power are the chief characteristics of this famous coal. This steam-coal is a necessity to the British navy, but to get it to the surface requires peculiar skill and training. Mr. Goschen pointedly omitted to refer to the possibility of obtaining coal of equal quality from other collieries in South Wales. During my recent visit to the coal districts of South Wales, in which I saw the South Wales and Monmouthshire miners' committee, and the representatives of several employers, together with impartial persons not a few, I found complete unanimity in the opinion that there was no necessity to annul the manœuvres so far as an adequate supply of steam-coal is concerned. Supposing 40,000 tons to be the quantity required in order to enable the Admiralty to hold the manœuvres, this quantity could have been supplied by three weeks' extra output from one colliery not affected by the strike. The normal output of the Cambrian mine is about 18,000 tons a week, but at the present time upwards of 4000 men are employed at the mine, working double shift, and they have worked double shift since the middle of April. The extra output of the Cambrian colliery under the present circumstances is about 12,000 tons a week—that is, 30,000 tons weekly in all. There is no danger of the non-associated mines coming out on a strike. The contributions of the men at work are necessary for the maintenance of the men on strike. No difficulty would be experienced even now in obtaining the amount of coal required to hold the naval manœuvres without trenching upon the stock accumulated by the Admiralty. The advance of wages asked for by the men merely means an advance of twenty-five cents a ton on coal. If the Admiralty bought 40,000 tons for the manœuvres, the extra cost to the country involved in respect to the rise in wages would be $10,000—not a very large proportion of the sum of nearly $125,000,000 to be spent on the navy during the current year. It is thus clear that, whatever may be the real reasons for the postponement of the naval manœuvres, the want of coal is not one of them.

Notwithstanding all the denials received from Berlin and elsewhere in regard to any contemplated coercion of America in respect to the final disposition of the Philippine Islands, naval opinion inclines to believe that the assembling of a British fleet of overwhelming strength in home waters is not without meaning. The view at Portsmouth is that if a flying squadron comprising sixteen first-class battle-ships had been suddenly collected much attention would have been attracted all over the world. By the simple process of annulling the manœuvres and uniting the Channel and Reserve squadrons for practice, the desired object was achieved. If the manœuvres had been held, the various ships would have been separated, and possibly sent to a distance, and would certainly not have been available at a moment's notice—as is now the case. The advertisement of a great British fleet of battle-ships at Copenhagen also has its good points. It is intended to send the Channel and Reserve squadrons there during the Tsar's visit to Denmark.

The loss of the *Bourgogne* and the conduct of a portion of the crew recall to mind the struggle at the fire at the charity bazar in the Rue Jean Goujon in May of last year, which resulted in the safety of many men, the death of the Duchesse d'Alençon, the Comtesse de Mun, and scores of other distinguished ladies. The fact that one woman was saved from the *Bourgogne* is regarded here as tolerable evidence that passengers, at all events, are safer on board ships manned by English-speaking crews. The demoralization of France is shown by the ignoble struggle for life. The officers of the ship, including Captain Deloncle, seem to have preserved their reputation; at all events, they went down with the ship. But the fatal absence of self-control in time of stress and peril, and of the discipline which preserved the Rough Riders in their march through the Cuban jungle, is at the root of the decadence of France, and is the condemnation of Rousseau and the other makers of French ideals.

The final struggle for the possession of Khartoum is discussed with eager interest. The Khalifa has intrenched himself on the left bank of the Nile, on a plain covered with stones so white that in the moonlight it glistens like snow. The great final fight between the Dervishes and the Sirdar's troops is to come off at this place, which is called Kerreri, if the Khalifa is to get his way. The ideas of the Khalifa, however, may not be those of Kitchener. There is reason to believe that the Dervish leader will get another surprise. The trade of prophet in the Sudan has not lately been a prosperous one. It is feared that the loss of life in the final assault will be far greater than at the battle of the Atbara. General Gatacre, commanding the division of British troops, has in his force several men and boys trained at the Gordon Boys' Home, established to keep green the memory of General Gordon. General Gatacre writes to the chaplain of the Boys' Home to say that he shall make a point of seeing that those Gordon boys who may be under his command at the time of the assault shall get early into Khartoum. Most of them, however, are bandsmen or drummers, and the general says, with much point, that "if we have to take the place some bayonets must go in first."

The taking of Khartoum will only be the end of one act in the drama of establishing the "open door" at the source as well as at the mouths of the Nile. The French are already at Fashoda. The Russians are understood to have succeeded in poisoning the mind of Menelek, the Abyssinian Emperor, against England; and it is possible that new developments may take place which will put into the shade any difficulties hitherto experienced from the Khalifa. The English resident at the court of Menelek is now in London, but nothing is allowed to leak out as to the real state of our relations with Abyssinia. The treaty signed by Menelek and her Majesty's envoy at Addisabbaba, on the 14th May, 1897, was a one-sided instrument. Article 6 provided that Menelek was to do all in his power to prevent the passage through his dominions of arms and ammunition to the Mahdists, whom he declared to be the enemies of his empire. There is no reason to believe that the Ethiopian monarch has interpreted this article with any pedantic regard to scrupulous good faith. It is, of course, the object of Russia and of France to stir up hostility against England wherever they are able to do so. It is, however, ominous for the future peace of the world that the great task of opening up the heart of Africa to the commerce of all nations should be impeded by illicit intrigues between the powers which aspire to the leadership of the civilized world and barbarian blackamoors.

ARNOLD WHITE.



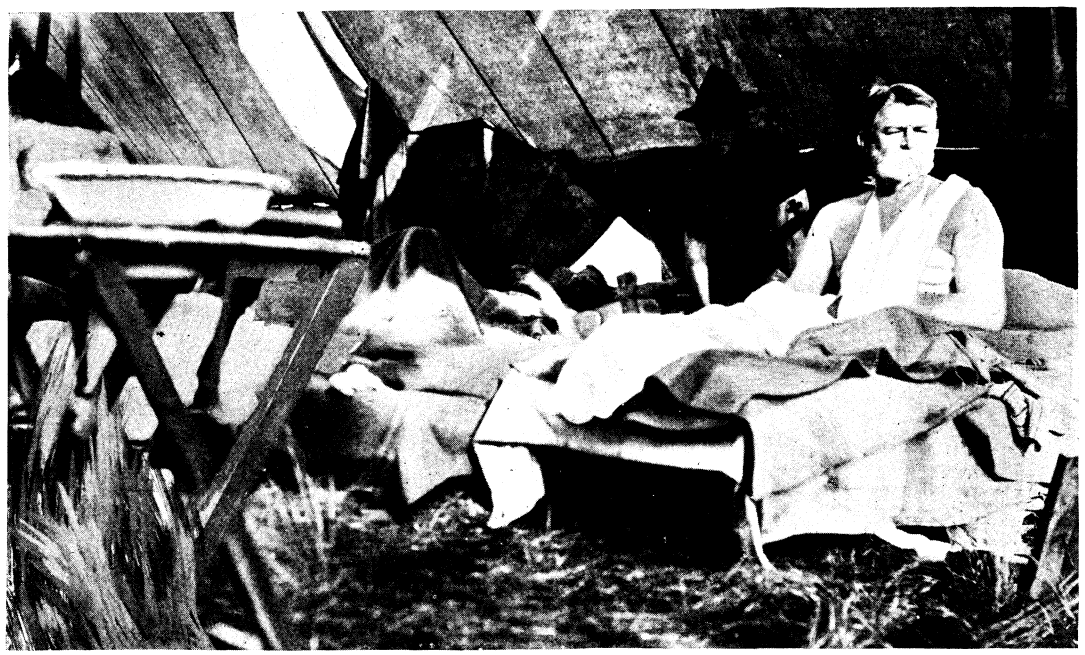
KILLED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



SURGEON ATTENDING TO THE WOUNDED IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL.



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIRING-LINE.



INTERIOR OF SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE—LIEUT.-COL. J. T. HASKELL, 17TH U. S. INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN RIGHT KNEE AND LEFT BREAST.

GENERAL LAWTON'S ATTACK WITH THE RIGHT WING—THE BATTLE OF EL CANEY, JULY 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



71ST N. Y. VOLUNTEERS IN THE SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON SAN JUAN HILL—BLOCK-HOUSE IN BACKGROUND.



71ST N. Y. VOLUNTEERS DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS AT FORT SAN JUAN.



SCENE FROM SAN JUAN FORT, WHERE THE BIG BATTLE TOOK PLACE, SHOWING CAMP OF 71ST N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.



THE GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED TO TAKE THE BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

SAN JUAN HILL AND FORT, CHARGED AND CAPTURED BY OUR INFANTRY, UNSUPPORTED BY ARTILLERY, JULY 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



AIMING A COLT'S AUTOMATIC GUN.



GATLING GUN IN POSITION.



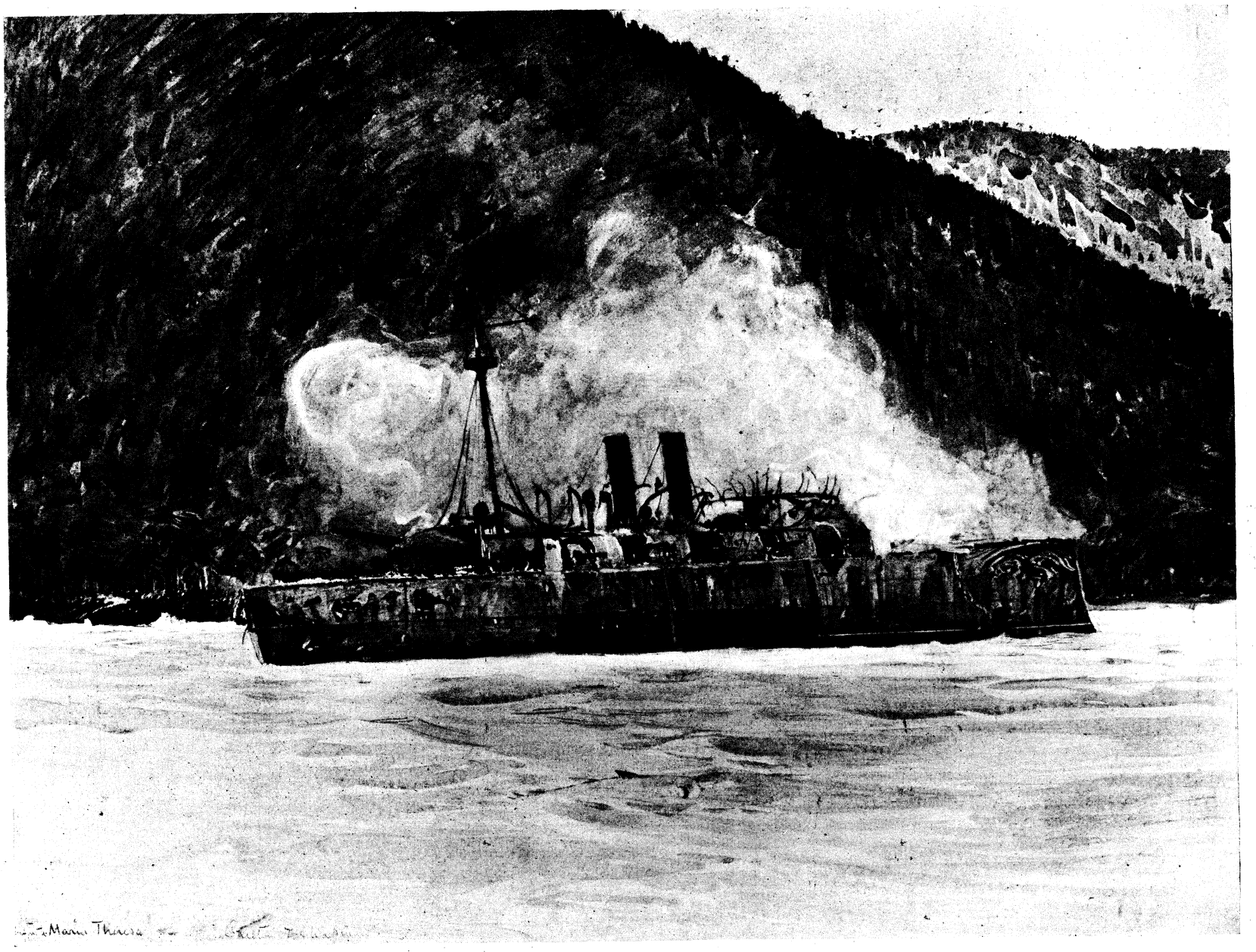
THE ROUGH RIDERS' DYNAMITE GUN. SERGEANT BORROWE IN COMMAND.



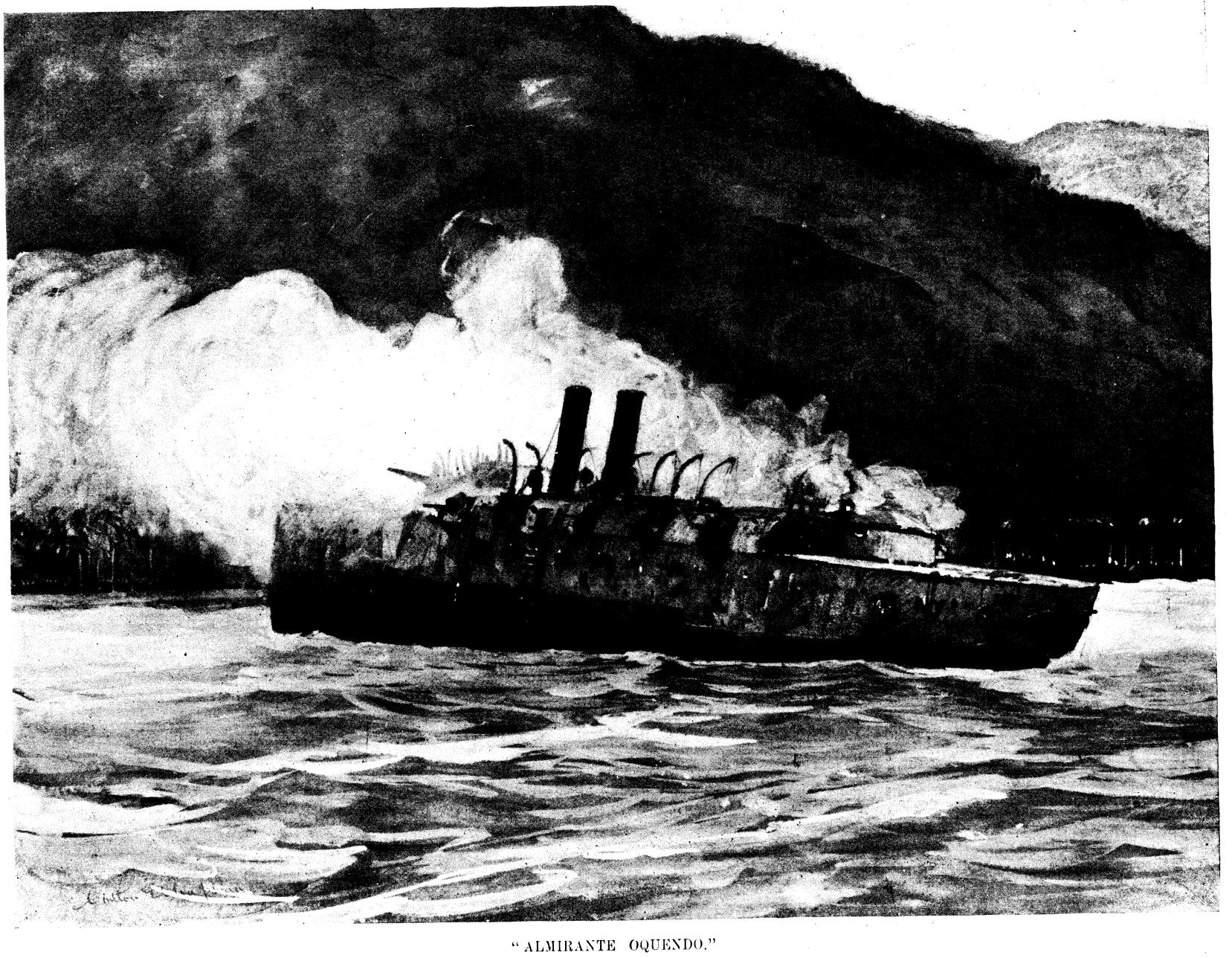
9TH U. S. INFANTRY DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS, AND STRENGTHENING THEM WITH SAND-BAGS.

IN THE TRENCHES ON SAN JUAN HILL AFTER THE BATTLE OF JULY 1 AND 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



"INFANTA MARIA TERESA."



"ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE—VESSELS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET ASHORE AND AFIRE, JULY 4, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The 'Infanta Maria Teresa' was struck thirty-three times above water by the guns of our ships, and the 'Almirante Oquendo' sixty-six times above the water-line. There are many other shot-holes in both vessels, which cannot be counted in the present sunken condition of the ships."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*

WITH THE FLEET OFF SANTIAGO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Ensenada de los Altares, *Tuesday, June 28.*

Ensenada de los Altares is the picturesque name of a little cove about six miles from Santiago, and fronting the tiny village of Siboney, on the line of the railroad running from Baiquiri, three miles farther east, to Santiago. The railroad, which was built to carry coal and iron ore from Baiquiri into Santiago, is owned and controlled by Americans, and they have at Baiquiri a large iron pier, on which the cars are run to load vessels when the weather permits their lying in so exposed a harbor.

The hills around Baiquiri and immediately back from the shore are marked with mine-cuttings, and long shoots like toboggan-slides run down their steep sides, by which the ore is sent at a rapid rate to the shore-level, where it can be loaded into cars. These mines are valuable property, as the ore obtained, combined with other grades, produces the finest kind of steel. The railroad runs along the shore out of Santiago, crossing an iron bridge at Aguadores and another one at Siboney, from where it runs inland to Baiquiri. A steep-sided, square-topped, rugged hill separates these two villages along the seafront, and east of Baiquiri are several of these peculiar bluffs in succession, looking exactly like sections of the Palisades of the Hudson, and suggesting an ideal place for a man who wanted to isolate his front yard from all intrusion. The railroad at the foot of the Santiago plateau, and running close to the water, reminds one of those along the banks of the aforesaid Hudson. There is a block-house on the top of the bluff east of Baiquiri, which rises almost perpendicularly above the iron pier and cluster of houses. Along the shore and in the lower range of hills inland these block-houses are dotted every mile or so, and have hitherto been occupied by Spanish soldiers. Here the resemblance to anything American ceases. The railroad is American, the cars and engines. You can tell by looking at them, and there are the makers' names, familiar enough, with New York or New Jersey as their hailing-place; we have ridden behind those kinds of locomotives often enough, and look at them with a jar of homesickness.

But the high rolling hills, untilled and desolate, with here and there scattered houses and tangled growths of wild vegetation, are suggestive of an inhospitable and foreign land.

Tall palms grow near the sandy beach in these little coves, but dirty shanties with unkempt and uncared-for surroundings set them off, and leave you wondering why these people never took more trouble to live up to what nature had provided as an example, for the white beach and the tall clean trees made these places beautiful to begin with.

For a month we have cruised up and down the coast here, and passed frequently close to these two little places. We saw the Spanish flag flying from numerous block-houses, but never a sign of activity or a train running. They stopped, presumably, when the war began.

To-night, however, in this little cove of Altares, there is quite a change. The railroad is running as far as Baiquiri, and the engines puff about and ring their bells as if glad of the change. A track has been laid down on the beach, and they are moving off army stores—piles of yellow-pine boxes stored here temporarily. The two locomotives here were well rusted and uncared-for, but they were soon got going again by the soldier-boys. The bridge over the little valley stream was still there, but it was too good to be true. So a dummy car was given a good push and started over, and sure enough the bridge had been cut in two; but that was quickly repaired, and it is as good as ever to-night. Off the beach and moving about out at sea are a dozen or more transports: lighted up at night, they make a brilliant and comfortable scene. It is long since we have seen any lights on ships but signal-lanterns that flash for an instant and disappear. Boats are moving to and from the shore, and the work of putting supplies and troops ashore still goes on. There is quite a surf on the curving beach, and in spite of an extemporized pier, landing is a difficult matter, and is liable to include a ducking as part of the excitement. Lumber is piled up on the beach, and will be soon converted into a permanent and sufficient landing-stage.

The buildings along the railroad track to the west of the beach have been converted to temporary use as a hospital and headquarters. The railroad round-house and car-sheds are also occupied by the troops, while the Cubans have taken possession of the buildings farther back, at the foot of the hill, which are far more comfortable and clean-looking. Some of them, covered with vines and surrounded by oleander-trees in full bloom, are really pretty.

Along the track for a quarter of a mile are cars filled with coal that have been peacefully side-tracked until they should be needed. Just why the Spaniards did not set fire to so valuable a prize seems hard to discover.

Buildings are scattered along the steep hill-side, and a block-house is perched nearly at the top. The path or trail that leads up and on to Santiago has been worn in the past day or so into a respectable-looking road. Files of men are constantly going and coming up and down, and heavy baggage-wagons, drawn by six or eight army mules, jolt over the ruts and bumps.

We have come to call this place Thunder Bay, from the frequent and drenching showers that come down with a wild rush off the hills and blot out everything in a gray veil of rain. It is more like standing under a big shower-bath than anything in the nature of rain I have experienced before. Out at sea, a half-mile away, the sun may be shining brightly, but every big cloud that drifts near these hills is ready with a burden of water that is spilled out without warning. Then the sun comes gayly out, and everything steams for an hour and dries up in the heat—all but the roads, that are puddles of mud and water, and in the low places never dry up. Up at Guantanamo the inland hills are usually veiled in rain, but it has not yet rained to speak of at Camp McCalla, and that means a great deal to the good health and comfort of the men in camp.

To-day the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteer Regiment was landed, and portions of the First and Sixth Cavalry, the men scrambling out of the boats upon the little wet dock, taking good care to keep their guns dry, if they got wet themselves. Fully half of the Michigan boys, it seemed to me, went in for a swim at once, and splashed about in the surf and rain like a lot of schoolboys playing hookey. Except for a guard to protect the stores, of which there is nearly a million dollars' worth on hand, the troops are moved as rapidly as possible to the front. Those arriving to-day are camped along the railroad track, their white tents gleaming in the moonlight, and the light of their camp-fires bringing out in relief the groups of moving figures. Until taps are sounded the shore scene is a brilliant kaleidoscope of light and shade framed in the black shadow of the hills and gilded by soft moon and pale star light.

Most of the men who were wounded in the fight of Friday last have been put on board the *Olivette*. Those not so seriously injured are kept in the old whitewashed shed used as temporary hospital: it is a poor place enough, and is crowded too. When the wounded began to come in, which was not till late in the day, the surgical force was totally unprepared for the sudden demands made upon it, and many of the men had to wait for hours to have their wounds properly dressed. Now, however, things are getting in shape. Large hospital-tents will be set up to-morrow, and the men moved to more comfortable quarters.

Aguadores, *July 1, 1898.*

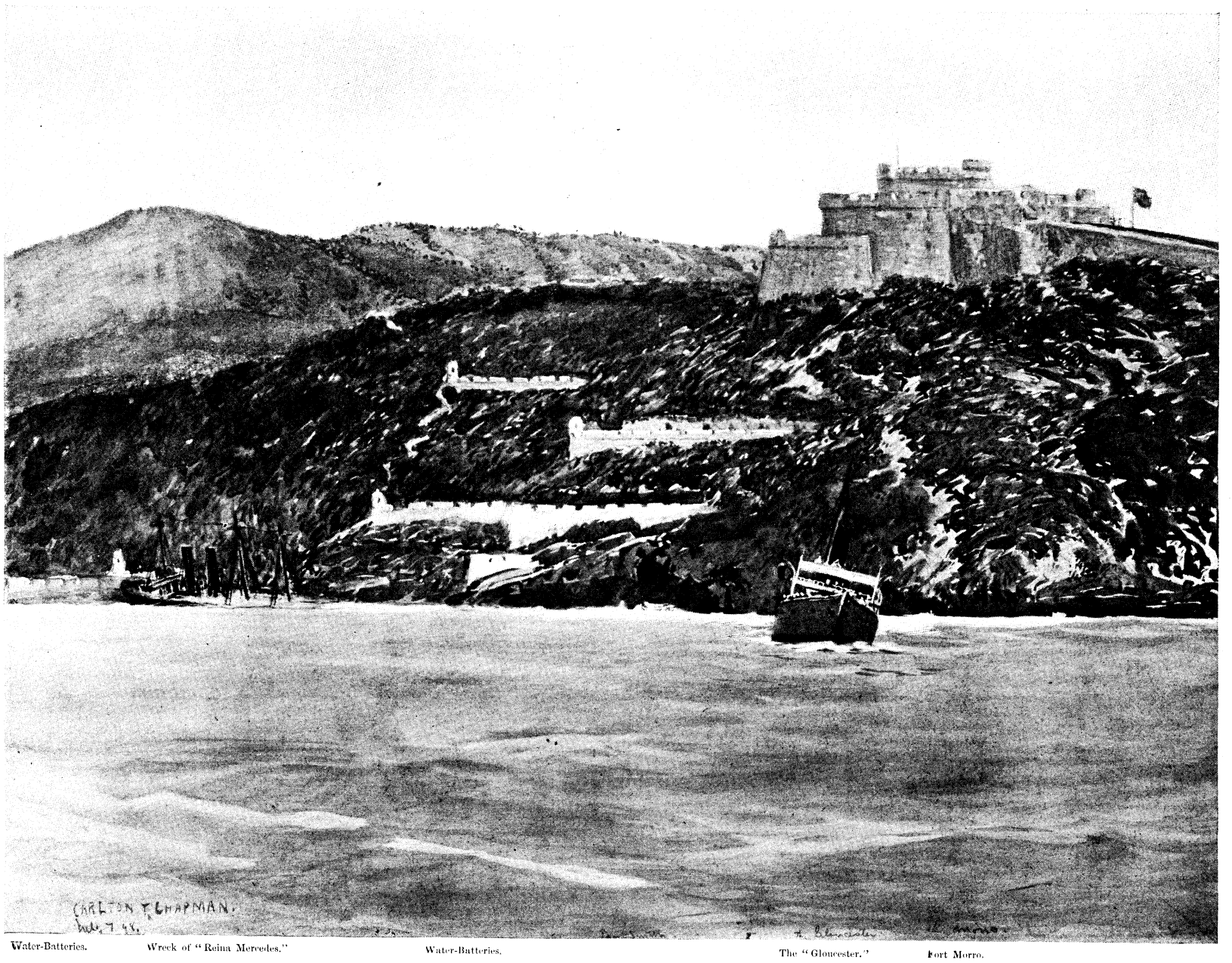
Early this morning the army began a general attack on Santiago, moving in three divisions. The Thirty-third Michigan, forming a portion of one command, was sent up the railroad to the Aguadores bridge. A train made up of twenty-seven coal-cars and two cabooses was used in transporting the regiment, the first division leaving Siboney at three o'clock in the morning. The second portion did not arrive until after nine o'clock, when it came up, pushed by two locomotives, the men filling every particle of space in the cars. They immediately formed, and marched along the shore to a point near the mouth of the river, and then pushed inland through the dense thicket of undergrowth and low trees. On the hill-side west of the river is an old fort with heavy masonry walls, low towers, and turrets, that zigzag up the hill and form one of the outposts of the city a few miles away. Farther up the deep ravine, and commanding both sides of the river which connects the sea with the inner harbor of Santiago, is a masked battery of rapid-fire guns. Both these defences have been repeatedly shelled by the ships, and this morning the *New York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester* were stationed immediately off the mouth of the river, commanding both batteries. The water is deep close in, and the *Suwanee*, particularly, went in within a biscuit's toss of the shore, on which a considerable surf was beating. The railroad crosses the ravine and river here on a long iron trestle, with a block-house at either end, and winds up the valley, which makes an abrupt curve inland. The sides, very high, steep, and rocky, are difficult of access, and the men among the dense foliage at the bottom were unable to see their enemy until



Camp of Troops guarding Stores. Camp of the Wounded.

TWILIGHT AT SIBONEY, JULY 7.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.



THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, JULY 7.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The Spaniards attempted to sink the 'Reina Mercedes' in the channel Monday night, July 4, but under the fire of the guns of our ships she ran ashore, and lies as shown in the drawing."

well under their fire. Signal-men were posted on the side of the hill, and as soon as the troops were disposed out of the line of fire from the ships the *New York* hoisted the danger-flag, and signal was made to open fire on the fort and masked battery.

A large Spanish flag was flying over the old fort, and the red and yellow stood out in brilliant contrast against the green and gray of the hill-side.

The *New York* began firing soon after nine o'clock, and the *Suwanee* and *Gloucester* joining in, the smoke soon became too dense to admit of accurate work. Accordingly the signal to fire with deliberation was made, and after that it became slow but very beautiful target practice. The *New York*, firing straight up the ravine at the location of the masked battery, succeeded in landing at least one eight-inch shell fairly in the works, and the mass of reddish dust that flew up in the air contained guns, men, and all sorts of débris. Several shots had been landed in the old fort, knocking a corner of the lower wall off, and dumping a mass of crumbled rock and dust down the hill-side.

The signal had been made to cease firing, when the *Suwanee* asked for permission to destroy the flag that still waved over the abandoned fort. Permission was given to knock it down if she could do it "in three shots."

The *Suwanee* opened fire immediately with one of her four-inch guns, the first shot striking the base of the flag-staff, tilting it over, and sending the dust flying. We had supposed there was no one in the fort, but the flag-staff certainly straightened up again, and a second shot followed, which went through the flag and tore a big rent in it. There it hung in the smoke and dust for a minute or two; then a final flash and roar, and flag-staff and flag disappeared in the dust, the staff cut fairly in two by a splendid shot. We felt like cheering this, as it certainly was perfect shooting. Lieutenant Victor Blue sighted the gun, and deserves another feather in his cap. Captain Delahanty has made the *Suwanee* famous in the fleet for his daring and efficient work, and the little gunboat has a ready-for-a-fight look about her that is admirable. Delahanty hoists a flag, when he goes into action, that is half as big as his ship, and looks the largest flag in the fleet.

During the lulls in the firing we heard several volleys ashore, but could see no smoke. As the Spanish use smokeless powder entirely, it is hard to locate their position, and it is an unpleasant feeling to hear or see bullets dropping around you and not know where they come from.

A squad of men came out of the woods soon after the volley-firing began, carrying a Red Cross flag, and helping the wounded back to the train that remained waiting on the track.

Fire from the battery had killed two and wounded several before the *New York's* eight-inch gun put an end to its service for that day. The Michigan men were under fire for the first time, but they behaved splendidly, and it was not their fault that the movement, being a feint, played but an unimportant part in the day's fighting.

OFF SANTIAGO, *July 2, 1898.*

This morning at 5.30 the fleet began bombarding the fortifications of Santiago. In the hard fighting which lasted all day yesterday the army captured and held the outposts of the city on the west, north, and east, and it only remained for the navy to destroy the heavy guns on the south to make the work of investment complete. Of course the ships in the harbor are to be reckoned with, but it is almost a certainty that Cervera will be forced to fight his way out or to destroy the city by his own shells in attempting to drive out the army. So we were in an expectant mood when the ships drew in and opened fire. The morning was brilliant with sunlight, and great domes of white clouds floated above the hills, that shone in tints of green and gray, with deep shadows of ravines streaking their rugged sides. The sea flashed back the glowing sunlight, and rose and fell in long swells to the deep roll of the tide.

Off the entrance to the harbor, and almost under Morro, lay the *Iowa*, grim and silent, her guns swung out, but holding their fire for the possible appearance of the Spanish fleet. On a staff just east of the great round sentinel tower of Morro flew a new and bright red and yellow flag, flapping its folds against the background of the old gray walls.

Morro had been spared while Hobson and his men were there, but now that they have been removed, the picturesque beauty of the old castle could not save it, and many tons of old gray rock were tumbled from its turrets and towers and sprinkled down the hill-side. Shot after shot struck the walls without doing any perceptible damage. The smoke wreathed about the old pile, and clouds of heavy dust spurted up and hung in a thick mass wherever a shot struck.

The weight of fire, as hitherto, was directed against the western battery on the hill-top, and shell after shell exploded within the works or immediately in front of them, driving the Spanish away from the guns, and silencing them for a time, as usual. None of their shots struck the ships, or, so far as I could see, anywhere near them, going mostly far out to sea. We were lying off Morro, and were surprised to hear a shell scream over our heads and drop in the water a little way beyond. Whether that was a chance shot from one of our ships or a wild effort from the battery was hard to tell. There were several colliers and transports lying out beyond us, and they all moved away as quickly as possible, but no more shots came in that direction.

There is a general feeling of contempt for the Spanish gunners among the men in the fleet, and they seem unable to sight their guns with anything like accuracy; and any shots that have struck have been purely accidental, as the following ones are away wide of the mark.

The *Oregon* did some fine work this morning, lying off the harbor entrance to the westward, where she got the range of Cay Smith, and sent shell after shell with splendid aim into that stronghold. While our ships are firing rapidly they are almost completely enveloped in smoke, and the effect as it blows along the water and floats away against the green hills is very beautiful.

At half past seven the ships drew off, getting a last shot, as usual, from the Spanish, who return to their guns as soon as the ships cease firing. The position of Santiago, properly defended by skilful gunners, would be almost impregnable from the sea, the high hills and narrow channel making it difficult for an attacking force; but the guns at present are so badly handled that our ships move about with impunity; even the little mosquito fleet sail up and down where they choose, and are never fired on, for fear of the ready answer from the battle-ships, that rarely get out of range.

SIBONEY, *July 2.*

"The Spaniards called us Yankee pigs; now they call us Yankee devils because we don't stop for their guns." This is what a trooper of the Sixth Cavalry said to me today. He was walking about with his coat thrown over his shoulders, and no shirt; the doctors had cut that off in dressing a wound in his shoulder, to which he seemed happily indifferent as he talked vividly about the fight and what our boys had done, paying many compliments to the volunteers, and declaring that the charge of the Light Brigade was not more fine than the charge up the hot hill to take the Spanish intrenchments.

I talked with many men of different regiments, many of them badly wounded, and just unloaded out of a spring-less wagon after a ride of nine miles over rough rutty roads. You would suppose they would not want to talk, but the spirit of enthusiasm and pride in what they had done was too great to keep back, and they wanted to tell all about it. Not one of the hundreds who were coming in had any time to groan or complain, and it was fine to see the patience and courage exhibited on all sides.

The doctors and nurses in the hospital were working like beavers, cutting off arms and legs and dressing wounds, and still the wounded came in by dozens to be taken care of and given a place to lie down and rest. Dirty and bedraggled they were, with torn clothes, and hasty bandages put on at division hospitals at the front. Jokes were exchanged and good-nature prevailed, though it seemed as if it might be well worn out of them under such circumstances. "Hello, Bill! Where'd you get hit?" "In the head. Look at my hat." And, sure enough, two big holes in it, and a bad bloody-looking pate underneath tied up in a temporary bandage. One big trooper of the Tenth wanted me to draw his picture, and he smiled under a big white bandage around the top of his black head.

A great many men were wounded in the head, and there were any quantity of hats that had holes through them, but there were many more poor fellows who had to be lifted out of the wagons and carried off on stretchers to the care of the hard-worked doctors.

The courage and patience these men showed, not only in the field, but in being brought in and left, in a forgotten sort of way, at the hospital doors, struck me very forcibly as one of the noble attributes of the American sol-

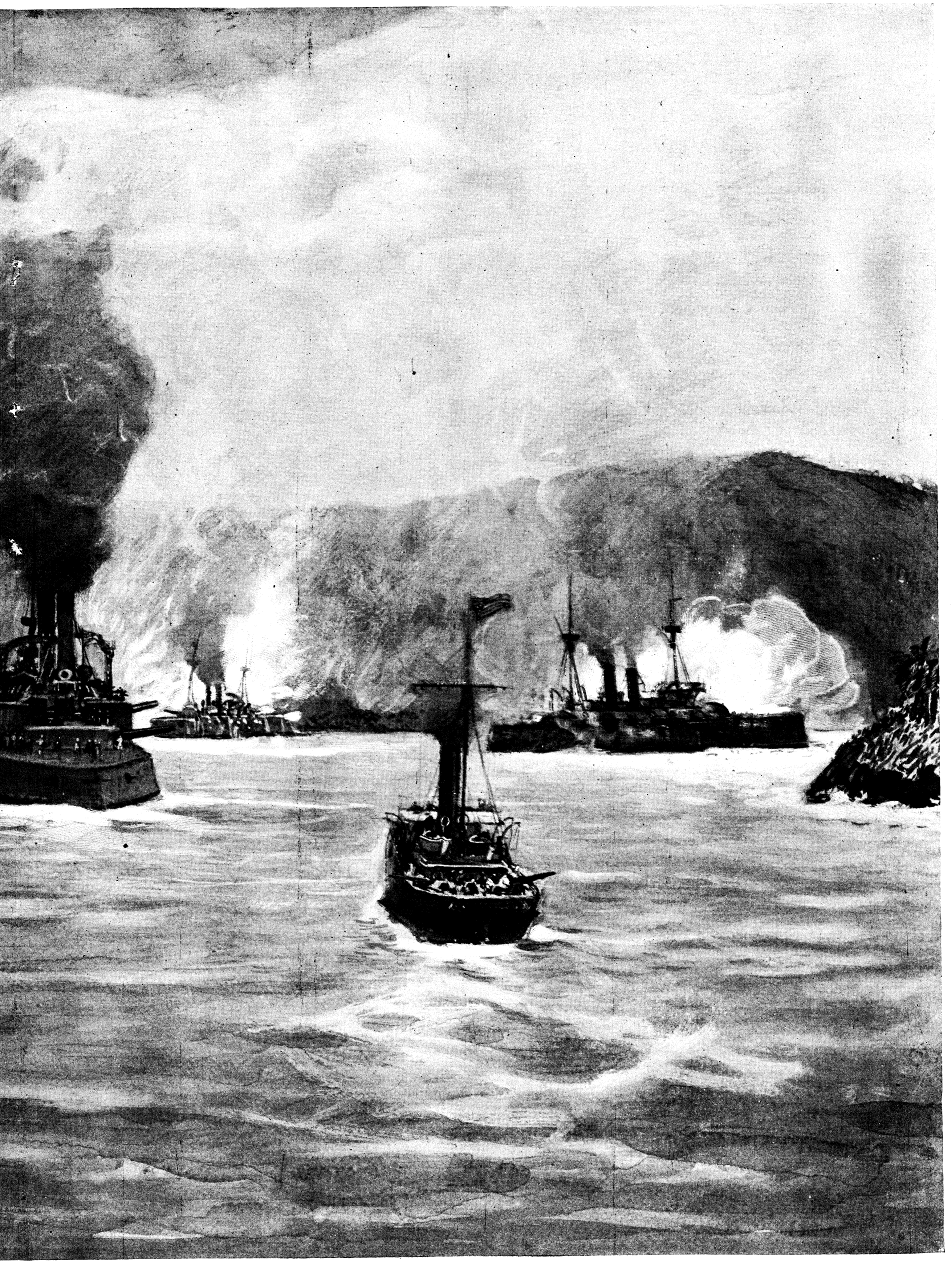


"Cristóbal Colon." "Texas." "Vizcaya." "Oregon."
"Brooklyn."

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION OF

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FO

This Drawing represents the state of Affairs about Forty Minutes after the Fight began. The "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo" have just ru



"Iowa." "Almirante Oquendo." "Gloucester." "Infanta Maria Teresa."

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3.

OR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

n Ashore, the "Iowa" and "Gloucester" remaining by them, while the other American Vessels continue in Pursuit of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."

dier, who is not only fearless in battle, but patient in suffering. It was a first fight for most of them, but they behaved like veterans, and after it was over they asked about their friends and for news from home, took their wounds as an every-day matter, and bubbled over with pride in the service. The country may well be proud of such soldiers.

Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Admiral Cervera's famous Cape Verd fleet is no more! Sunk, burned, utterly destroyed, it has passed into history, and one more great victory stands to the credit of the American navy. Once more the victor's laurel must be placed on the brow of the American sailor, and new names added to the list of famous naval commanders who have won battles for the nation.

Sunday dawned, a beautiful and calm day, with the ships in their usual stations, saving the *Massachusetts* and *Suwanee*, that had gone to Guantanamo for coal. About nine o'clock the *New York* signalled "disregard the actions of flag-ship," and steamed off toward Siboney, where Admiral Sampson intended to have a consultation with General Shafter. This left Commodore Schley in command of the station, and the usual routine of Sunday inspection was about to begin, when the smoke of Cervera's ships was observed, and the call to general quarters and clear ship for action sounded through the fleet. An officer on the bridge of the *Texas* first observed a column of smoke going straight up in the breathless air behind the wooded hills which shut in the harbor. This was followed by several other columns of smoke, and then a quartermaster reported that the Spanish ships were under way. At first it was thought that they were moving up the harbor, but at 9.35, by the *Texas's* time, the first of the fleet showed around the western hill, and, followed closely by the others, came out and turned to the westward. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, flying the flag of Admiral Cervera, headed the line, followed by *Vizcaya*, *Cristóbal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Pluton*.

The *Gloucester*, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, has been stationed off Morro lately, and was cruising about in her usual position just east of the channel as this formidable armada passed out. The crew simply held their breath and watched it. But the Spanish ships paid no attention to the little cruiser, holding their fire for bigger game. When the torpedo-boat destroyers appeared, however, the *Gloucester*, which had cleared for action, and was ready with her small battery, promptly attacked them with every gun she could bring to bear.

The land to the westward of Morro curves in slightly, forming a long shallow bay, like the curve of a bow. At the western end the *Brooklyn* was stationed, and straight, like the string of the bow, went the Spanish ships right for the *Brooklyn*. Our ships were in position from east to west as follows: next to the *Gloucester*, but farther out, were the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vixen;* the last-named moved immediately outside to give the *Brooklyn* room.

None of the ships had a full pressure of steam up, and as the Spanish fleet moved swiftly out, it looked for a minute as if they had a fair chance of getting away. Smoke poured from their funnels, and they were evidently doing their best to get a good start of their watchful foes. Neither the *Iowa* nor *Indiana* was in a condition to make very good time, nor did they, especially the *Indiana*, get as close in to the fight as they would have wished; but the *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* moved rapidly in to head off the enemy, and they were immediately engaged by all our ships. The *Iowa*, not being able to use her forward turret, swung around to bring her after twelve-inch guns to bear, but soon afterward got her forward turret working again, and opened fire with her forward and starboard broadside guns. The deep-sea torpedo-boats, or destroyers, as they have been called so often, were the first to suffer from the fire of our ships. A shell from one of the *Iowa's* big guns tore the whole stern off the *Furor*, and both boats were struck repeatedly by the fire of the *Iowa* and *Indiana*. The *Gloucester* then attacked both at once, being between them, and firing from both sides, while the torpedo-boats answered back with their rapid-fire guns. But this did not last long. They got perhaps three miles from the harbor entrance when the *Furor*, in a sinking condition, showed a white flag, and was promptly boarded by a boat from the *Gloucester*. After some lively work they took off her few surviving men and a big cat, the ship's mascot, who was rescued from the water. An attempt was made at first to save the vessel, but she was too far gone, being cut to pieces, and nearly all her crew dead on her decks or below. The sight was a sad one enough, but there was no time to help, and the boat had not been gone five minutes when the *Furor* blew up and sank in 2000 fathoms of water. The *Pluton* meantime, equally damaged, had succeeded in getting close inshore, where she sank, her bow just showing out of water.

While this was going on, the *Brooklyn* was standing the brunt of the fire from the four Spanish ships. The *Maria Teresa* headed straight for the *Brooklyn*, with the evident intention of ramming her; the *Brooklyn* avoided this by clever manœuvring, and poured in such a deadly fire from her 8-inch and 5-inch rapid-fire guns as completely to worst the *Maria Teresa*, and she headed toward shore, flames bursting from her forward and after hatches. The *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were hotly engaging the *Brooklyn* at this time, while the *Colon* changed her position inside of the other Spanish ships, holding her fire, and doing her best to get away. At five minutes past ten o'clock the *Texas* and *Oregon* were coming into close range, and joined the *Brooklyn* in her unequal fight. The *Iowa* also was approaching, pouring in an effective fire at long range.

The *Teresa* having dropped out of the fight, the *Oquendo* took her place, with the possible intention of sacrificing herself in giving the *Vizcaya* and *Colon* a chance to escape; both these ships started off at 10.30, cutting inshore from the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, and heading straight down the coast. The *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* having practically finished the *Oquendo*, left her to the mercies of the following ships, and started after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, followed by the *Texas*, that, now coming up at a good speed, fired a few shots into the *Oquendo*, which was on fire and headed toward shore, and then kept on after the others.

Then began a splendid chase. The *Colon* was rated a 19½-knot armored cruiser, the finest ship in the Spanish navy; the *Vizcaya*, a 21-knot ship, with two 11-inch guns, was supposed to outclass the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, with their 8-inch guns and 19-knot speed. The *Oregon*, a 15-knot battle-ship, was not classed as a speedy vessel, or able to catch a fast cruiser. Just here, however, the *Oregon* proved herself a wonder and the pride of the American navy. She had passed the *Texas* early in the action, doing twelve or thirteen knots, and cut inside of her to get at the foe, firing splendid shots with her first and secondary batteries. But now was her opportunity. The *Brooklyn*, keeping outside of the two fleeing ships, was firing from her forward 8-inch turret-guns and starboard broadside guns, and getting her speed up to 16½ knots, was rapidly overhauling her enemy; but without the help of the *Oregon* it is possible that the *Colon* at least might have gotten away. But the *Oregon* was coming up at a 16-knot gait, smoke and flames pouring from her funnels, and the water piling in huge cascades about her bows and rolling out in long lines of white on either side. From her forward turrets sheets of flames burst at intervals, and her 13-inch guns were sending their shells around the *Vizcaya*, while the *Brooklyn*, nearly abeam, was hammering her with rapid fire that simply drove the Spanish to cover and soon sent the *Vizcaya* in for the land. She was run ashore at Aserradero, seventeen miles west of Santiago, completely wrecked and on fire. A torpedo in the forward tube exploded, tearing a great hole in her bow, and wrecking her completely. The *Iowa* followed up and received the surrender of the ship, and took off the survivors and a number who had gotten ashore.

The *Colon*, meanwhile, having a good start, was doing her best to get away. Her speed, according to her captain, was at one time 17½ knots; but she could not keep this up, and the heavy shells of the *Oregon* falling about her and beyond her, while the *Brooklyn* pounded her with her rapid fire, gradually forced her inshore, and at 1.20 P.M. she ran her bows on the beach at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago entrance, fired a lee gun, and hauled down her flag. She was practically uninjured; but the Spaniards, having surrendered, treacherously opened her water-valves, pounded out dead-lights, threw overboard the breeches of the guns, and injured the ship in every possible way before her captors could get aboard.

Captain Cook had a boat called away at once, and the men tumbled in just as they were, half naked, blackened with smoke and powder. The crew swarmed out of the suffocating depths of the ship and crowded the deck, cheering and dancing for joy. Captain Cook cautioned his men, as they came alongside the captured ship, not to show any signs of triumph or embarrass their enemy in any way, so in silence the men pulled up to the gangway, and were watched by a motley crowd who filled the ports and looked down from the decks of the *Cristóbal Colon*. Some one shouted out, "Bravo, Americanos," and the crew echoed it, "Bravo, Americanos," and the *Brooklyn* men shouted back, "Bravo, Españoles." The cabin and ward-room tables of the *Colon* were covered with wine bottles and glasses, and many of the crew had been filling themselves with "Dutch courage" also. So they were in a state of indifference as to what happened. The captain of the *Colon* asked on what terms he must surrender his ship, and Captain Cook informed him promptly an unconditional and immediate surrender must be given, and his terms were acceded to in an instant. The *Colon* did not have her two big 10-inch turret-guns in place, and in fact they had never been put on the ship; but the ten 6-inch and six 4.7-inch guns, with her ten 6-pounder and ten 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, made her an extremely powerful ship, and every effort should be made to get her off the beach and into service again. The boat from the *Brooklyn* went alongside the *Colon* at 1.40, and soon after two o'clock the *Texas* and *Vixen* arrived, the *Oregon* having followed the *Brooklyn* closely in. The *New York* did not arrive until three-quarters of an hour after the *Colon* had grounded.

The *Resolute* soon came up from Santiago to report sighting a Spanish cruiser, and the *Brooklyn* was sent off after her, and again the tired men went to their guns. The cruiser turned out to be the Austrian *Maria Teresa*, however, and the *Brooklyn* had her chase for nothing. The 525 men on the *Colon* were placed on board the *Resolute*, together with some of the officers, those of higher rank being placed on board the *New York* and *Vixen*, the *New York*, *Texas*, and *Oregon* remaining by the prize until late at night.

Admiral Cervera and many of his officers and men were rescued by the *Gloucester* and transferred to the *Iowa*. They lowered boats from the *Maria Teresa*, and also jumped overboard to swim ashore or to float in on bits of wreckage. The admiral, in his under-clothes, was trying to escape on a raft which his own son, a lieutenant, was endeavoring to push ashore. Our boats saved many from a watery grave, all being in a perfectly destitute condition. The admiral was received with honors when he came on board the *Iowa*, and heartily cheered by the crew. The *Oquendo* had suffered more than any of the other ships, and her captain committed suicide when his ship ran ashore. Many of her crew got ashore, and were attacked by the Cubans until warned by our ships to desist. About 300 men from *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Teresa* succeeded in getting away and into Santiago that night.

The *Iowa* took off many from the *Vizcaya*, and the three ships were left to their fate, flames pouring from their hatches, and the magazines finally exploding, finishing their destruction.

The Spanish loss was four fine ships, two deep-sea torpedo-boats, 600 men killed, and 1300 prisoners. Our loss was one man killed, George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*, who had his head taken off by a solid shot. Several men were wounded on the *Brooklyn*, and one on the *Texas*. The *Brooklyn* was struck forty times, one 6-inch shell going through her side on the gun-deck forward, smashed through an ash-shoot, pierced through the deck, and coming up again a foot or so beyond it, broke beams, and, exploding, sent pieces clear across the ship without injuring any one, which is marvellous good luck. The *Texas* was struck three times, one shell going through the chart-house, another through the lower part of her smoke-stack, driving smoke down into the fire-rooms and setting fire to the ship—damage that was quickly remedied.

Admiral Cervera stated, the day following, that his plan had been to strike for the *Brooklyn* and sink her, believing that the battle-ships could not catch his ships. His designs were frustrated, however, by the quick movements of our ships and by the rapid and accurate fire that did such damage as completely to bewilder and confound his men, who were unable to cope with such brilliant work.

The *Colon's* speed averaged only 13$\frac{7}{10}$ knots, and when the *Oregon* overhauled her the captain's chagrin was unbounded. To be chased by a battle-ship and beaten was adding insult to injury; and, in fact, it did seem incredible that the *Oregon* could develop such speed.

The honors of the day, while shared by the entire fleet, must belong particularly to the *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas*, and their brave officers and crews, who proved themselves worthy to wear the mantles of the heroes who have made famous the American navy in time past.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

II.—THE FIRST SHOT.

July 2, 1898.

A STRAY solid shot, or a stray shell that did not explode, dropped into the bushes about twenty yards from the path just after I left headquarters at daybreak for the battle-field. There were creeks to wade, the road was muddy, the sun was hot, and I carried a heavy roll. On the brow of a hill I struck a reserve regiment, standing silent and waiting in the mist and dew along the road where they had camped, and a little farther on was a high knoll, from which the first American shell was to give the signal for the conflict of the day. The hill had been cleared of bushes, the four guns unlimbered and thrown into position against Caney, the caissons drawn to the rear, the horses gathered into the bushes to one side, and officers, aides, and correspondents walked the length of the hill, or stood in groups watching with field-glasses the red town, the stone fort to the right, and the block-house to the right of it, or took shelter by-and-by in the shade of a mango-tree that was heavy with yellow fruit. While everybody spoke in a quiet voice and nobody laughed or jested, nobody was as solemn as the occasion seemed to me to demand. One of those guns was to fire presently, and it was not going to be a salute, nor a sunset gun, nor a Christmas or Fourth of July explosion. It would be loaded with a shell, and was to be aimed at living men, and was meant to kill somebody. Moreover, it might be answered, and a Spanish shell might come back at once and kill somebody on our hill. So when a Spanish column of cavalry was sighted in a lane near Caney, and Captain Capron said, "Give 'em a shell, boys," and artillery-man No. 5 ran to the caisson and got from No. 4 a long little knotty-looking white sack, and something that looked like a country schoolmaster's quart bottle of ink with a red throat and the point of a cartridge, and then ran back to the gun and put this shell into a round glistening hole, and No. 1 stuffed the bag of powder after it, rammed it home, and shut the round little steel door, and the gunner took from a leather case at his hip something that looked like a brass thermometer, fixed it on the gun, and began sighting through it, depressing the gun by means of a wheel-screw with one hand in front of him, and motioning with the other behind him to No. 3 to move the trail to right or left, and finally when No. 2 sprang to the left, leaning away from the gun and slightly forward, and the other artillerymen took rigid positions—my heart was beating high, and I was moving a step or two backwards, surprised and somewhat ashamed that everybody else seemed to be nonchalant and unafraid. Perhaps I was the only one on the hill who did not know that there was no artillery in Caney to answer. When I did learn it, I too became nonchalant and unafraid.

"Fire!"

The man with the lanyard gave a quick jerk. There was a cap explosion at the butt of the gun, a bulging white cloud from the muzzle, the trail bounced from its shallow trench, and the wheels whirled back twice on the rebound, and the shell was hissing through the air as iron hisses when a blacksmith thrusts it red-hot into cold water. You could hear that awful hiss so plainly that you seemed to be following the shell with your naked eye; you could hear it above the reverberating roar of the gun up and down the coast mountain; hear it until six seconds later a puff of smoke answered beyond the Spanish column where the shell burst. Then in eight seconds—for the shell travelled that much faster than sound—the muffled report of its bursting struck our ears, and all that was left of the first shot that started the battle was the thick sunlit smoke of the gun sweeping off through the brush, and the little mist-cloud of the shell rising slowly upward beyond the Spanish column, which seemed not to know that any harm was possible and near.

No harm seemed near, indeed, for the shells went wide; but the first shot started the ripping of cloth, the far-away rumble of wagons over cobblestones, or softened stage-hail and stage-thunder all around block-house, stone fort, and town. At first it was a desultory fire, like the popping of a bunch of fire-crackers that have to be relighted several times, and we could hear the hiss of the bullets even that far away; but at times the fire was as steady as the sputter of a Gatling gun that I heard later in the day. But the powder was smokeless, and we could see nothing other than the straw hats of the little devils in blue, who blazed away from their trenches around the fort, and minded the shells bursting over and around them as little as though they had been bursting snowballs. For the 3.2-inch guns had turned from the Spanish column, after it had ridden quietly out of sight, to the fort, and, with the exception of one gun, the shooting was at first very wild. One shot tore a hole through the wall, then another; another brought down the flag; others tore up the earth at the base of the fort, and the fort was soon silenced. But the rifle-pits were as active as ever, and after throwing a few shells into the town the battery ceased firing. Grimes's battery was thundering to the left of El Poso, the balloon was moving towards Santiago, and I made for the left field of battle. At the road the first wounded man appeared, between two supporting soldiers—Colonel Patterson of the Twenty-second. The brave old soldier had walked in a mile with a bullet through his groin.

"Well," he called, cheerily, as he was being laid down under the mango-tree, "I'm the first victim."

And such was the spirit of all the men, whether fighting, inactive and suffering from wounds, or close to the last agony.

JOHN FOX, JR.

July 19.—A note just received from Mr. Fox informs us that the conclusion of this account of the battle of July 1 and 2 was lost between the front and Siboney. Mr. Fox is unfortunately too ill from exposure to rewrite it at present.—EDITOR.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

X.—A LADIES' DAY IN CAMP.

TWO days after the rainy day in camp Mr. Archibald determined to take the direction of affairs into his own hands, so far as he should be able. Having no authority over the two young men at Camp Roy, he had hitherto contented himself with a disapproval of their methods of employing their time, which he communicated only to his wife. But now he considered that, as they were spending so much of their time in his camp and so little in their own, he would take charge of them exactly as if they belonged to his party. He would put an end, if possible, to the aimless strolls up and down the beach with Margery, and the long conversations which that young woman had grown to be so fond of, held sometimes with both young men, though more frequently with one. If Clyde and Raybold came into the woods to lounge in the shade and talk to a girl, they could go to some other camp to do it. But if they really cared to range the forest, either as sportsmen or lovers of nature, he would do his best to help them; so this day he organized an expedition to a low mountain about two miles away, taking Matlack with him as guide, and inviting the two young men to join him. They had assented because no good reason for declining had presented itself, and because Phil Matlack earnestly urged them to come along and let him show them what a real forest tramp was like. Before his recent talk with Peter Sadler, Phil would not have dared to go out into the woods in company with the bicycle man.

The two ladies were perfectly willing to remain in camp under the charge of Martin, who was capable of defending them against any possible danger; and as the bishop had agreed to take charge of Camp Roy during the absence of its occupants. Mr. Archibald planned for a whole day's tramp, the first he had taken since they went into camp.

When Martin's morning work was done he approached the shady spot where the two ladies had established themselves, and offered to continue his lessons in fly-fishing if Miss Dearborn so desired. But Miss Dearborn did not wish to take any lessons to-day. She would rest and stay with Mrs. Archibald. Even the elder lady did not care to fish that morning. The day was hot and the shade was grateful.

Martin walked away dissatisfied. In his opinion, there had never been a day more suitable for angling; this was a day which would be free from interruptions, either from two young fellows who knew nothing about real game-fishing, or from Matlack, who always called him away to do something when he was most interested in his piscatorial pedagogics. This was a day when he could stand by that lovely girl, give her the rod, show her how to raise it, wave it, and throw it, and sometimes even touch her hand as he took it from her or gave it back, watching her all the time with an admiration and delight which no speckled trout or gamy black bass had ever yet aroused in him, and all this without fear that a gentleman out on the lake might possibly be observing them with the idea that he was more interested in his work than the ordinary guide might be supposed to be. But luck was against him; and Martin, who did not in the least consider himself an ordinary guide, walked up and down in moody reflection, or grimly threw himself upon the ground, gazing upward at the sky—not half so blue as he was—but never walking or resting so far away that he could not hear the first cry from her should snake, bear, dragon-fly, or danger of any kind approach her.

To the ladies, about half an hour later, came the bishop, who, newly shaved and brushed, wished them good-morning, and offered his services in any manner which might be desired. If Mrs. Archibald wished to fish by the side of the lake, he was at her service; but Mrs. Archibald did not care to fish.

"This is a most charming day," said the bishop, removing his hat; "but I suppose it is more charming to me because it is my last day here."

"And so you are really going to go?" said Mrs. Archibald, smiling.

"I suppose you think I am not likely to get there," said he; "but really I have staid here long enough, and for several reasons."

"Sit down," said Margery, "and tell us what they are. There is a nice little rock with some moss on it."

The bishop promptly accepted the invitation and seated himself. As he did so, Martin, at a little distance, scowled, folded his arms, and slightly increased the length of his sentinel-like walk.

"Yes," said the bishop, brushing some pine leaves from his threadbare trousers, "during the time that I have accepted the hospitality of those young gentlemen I feel that I have in a great measure repaid them for their kindness, but now I see that I shall become a burden and an expense to them. In the first place, I eat a great deal more than both of them put together, so that the provisions they brought with them will be exhausted much sooner than they expected. I am also of the opinion that they are getting tired of eating in their own camp, but as I make a point of preparing the meals at stated hours, of course they feel obliged to partake of them."

"By which you mean, I suppose," said Mrs. Archibald, "that if they had not you to cook for them they would be apt to take a good many meals with us, as they did when they first came, and which would be cheaper and pleasanter."

"I beg, madam," said the bishop, quickly, "that you will not think that they have said anything of the sort. I simply inferred, from remarks I have heard, that one of them, at least, is very much of the opinion you have just stated; therefore I feel that I cannot be welcome much longer in Camp Roy. There is also another reason why I should go now. I have a business prospect before me."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Archibald. "Is it a good one?"

"I think it is," said the bishop. "I have been considering it earnestly, and the more I fix my mind upon it the greater appear its advantages. I don't mind in the least telling you what it is. A gentleman who is acquainted with my family and whom I have met two or three times, but not recently, possesses a very fine estate some thirty miles south of this place. He has been in Europe for some time, but is expected to return to his country mansion about the end of this week. It is my purpose to offer myself to him in the capacity of private librarian. I do not think it will be difficult to convince him that I have many qualifications for the situation."

"Has he so many books that he needs a librarian?" asked Margery.

"No," said the bishop; "I have no reason to suppose that he has any more books than the ordinary country gentleman possesses, but he ought to have. He has a very large income, and is now engaged in establishing for his family what is intended to become, in time, an ancestral mansion. It is obvious to any one of intelligence that such a grand mansion would not be complete without a well-selected library, and that such a library could not be selected or arranged by an ordinary man of affairs. Consequently, unless he has a competent person to perform this duty for him, his library for a long time will be insignificant. When I shall put the question before him, I have no doubt that he will see and appreciate the force and value of my statements. Such a position will suit me admirably. I shall ask but little salary, but it will give me something far better than money—an opportunity to select from the book marts of the whole world the litera-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

ture in which I delight. Consequently, you will see that it is highly desirable that I should be on hand when this gentleman arrives at his estate."

With a look of gentle pity Mrs. Archibald gazed at the smooth round face of the bishop, flushed with the delights of anticipation and brightened by the cheery smile which nearly always accompanied his remarks. "And is that your only prospect?" she said. "I don't want to discourage you, but it seems to me that if you had some regular business—and you are not too old to learn something of the sort—it would be far better for you than trying to obtain the mythical position you speak of. I see that you are a man of intelligence and education, and I believe that you would succeed in almost any calling to which you would apply yourself with earnestness and industry. You must excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I am much older than you are and I do it for your good."

"Madam," exclaimed the bishop, radiant with grateful emotion, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said. I thank you for your appreciation of me and for the generous motive of your words, but, to be frank with you, I am not suited to a calling such as you have mentioned. I have many qualities which I well know would promote my fortunes were they properly applied, but that application is difficult, for the reason that my principal mental characteristic is indefiniteness. When but a little child I was indefinite. Nobody knew what I was going to do, or how I would turn out; no one has since known, and no one knows now. In whatever way I have turned my attention in my endeavors to support myself, I have been obstructed and even appalled by the definiteness of the ordinary pursuits of life. Now the making of a private library is in itself an indefinite occupation. It has not its lines, its rules, its limitations. But do not think, kind lady, that I shall always depend upon such employment. Should I obtain it, I should hold it only so long as it would be necessary, and it may be necessary for but a little while. Do you care to hear of my permanent prospects?" said he, looking from one lady to the other.

"Certainly," said Margery; "we would like to hear all you have to tell."

"Well then," said the bishop, folding his arms and smiling effusively, but with a gentle curbing of his ordinary cheerfulness, "I will inform you that I have an uncle who is a man of wealth and well on in years. Unfortunately, or fortunately it may be, this uncle greatly dislikes me. He objects so strongly to my methods of thought and action, and even to my physical presence, that he cannot bear to hear me speak or even to look at me, and the last time I was in his company, about four years ago, he told me that he would leave me a legacy on condition that he should never hear from me or see me again. He promised to make the proper provision in his will immediately, but declared, and I know he will keep his word, that if he ever received a letter from me or even saw me or heard my voice he would instantly strike out that clause. I appreciated and respected his feelings, and accepted the condition. From that moment I have not written to him, nor shall I ever write to him, and I shall never go near him so long as he is alive. As I said, he is of advanced age, and it is impossible that he can long survive. When his demise takes place my circumstances will, I believe, be satisfactory."

"Did your uncle say how much he would leave you?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"No, madam," returned the other, "he did not, but I feel sure that the sum will be measured by his satisfaction in knowing that his existence is entirely freed from me."

"Really," said Mrs. Archibald, "there is nothing about you so indefinite as your prospects."

"And it seems horrible to me," said Margery, "to be hoping that some one may die in order that you may be better off, and as you want money so much, you must hope that your uncle will die."

The bishop smiled and rose. "And now," said he, "I suppose I must go to prepare the dinner at Camp Roy There is nobody there to eat it but myself, but I have assumed the duty, and it must be performed. Good-morning. By your leave, I shall look in upon you again."

Mrs. Archibald had a mind to ask him to stay and dine with them, but having noticed an unfriendly expression on the face of Martin when his gloomy walk brought him in her direction, she thought it would not be wise to do so.

XI.—MARGERY TAKES THE OARS.

After dinner Mrs. Archibald prepared herself for a nap, the most delightful thing she could think of during the warm hours of such a day. Margery, after seeing the elder lady comfortably disposed in the shady sitting-room of the cabin, went out of doors with no doubt in her mind as to what would be for her the most delightful thing to do. She would take a row on the lake all by herself.

She went down to the boat, which was partly drawn up on the beach and fastened to a heavy stake. But when she reached it she was disgusted to find that the chain was secured to the stake by a padlock. The oars were in the boat, and she could easily have pushed it into the water, but she could not set it free without the key to the padlock.

"I do believe," she exclaimed, "that the will of that horrid Mr. Sadler is like gas. It goes everywhere, even to the tops of the houses and under the beds." But she did not give up her intention. She tried to detach the chain from the boat, but finding this impossible, she thought of going for Martin. Perhaps he might have a key. This idea, however, she quickly put aside. If he had a key, and gave it to her, she might get him into trouble, and, besides, she did not believe that he would let her go alone, and in any other way she did not wish to go. Standing with her pretty brows knit, and one heel deep in the soft ground into which she had stamped it, she heard approaching footsteps, and turning, saw the bishop. He came forward with a buoyant step.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Dearborn?" he said. "Do you wish to go out on the lake? Do you want some one to row you?"

"Yes and no," said Margery. "I want to go out in the boat, and I don't want anybody to row me. But that chain is fastened with an abominable padlock, and I cannot launch the boat."

"One of your guides is here," said he. "Perhaps I can get a key from him."

"No, no," said Margery, quickly; "he must not know about it. There is a Sadler law against it, and he is employed by Sadler."

"It is very securely fastened," said the bishop, examining the lock and chain. "It is the work of the guide Matlack, I have no doubt. But, Miss Dearborn," said he, with a bright smile, "there is a boat at Camp Roy. That is not locked, and I can bring it here in twenty minutes."

"No," said Margery; "I don't want that boat. I've seen it. It is a clumsy old thing, and, besides, it leaks. I want this one. This is just the kind of boat I want to row. It is too bad. If I could get off now there would be nobody to hinder me, for Martin is washing the dinner dishes, or doing something of that kind, and whenever he does house-work he always keeps himself out of sight."

The bishop examined the stake. It was a stout little tree trunk driven deep into the ground and projecting about five feet above the surface, with the chain so wrapped around it that it was impossible to force it up or down. Seizing the stake near the top, the bishop began to push it backward and forward, and being a man of great strength, he soon loosened it so much that, stooping, he was able to pull it from the ground.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Margery. "It came up just like pulling a tooth."

"Yes," said the radiant bishop; "the good Matlack may be very careful about fastening a boat, but I think I have got the better of him this time; and now I will put the stake, chain and all, in the bow. That is the best way of disposing of them. Are you sure that you prefer going alone? I shall be delighted to row you if you wish me to."

"Oh no," said Margery; "I am just wild to row myself, and I want to hurry and get off for fear Martin will be coming down here."

"Are you sure you understand rowing and the management of a boat?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I can row; of course I can. I will get in, and then you can push off the boat."

"Allow me," said the bishop. But before he could reach her to help her, Margery had stepped on the side of the boat and was about to seat herself.

"If you will take the seat next to the stern," said the bishop, holding the boat so that it would be steady, "I think that will be better. Then the weight of the stake in the bow will put the boat on an even keel."

"All right," said Margery, accepting his suggestion and seating herself. "Now just wait until I get the oars into the rowlocks, and then you can push me off."

"Which way do you intend to row?" asked the bishop.

"Oh, I shall go down toward the lower end of the lake, because that way there are more bushes along the banks and Martin will be less apt to see me. If I go the other way I will be in plain sight of the camp, and he may think he ought to do something—fire a gun across my bows to bring me to, may be, as they do at sea."

"Hardly," said the bishop; "but let me advise you not to go very far from the shore, so that if you feel tired you can come in easily, and if you will allow me I will walk down the shore in the direction in which you intend to row."

"Oh, I am not going to get tired," said she. "I could row all day. It is splendid to be in a boat all by myself and have the whole management of it. Now please push me off."

With some reluctance, but with a sincere desire to make the young girl happy, which could not be overcome by prudence—at least by such prudence as he possessed—the bishop, with a strong steady push, sent the boat well out on the surface of the water.

"That was beautifully done," Margery called back to him. "Now I have room enough to turn around without any trouble at all."

She turned the boat about with its bow toward the lower end of the lake, but it was not without trouble. "I have not rowed for a good while," she said, "but I am getting used to the oars already. Now then, I'm off," and she began to pull with a strength which, had it been suitably paired with skill, would have made her an excellent amateur oarswoman. But the place of skill was supplied by enthusiasm and determination. Once or twice an oar slipped from the rowlock and she nearly went over backwards, and several times one of the blades got under the water with the flat side up, so that she had difficulty in getting it out. She raised her oars much too high in the air, but she counterbalanced this by sinking them very deep into the water. But she got on, and although her course was somewhat irregular, its general trend was in the direction desired.

The bishop walked along the bank, keeping as near to the water as he could. Sometimes masses of shrubbery shut off all view of the lake, and then there would be an open space where he would stop and watch the boat.

"Please keep near the shore, Miss Dearborn," he called; "that will be better, I think, and it is certainly more shady and pleasant than further out."

"I know what you mean," cried Margery, pulling away in high good-humor; "you think it is safer near the shore; but I am not going to row very far this time, and after a little while I may pull the boat in and rest for a time before starting back," and then she rowed on with renewed energy.

The next time the bishop was able to hail the boat, it was at a point where he was obliged to push his way through the bushes in order to see out upon the lake.

"Miss Dearborn," he called, "I think you are a great deal too far from shore, and you must be getting very tired and hot. Your face is greatly flushed. I will hurry along and see if I can find a good place for you to stop and cool yourself."

"I am all right," cried Margery, resting on her oars. "I get along very well, only the boat doesn't steer properly. I think it is because of the weight of that stick in the bow. I suppose I could not get rid of it?"

"Oh no!" cried the bishop, in alarm; "please don't think of it! But if you touch shore at the first open space, I think I can arrange it better for you."

"Very good," said she; "you go ahead and find such a place, and I will come in."

"If you touch shore," said the bishop to himself, "you don't go out again in that boat alone! You don't know how to row at all."

The bishop ran a hundred yards or more before he found a place at which a boat could be beached. It was not a very good place, but if he could reach out and get hold of the bow, that would be enough for him. He was strong enough to pull that boat over a paved street.

As he looked out over the water he saw that Margery had progressed considerably since he had seen her last, but she was still further from shore than before.

"Row straight toward me!" he shouted. "Here is a fine landing-place, cool and shady."

She looked around and managed to turn the boat's head in his direction. Then she rowed hard, pulling and splashing, and evidently a little tired. She was strong, but this unusual exercise was a trial to her muscles. Perhaps, too, she felt that the bishop was watching her, and that made her a little nervous, for she could not help being aware that she was not handling the oars as well as when she started out. With a strong pull at her right oar to turn the boat inland, she got her left oar tangled between the water and the boat, so it seemed to her, and lost her hold of it. In a moment it was overboard and floating on the lake.

Leaning over the side of the boat, she made a grasp at the oar, but it was too far for her to reach it; and then, by some spasmodic movement of the other oar, the distance was increased.

The bishop's face grew pale. As he looked at her he saw that the distance between her and the oar was increasing, and now he understood why she had progressed so well. There was a considerable current in the lake which had carried her along, and was now moving the heavy boat much faster than it moved the oar. What should he tell her to do? If she could put her single oar out at the stern, she might scull the boat; but he was sure she did not understand sculling, and to try it she would have to stand up, and this would be madness.

She now took the other oar from the rowlock, and was about to rise, when the bishop shouted to her.

"What are you going to do?" he cried.

"I am going to the stern," she said, "to see if I cannot reach that oar with this one. Perhaps I can pull it in."

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that!" he cried. "Don't stand up, or the boat will topple, and you will fall overboard."

"But what can I do?" she called back. "I can't row with one oar."

"Try rowing a little on one side, and then on the other," said he. "Perhaps you can bring the boat in that way."

She followed his suggestion, but very awkwardly, and he saw plainly that she was tired. Instead of approaching the shore, the boat continued to float down the lake.

Margery turned again. "Bishop," she cried, "what shall I do? I must do something, or I can't get ashore at all."

She did not look frightened; there was more of annoyance in her expression, as if she thought it impertinent in fate to treat her in this way, and she would not stand it.

"If I had thought of the current," said the bishop to himself, "I would never have let her go out alone, and she can't be trusted in that boat another minute longer. She will do something desperate." So saying, the bishop took off his hat and threw it on the ground. Then he unbuttoned his coat and began to take it off, but he suddenly changed his mind. Even in that wilderness and under these circumstances he must appear respectable, so he buttoned his coat up again, and hastily took off his shoes, and, without hesitating, walked into the water until it was above his waist, and then calling to Margery that he was coming to her, he began to swim out into the lake. He did not strike out immediately for the boat, but directed his course toward the floating oar. Turning his head frequently toward Margery, he could see that she was sitting perfectly still, watching him, and so he kept on with a good heart.

The bishop was a powerful swimmer, but he found great difficulty in making his way through the water, on account of the extreme tightness of his clothes. It seemed to him that his arms and legs were bandaged in splints, as if he had been under a surgeon's care; but still he struck out as well as he could, and in time reached the oar. Pushing this before him to the boat, Margery took hold of it.

"You swim splendidly," said she. "You can climb in right here."

But the bishop knew better than that, and worked his way round to the stern, and after holding on a little while to get his breath, he managed to clamber into the boat.

"Was the water very cold?" said she.

On his replying that it was, she said she thought so because he seemed stiff.

"Now, Miss Dearborn," said he, "I have made the stern seat very wet, but I don't believe you will mind that, and if you will sit here I will take the oars and row you in."

"Oh, I think I can do that myself," said Margery. "I am rested now, and I am ever so much obliged to you for getting my oar for me."

Under almost any circumstances the bishop could smile, and now he smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea of Margery's rowing that boat back against the current, and with him in it.

"Indeed," he said, "I must insist. I shall freeze to death if I don't warm myself by exercise." So, reaching out his hand, he assisted Margery to the stern, and seating himself in her place, he took the oars, which she had drawn in.

"I don't see why I could not make the boat go along that way," said she, as they began to move steadily toward the camp. "And I believe I could do it if people would only let me practise by myself; but they always want to show me how, and I hate to have anybody show me how. It is funny," she continued, "that you seem so very wet all but your collar. That looks as smooth and nice as if it had just come from the laundry."

The bishop laughed. "That is because it is gutta-percha," he said, "intended for rough use in camp; but the rest of my habiliments were not intended for wet weather."

"And you have no hat," said she. "Doesn't the sun hurt your head?"

"My head does feel a little warm," said he, "but I didn't want to row back to the place where I left my hat. It was not a good landing-place, after all. Besides," he said to himself, "I never thought of my hat or my shoes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



LIGHT ARTILLERY MOVING TO A NEW POSITION.



SAN JUAN HILL—PORTION OF THE LINE HELD BY THE 9TH U. S. INFANTRY.



HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EWERS, SAN JUAN HILL.



GENERAL WHEELER'S HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1 AND 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN CONSULS FROM SANTIAGO WITH GENERAL WHEELER CONCERNING THE BOMBARDMENT.



TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT, WADING KNEE-DEEP THROUGH A BROOK.



ENGINEER CORPS PUTTING UP A FIELD TELEPHONE.



THE SPANISH PRISONERS EXCHANGED FOR HOBSON AND HIS MEN.

INCIDENTS IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



MULE-TRAIN WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES.



WAGON-TRAIN WITH COMMISSARY STORES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS FOUGHT THEIR WAY ON JULY 1.



THE 7TH U. S. INFANTRY FORMED LINE HERE BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT.
Empty Cartridge-Cases in Foreground.



BLOCK-HOUSE AND FORT DEMOLISHED BY OUR ARTILLERY.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THE ANSWER.

"The Whelps of the Lion answer him."
—Recent anonymous poem in English paper.

THE old lion stands in his lonely lair;
The noise of the hunting has broken his rest;
He scowls to the Eastward: tiger and bear
Are harrying his jungle; he turns to the West;

And sends through the murk and mist of the night,
A thunder that rumbles and rolls down the trail;
And tiger and bear, the quarry in sight,
Crouch low in the covert, and cower and quail;

For deep through the night-gloom, like surf on a shore,
Peals thunder in answer, resounding with ire;
The hunters turn stricken: they know the dread roar:
The whelp of the lion is joining his sire.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS GUASIMAS.

I.

June 25, 1898.

LA GUASIMA is a tree that bears nuts and has low wide-spreading boughs, from which it is easy to swing a noose. Therefore the Cubans use it for the fattening of pigs and the hanging of criminals. Where a spur of La Gran Piedra mountains joins a curving ridge of foot-hills, about five miles from Baiquiri, and the road starts on a gentle downward slope into Santiago, this tree thickly covers ridge, spur, and point of contact. There American met Spaniard yesterday in the first battle on Cuban soil, and therefore the first fight is called Las Guasimas. There was another fight of Las Guasimas in the ten years' revolution in the seventies. Gomez remembers that battle, for it made him famous. The Rough Riders, for the same reason, will remember the fight of yesterday. The Spaniard will remember both: in one he lost a thousand men; in the other he learned the temper and marksmanship of the American soldier—regular and volunteer. "The Americans do not fight like other people," said the Spaniard. "They advance under a heavy fire, when by the rules of civilized warfare they should give way." Therefore the Spaniard, rather than wrestle longer with such an ignorant barbarian, gave way himself, and printed at Santiago that with four thousand men he had held back the whole American army. That at least is the word brought through our lines by the poor starving devils who were allowed to leave Santiago—that at Santiago there might be fewer mouths to feed—and come out and trade yellow mangoes for the hardtack of the advancing soldiers. As a matter of fact, the Americans engaged were 244 from the First United States Cavalry, and 220 from the Tenth United States Colored Cavalry—loss 8 killed and 17 wounded; and 500 of the Rough Riders, whose casualties were 9 killed and 46 wounded. How many the Spaniards were is not known, the highest estimate so far being 4000—which estimate came through refugees from Santiago—the lowest being 1500. Thirty-nine dead Spaniards were found after the fight, according to General Wheeler's report, and six wagon-loads—so the Cubans say—of wounded were carried into Santiago.



CAPT. A. M. WETHERILL,
6th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

There has been much criticism of that fight, especially from the regulars, among whom there is not a man who does not give it the highest praise. The zeal of the regulars and Riders led them too far beyond the reach of the commanding general. They were caught in an ambush. The end did not justify the means; the position could have been gained with less loss—perhaps with no loss; the Spaniards might have been cut off in the rear, surrounded, and annihilated by the forces already landed, if they had been allowed to come up before the fight began. The moral effect gained, if good and great, was lost through inability to follow it up, and the subsequent inactivity for want of rations, several days—all of which is problematical, a question distinctly with two sides, and not to be settled finally except by future developments and the word of the Spaniard at Santiago when he is ours. But, all granted, for the sake of argument, what then? Who remembers a military mistake when there is a deathless ideal of courage under it? I imagine the Riders would prefer a reprimand for being too far in front to one for being too far behind. As for the moral depression of the Spaniard, the fight of Las Guasimas left the way open to the picket-line around Santiago, along a road that is practically a narrow defile through rough country and impenetrable brush, where ambush is possible every hundred yards, and where a thousand Spaniards, say some of our officers, should be able to hold back the whole army. It is fair to presume that the Spaniards could have blocked our way at any good position along the road if they had been able to hold their own at Las Guasimas.

As for getting caught in an ambush, the Americans knew where the enemy was, and were flushing him as a pointer flushes a quail; so the theory, if true, only adds another advantage to the already perfect stronghold of the Spaniard, and another branch to the laurels the Riders won for dislodging him with such an inferior force. If there had been more Americans attacking, it is fair to suppose that there would have been more killed, as it is sure that more Spaniards would have been left on the field. Besides, the fight, after all, was only a skirmish, and the loss was small; but neither fact matters at all. The fight was a perfect exhibition of dauntless courage. So let critical lips be dumb. Let Old Glory and the flag of the one star wave together, and wave long and high. And from American and Cuban, to regular and Rider, with one throat—and for the Rider let it be opened wide—Hail!

II.

The stars and stripes were on the way to Santiago long before they streamed from the first captured Spanish block-house at the first landing-place at Baiquiri. Before General Chaffee was ashore General Lawton had a line of battle formed, Cossack outposts thrown out, and the flag was fluttering up the valley towards Santiago, rapidly, as were the Spaniards rapidly. That night he had it planted over Siboney. Being the last correspondent ordered ashore, I followed in the wake of the army—forty-eight hours late.

It was hot, very hot, but the road was a good hard path of clean sand, and now and then a breeze stirred, or a light cool rain twinkled in the air. At that hour the Rough Riders were charging a blazing Spanish line of battle, and, far in the rear, and all unknowing, I walked through strange plants, strange flowers, strange trees, to the music of strange birds, with nothing to see that was familiar except sky, mountain, running water, and sand, nothing homelike to hear but the twitter of swallows and the whistle of quail. Cactus, cocoanut-trees, guava-bushes, Guinea grass that is good for fodder, mangoes, mammonsilios, wild lemon, and over all the trembling crown of royal palm. And the birds! Judios—black birds with a strange oval tail—Jews, so called because they go in flocks, have a cry of complaint, are easy to thrive, and bear the aggressive beak of the chosen; the toti, his cousin, with all his traits and half his length; the hermit tocoloro, the French soldier of the tropics, with a body that is red and wings that are blue; the brilliant iridescent tiny colibri—fly-bird in English, oiseau-mouche in French—the spotted pitirre, that seemed to have the same spite against the buzzard that our bee-martin has for the crow; the bijirita, whose claw is raised against every other wing in the air (Spaniard calls Cuban, for that reason, bijirita); and the sparrow gorrion, which the Cuban calls Spaniard, because he is imported from another land and an unwelcome guest. There were no flowers—they are gone now until others come in July—except one flower that, like the Spanish flag, has a yellow heart and a border of blood; and, about a burnt hacienda, and emphasizing its desolation, a big bush of brilliant flamboyants and rioting vines of pale red corallelo—"little coral." Poetic and interesting as it all was overhead, however, that path underfoot was no road for a hard-drinking man to travel. There were too many hideous things crawling across the road and rustling into the cactus—spiders with snail-houses over them; lizards with green bodies and yellow legs, and green legs and yellow bodies; hairy tarantulas that are said not to be poisonous; and hideous land-crabs standing three inches from the sand, and watching you with hideous little eyes as they shuffled sidewise into the bushes. Moreover, I was following the trail of an army by the signs in its wake—the débris of the last night's camp: cans, bits of hardtack crackers, bad odors, by-and-by odds and ends that the soldiers discarded as the sun got warm and the pack heavy—drawers, under-shirts, coats, blankets, knapsacks, an occasional gauntlet or leggin, bits of fat bacon, canned meats, hardtack—and a swarm of buzzards in the path, in the trees, and wheeling in the air—and smiling Cubans picking up everything they could eat or wear.

This I was taking in when the Riders were fighting their way forward, foot by foot, and making the charge that won the day.

"Cease firing and advance!"

No wonder the Spaniards ran—they must have thought that the superb nerve of that charging line had the muscles of the whole army supporting it close behind.

At a big spring I was overtaken by two men. One had a smooth face that suggested subdued temptations, and the other called him, I thought, "captain." The one was a trooper, but the other, the smooth-faced man, was a chaplain. He wore a six-shooter, handled it with loving familiarity, said he asked no odds of any man, could settle a Spaniard at fifty paces, did not mean to be taken by surprise, and therefore, mounted on a mule as high as a dromedary, he carried his "gun" drawn, and almost wept next morning when his colonel told him that the articles of war forbade him to carry a weapon; and yet he was a man of the cloth, from Arizona, and to the Rough Riders—chaplain. The chaplain was much disturbed when we first heard of the fight of Las Guasimas, and groaned in genuine distress when he was told that the adjutant had seen Colonel Wood fall, and had got from his lips a dying message to his wife. The rumors were so thick, conflicting, and wild, however, that we were not sure there had been any fight at all. But by-and-by we met a white man on foot with his arm in a sling. Then came, on a litter, a negro with a shattered leg; then another with a bullet through his throat, and another and another. On horseback rode a sergeant with a bandage around his brow—I could see him smiling broadly fifty yards ahead—and the furrow of a Mauser bullet across his temple and just under his skin. After him we passed a camp of insurgents, little, thin, brown fellows, ragged, dirty, shoeless—each with a sugar-loaf straw hat, a Remington rifle of the pattern of 1882, or a brand-new Krag-Jorgensen donated by Uncle Sam, and the inevitable and ever-ready machete swinging in a case of embossed leather on the left hip. They were very young and very old, and were wiry, quick-eyed, intelligent for the most part, and in countenance vivacious and rather gentle. There was a little creek next, and climbing the bank of the other side, I stopped short, with a start, in the road. To the right and on a sloping bank lay eight gray shapes muffled from head to foot, and I thought of the men I had seen asleep on the deck of the transport at dawn. Only these were rigid, and I should have known that all of them were in their last sleep but one, who lay with his left knee bent and upright, his left elbow thrust from his blanket, and his hand on his heart. He slept like a child.

Beyond was the camp of the regulars who had taken part in the fight. On one side stood General Young, who himself had aimed a Hotchkiss gun in the fight—covered with grime and sweat, and with the passion of battle not quite gone from his eyes; and across the road soldiers were digging one long grave. Half a mile further, on the top of the ridge and on a grassy sunlit knoll, was the camp of the Riders, just beyond the rifle-pits from which they had driven the Spaniards. Under a tree, to the right, lay another row of muffled shapes, and at once I walked with Colonel Wood to the hospital, a quarter of a mile away. The path, narrow, thickly shaded, and dappled with sunshine, ran along the ridge through the battle-field, and was as pretty, peaceful, and romantic as Lovers' Walk now is at White Sulphur. Here and there the tall grass along the path was pressed flat where a wounded man had lain. In one place the grass was matted and dark red; near by was a blood-stained hat marked with the initials "E. L." Here was the spot where Hamilton Fish fell, the first victim of the fight; there brave young Capron was killed. A passing soldier bared his left arm and showed me three places between his wrist and elbow where the skin had merely been blistered by three separate bullets as he lay in front of Capron after the latter fell. Farther on lay a dead Spaniard with covered face. A buzzard flapped from the tree over him as we passed beneath. Beyond was the open air hospital, where were two more rigid human figures and where the wounded lay.

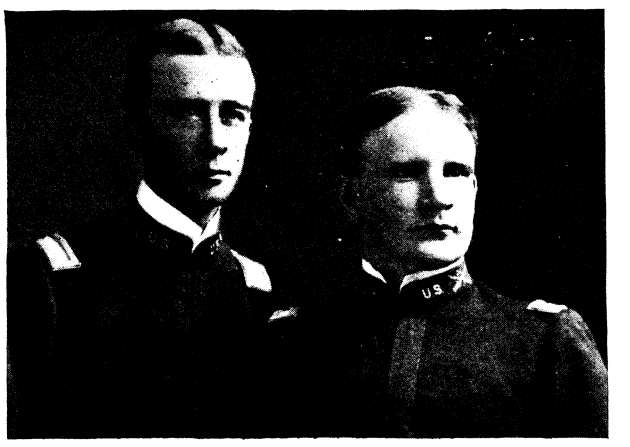
That night there was a clear sky, a quarter-moon, and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, I imagine, and but restless battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast. The rest were placed side by side in one long broad trench, with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was a layer of long thick green cool leaves of Guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled the green plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood the chaplain; around it, the comrades of the dead; along the road straggled a band of patient ragged Cubans, and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. No man could ask a braver end, a more generous cause, or a kindlier grave—a soldier's death, a brother's freedom, and a last resting-place in leaves and white sand.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," sang the soldiers.

And the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done.

III.

Everybody has perfect faith in the American regular, and knows what he can and what he will ever do. General Young did, then, what the nation knew he would do, and his negro troopers fought bravely and well. But the interest of the fight would centre in the gallant conduct of Roosevelt's Rough Riders—or Wood's Weary Walkers, as they were dubbed at Tampa after their horses were taken from under them—even if they had not borne the brunt of the fight. Never was there a more representative body of men on American soil; never was there a body of such varied elements; and yet it was so easily welded into an effective fighting-machine that a foreigner would not know that they were not as near brothers in blood, character, occupation, mutual faith, and long companionship as any volunteer regiment that ever took the field. The dominant element was the big-game hunter and the cowboy, and every field-officer and captain had at one time or another owned a ranch. The majority came from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, though every State in the Union was represented. There were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, University of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Colorado, of Iowa, and other Western and Southern colleges. There were members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the Somerset of Boston, and of crack horse organizations of Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey. There were revenue officers from Georgia and Tennessee, policemen from New York city, six or eight deputy marshals from Colorado, half a dozen Texan Rangers, and one Pawnee, several Cherokees and Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks. There were men of all political faiths, all creeds—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. There was one strapping Australian and one of the Queen's Mounted Police, though 90 per cent. of all were native-born Americans. And athletes a plenty—Wrenn, who twice saved America the tennis championship over England, and Larned, the second-best player in the land; Goodrich, the captain of Harvard's crew in '97, and Bull, who rowed on that crew; Dean, the best quarter-back in Harvard's history, and Greenway, the best end in the history of Yale; Channing and Church, who played football at Princeton; Hollister the runner and Waller the high-jumper of Yale; Stephens the polo-player, and Ferguson and Thorpe, the members of Roosevelt's old polo team at Oyster Bay; and besides these, who were all troopers, Lieutenant Devereux, who played good football at Princeton, and Lieutenant Woodbury Kane, who did the same at Harvard, and who helped win his commission washing



2D LIEUT. JOS. N. AUGUSTIN, JR.,
24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

2D LIEUT. JOHN A. GURNEY.
24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

lishes on a cooking detail for a New Mexico outfit, and washing them, as a superior said, "d——d well."

And more: Sergeant McElhinny, the Louisiana planter, who has an island of his own; Captain Jenkins of South Carolina, son of the Confederate general; Captain O'Neill, ex-mayor, ex-sheriff, and hunter of Indian and white desperado, populist and free-silver man; Captain Llewelyn, who carries four bullets in his body; Captain Luna, who demanded at Tampa that he should be permitted to go to the front and show his loyalty because he was the only man of pure Spanish blood holding a commission in the American army; Sergeant Darry, who was Speaker of a Lower House and Gold Democrat candidate for Congress; Heffner, who, though shot mortally, got Colonel Roosevelt to give him his gun, and, propped against a tree, kept firing until the line went forward; and Lieutenant Thomas, whose father fought in the civil war, whose grandfather was killed in the Mexican war, who had two grandfathers in the war of 1812, three grandfathers in the war of the Revolution, while the fourth was Patrick Henry—all these were citizens of New Mexico. Lastly, there was Captain Capron, who fell—the fifth from father to son in the United States army, a captain of Indian scouts, an expert in Indian sign-language, and a great hunter. There were no laggards in that little struggle. Marshall, the correspondent, kept with the advancing line, taking notes as he advanced, and when shot through the spine kept on writing his "story" between periods of unconsciousness and spasms of pain. Caspar Whitney stood near a Hotchkiss gun and took the fire as coolly as any regular under General Young. Colonel Roosevelt picked up a rifle and led his men on a charge across a space where he thought they needed encouragement; and Richard Harding Davis gave the good service of an officer in the beginning, and afterwards took the gun of a wounded man and fought with the rest.

Such were the men who fought the good little fight of Las Guasimas, and would to Heaven I had been with them! And so, once more, to the Riders, one and all—Hail!

IV.

June 30.

Quiet, modest, forceful Colonel Wood moves on Santiago to-morrow in command of a brigade. Roosevelt's Rough Riders go as Roosevelt's in fact as well as in name. Colonel Roosevelt has made his word of peace good in war. JOHN FOX, JR.

LIEUTENANTS GURNEY AND AUGUSTIN.

WE publish in this issue a picture of Lieutenants John A. Gurney and Joseph N. Augustin, Jr., officers of the regular army, who were killed in the charge up San Juan Hill, July 1. They were graduates of West Point of the class of '95, and they were only boys.

Lieutenant Augustin was born in New Orleans in 1874; Lieutenant Gurney, in Hart, Michigan, in 1872. They entered the Military Academy together in 1891, and were graduated together in 1895. At the time of his death young Augustin had been married less than a year. Gurney was graduated near the head of his class; he was the president of his class, and one of its best loved men, and Augustin had as many good traits as he.

A most pathetic feature in the fate of these two young men is the strong affection that existed between them. They were chums during the four years at West Point; they went into the same regiment, the Twenty-fourth Infantry, so as to be together. When they went together to Santiago they arranged with each other that if one were killed the other should break the news. They fell together. In the charge, when every officer in Gurney's company was struck, Gurney and Augustin were killed. The picture of them is from a photograph which they sat for together only a short time ago.

Certainly all good, kind people owe these brave young men a thought for the happy and hopeful lives they laid down for their duty on San Juan Hill. WILLISTON FISH.

HOW THE "OREGON" CHASED THE "COLON."

BY THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON BOARD.

ON this ship the first call for quarters, 9.25 A.M., had just sounded, and all hands were in their best clean white, and the decks all straightened up for Sunday inspection. The officers of the deck noticed the masts of a ship moving inside the harbor, but no one thought of it seriously, because Sunday was looked upon as a day of rest, and during the month we have been blockading no shots have been fired on that day. But as these masts kept coming in sight, we quickly went to quarters, and ran up the signal, "The enemy is escaping."

When the alarm-gongs rang, the people belowdecks all thought, "Well, somebody has pushed the button for 'general quarters' by mistake," but nevertheless the ship was ready for action in an instant, and all hands were thrilled with a glad excitement to see that Cervera was going to make a dash with his twenty-knot squadron and give us a fight, after all.

Captain Clark ordered one of the marines to fire a 6-pounder at the entrance to call attention to our signal, and I can assure you that our ships were not long in answering.

Well, out came the Spanish ships, described to Captain Clark in a cipher despatch to Rio Janeiro from the Navy Department, which, when translated, read thus:

Four armored cruisers, heavy and fast.
Three torpedo-boats, sea-going class.
Beware!

This was the cream of the Spanish navy, which we supposed to be after our ship when we ran up the coast of South America, and cheer after cheer went up when we saw that there was to be a real fight at last.

We commenced a rapid fire, which was kept up during the whole engagement, and was only broken by a howl of delight when a good shot was fired, or by yells when a torpedo-boat could be seen through the smoke. But the reports of the 6-pounders soon interrupted the latter.

As soon as they got out of the harbor, Cervera took enough time to form his fleet, and then steamed to the "four bells." The *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* were west of us, but we soon passed all but Commodore Schley's flag-ship, and with forced draught joined in the chase.

The *New York*, *Massachusetts*, *Newark*, and *New Orleans* were, so far as the Spaniards could see, out of the fight, so they most likely thought that if they could escape the battle-ships they would have only the *Brooklyn* to contend with. But they had not counted on the *Oregon*, which, with the *Brooklyn*, outstripped all our fleet, and gained steadily on the flying enemy.

We kept up a continuous fire on the nearest ships, and, as they headed inshore one after the other, paid no attention to them, except to send a parting shot from our after-guns to "boost" them along a little faster.

Finally only the *Vizcaya* and *Cristóbal Colon* were left. We had given the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* some pretty hard knocks, and, as the remainder of the fleet were "dusting along" right merrily far astern, we left the ships we had disabled to their tender mercies.

We concentrated our fire on the *Vizcaya*, about 3000 yards on our starboard bow; the *Brooklyn* was well off-shore of us, on our port bow, sending shot after shot into the unfortunate ship. Finally the *Vizcaya* too made for the beach, and with a cheer we sped on after the *Colon*. For a few moments we did not fire, but finally opened on her at a range varying from 9500 to 8500 yards with the forward 13-inch and 8-inch turrets.

Finally we were gratified to see that the *Cristóbal* too was making for the shore, about 50 miles to the westward of Santiago. She hauled down her colors at 1.12, and afterwards ran aground on a shelving gravelly beach. At 1.30 we slowed down, and with the *Brooklyn* ran near the prize.

The *Brooklyn*, being senior ship, sent a boat aboard to receive her surrender, while we ran near, keeping everything ready in case she should open fire again. The *New York* and *Texas*, which had been hull down to the eastward, finally came up, with the *Resolute* and *Vixen*, and preparations were made immediately to transfer prisoners and to attempt to save the ship.

On the *Oregon* the most intense enthusiasm prevailed. As other ships dropped astern it became more and more exciting, so that it was almost impossible to keep the men clear of the decks and behind armor. They insisted upon lining up on the forecastle and on top of the turrets, as the pictures will show; and when all of our ships were out of signal-distance we could look back on the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which we ran on the beach, and congratulate ourselves on being on a 16.5-knots battle-ship. The *Oregon*, by-the-way, has the name of "Yankee Devil" or "Bull-dog" among the Spaniards.

When the *Colon* was run on the beach the Spanish took the time used in making official visits to open all sea connections and to break the valve-stems so that she would founder. The breech-plugs of most of the guns were thrown overboard, and everything possible was done to disable the ship. All of her crew had been very liberally supplied with liquor, so that they were *hors de combat* in more senses than one; the officers looked rather forlorn, but the men were happy and contented. The ship was bountifully supplied with provisions, there being five cows on the forecastle, to say nothing of flour and beef in the fore-hold.

Having done what we could to save the ship, our prize-crew all left her before midnight. She was slowly settling; and after the *New York*, by a very skilful piece of seamanship, pushed her further up on the beach, she was left to her fate. In the morning we saw that she was listed heavily to starboard and resting easily on good bottom, so we steamed slowly towards Santiago.

On the way back we passed the cruisers that had been run ashore; most of them were afire, and it certainly was sad to see such fine ships going to ruin. However, we paid them back for the *Maine*, with interest, so we were happy to give such good news to our countrymen for the Fourth.

The *Cristóbal Colon* was magnificently furnished in her officers' quarters. Silver plate galore, cut glass, statuettes, silk hangings, and other finery were there in profusion.

It was demonstrated yesterday that torpedo-boats have only a small chance in the daytime, and that wood-work is very dangerous. But that is nothing new.

ALLIANCE.

Editor "Harper's Weekly":

Reading a Seattle paper on Sunday, while my ship, the *James Nesmith*, of New York, was loading coal at Union Bay, B. C., for St. Michaels, I got in a sentimental mood, and composed the following lines, not intending to have them printed. The other American captains insisted on having them sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY, so I hereby send them.

Yours, respectfully, Captain C. H. MCLEOD.

YOU'VE used us well, John Bull, we'll own,
Far better than we thought,
When all the world we faced alone
And Cuba's freedom sought.
You've showed your hand as well befits
The glorious fighting race,
That in its zenith proudly sits
In honor's chiefest place.

And we have read the signs, John Bull,
And feel the sweeping tide
That makes the hearts of nations full
While battling side by side.
There is a Providence that rules
In all affairs; it swells
Beyond the wisdom of the schools—
And then, it's blood that tells.

And so, while England touches strings
With no uncertain sound,
The Yankee drops all meaner things,
To meet on common ground.
When Anglo-Saxon can attack,
With hands across the sea,
The Stars and Stripes and Union-Jack
Can set the whole world free.

The thin red line that never yields,
The hearts of oak that dare,
Could face the foe on any field
If Yankees, too, were there;
Could dare a frenzied world in arms
'Mid shot and bursting shells,
And answer Europe's wild alarms
With loud triumphant yells.

Your hand, John Bull, your honest hand;
There'll nevermore be war
Between two nations that must stand
For righteousness and law.
Our jealousies have passed away,
The times we fought are done,
And grandly proud we stand to-day
Like father and his son.

And soon the world will hear a song
In every plain and valley,
As resonant it rises strong,
While millions join the rally.
And "Yankee Doodle" will awake
Your English meadows green,
While Yankee tongues from sea to lake
Will sing "God Save the Queen."

C. H. MCLEOD.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

IN 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.—[*Adv.*]

"BLUE MONDAY" made bright with ABBOTT'S—The ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—as a spirit revivifier. Good stomach makes light heart. Get only ABBOTT'S. —[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic. —[*Adv.*]

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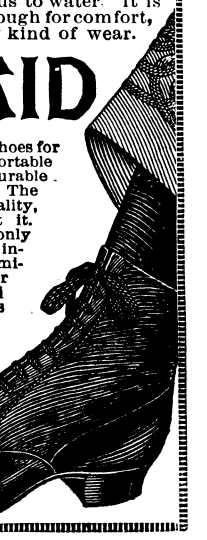
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Pears'
Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.
The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.
Either you do not wash effectually, or you wash too effectually; you do not get the skin open and clean, or you hurt it.
Remedy—Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.
All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

A Leather Lesson
Thick leather isn't always durable. Thin leather isn't always comfortable. Oily leather isn't always waterproof. Dear leather isn't always best. Low price leather isn't always cheap. Vici Kid is always reliable. This is the reason it is fast superseding all other leathers. Vici Kid is the only leather that repels the cold, yet absorbs no heat. It is the only leather free from oil, yet impervious to water. It is the only leather soft enough for comfort, strong enough for any kind of wear.
VICI KID
makes the most beautiful shoes for women, the most comfortable shoes for men, the most durable shoes for children (all colors). The genuine never varies in quality, no matter where you get it. Genuine Vici Kid is made only by R. H. Foerderer. To insure getting it and not an imitation, ask your dealer for Foerderer's Vici Kid. Vici Leather Dressing makes all shoes look better and wear better.
Ask your dealer for it. A book about buying, wearing and caring for shoes mailed free.
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ARRIVAL OF COMMISSARY STORES—HUNGRY REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO WAITING FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.



THE OLD CHURCH—REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO LINED UP EAGER FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



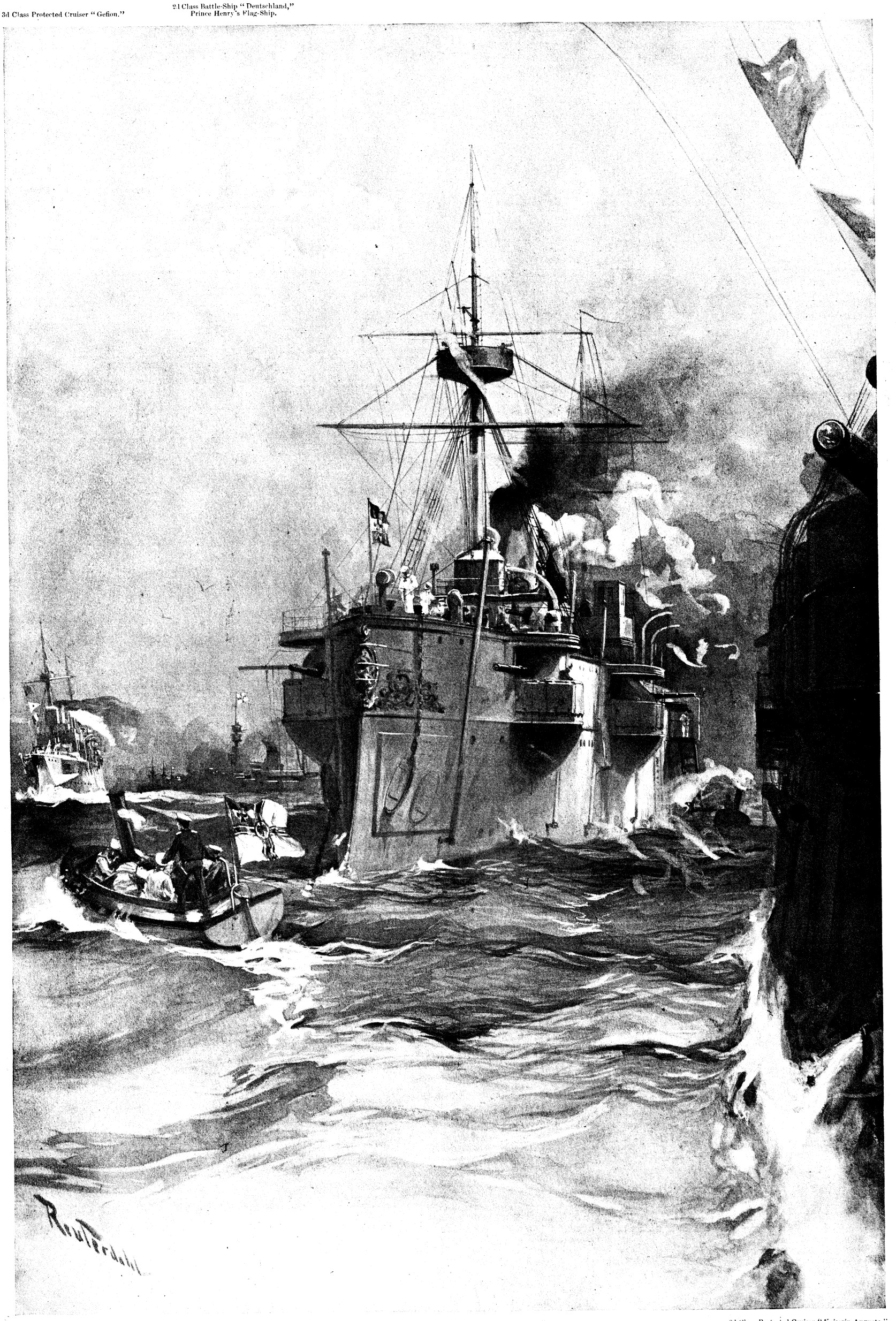
GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF EL CANEY.

AFTER THE BATTLE—SCENES IN AND ABOUT EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

3d Class Protected Cruiser "Gefion."

2d Class Battle-Ship "Deutschland," Prince Henry's Flag-Ship.



2d Class Battle-Ship "Kaiser," Admiral von Diedrichs's Flag-Ship.

2d Class Protected Cruiser "Irene."

2d Class Protected Cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta."

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON IN ASIATIC WATERS.

THE "IRENE" IS THE VESSEL WHOSE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTED TO PREVENT THE SEIZURE OF ISLA GRANDE IN SUBIG BAY.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

OUR SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR.

With Admiral Cervera and 745 of the officers and men of his late command on board, the auxiliary cruiser *St. Louis* arrived in the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from Santiago, on the morning of July 10. Among the prisoners were Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, who was wounded three times, and Captain Emilio Diaz Mareau of the *Cristóbal Colon*, second in command on the ill-fated Spanish fleet. Besides these there were about forty commissioned officers from the vessels *Vizcaya* and *Colon*.

The other Spanish prisoners from Cervera's fleet were sent to Portsmouth on the *Harvard*. The quarters prepared for the reception of the prisoners are on Seaveys Island, in the Piscataqua River, opposite Portsmouth.

The city lies about two miles from the sea, on the south side of the stream, which is wide and deep, and noted for its strong tides. Across the stream, on the Maine side, is the town of Kittery, and the naval station known as the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Down stream from the navy-yard, and reached from it by a short iron bridge, is Seaveys Island, a rock-bound and rugged bit of land of 100 acres or so. At its lower end, on a point by which the tides of the Piscataqua rush fiercely back and forth, is the site of the prison camp. No better place could have been chosen for such a purpose. The land is high, and slopes gently from a sharp ridge toward the rocky shore. On the crest of the ridge, from which the land toward the interior of the island runs back in a kind of plateau, have been built the barracks of the marines guarding the camp, 240 in number. On either end of the ridge, and high above the camp, is placed a Gatling gun, each of which is manned every minute in the day. These guns are above the level of the high board fence that encloses the camp on the land side. Outside this fence there is a "dead line," which is patrolled by a sentry all the time. Inside the camp a large force of sentries pace back and forth, their rifles in the bend of their arms, ready to be thrown to the shoulder at any moment.

The prison camp consists of a number of low one-story wooden barracks and a cook-house. In the cook-house are twenty-one large ranges, on which a force of cooks prepare the food for the prisoners. Soup and bread are the staples.

The sleeping-quarters of the prisoners are comfortable, but hardly elaborate. Mattresses are put on the floors of the barracks at night, and are piled up in the corners in the daytime. Bunks will be built later. Each man has a couple of blankets. There are hooks for hammocks in the barracks, and those who prefer them, and have the money to buy them, are allowed to choose this form of bed.

The day the prisoners were landed from the *St. Louis* forty-seven sick Spanish sailors were taken into the Marine Hospital, and cared for by the doctors there as carefully as if they had been from the American navy. They were all suffering from fever, the result of their exposure in the water and on the beach after the battle of Santiago The hospital is a fine brick building at the upper end of the island. Two wards, built of wood, have been added since the prisoners arrived.

As the men filed down the gangway of the *St. Louis* to board the landing-barge, Admiral Cervera shook many of them by the hand. He was visibly affected.

By invitation of Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* many of the commissioned officers among the Spaniards went to the landing on the tug towing the barge and witnessed the debarkation.

The Captain of the *Colon* volunteered to assist Captain Goodrich in checking off the names of the prisoners as they landed. But after it was over, and his men were about to be marched away to the camp over the hill from the landing-place, he embraced many of the begrimed and unkempt sailors in the line and wept.

Winfield M. Thompson.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Flag-ship "San Francisco," off Havana, *July 8, 1898.*

We woke up this morning to find ourselves lying, with scarcely any motion, about eight miles off Havana. There is hardly a ripple on the waters, and a breeze laden with lotus drowsiness is lazily fanning the ship. The white city of Havana looms in the distance, and with a glass one can easily distinguish houses and the frowning forts of Morro. But both sea and sky are so suggestive of peace that it is hard to imagine that we are engaged upon a blockade, standing guard over that distant city, and ready to fire upon any ship that comes or goes without warrant. Off to starboard the auxiliary cruiser *Prairie* floats upon the still waters, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and close upon our port is the Monitor *Amphitrite*.

The latter recalls humorous memories to a group of young officers sitting fanning themselves upon the poop-deck of the *San Francisco*, and they chant in a rhythmic chorus,

O Perry Garst, so high and mighty,
Tell us true, and tell us right,
Is that ship the *Am-phi-tri-té*,
Or do you call her *Am-phi-trite*?

Lieutenant-Commander Perry Garst was at one time the head of the department of English at the Naval Academy, and this was a problem in pronunciation that used to be laid before him in poetical form.

A French protected cruiser, the *D'Estaing*, has come quietly in, and lies about a mile astern, but I cannot find out what her mission is, and she does not seem to excite any particular interest or concern, and not even a discussion has arisen concerning the correct pronunciation of her name.

A little while ago the cruiser *Montgomery*, one of the blockading fleet, ran alongside within a hundred feet or so. She was hungry for news, and had not heard of Sampson's victory. So the chief incidents of that great fight were wigwagged to her, and when the news had been translated and given out, loud and enthusiastic were the cheers that arose. It did seem to my unsophisticated mind that the news might have been conveyed with greater speed and ease by simply having it called out, as the *Montgomery* was within easy hearing distance, and the day was so still that you could hear the whir of a flying-fish's wings—but then this is merely a landlubber's point of view. A sailor probably prefers to make mystic signs with a flag to lifting his voice rudely and hoarsely across a hundred feet of sea. Besides, the flag method of conveying intelligence is infinitely more poetic and picturesque.

The *San Francisco* left Key West yesterday evening at six o'clock. She is still the flag-ship of Commodore Howell, who has been placed in command of the blockading squadron off the northern coast of Cuba, succeeding Commodore Watson. Besides the *San Francisco*, three ships of the former Northern Patrol Squadron are engaged upon this blockade—the *Prairie*, the *Badger*, and the collier *Southery*. Altogether there are fifteen ships in the squadron—so many Cerberuses jealously guarding the gates to the capital city of Cuba. But the only sop that can be thrown to these watchers must come in the form of shot, and woe unto any ship that tries this game! I have seen little flags twenty inches square perforated at a thousand yards, and God save any larger mark!

Yesterday I spent part of the day at the convent hospital at Key West, listening to stories of the great land-battle about Santiago, from the mouths of wounded men. The evening before, the hospital ship *Iroquois* had come in to Key West, bearing 312 wounded and sick men. Most of these men were convalescing and able to walk about, though some of them limped painfully, and others had arms in slings, while others still were laid out upon cots in the hospital.

The hospital was formerly a health resort for ailing nuns of a Canadian order, but it lately has been placed by the order at the disposal of our government, and a number of trained nurses have been sent down to take care of wounded and disabled soldiers.

I found several of Roosevelt's Rough Riders among the wounded. To them the fight had been particularly hard; for, as they said, they had enlisted as a cavalry, not as an infantry, regiment, and most of them were entirely unused to marching. They had been so boomed in the papers, however, that pride kept them from backing out under any conditions, and so they bravely burned their bridges and left their horses behind them. From their descriptions, the march through a thick jungle filled with huge cacti in a hot and enervating climate must have been a terrible one. Now soaked by heavy rains, now blistered by the sun, they marched on, subjected to galling volleys from enemies in ambush. Smokeless powder gave the Spaniards a terrible advantage; for the Rough Riders—dead-shots as most of them are—could see nothing to shoot at. They could not form more than four abreast at any time, owing to the narrowness of the pathway, and often they were obliged to proceed in single file.

Altogether this attack upon Santiago has been extraordinary in the annals of war. Men with rifles in their hands, and undaunted courage in their hearts, have performed a work which artillery alone should have attempted. But though the soldier evidently knew that some one had blundered, he went bravely on and did his whole duty without flinching.

I was told that the medical attendance was entirely inadequate. The doctors worked like beavers, but there were not enough of them. Some of the wounded were obliged to wait over a day before their needs could be attended to. On the hospital-ship *Iroquois* there was no ice, and the water was warm, so I was informed, and unfit to drink. Fresh meat or fresh vegetables without ice are out of the question in a hot climate. Why cannot some ship-loads of ice be sent down to the hospital-ships? But there are doubtless many pertinent questions to be asked; some might call them impertinent questions.

A few hours before the *Iroquois* came in, about four thousand troops started for Santiago in six transports, under a convoy composed of the *Machias*, *Wilmington*, and *Leyden*. Great enthusiasm prevailed upon the transports as they pulled out, and cheer after cheer rolled over the waters. May the country for whose sake these men go forth to battle so gladly look well after them should the hour of trouble come!

Henry Collins Walsh.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 731.*)

ing as the Spaniards did the first day, it would have cost five thousand lives to take it. Battalions of Spanish troops have been depositing arms since daybreak in the armory, over which I have [placed a] guard...."

A man to be reckoned with, the Archbishop of Santiago, was the most conspicuous figure among those who were present at the reception held at the Governor's palace, where the civil Governor and other officials of the city and province met the American commander. After the ceremony of raising and saluting our flag and taking over the city, the American officers returned to their camp. In the course of the day our troops also took possession of Morro Castle and the batteries at the mouth of the harbor; mines in the channel were removed or exploded; the Red Cross steamer *State of Texas*, passing the sunken *Merrimac* and *Reina Mercedes*, made her way towards the city; refugees crowding back to their homes found that order had been re-established—by conquest—and was to be maintained. As between the American and Spanish soldiers, there were manifestations of good feeling, but already a note of discontent is heard from the insurgents, who have had to play minor parts to-day or be omitted altogether, and who resent Shafter's decision not to displace the Spanish civil officials at present.

The second military expedition from San Francisco arrived at Cavité, Manila Bay. General Anderson now has 6000 troops under his command.

Monday, July 18.—A letter from President McKinley to Secretary Alger contains directions to the "military occupant" at Santiago, with a full statement of the general principles to be observed in the government of that city and the ceded district. Some of the specially significant passages follow: "We come not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba, nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights.... The judges and other officials connected with the administration of justice may, if they accept the supremacy of the United States, continue to administer the ordinary law of the land, as between man and man, under the supervision of the American Commander-in-Chief. The native constabulary will, so far as may be practicable, be preserved.... While the rule of conduct of the American Commander-in-Chief will be such as has just been defined, it will be his duty to adopt measures of a different kind if unfortunately the course of the people should render such measures indispensable to the maintenance of law and order. He will then possess the power to replace or expel the native officials in part or altogether, to substitute new courts of his own constitution for those that now exist, or to create such new or supplementary tribunals as may be necessary.... All public funds and securities belonging to the government of the country in its own right, and all arms and supplies and other movable property of such government, may be seized by the military occupant and converted to his own use. The real property of the state he may hold and administer, at the same time enjoying the revenues thereof, but he is not to destroy it save in the case of military necessity. All public means of transportation, such as telegraph lines, cables, railways, and boats belonging to the state, may be appropriated to his use, but unless in case of military necessity they are not to be destroyed. All churches and buildings devoted to religious worship and to the arts and sciences, all school-houses, are, so far as possible, to be protected; and all destruction or intentional defacement of such places, of historical monuments or archives, or of works of science or art, is prohibited, save when required by urgent military necessity.... While it is held to be the right of the conqueror to levy contributions upon the enemy in their seaports, towns, or provinces which may be in his military possession by conquest, and to apply the proceeds to defray the expenses of the war, this right is to be exercised within such limitations that it may not savor of confiscation. As the result of military occupation, the taxes and duties payable by the inhabitants to the former government become payable to the military occupant, unless he sees fit to substitute for them other rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government. The moneys so collected are to be used for the purpose of paying the expenses of the government under the military occupation, such as the salaries of the judges and the police, and for the payment of the expenses of the army. Private property taken for the use of the army is to be paid for, when possible, in cash at a fair valuation, and when payment in cash is not possible receipts are to be given. All ports and places in Cuba which may be in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation."

Despatches from Havana and London: "Seven American war-ships bombarded Manzanillo (the most important place in the southwestern portion of Santiago province) this morning. Three steamers of the Mendez line were set on fire. Several gunboats that were in the harbor were stranded."

A despatch to the *Sun* from Cavité, *viâ* Hong-kong, says that after the *Irene* incident in Subig Bay "some correspondence took place between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Diedrichs, the German commander, the result of which has been a better understanding."

Tuesday, July 19.—The destruction of the Spanish steamship *Santo Domingo* by the auxiliary gunboat *Eagle* near Cape Francés, Cuba, July 12, was reported by the *Nashville* at Key West to-day. The *Santo Domingo*, a vessel of 5400 tons, was laden with grain and cattle for Havana, and was well armed. The *Eagle* was formerly the yacht *Almy*.

The first troops for Puerto Rico, numbering 6200 men, embarked from Tampa last night and to-day.

The United States transport *Seneca*, with sick and wounded soldiers, who had suffered greatly from lack of proper accommodations, medical attendance, and supplies, arriving at New York Harbor, was detained at Quarantine.

Wednesday, July 20.—The contract for transporting to Spain the officers and men surrendered by General Toral was awarded to the Compañia Transatlantica Española.

General Leonard Wood, formerly colonel commanding the Rough Riders, has been appointed military Governor of Santiago, succeeding General Chambers McKibbin, who filled the office temporarily, and who now resumes command of his brigade.

General Garcia has resigned his position as commander of the insurgent forces in eastern Cuba, and has withdrawn his troops from the neighborhood of Santiago. His letter to General Shafter, explaining his action, is a resentful statement of grievances: neither he nor his officers were invited to be present at the ceremonies on the occasion of taking over the city; the Spanish authorities have been left in power; the most unfavorable views of the motives and conduct of his army are entertained by the Americans. That is the substance of his letter, and he concludes, "I withdraw my forces to the interior."

Thursday, July 21.—The following statement of our government's policy in relation to Puerto Rico, characterized as practically official, or semi-official, was made to-day:

Puerto Rico will be kept by the United States. That is settled, and has been the plan from the first. Once taken, it will never be released. It will pass forever into the hands of the United States, and there never has been any other thought. Its possession will go towards making up the heavy expense of war to the United States. Our flag, once run up there, will float over the island permanently.

A despatch of this date from General Miles says: "We have *Massachusetts*, *Dixie*, *Gloucester*, *Cincinnati*, *Annapolis*, *Leyden*, and *Wasp*, with *Yale* and *Columbia*. We expect to sail at three o'clock." The war-ships mentioned convoy the transports taking the main body of the military expedition to Puerto Rico. Sailing from Guantanamo to-day, General Miles's command should reach Puerto Rico early next week, or about the same time as the detachment which left Tampa last Monday. Other detachments are also under way. Two of the three vessels carrying General Wilson's division (First, of the First Army Corps) and General Ernst's brigade left Charleston last night, and General Schwan's brigade is sailing from Port Tampa to join the invading force off the coast of Puerto Rico.

Friday, July 22.—A despatch from General Anderson at Manila says: "Aguinaldo declares dictatorship and martial law over all the islands. The people expect independence."

M. W.

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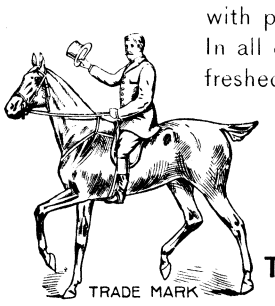
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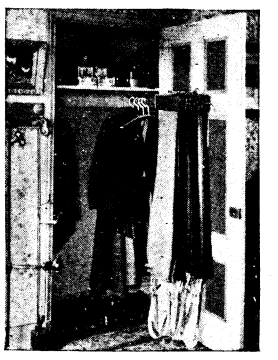
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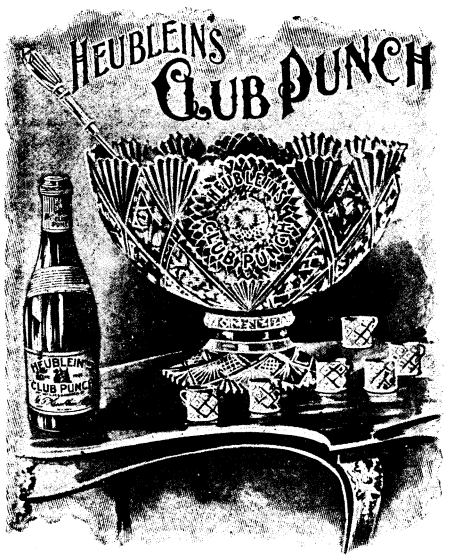
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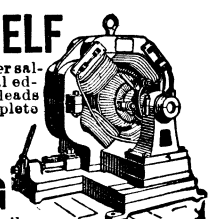


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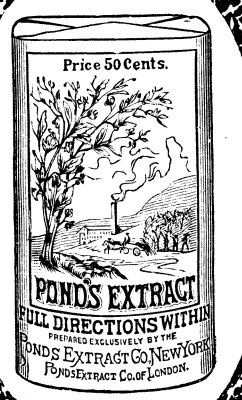
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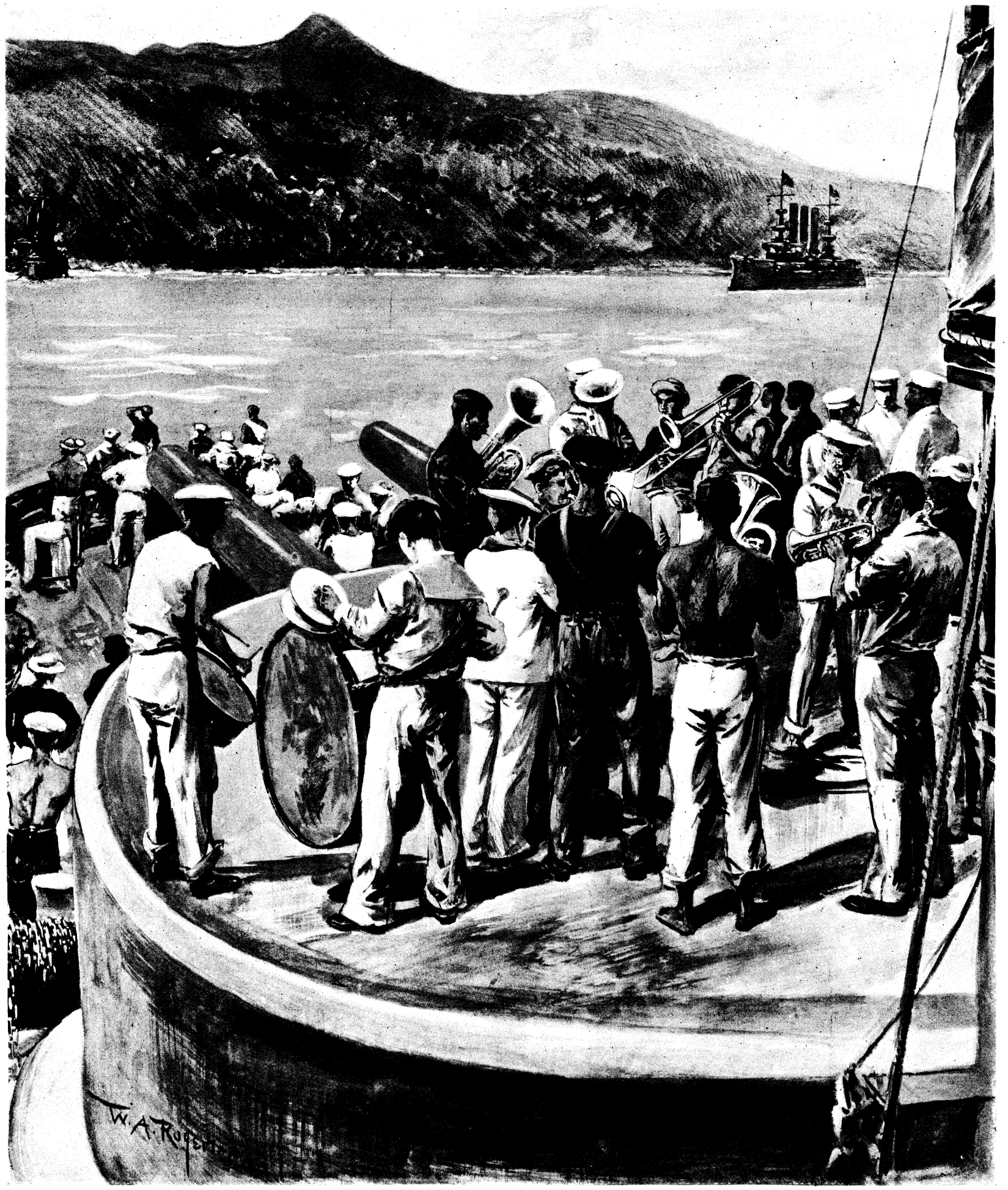
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(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

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T. DART WALKER.	AND OTHERS.

Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither,* Mr. WALKER *is with* General MILES'S *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* Mr. MARTIN *at Santiago.*

GENERAL SHAFTER showed a wise moderation and a just appreciation of SYLVESTER SCOVEL when he declined to try the latter for his journalistic outbreak, and contented himself with metaphorically kicking him out of the lines. Equally commendable was his arrest and expulsion of the yellow correspondents who endeavored to stir up angry feelings against the surrendered Spaniards, and to sell their disreputable sheet, by sticking up posters in Santiago calling upon the passers-by to "remember the *Maine*." Vigorous doses of equal and exact justice liberally administered would be a wonderful cure for the yellows.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S position towards GARCIA and the Cubans is dignified and correct. The war is between the United States and Spain, and the Cubans are not to be considered until it is ended. Eventually the government may be turned over to them in accordance with the promise which we have made. But in the mean time Spain's rights must be recognized, and especially must Spanish people and property be protected from Cuban plunderers. Even if the Cubans were worthy of respect, General SHAFTER'S attitude would be right, but, as a matter of fact, they have shown themselves entirely unworthy of special consideration. Our troops are reported, doubtless correctly, as ashamed of their allies.

WE are inclined to think that Mr. HILL is too much of a statesman to control the Democratic party of New York. He has theories about currency, the tariff, our foreign policy, the constitutionality of laws, and even civil service reform. It is true that his views are generally those which he thinks will please the "boys" rather than those which satisfy his own intellectual processes, but the Democrats of New York do not recognize fine distinctions, and are coming to regard their ancient wire-puller as a "doctrinaire." When a modern New York Democrat begins to talk about anything but the "stuff," he at once becomes an object of suspicion. He appears like an educated man, an independent, a mugwump. MURPHY and CROKER and Boodle are good enough for New York Democrats, and these will control the party convention this year, and will throw away any opportunity which PLATT'S rule may have given the decrepit organization. If Mr. HILL wants his leadership restored, he must stop writing about the constitutionality of the BLACK election dodge and all other "hifalutin" notions, and confine himself strictly to business, as "NED" MURPHY and "DICK" CROKER do.

IT is perfectly true, as suggested by the *Outlook*, that this country cannot conduct the government of such a dependency as the Philippines would be in accordance with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The *Outlook* is not a Republican party journal, and may therefore be entitled to the belief that despotic government is better for some kinds of people than self-government, although, in our opinion, any American who believes that our republic can wield absolute rule over alien people is getting ready to agree that democracy is a failure. There are, however, Republicans, men who, for party reasons, turned over the Southern States to "negro domination," who are now equally sure that there may be some rule better than that of self-government for such savages as those of the Philippines and that we can administer it. We are not disposed to dispute the general proposition with these advocates of democratic despotism, but we are quite sure that a mixed government, such as they advocate—viz., self-government for ourselves and a despotism for islanders of the sea—would prove a disastrous failure, and that there would be great danger to the democratic part of it. Democracy, we insist, is not capable of maintaining a despotic rule over alien peoples, but the advocates of Philippine annexation are now confessing that, if we take the islands, we must rule them ourselves without regard to the wishes of their people.

SPAIN has at last asked for peace. Naturally the Queen Regent chooses the French ambassador as the medium through which she appeals to the President for terms. France has been Spain's friend. Spain has had enough of war, and is in deep distress. She has practically no navy left. She cannot begin to pay the interest on her indebtedness and maintain the forces necessary to carry on even an unsuccessful war, being already nearly a year in arrears to her troops in Cuba. There is nothing but gloom in her near future, and absolutely no hope whatever for her unless peace is made. The Queen Regent and the SAGASTA government have been deterred from asking for peace, on account of conditions at home. It is true that the commercial classes favor peace, for peace is the breath of their nostrils, and that the people at large are described to be callous and indifferent, morally and mentally benumbed. The army, however, has insisted on fighting to the last, and it is from fear of the army that the government has refrained from making overtures. Now that the Carlists are threatening, and Don CARLOS is apparently making his way to the frontier, Spain has her domestic enemies actually on her back, and needs peace more than ever—needs it absolutely if the present dynasty is to be maintained. As for ourselves, we have certainly had enough of war, victors though we are. Enough American lives have been sacrificed for the ungrateful Cubans, and enough American money has been expended for the furtherance of the ends of the Jingoes. We have got out of the war all the good that can be obtained from it, and we have had enough of evil and sorrow. The longer the war goes on, the greater will be the evil and the deeper will be the sorrow—also the more widespread will be the corruption that always attends war. "Let us have peace," as General GRANT said—as all real soldiers always say when honor is satisfied and the objects of a war have been attained. And in making peace let us be generous.

IT is not for the purpose of self-laudation that the WEEKLY recalls the fact that it was the first journal to ask justice for the regular army from the daily newspapers that were giving all the honors of the war to the volunteers, even the honors that the regulars were winning, but for the purpose of saying that the daily newspapers have done better by the army since then, and to show how keenly alive are the faithful public servants of the army to evidences of appreciation. In proof of this we give the following extracts from personal letters written to the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY by officers of the regular army. One writes:

> Why is it? Three of the West Point graduates who have only been out since April have fallen, either killed or wounded. Not a word to their memory in the papers. It is pleasing and gratifying to know that at least one paper appreciates what the army is to the country, and is willing to give them credit for what they do; and it is earnestly hoped that now and then a word of praise or some mention of a heroic deed may be read from the pages of HARPER'S.

And another says:

> Let me thank you on behalf of many officers of the regular army for the action of your paper in showing the real part played by the regulars in the series of battles in the vicinity of Santiago. I can assure you that, although only regulars, we appreciate the praise which, until given by HARPER'S, was as carefully omitted in the New York papers toward us as it was lavishly given to the three volunteer regiments which were fortunate enough to be at the front.
>
> Somewhat slowly, since your article, has come a recognition that the (about) twenty regular regiments present did at least the duty, expected of course, of professional soldiers.

We trust that these letters, written as they are from full hearts, will convince the daily newspapers that regulars love justice and appreciate recognition of the services which they willingly render to the country. Certainly they can reap little honor besides kind words. Even professional rewards of a permanent character cannot be won by our soldiers as they are won by the soldiers of other countries. At the best, honors gained on the field of battle are temporary, and the most valuable of them go to volunteers.

THE reports of Admiral SAMPSON, Commodore SCHLEY, and the captains of the squadron are clear and convincing accounts of the splendid fight which ended in the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. They show, as Admiral SAMPSON said:

> When all the work was done so well, it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of CERVERA'S squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the commodore in command of the second division, the captains of ships, their officers and men.

And Commodore SCHLEY says that the "victory seems big enough for all of us." In the presence of this fine spirit, the politicians and newspapers that have sought to make trouble by offering exceptional honors to SCHLEY in depreciation of SAMPSON ought hereafter to remain silent. It is clear enough that each ship fought on its own account its full and gallant fight, and that the fleet was prepared because SAMPSON had maintained his watchful guard of the harbor. One fine incident of the fight is brought out by these reports—the heroism displayed by officers and men in their efforts to save the lives of the Spanish officers and sailors from the burning wrecks. Speaking of this, Admiral SAMPSON said:

> This rescue of prisoners, including the wounded, from the burning Spanish vessels was the occasion of some of the most daring and gallant conduct of the day. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete.

We cannot omit, either, Captain EVANS'S splendid tribute to his men:

> The officers and men of this ship behaved admirably. No set of men could have done more gallant service. I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and as tender as American women.

And Captain CLARK of the *Oregon* said, speaking of his ship's company:

> I feel that they rendered meritorious services to the country, and while I cannot mention the name of each officer and man individually, I am going to append a list of the officers, with the stations they occupied, hoping that this may be of service to them should the claims of others for advancement above them ever be considered.

And so in such deeds and words, civilization, humanity, generosity, and their kindred virtues shine through the smoke of battle, and reveal the nobility of our fighting brother.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

IT is too early to say positively that the Santiago campaign will fully justify itself, although there can be no doubt that very much of value has come out of it already, while much more is well within the possibilities. Good may even come out of the evils and weaknesses which accompanied and marked the preparation of the army, its transportation, and its glorious triumph, if Congress will consent to be impressed by the lessons which are manifest to every intelligent observer of the campaign, and will act upon them with the same unselfish dutifulness and devotion to the country which have animated the officers and the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy. That the campaign is immediately successful, that its direct object has been attained, is, of course, the obvious fact in favor of its conception and its conduct, but more than this has been gained, and we are especially glad of the opportunity to recognize the merits of the campaign, since we were convinced that it set out without that due preparation which time did not permit the administration to make, and at a season of the year which is full of danger, especially to unseasoned men, from the most dreadful of tropical diseases. That these reasons against the departure of the expedition in the summer existed, and were strong, is now shown to be true by the unnecessary discomforts from which the men have suffered, and from the breaking out of yellow fever in the ranks of the regular army. But we shall not now indulge our sympathies, which may, indeed, only call forth a bluff expression of patriotism and indifference to hardships from the safe and luxurious fastness of the War Department building at Washington. The most important question at present is as to the military and political value of the capture of Santiago.

Besides the success of the expedition, which was made possible by the co-operation of the navy, the country has, as we have said, other results of the campaign to be grateful for. First of all, we have discovered the enormous value of the regular army, its absolute trustworthiness.

This is due not only to the skill and education of the officers, but to the confidence felt in them by the rank and file, and to the excellent training which the men have received. West Point and the army have paid the whole cost of their maintenance in this campaign, and it is to be hoped that the politicians, with whom, in the end, rests the fate of these admirable institutions, will realize the fact that the war has demonstrated the essential value of the highest order of education and of training for the military establishment. We do not speak now of the high courage and devoted patriotism which have been manifested by our land and naval forces—courage and patriotism which have called forth encomiums from foreign observers and students of the military art. American courage has spoken for itself and needs no eulogist. It was the common characteristic of both the regular and the volunteer. If any one lacked it before El Caney or on the heights of San Juan, it was because his presence there was not entirely voluntary. But the great virtues besides mere courage that shone forth in the splendid charges by which those points were captured, charges that at the moment were declared by foreign officers to be foolish and impossible, were the coolness of the regular officers, their unselfish solicitude for their men, and the devotion and confidence of the latter, the belief that they were being conducted through the hail of Spanish bullets in the wisest manner. We have in mind the testimony of a volunteer soldier who did his duty at San Juan, and who, unable to find his own officers, joined the regulars in their bloody march up the now famous hill. So moved was he by the moral influence of the regular officers over their men, he says, that the moment he found himself with them he no longer felt alone, but as if under a guiding and protecting power that had his welfare and safety in mind and at heart. And this splendid confidence, which was his by association, as it was his temporary comrades' by training, strengthened his nerves and steadied his hand and step. It is of enormous value to the country to have learned this of its fighting force, not only because it makes us sure of our officers and soldiers, but because it increases our regard for American citizenship and for American institutions, which have made such men as these possible.

This is the great moral gain of the campaign, and that we are able to count this precious gain is due to the fact that by reason of a badly planned movement, for which, we understand, no officer was responsible, the fight was one of regimental and line officers and of their men, in some instances of men without officers. To these simple and dutiful Americans was the victory, and from these we receive an inspiration which even now seems to have changed the spirit of the nation, to have made it more proud of itself. If the stimulus of pride and self-respect be lasting, we may expect to find the people demanding of their civil servants the same unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism which led their servants with the colors through tropical jungles and up the heights at Santiago in the face of almost certain death, and, under the ungrateful system established and clung to by our politicians, with no hope of reward save the consciousness of duty done and the gratitude of private fellow-citizens.

There are other gains, to be sure. The administrative force of the army, which is the creation of Congress and of influential politicians, has been weak, but American enterprise, ability, and tireless industry have accomplished wonders. The army was not ready to start from Tampa. It still lacks the uniforms for the tropics that it ought to have had before going aboard the transports. There was too large a proportion of raw men in the ranks. There was, and is, no powder of the right kind. There was a dangerous lack of horses and artillery. The men had too little to eat, and their food was not of the proper kind. Above all, there was a cruel disregard of the comfort and welfare of the sick and wounded. The want of medical preparation and the consequent suffering of the troops were criminal. But a great deal was actually accomplished, and nearly all the preparation for transportation was made after the declaration of war. The regulars, as they were before the new recruits joined, were ready to move at once. Some of them, especially the regiments on the Pacific coast, did move in an incredibly short time after receiving their orders. The credit for this readiness, however, is due to officers of the line, and not to any civilian, or to a staff hampered and limited in every way by politicians. Finally, we have the material gains of the campaign, the eastern end of Cuba, the city and harbor of Santiago, the prisoners taken from Blanco's force, the guns, and the ammunition. We have also the opportunity to show both the Cubans and the Spaniards the advantages of decent and honest government. If now the victory will induce a speedy peace, the campaign at Santiago will vindicate itself. That is the one gain which will excuse the undertaking before complete preparation for it was made, and the needless sacrifices, including the deaths from yellow fever, few or many, that were the consequences of lack of such preparation. If peace comes before November, the Santiago campaign will be justified. But otherwise it will not be, because all the other gains, moral and material, might have been had after the rainy season at a much smaller cost to the army.

From the evils and weaknesses that have attended the triumph, one great lesson has been learned—that Congress is unfit to control the military force, and that it ought not to exercise the war power unless it is also willing to make ready for war. The condition of the defences of the country when war was declared was disgraceful to the war power. Six weeks after the war broke out New York Harbor was so defenceless that almost any fleet could have entered it. Now that this condition of affairs is over, and the harbor is thoroughly protected, it can be safely revealed that some weeks after war broke out the forts in New York Harbor had so small a supply of ammunition that the newly recruited artillerymen could not be drilled in gun practice. The country had been drifting towards war for a year or more, and Congress had done nothing to make ready for it. If the war had been declared against any other European power than Spain, we fear that the country would have been greatly humiliated. We owe our victory not only to the virtues of our own troops, but to the weaknesses and military vices of our enemy. For our own condition of unpreparedness Congress is entirely to blame, and the effect of Congressional control of military matters is also lamentably shown in the disposition of civilians in authority at Washington to interfere with soldiers in the field. If our politicians learn the lesson of their own folly from what has happened, if they can be induced to appreciate the narrowness of our escape as a consequence of that folly, again the Santiago campaign will not have been in vain. But if they do not learn this lesson, then nothing remains but an early peace, compelled by General Shafter's success, to serve as an excuse for this too early campaign in the tropics, in winter clothes, with insufficient food, without necessary war material or transportation, without sufficient medical supplies against yellow fever, and Spanish infantry armed with Mauser rifles and supplied with smokeless powder.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.

Nothing could be more interesting than the commotion that has been raised by the mention of the name of Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. The mention is the more exasperating to the Republican politicians because their violent objections to it are none of them such as can be avowed. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Governor would be as unobjectionable from the point of view of party politics as from that of public service. His numerous and persistent and pugnacious efforts for political reform have all been made "within the party." Nobody pretends that he ever supported a Democratic candidate or a Democratic measure. He was a Republican member of the Legislature a good many years ago. Not quite so long ago he ran a deliberately losing race as the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, although his sanguine disposition blinded him, after he had actually entered it, to the certainty of failure. This is the kind of party service that is held, according to the strictest political casuists, to constitute a "claim"—as the fact that the candidate is away fighting the battles of his country, and doing nothing whatever to promote his own candidacy, is held to constitute an availability. The evident fact is that Mr. Roosevelt is a "good Republican," and that he has "served up" to the Governorship. There is no producible or available reason why he should not be nominated.

The real objection is one that cannot be produced. It is that, good Republican as he is, Mr. Roosevelt's Republicanism ceases when it becomes incompatible with common honesty. He was not a good Republican as Civil Service Commissioner because the acceptance of that office imposed upon him the necessity of laying aside his partisanship while he was in it. He was not a good Republican as a Police Commissioner of New York for the same reason. He did not understand bipartisanship as a means to "deals," and he took no account whatever of the "political faith" either of an applicant for appointment or promotion or of a violator of the law. The impetuosity and gusto with which, in enforcing the laws, he moved along the line of most resistance constitute his principal political weakness. For they made it appear to be his belief that the chief end of a Police Commissioner was to prevent a German from gaining access to beer on Sunday. But the Republican politicians cannot openly allege that as a reason against his candidacy either. For the law, which was expressly drawn to prevent the drinking of beer on Sunday, was a "good Republican" law. If its friends and supporters expect that in practice the enforcement of it could be tempered by political considerations, they will not have the face to make their expectation a cause of offence against the Police Commissioner who enforced it against all saloon-keepers and all drinkers alike.

In addition to his other claims, Mr. Roosevelt has the distinction of the only new "war record" within reach of the Republican party of New York. His service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was, in the judgment of those best qualified to judge, highly creditable to himself and highly useful to the country. That service does not constitute so much of a "war record" in the eyes of conventions, and possibly of voters, as his subsequent service in the field, though it may well be questioned whether it was not of much more national importance. However that may be, it will hardly be disputed that the First Volunteer Cavalry has shown that it constitutes the most efficient fighting force of raw men, or rather of a raw regiment, that has ever been assembled. If it be true that it was got into trouble by the inexperience of its officers, it was got out again by its own tenacious courage as well as by the help of a regiment of regulars; and in courage there was no deficiency or difference among officers or men. The assemblage of this unique body could hardly have been managed except through the personal influence and energy of Mr. Roosevelt. And if even this feat is less important than what he might have done if he had remained at his desk in the Navy Department, and continued to kindle the enthusiasm of his chief, the fact that he has been risking his skin in Cuba constitutes a more obvious claim upon his party than any term of possibly more useful but less showy work in a bureau.

The real and unproducible reason why the Republican politicians object to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Governor is the reason why the Republicans who do not live by politics should favor it. It is that his Republicanism is limited by his honesty and his manliness. He would be of no more use to one of the factions into which the Republican party is happily split than to the other, and consequently neither of the machines "has any use" for him. A disgraceful proposition conveyed from Governor Black through Superintendent Payn would have no more attractiveness for him than a like proposition coming from Senator Platt through Congressman Quigg, and *vice versa*. He would doubtless make his share of mistakes. But they could not prevent him from being the most useful Governor New York has had since Grover Cleveland. That means a much larger measure of public usefulness than is open to him in the army.

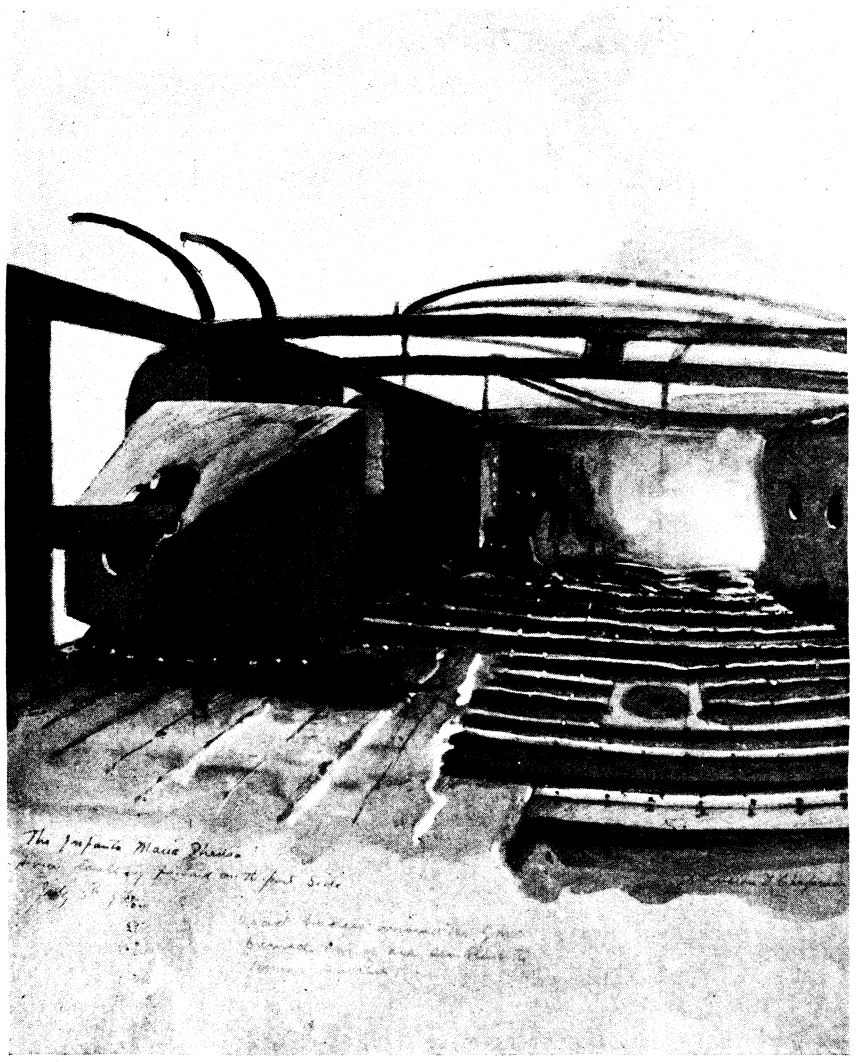
DIARY OF THE WAR.

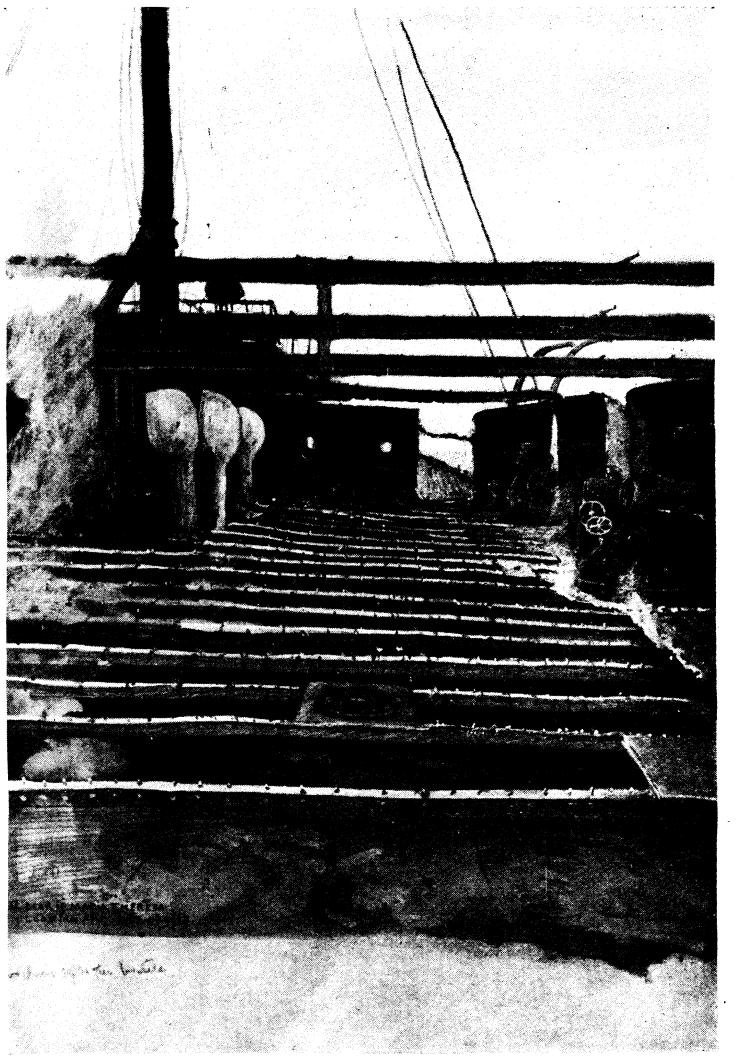
Friday, July 22.—At Manila the situation has several new elements of interest in addition to the declaration of a dictatorship by the insurgent leader Aguinaldo. The disembarkation of the troops of the second expedition began last Tuesday at a point two miles from the city; the attacks of the Filipinos upon the Spanish outposts have been more vigorous of late; the statement is made that Aguinaldo has been so much encouraged by his successes that he is now trying to create conditions in the islands which will necessitate the recognition of their independence by America as well as by other powers. So far as Germany is concerned, it is felt at Washington that the situation has improved, and that the observance of a strict neutrality by that nation is assured. A good deal of significance is attached to the German ambassador's friendly call at the White House this morning.

Another of the President's visitors to day was Lieutenant Hobson, who came to Washington in obedience to a letter of instructions from Admiral Sampson, to "explain the position and condition of the *Cristóbal Colon*," and to urge that steps be taken immediately so that "this fine ship may be saved to the United States navy." Of the other vessels that composed Cervera's fleet only the *Maria Teresa* will be saved.

The Navy Department has received Admiral Sampson's official statement in regard to the bombardment of Nipe yesterday. (Nipe is a port on the northern coast of Santiago province, lying between the ceded territory and Holguin, where the Spanish forces remaining in the western part of the province have their headquarters.) "The expedition to Nipe," Admiral Sampson says, "has been entirely successful, although the mines have not been removed. The Spanish cruiser *Jorge Juan*, defending the place, was destroyed without loss to our side. The *Annapolis* and *Wasp* afterwards proceeded to assist in the landing of the commanding general of the army and troops upon arrival at Puerto Rico."

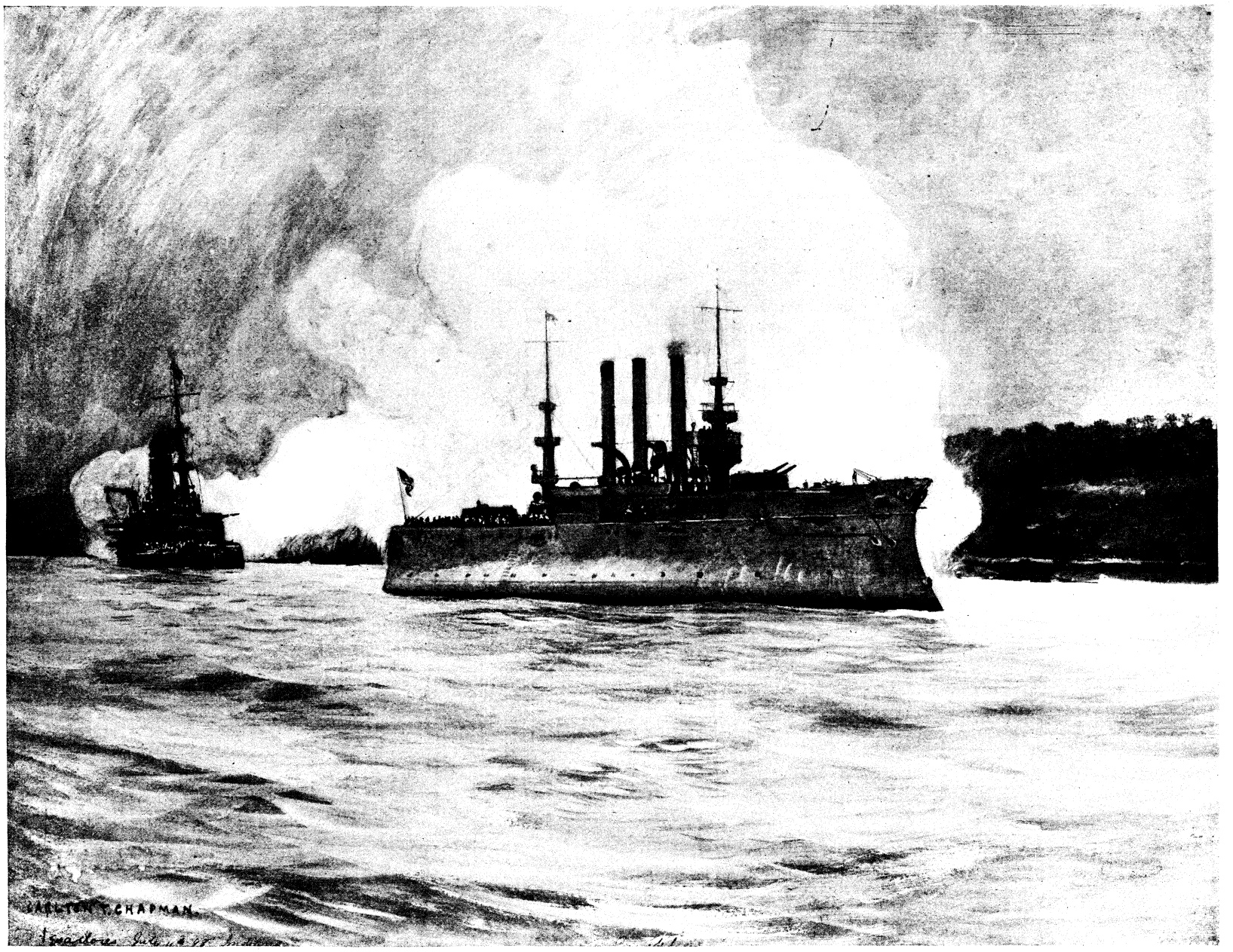
(*Continued on page 778.*)





ON THE SPAR-DECK OF THE "INFANTA MARIA TERESA," JULY 5, TWO DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.

Looking Forward, Port Side. Fearfully charred Bodies lying around the Guns. Looking Aft.



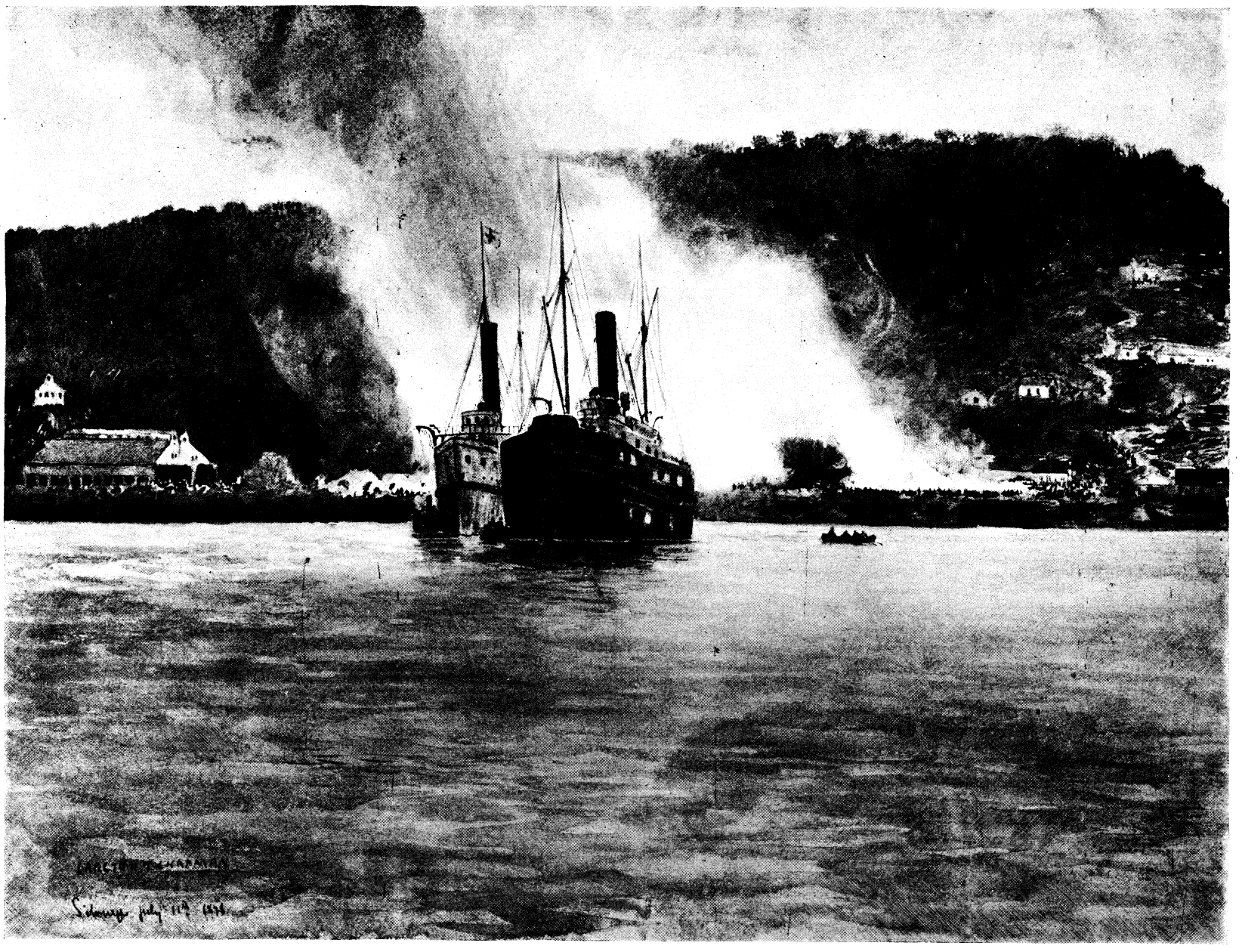
"Indiana." "Brooklyn," concealing "New York," Astern, but nearer Shore.

BOMBARDING THE CITY FROM OFF AGUADORES, JULY 11.

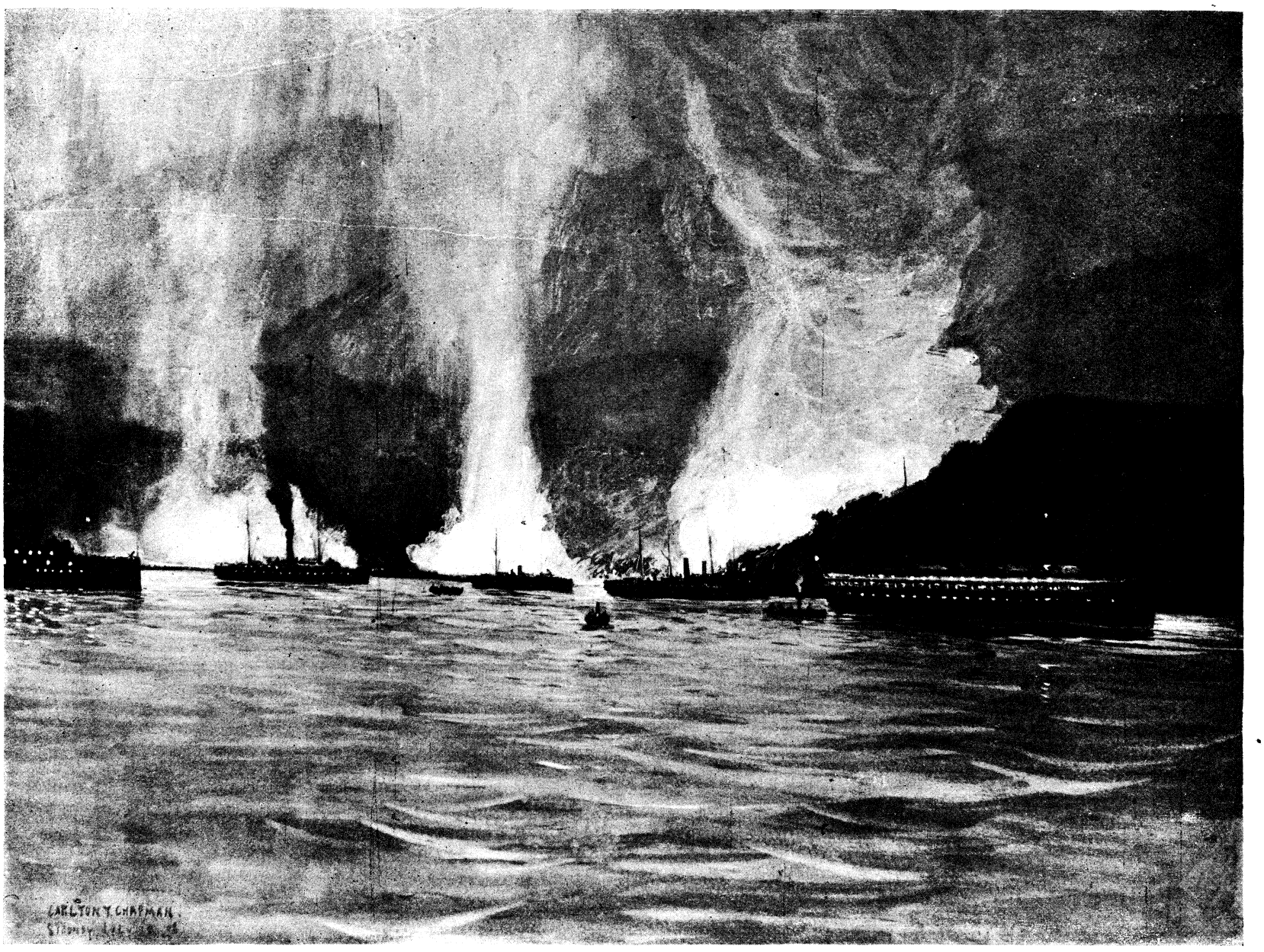
The "Indiana," listed to Starboard by swinging out her big Guns, is firing her 8-inch Broadside.

CLOSING SCENES AT SANTIAGO.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



STARTING THE BLAZE, JULY 11.



VIEW OF HARBOR WITH TRANSPORTS, JULY 12.

BURNING THE FEVER-INFECTED BUILDINGS AT SIBONEY.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

All the Buildings excepting the Railway Stations and Round-house were destroyed, July 11 and 12.

THIS BUSY WORLD

An allusion in this department of the Weekly to a movement undertaken by certain members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union against root-beer has brought a letter from one of the editors of a Methodist paper in Cincinnati, declaring that it is "a very cheap thing indeed to sneer at the order of the White Ribbon." "If you dare," says this gentleman, "smite the saloon and the saloon-keeper." Another letter, from Georgia, disapproves courteously, but with feeling, of a paragraph in the Weekly in which an opinion was expressed that the more moderate ideas of temperance reform represented by Lady Henry Somerset were preferable to the extreme opposition to drink which seems in favor with the American branch of the W. C. T. U. This latter correspondent assumes that alcohol is a poison, and that a law to prohibit traffic in it is quite as just and as far more important than the law that put down the Louisiana Lottery.

Prohibition and the fight against the saloon are subjects too big to discuss in a paragraph, but as for criticisms on movements undertaken in the name of the W. C. T. U., it may be observed that they are not inconsistent with a desire for the highest success of that organization. The W. C. T. U. has a vast amount of zeal, and its general purpose to abate the drink evil is one with which all good people must be in sympathy. But the greater its strength and the devotion of its members, the more important is it that they should be effectively used to accomplish feasible things, and not wasted on endeavors that are foolish or impracticable, or that restrain unduly the liberties of the individual. The ideal condition as to drink is not that no one should be able to get an intoxicating drink when he wants it, but that no one should want to drink to his own detriment. All that the W. C. T. U. can do to induce people to deal warily with intoxicants or eschew them altogether is likely to be useful, but the effort to abolish intoxicants altogether and root out the use of them seems so sure to fail that it appears to be time wasted.

In the Weekly of July 16, Mr. Poultney Bigelow says, in his "Yankee in Spain," that he cannot remember seeing a drunken man in Spain, even among the soldiers, "and Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water." "For myself," he adds, "I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink, but the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap." Two inferences seem deducible from these observations of Mr. Bigelow: first, that a people may be temperate and yet be far from being ideal folks; next, that general temperance is not necessarily inconsistent with an abundant supply of cheap wine. Most of us believe that the smaller the consumption of whiskey and all spirits in this country, the better; most of us, while we tolerate beer and drink it when we choose, think not much better of it than that it is less dangerous than whiskey. Most of us believe in the reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic (especially on Sunday) and in local option, but we also believe that professed total abstinence, though expedient for thousands of individuals, is not necessary to the well-being of the mass of the people. Therefore, when the W. C. T. U. or any other organization presses total abstinence upon us as a duty, we demur; and when it urges the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicants, we are incredulous of the possibility of such an achievement, and even of its expediency if it could be done. But in so far as the W. C. T. U. teaches that alcoholic beverages are dangerous, and tries to teach people to have sense about using or avoiding them, and tries to promote such regulation of the liquor traffic as seems reasonable, we are all with it, and value its efforts.

Doubtless a good deal is done in the name of the W. C. T. U. by auxiliary societies which the controlling minds of the organization do not endorse. It is hard to believe, for example, that so important an organization should bestir itself against so feeble a thing as root-beer. It is possible that, on the principle of hitching to a star, the organization accomplishes more by undertaking the impossible and alleging the doubtful than it would if it limited its efforts to what was more clearly feasible and its allegations to what was beyond dispute. But this last possibility may be doubted, for an organization whose members make extravagant attempts and statements is apt to suffer in its reputation for sense, and so in its influence.

Few episodes of the war with Spain have made more people happy than General Shafter's gentle rebuke to yellow journalism at Santiago. It was an exceedingly mild rebuke, all things considered. We are told that when the Americans got into Santiago two representatives of the *Journal* proceeded to placard the town with great posters inviting folks to Remember the *Maine* and to Buy the *Journal*. This demonstration struck General Shafter as inexpedient in a captured city where every effort was being made to calm animosities and promote peace, and he had the *Journal* men arrested and expelled from the province, with orders not to come back.

Sylvester Scovel's exploit was so exceedingly grave that comment upon it was generally suspended until it was known what the result would be. Being hindered from taking part personally in raising the first American flag over Santiago, he resented interference with violent language, and getting no satisfaction from General Shafter, completely lost his head and tried to strike him. Instead of having him tried by court martial, General Shafter merely ordered him to be sent away. No explanation has been given of Scovel's extraordinary proceeding. It will be remembered that on the day when the Americans went into Santiago food was scarce and drink plenty. Scovel's discretion may have been upset by overindulgence in stimulants, or it is possible that he was entirely carried away by a sense of his importance as the representative of the *World* and lost his bearings. Persons who have had relations with the yellow journals report that the service of those periodicals affects the individuals engaged in it most curiously. It is the policy of these papers to represent themselves as centres of the universe and mainsprings of events. They represent daily that government waits on their utterances, and that nothing of importance is settled in Washington until the one-cent morning papers arrive from New York. It it said that the men who are employed to make these curious representations come in time to believe in them, and to regard the papers which they serve as sources of vast authority, and to look upon themselves as the real representatives of the people, and as persons of more actual power than members of the cabinet or generals in command. Megalomania of this strange sort may have developed in Scovel with such intensity as to carry him off his legs. His father is said to have gone to look after him, and that is well, for he undoubtedly needs competent attention. After years of superabundant means of expressing his views, what agony it must be to him now not to be able to "talk back"!

It will not grieve the Americans at home if the news is confirmed that Miss Schley, of the Paris Peace Society, who went to Madrid to make peace with the Queen-Regent, failed to get access to the Regent or any responsible authority, and was politely urged to get out of Spain. Self-constituted peace-makers who have tried to go ahead without authority have not been very fervently blessed in this war. Much as we want the war to stop, the majority of Americans will be content to have the peace negotiations conducted at Washington by our authorized representatives. If the President can't strike a bargain with Spain, we shall have to wait, and we will doubtless wait with due patience.

It will not be surprising if Dr. Benjamin Andrews, late of Brown University, should find the woollen West very much to his taste. Dr. Andrews likes to talk, and has plenty to say. Since he became Superintendent of Schools in Chicago he has made a speech at Madison, Wisconsin, in which again, as once before, he predicted a great European war, to come pretty soon, with Uncle Sam concerned in it. He calls our traditional policy of non-intervention in European matters "keeping the rôle of the hermit nation," and talks of our "taking a hand in the settlement of the Eastern question." With ideas of this sort running in his head, such a personal experience of territorial expansion as is incident to the transfer from Providence to Chicago must be grateful to his feelings.

A propos of Senator Hoar and Professor Norton, the New York *Sun* accuses the mugwumps of miscellaneous depravities and futilities, and declaring that they are no longer influential at Harvard, says, "The hero of that university community is Theodore Roosevelt, and Professor Norton is only its laughing-stock."

It may be that Colonel Roosevelt is the Harvard hero of the hour, and no discreet person would venture rashly to impeach his qualifications for the place, but it is far, far from true that Professor Norton is Harvard's laughing-stock. No doubt there are plenty of Harvard men who disagree with his political opinions (though many don't), but the very reason why it was important that his views should be disputed, as they have been by Senator Hoar, is that he has been for many years, and still is, so greatly regarded in the Harvard community that his personal opinions carried exceptional weight.

For a good many years one of his courses in Fine Arts has been the most popular course of instruction in Harvard College. It was given for the last time last year. His pupils, most of them, went to him to learn about art and to absorb "culture," rather than for instruction in political ethics. They got what they went after, and got it in large measure, and however Dr. Norton's views on the character of the American people and the policy of the government may differ from theirs, they will be found to be utterly disinclined to think of him as a "laughing-stock." They will not renounce his views of the architecture of Appleton Chapel and the Fogg Museum merely because they have a better opinion than he of the qualities of the American people, and more sympathy than he has with the present war.

What, oh, what would Professor Norton think of American civilization and manners after witnessing a game of baseball as played on the grounds of the New York Baseball Club?

Mr. William Tudor, of Boston, who undertook to collect money to provide comforts and necessaries for Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, announced a fortnight ago that he had money enough. The fund at that time amounted to $697.

Mr. Winthrop Chanler, who went to Cuba on the *Florida* to help Gomez, was shot through the arm while trying to land at Tunos de Zarza, and came home in due time to let his wounds heal. He did not come home, however, until he had been ashore in Cuba long enough to see something of the Cubans with General Gomez, and what he has found to say about them has come very opportunely to modify the pessimistic views about our Cuban allies which have lately come from Santiago. He says he found the Cuban officers with Gomez to be cultivated gentlemen, and the men of the insurgent army impressed him as being excellent fighters, though they have done little fighting for three months past, because the Spanish soldiers all stay in the towns, and the Cubans are not properly equipped to attack towns. He represents, however, that the officers with Gomez distrust the intentions of the Americans in Cuba, and believe that they simply intend to take possession of the country. After hearing from Santiago that the Cubans there are of no use, it is somewhat reassuring to listen to Mr. Chanler. Yet even he is not excessive in his praises, and though he advocates sending supplies to General Gomez, his report of the distrustfulness of General Gomez's officers seems to furnish grounds for hesitation about strengthening them overmuch. One thing is plain enough about the Cubans, whether with Garcia or Gomez—that they are sensitive, and require to be handled with patience and with much tact. It is obvious that it will take time and pains to bring the various elements of the Cuban population into such relations with one another and the rest of mankind that they will work together for good.

The reduction of the assessment on the property of Mr. William Rockefeller at Tarrytown from $2,189,555 to $343,775 is so considerable that it must afford Mr. Rockefeller very marked relief. The ways of assessors often seem past finding out, but the intentions of Mr. Michael Martin, who arranged the valuation of Mr. Rockefeller's property, as disclosed by witnesses, seem to have been no more recondite than merely to take the taxes off the poor and put them on the rich.

The discussion between Surgeon-General Sternberg and the supporters of the Red Cross as to the case of the *Seneca*, and the general management of the hospital service at Santiago, is something to be approached with caution. Miss Jennings, the Red Cross nurse, who came from Siboney to New York on the *Seneca* and did such good work on the voyage, has spoken her mind freely about the over-crowded state of the transport and the lack of supplies and fit provision for the wounded. Her facts are hard to get over, yet some things have been explained. We are told, for one thing, that the object in taking the less seriously wounded men off the *Relief* and sending them home on the *Seneca* was to make room on the *Relief* for the cases that were expected to result from the storming of Santiago. So far the explanation explains, but in the matter of the shortage of supplies and lack of surgical instruments the question seems to be merely who was to blame, for there was failure somewhere, and failure for which the Surgeon-General's department would seem to be responsible.

If the war lasts long enough, we shall probably see the army surgeons and the Red Cross people working together in entire harmony, and all finding plenty to do. Meanwhile one of the victories of the war, so far, was that won by Miss Barton and her accomplices in having the *State of Texas* at Siboney in the nick of time, and in being able to carry supplies and aid to the front in an emergency when the medical corps was overtaxed.

The Nashville *American* reports agitation in Trinity College, North Carolina, because Mr. Washington Duke, of the American Tobacco Factory, has proposed to give the college $100,000, but Judge Clark, a trustee, objects to receiving it because the money came from the sale of cigarettes. It does not appear whether Judge Clark's objection is that cigarettes are unwholesome or that the American Tobacco Company is a trust; but, whatever disturbs him, it seems not improper to suggest to Mr. Duke that Barnard College in New York is asking for $100,000, and would doubtless be glad to receive the whole or any part of it from him. As Mr. John D. Rockefeller has been in the past a liberal benefactor of Barnard, and has lately promised to give $10,000 towards the present fund, it may be inferred that the institution has no prejudice against the earnings of trusts; while as for cigarettes, none are used at Barnard, and neither the students nor officers of that college have any means of knowing (except by hearsay) whether they are deleterious or not. So if Trinity doesn't take Mr. Duke's money, Barnard probably would. But Trinity had better take it.

Barnard's $100,000 must be raised before October 3.

Yale has made one more step towards the possession of the rich legacy left to her by William Lampson, of Leroy, New York. On July 26 the Appellate Court at Rochester decided that the Surrogate at Leroy was right in admitting the Lampson will to probate in spite of objections made in behalf of the decedent's aunt. The estate is worth about $500,000, and nearly all goes to Yale.

The Fayerweather estate, or part of it, is still in litigation, and promises for years to come to afford relief to the necessities of able members of the bar in many States.

The relations between our fighting-men, both on sea and land, and the military and naval representatives of foreign governments who came here to inspect the fighting, seem to be exceedingly cordial. The inspectors seem to have been fully satisfied with the fighting, and the fighting-men with the inspectors. Ashore several of the foreign representatives were actually with our troops, and one hears many stories and reads many more in the newspapers about the intense interest of some of them in the performances of our soldiers, and of their solicitude for the safety of the men, and that the right thing should be done in the right way. There is a natural tendency to want the side to win which you happen to be with, and that seems to have come out strong in these foreign officers who were with our men. There are good stories in circulation about a British military observer in the fighting around Santiago, and of his ejaculations about "our boys," and what "our boys" were doing and what they ought to do. The French observer has spoken with the warmest admiration of the quality of the American soldiers as individuals, and of their remarkable "initiative," which seems to mean the capacity for fighting, each man on his own hook. The capacity of the American soldiers to see and think for themselves was remarked in the civil war. The German military representative has also been very cordial in his appreciations, and has contrived apparently to make himself exceedingly acceptable personally to the Americans with whom he has come in contact.

Napoleon's observation that a soldier could be made in three months but that it took six years to make a sailor is illustrated by the different courses that have been followed by our government in this war in providing officers for the army and the navy. There has been some little talk of favoritism and political influence in the assignment of commands in the navy, but, at the worst, Washington has only meddled in so far as to determine which of several trained officers of a rank approximately equal should be chosen for a particular service. There has been no putting in of volunteer commodores over seasoned sea-dogs. But in the army, while the regular army has been the backbone of the existing military machine, there has been a prodigious hoisting of new-made soldiers into good places, while many first-rate men whose life's work has been soldiering, and who have been long at it, have had no promotion, and little chance to win it. The sad part of it, from the regular army point of view, must be that the volunteer officers in many cases seem to be so efficient. Whatever credit or emolument of any sort there has been in our naval victories has gone to professional naval officers, but of the credit for our land fights, and of the emoluments of war, like promotion and increased pay, a very large share has gone to the volunteers.

E. S. Martin.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HON. JOHN BARRETT, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER-RESIDENT TO SIAM.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TO MANILA.

MANILA, the capital of the Philippines, Spain's late resourceful colony of the East Indies, in whose spacious bay Admiral Dewey's fleet is now at anchor, after winning the first naval victory of the present war, is one of the fairest, richest, and most remarkable cities of the Far East. Warmed by the rays of a tropical sun, cooled by the breezes of surrounding seas, and favored by features of climate and commerce which permit men to grow rich while they remain lazy and content, it is the ideal home of the Spanish official, merchant, or adventurer who would seek his fortune in distant colonies, but still enjoy conditions that ever remind him of his own home land.



THE LUNETA, MANILA.

As I drove leisurely round and round the beautiful Luneta, a broad circular parkway on the water's edge of Manila Bay, where, in the cool of the late afternoon and early evening, society, official and mercantile, Spanish and mestizo, turns out on dress parade to see itself, and breathe the fresh air that comes in from the broad sweep of the China Sea or down from the highlands of the interior, I could easily imagine myself in one of those sunny Spanish ports of the Mediterranean where men lead a dreamy sort of life. What a shock it must have been to the proud pleasure-lovers and old residents who had never failed to boast of Castilian prowess, or missed an opportunity to frequent the Luneta after a day's semblance of work or a long siesta, to realize that Admiral Dewey had suddenly and skilfully dropped a ten-inch shell into the very centre of this little park simply to remind them of the perils of bombardment at the hands of American gunners!

The fleet was lying several miles away, and at that hour the boulevard was deserted, but the gunner's aim was accurate, and the effect even better than if some one of the thirteen churches in the Intramures, or walled city, had been destroyed. That is what might be termed an object-lesson of war. When, later, the inhabitants, recovering from the first paralyzing fear of death and ruin, and led by curiosity, visited this scene of pleasure and target practice, and saw how the shell had landed in the heart of their promenade, like the bullet of a rifle striking the bull's-eye, they beheld grim evidence of the force and skill that had sent their proud ships, that early morning of the 1st of May, to the bottom of the bay.

I.

At this writing the American fleet is at anchor well out in the harbor, near Cavité, with the exception of the little *Petrel*, which is slowly cruising back and forth from the mouth of the river Pasig to the forts of Cavité, doing blockade duty. The admiral's flag-ship — the *Olympia*—the *Baltimore*, the *Boston*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *McCulloch*, and the prize *Callao* are all there, ready for action if necessary, but patiently waiting for the capitulation of Manila and the arrival of troops and supplies from home. The *Zaphiro*, one of the transports, on which, by kind permission of Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, I was a passenger, has gone to Hong-kong with despatches. We shall anxiously look for her return with news from the Atlantic. The officers and men of our brave squadron here had not expected that the glory of engaging in the first regular naval battle of the war would be theirs; but now that they have brilliantly and successfully done their duty, they are impatient to hear of a victory won by their comrades in home waters. They realize the possibility that another Spanish fleet may seek to recover the Philippines, and that in the fight that would result they could not hope to escape unscathed as before; but there is not the slightest suggestion of nervousness, from the admiral down to the stokers, over the issue. They have been under fire once, and they have had practice that ten years' peaceful cruising could not give them.

The criticism has been made by naval experts, mostly foreigners, that when the hour of actual battle should come the crews of our ships, from the lack of homogeneous nationality and from the presence of so many foreign-born men among them, would be lacking in that true courage and devotion which is essential to win victories. The officers of our fleet who watched the men and mingled with them through the hottest of the fight in Manila Bay are unanimous in declaring that their attention to duty and intense earnestness, even after a sleepless night, a breakfastless morning, and an unrelaxed exchange of fire beneath a burning tropical sun, was extraordinary and even beyond their expectations. So intent were they on complete victory, that they showed signs of disappointment when the admiral signalled to withdraw for breakfast after destroying the Spanish fleet and before proceeding to silence the forts at Cavité. And then what an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm and cheering when the battle was over! Old officers who had participated in all kinds of national celebrations and witnessed incidents at home and abroad that had stirred men to the heart state that they never saw so much feeling exhibited, and never were so near the point of tears themselves as when the ships, in passing, cheered one another to the echo, repeated, and cheered again until actual hoarseness forced them to unwilling silence.

II.

Turning from these reminiscences of the battle, which may yet make the Philippines an American possession, we find in this wonderful group of islands and its metropolis, Manila, subjects well worthy of study and investigation. The more that is known and seen of them, the more they please and surprise. Cuba may be rich and a land of vast opportunities, but the Philippines are richer and capable of greater development. Their location on the map of Asia is similar to that of Cuba in its relation to North America. Each lies to the southeast of the mainland and occupies a position of immeasurable commercial and strategical importance. As Cuba commands the Caribbean, so the Philippines do the South China Sea. Both are lands of sunshine and storm, of continued droughts and long rains, of sugar and tobacco, and of elements in control and rebellion that will no more unite than will oil and water.

On the north Manila is approached from Hong-kong direct; on the south, from Singapore. The former route is over a course of 640 miles, and requires about three days. The latter is longer, or about 1200 miles, and consumes six days, unless one travels on a regular Spanish liner, when the distance is usually covered in four and a half days. Fast boats can make Manila from Hong-kong in forty-eight hours or less. The transport *Zaphiro*, conveying the Naval Department's important messages and a few war correspondents, carried us into Manila Bay in about sixty hours, despite her splendid qualities as a roller and promoter of seasickness among those of us who were better landlubbers than sailors. Although there were moments when I did not care much whether a Spanish cruiser overhauled us or not, the hospitable natures of the commander and officers, with their stories of how the battle was fought, from the moment the fleet in pitch darkness stole into the harbor past Corregidor until the last gun at Cavité was silenced, kept me in a cheerful mood, and made me regret that I too had not been a naval officer, and so had the glory of participating in a combat that will mark an epoch in our history. Had Uncle Sam been good enough to have excused me two weeks earlier from my duties as minister to Siam, I might have at least witnessed the fight.

As one approaches the island of Luzon, the largest of the group, the coast presents a varied appearance, with numerous indentations which often afford excellent harbors or anchorages, and with alternating low and high land making here a beautiful valley and there a plain or broad plateau. Barren rocks are set off against wooded mountains, and sandy beaches slip away into green fields that climb up the hills, which in turn roll back into lofty ranges, from whose summits typhoons descend and at whose base earthquakes have their origin.

III.

The entrance to Manila Bay is accomplished by two passages separated by Corregidor Island, which stands like a mighty sentinel challenging all who may enter. Upon it is a light-house with a revolving light that may be seen a distance of thirty miles. This light, as all others on the coast of the Philippines, was extinguished upon the declaration of war, but the navigators of the American fleet knew their way too well for the Spaniards, and kept their bearings at midnight as if it were mid-day. The guns of the Spanish forts on this island had no terrors for our ships; but if new fortifications were erected and equipped with heavy modern cannon, and the channels properly mined, no fleet in the world could pass this gateway. If Manila becomes an American possession, one of our first steps should be to fortify Corregidor Island, and thus render Manila safe from attack. I never entered a harbor that impressed me as easier of protection, and it is a source of astonishment that the Spanish government had not taken adequate advantage of this natural opportunity to defend its great colonial capital in the East.

From a few miles beyond Corregidor the bay widens with a grand sweep to the east and north. Steaming almost due northeast, we see Cavité on the right, with its own small harbor, across which, and under the forts of the town, was waiting the Spanish fleet when attacked in the early morning by our squadron. Further to the north on the rounding shore can be seen the walls and battlements of old Manila, with the tower of the observatory and the spires of the cathedral and many other churches rising above the lower level of the surrounding city. The anchorage for large vessels is about three miles from the mouth of the river Pasig, which flows through the heart of Manila, but ships drawing thirteen feet and less can cross the bar of this busy stream into the inner harbor afforded by its waters. The main bay appears like a small inland sea or a broad lagoon, and has a circumference of over one hundred miles. It is ordinarily as peaceful as a sheltered lake, but in the typhoon season waxes now and then into exceeding wrath. To escape its fury vessels then seek the lesser and more protected limits of Cavité Harbor or run out to Subig Bay, an ideal haven above Point Marivales on the north side of the entrance, which the Spanish government has for some time intended to make a naval station. From Corregidor to Manila the distance is about twenty-five miles.

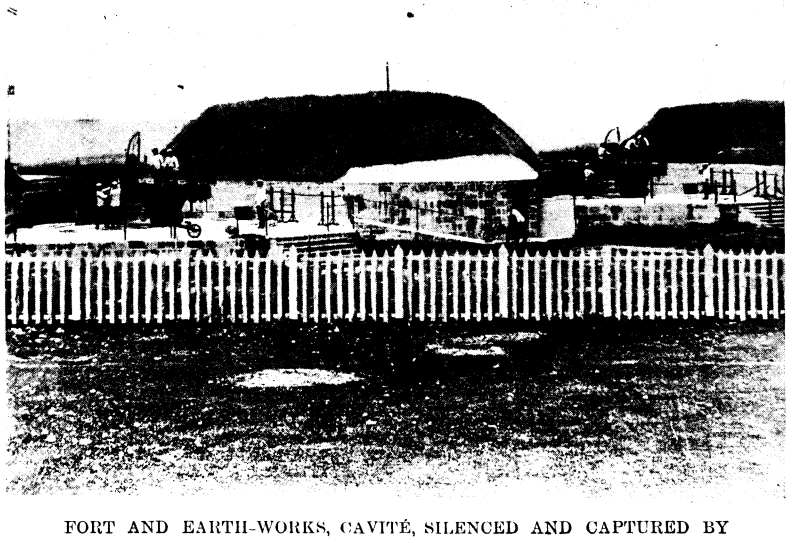
Before describing Manila itself it is well to take our bearings and learn just where we are. On a fair Monday evening we said good-by to Hong-kong — England's mighty Gibraltar and commercial *entrepôt* of the Far East, a magnificent monument of British enterprise and an impregnable outpost of her empire — and steamed out of Kowloon Harbor, where the *Zaphiro* was anchored just over the line in Chinese waters beyond the limits of neutrality. Our course was almost due southeast for 640 miles. Then we stood east and northeast into Manila Bay, arriving alongside the *Olympia* on a Thursday morning, about sixty hours from Hong-kong. Manila itself, according to the chart, is approximately north latitude 14° 36′ and east longitude 120° 57′, on the same parallel as Nicaragua and the Barbadoes, and due south on the same meridian as Shanghai, very nearly seven thousand miles west by south from San Francisco. These points are cited in detail in view of the possibility of American occupation, when every citizen may wish to be familiar with the exact location of America's Oriental capital.

IV.

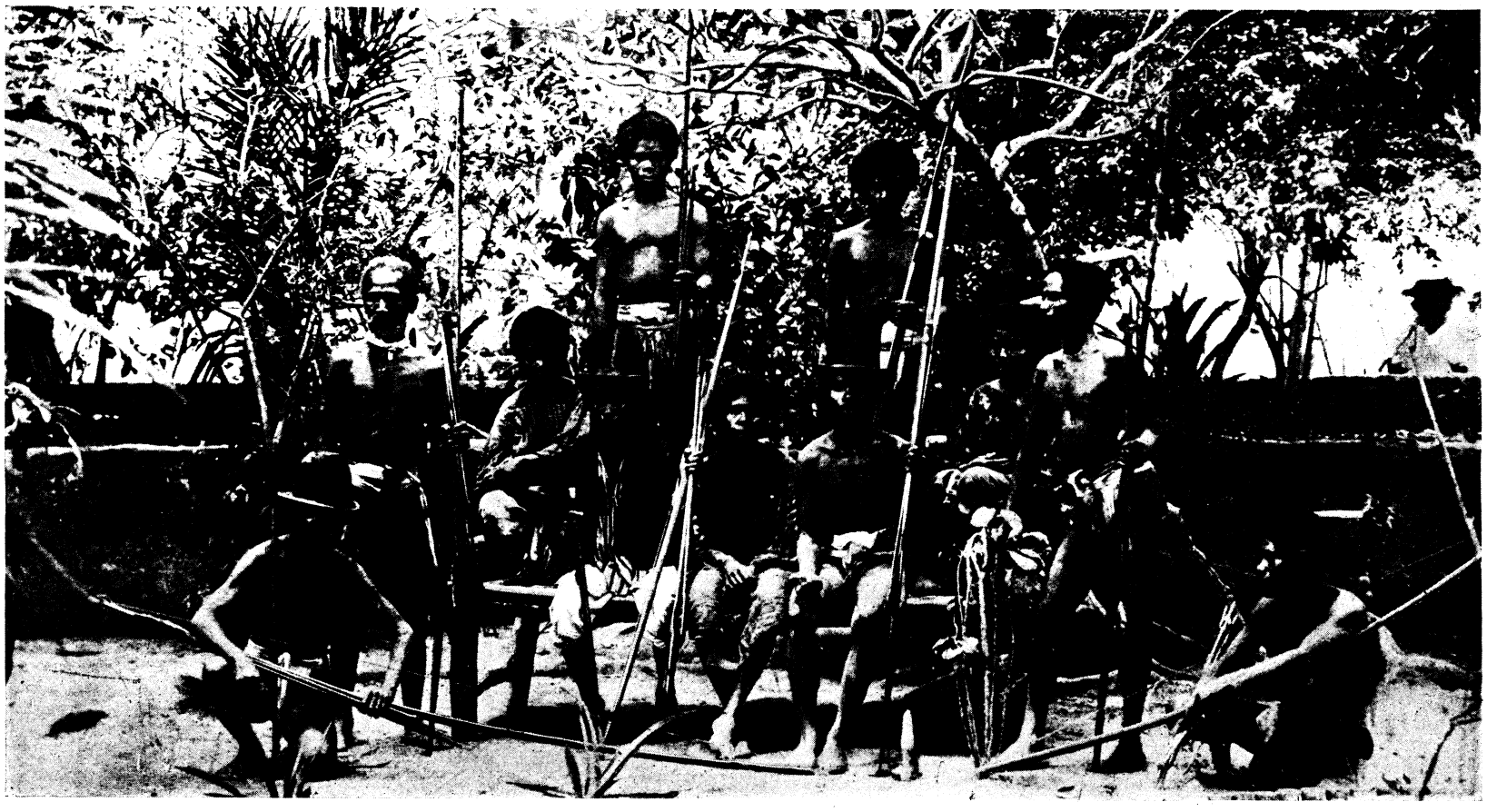
Manila is always interesting. It grows on one. The second impression is better than the first, and the third better than the second. It has its dark, unwholesome side, its tales of woe, misery, and corruption, as well as its bright and cheering features and its stories of joy, comfort, and legitimate ease. It is a metropolis of moods. To-day it is quiet as a graveyard, even sombre and intensely sad — it is a day of special masses by the holy orders. To-morrow it is as lively as Madrid when a mighty bull is to bellow his challenge to the favorite matadore, even gay and hilarious without restraint — it is a day of festivals, celebrations, and cock-fights. The latter days, however, far outnumber the former, and enable Manila to be rated the equal or superior of Saigon, France's pride of the East, and a little Paris in the jungles of Cambodia.

One can walk, ride, drive, or cycle in Manila. The principal streets are hard and fairly paved, and the main roads good, except in the middle of the rainy season, when they often become boggy. Everybody drives who can afford a pair of the wonderful little ponies and a small victoria. Large horses are not numerous and appear out of place, but more are being introduced each year. Bicycles are eventually sure of great popularity with the multitude of suburban roads or paths and the beautiful Luneta, or sea boulevard, with the long avenues reaching out to it and in other directions. I have already described this parkway, but it forms such a popular feature of life in Manila that further reference to it is not out of place. A few miles from the filth and heat of the crowded business section, and open to the bay, lighted by electricity, enlivened by the music of an excellent band, and provided with a promenade, as well as driveway, where the belles and beaux can exchange glances and words while chaperons rest on the comfortable settees, it is indeed a favorite rendezvous for all classes except the English and German communities, who have clubs of their own where they gather in leisure hours.

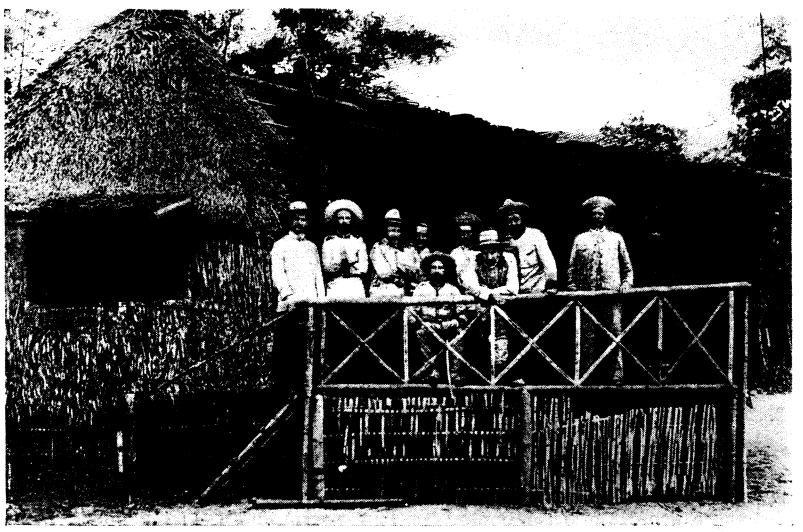
The new English Club is delightfully located beyond



FORT AND EARTH-WORKS, CAVITÉ, SILENCED AND CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY.



CHIEF AND ESCORT OF AETAS, OR NEGRITOS, THE ORIGINAL NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES, LIVING IN MOUNTAINS.



HEADQUARTERS OF OFFICERS OF SPANISH ARTILLERY.



AN INDIAN RESIDENCE, BOHOL.

Don Mariana Llanera, Second in Command. | Don Pedro Alejandro Pateono, Arbiter between Rebels and Spanish. Spanish Captain, Aide to Prima de Rivera. | Col. Yutong. Lieut.-Col. Miguel Prima de Rivera, Spanish Officer in Charge of Rebels. | Col. Gregorio del Pilar, Adjutant to Aguinaldo. | Primitivo Astarcho. | Col. Thomas Mascard.



Don V. B. Guerra, Secretary to Minister of War. | Brig.-Gen. Manuel Irno. | Vincendan Vineagra. | Emilo d'Aguinaldo, Rebel Leader. | Monteneigro. | Benito Nativadad. | Kabington.

REBEL LEADERS, AND SPANISH OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THEIR DEPORTATION FROM THE ISLANDS.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.



SUNDAY SERVICE ON THE SPANISH CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA," DESTROYED IN THE ENGAGEMENT WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON.



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF MANILA.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

the Luneta on the bay shore, and is a neat, hospitable, and well-managed institution. It has billiard-rooms, a reading-room and library, dining-room, bar-room, and accommodation for six or seven guests who may find the hotels uninviting. Facing the water, it is always cooled by the breezes and free from the noxious air of the city. On its veranda the British colony watched the great naval battle from the first to the last gun, and all agreed that it was the most spectacular and thrilling performance they had ever witnessed. When the admiral signalled the fleet to retire for breakfast, the president of the club jokingly suggested that the members invite him to tiffin with them, and direct the remainder of the battle from their veranda. An obtuse Spaniard, on hearing this, rushed off and told the governor-general, with the result that a guard of two hundred soldiers immediately surrounded the club building and demanded of each man who he was before permitting him to pass their cordon. Even the British consul had to carry "two stone" extra of dignity in order to penetrate the line of soldiery, and more than one young fellow intending to dine with a fair mestizo missed his engagement.



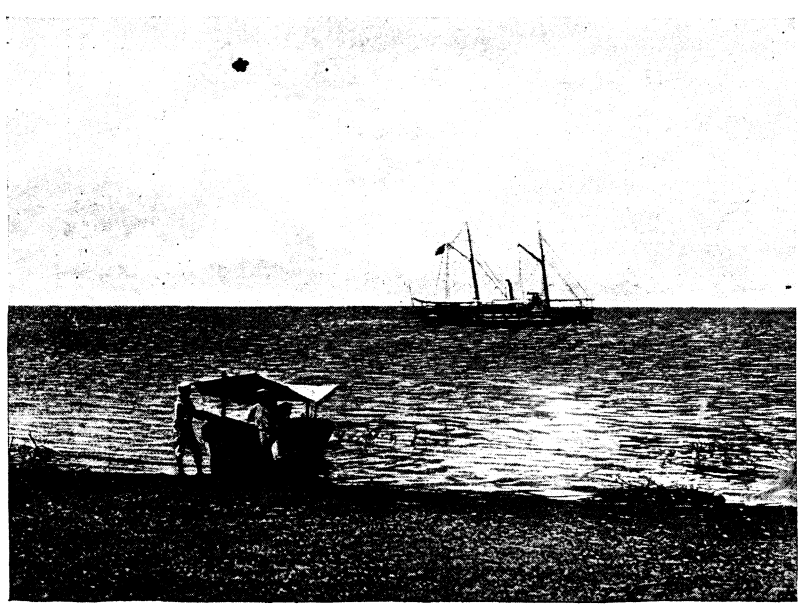
OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES, FRONTING THE RIVER PASIG.

Connected with this club is a tiffin or lunch room annex in the business centre, where all the foreign merchants congregate between twelve and one. The Germans also have a club, which is supported by a considerable number of their countrymen. The Spanish officials, naval and military, likewise have their clubs, so that life in Manila has at least some antidotes to loneliness and dulness. These are supplemented by tennis, golf, boating, shooting, and racing clubs, which prevent monotony, provide exercise, and add to the attractions of the place.

V.

Manila's amusements are not overwhelming in number, variety, or interest, but the buoyancy of the average Spaniard requires some life and gayety to make his stay in the tropics agreeable. Business and pleasure are duly mingled in each day's routine, and needed rest and sleep to overcome the enervating effects of the tropics are not forgotten. With Englishmen, whose home life and surroundings are similar to our own, daily exercise is taken and required. Without it they could not stand the climate; and although the conditions of health in Manila, as in other cities of the hot belt, are unfavorable compared with those of the temperate zone, and men are more easily and frequently stricken with fatal illness, this adverse influence can be largely, if not completely, counterbalanced by exercise, moderation in drinking and eating, precaution against the sun in the middle of the day, and abundance of sleep, including a daily siesta. In Manila men engaged in business usually reach their offices between eight and nine; lunch comes at twelve, and work is practically suspended until two, during which interval, and after the meal, the siesta is enjoyed; work is resumed until four-thirty, when the Englishman goes for his exercise, to be followed by a visit to the club, and the Spaniard takes his chocolate, followed by a drive to the Luneta. Later come occasional dinner parties, but these are mostly confined to the different sets—the Spanish official, including military and naval, the mercantile and mestizo, and the foreigners. There is little exchange of social courtesies between the official Spaniards and foreigners, unless at formal gatherings where consuls and heads of large firms are invited. The usual dinner hour is eight. Calls are seldom if ever made, except among the closest friends, after that, but are confined to the short period of the late afternoon or early evening, when chocolate is served by the lady of the house. This is a most refreshing drink, characteristic of Manila, and much preferred to tea. It is prepared from the beans of the cacao-tree by the servants of each household, and much pride is taken in having only the best that can be made. If you praise a Spanish lady's chocolate you win her smiles at once.

The food-supply of Manila leaves much to be desired. Fresh provisions, meats, and delicacies of good quality are difficult to obtain, and the markets are limited in what they supply. Nearly everybody has the same fare, cooked in the same style. Perhaps for this reason dinner parties are not more popular. Special care must also be taken during the hotter season of the year in regard to certain kinds of fresh supplies—such as fish, fruits, and salads. Dysentery and like afflictions are always in evidence, which usually have their cause in unwholesome food. Fever easily attacks foreigners when not in good general form. The conditions of health, food-supply, and the sanitary arrangements of the city could be vastly improved if it was occupied by a government that would make needed improvements and by people that would encourage better markets. Yet I would not suggest that Manila is an unhealthy city for foreigners, nor that they suffer from a limited variety of food. No one complains particularly, and all seem to keep well and enjoy life who accept things philosophically as they find them, are cautious in regard to their habits, and do not foolishly expose themselves to the heat of the sun. Lest I fail to give the warning elsewhere, let me advise every American, whether sent to Manila as a soldier or travelling thither as a tourist, to provide himself with a large pith hat or helmet to wear during the dangerous hours of the day, from ten to four, when the rays of the sun beat down with killing force. Such headwear for out-door experience, together with an ample equipment of light white duck clothing and thin underwear, will enable a man to keep well and be comfortable at all hours.



SPANISH GUNBOAT DESTROYED BY UNITED STATES FLEET—CAVITÉ HARBOR.

Manila supports a theatre, uninviting in appearance, but where very good Italian and Spanish operas are heard during the cool season, which are attended on special nights by all the ladies in evening dress. Especially prominent are the mestizo girls and young women, daughters of the richer merchants, who usually wear brilliant gowns, and are blessed with bright eyes, pretty complexions, and vivacious manners. A stranger who enters pit or loge is stared at from head to foot, and if he either holds a high official position or is handsome and has plenty of money, he will soon find these stares are only the first skirmishes for better acquaintance, and even charming hospitality. If my opinion were asked of the beauty, style, and dress of the better class of Manila women, whether Spaniards or mestizos, I should speak in complimentary terms. The majority of them are well bred and educated, have good manners and carriage, and dress becomingly. There are exceptions, some of whom were quite noticeable after the declaration of war and during the first days of the siege, in their efforts to insult by act and word anybody and anything that suggested America or American; but they are calming down now, and may yet grow to like us. The Spanish women dress much the same as in Spain, and even in the hottest days wear no hats, content with the ancient and honored mantilla and an umbrella or covered landau. The average well-to-do native woman wears a satin skirt of brilliant perpendicular stripes, and a waist dress, or chemisette, without corsets, and with short wide sleeves. Over the shoulders is thrown a cloth, which stands high at the back of the neck, falls to a point behind, and is fastened décolleté to the chemisette in front.

The Spanish men and advanced mestizos and natives dress like Europeans and Americans; but there is one class that is peculiar because they wear long shirts outside of their trousers. Inasmuch, therefore, as the shirt is a prominent feature of their dress, it is often made, as is the neck-cloth of the women, of a rich and rare texture of pine and hemp, woven with extraordinary skill, and possessing a delicate finish.

I have digressed from amusements to describe dress. Perhaps, in truth, that is not as inconsistent as it might first appear, but the main subject should not be dismissed without mentioning the cock-fights. So popular have they become that they are now farmed out to the highest bidder, who has an exclusive monopoly of the sport in the city or province. There are special laws enacted to cover the size and age of the cocks, and the kind of spurs and helmets they can wear. Wild excitement prevails around a pit, and betting goes on without limit when the birds are well matched. Men will rise from death-beds and soldiers shirk their watch to witness a cock-fight. Gambling goes on among the Chinese and natives to an extensive degree, but this is also farmed and regulated.

There is a series of horse or pony races each year for both gentlemen and professional riders, but I hear that, as the management has fallen into doubtful hands, the Englishmen are planning to form a new and more select organization, or Gymkhana club. Tennis tournaments come at stated intervals, while the supporters of golf, boating, riding, and cycling are increasing in number each year.

VI.

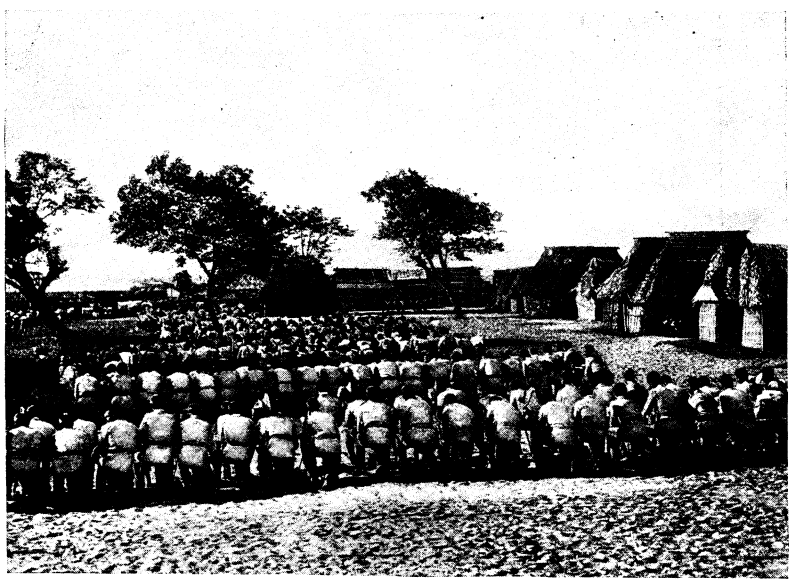
The river Pasig is the main water artery of the city, and the Escolta is the leading business thoroughfare. Before the blockade the river was thronged with myriads of craft of all kinds, small and large, steam and sail, which were coming and going. The Escolta contains the principal Spanish or European retail establishments, while the wholesale hemp, sugar, and tobacco houses are distributed through the business centre, or Binondo. Tram-cars drawn by mules that might be antiquities preserved from the days of Legaspi or Magellan, if speed is a measure of age, run or crawl along the Escolta. The Rosario is the trading centre of the Chinese, who form a large portion of Manila's population. These streets and sections are on the left as one enters the city, or to the north of the Pasig.

On the south side is the famous old city with castellated walls, heavy grim embrasures, and ancient cannon upon their grassy top—once impregnable, but now no protection against the guns of our ships. Surrounded by a double moat and approached by numerous drawbridges, it looks like the ideal abode of those mysterious men who welcome not the Americanos, and preach destruction and damnation for all who will not rise to drive out the ruthless barbarians! It is the home of cathedrals, churches, and chapels of all the many orders that have exploited the Philippines for long years.

If the United States takes full possession of the islands, a serious problem will be the separation of church from state. The ecclesiastics control the government, the finances, law, and politics of the Philippines, and the civil officers that are sent out from Spain are powerless in their hands. Even the governor-general can accomplish little without the permission and co-operation of the archbishop and heads of the different orders. It is a system of church feudalism that has no counterpart in the world. Under its cover undoubtedly the gravest misrule has gone on for centuries, until, unable to bear the yoke longer, the more independent and enlightened natives have been forced into open rebellion. The reforms demanded by the insurgents in the late insurrection were nearly all confined to the taxes exacted by the friars and to the other impositions of religious orders. There may be some redeeming features about this domination, including the education of the natives and the conduct of civilizing and advanced scientific institutions in Manila, as well as hospitals and homes for the indigent, aged, and crippled; but a continuance of the present autocratic sway cannot last long, whether the United States or Spain guards the future of the 7,000,000 inhabitants concerned.

VII.

The first of these ecclesiastics to exploit the Philippines were the Augustinians, who came with Legaspi from Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century. They have been followed by the Franciscans, Dominican Fathers, Religious Devotees, the Society of Jesus, and finally the Capuchins. The Society of Jesus has charge of the famous Meteorological Observatory, where typhoons are discovered and analyzed with the skill of a chemist working on a favorite compound. They also direct the



SPANISH TROOPS HEARING MASS.



RIVER PASIG, FROM THE CITADEL, MANILA.

City Athenæum and Normal School for Teachers, two excellent institutions. The total number of priests or friars in the islands is estimated from 3000 to 5000, of whom 600 to 1000 are located in Manila. The severest criticisms ever written on these orders have come from men of their own faith in America and England. Were they to limit themselves purely to missionary, educational, and medical work, like their brother priests who are doing great good in Siam and China, the Philippines would be far more prosperous, and the people happier and more peaceful. The representatives of the Church met in Manila are highly educated and oftentimes brilliant men. It is difficult to believe that they could ever have countenanced the mendacious proclamation about Americans which was signed by the archbishop and promulgated throughout the islands after the declaration of war and the battle of Manila Bay, but the horrors of war are so extensive that they may even include unholy declarations made under the guise of a holy seal. My personal relations with the friars, whenever I met them, were pleasant. They accorded me every facility, whether hunting in the archives of monasteries for the history of the old Acapulco galleons or seeking their assistance in interior journeys; but my observations on their methods are the frank expression of what I learned from the best authorities and saw with my own eyes. They may themselves yet acknowledge the wisdom of reforms if America shall set up a provisional or permanent government, in which case their experience, education, and influence may prove of invaluable assistance.

An incident that followed the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the bombardment of Cavité illustrates the absolute ignorance, on the other hand, of some of the ecclesiastics in regard to the humanity and civilization of Americans. When officers of our fleet went ashore, under orders of the admiral, to take possession of the fort, a long solemn line of dark-garbed friars wended their way to the water's edge and begged that the *Americans would be so merciful as to spare the wounded!*

VIII.

The great Magellan discovered the Philippines in 1521, in the course of his famous sail around the world, when he passed through the strait that bears his name. He took possession in the name of Charles I. of Spain, but did not survive to report his mighty achievement to his king, being killed in an engagement with the natives on the island of Cebu. Spain assumed formal control of the islands in 1565, and the first governor was the distinguished General Legaspi, whose name will always have high rank in Spanish colonial history.

The Philippines have ever been the home of internal strife and the object of external attack. In the early days there was continued fighting, which bred a spirit of unrest that has never been quieted, and yet nearly all the civil wars have been due to abuses and oppression.

The American fleet is not the first to descend on Manila. In 1606 the Dutch blockaded the port in an effort to capture the Philippines, but their ships were destroyed by the Spanish fleet. Adventuresome Chinese have made invasions from time to time—the chief of which was under command of the daring pirate Li Ma-Hon, who was finally driven into the sea by General Salcedo. In 1762, or 136 years ago, Manila was captured by English forces, and would probably have remained to this day a British colony had not political conditions in Europe led England to evacuate the city, after Spain had promised a ransom of $5,000,000, which she never paid. For this reason there are Englishmen to-day who maintain that it would only be right that the United States should turn over the islands to Great Britain, or give her preference in a sale. Rebellions have broken out in 1822, 1841, 1842, 1872, 1896, and 1897, when the object of the rebels has been to either drive Spain out of the islands or force her to grant sweeping reforms. While none has been actually successful, the last two have accomplished more than the others. From my knowledge of the Philippinos, I do not believe that they would resort to rebellion were they fairly governed and not ground down by taxation.

The present Spanish local government is not unlike that which has prevailed in Cuba, and has at its head a governor-general appointed by the home government, who carries the title of captain-general, and is paid a salary of $40,000. He is assisted by an administrative council of three members and a chief of general direction. Under these are numerous divisions and subdivisions of civil administration, while co-operating with them are military general governments and provincial governments under naval officers, the personnel of which are all paid fat salaries. The average total recorded revenue is $15,000,000 per annum, and is derived chiefly from customs, lotteries, monopolies, and direct taxes. The receipts would greatly exceed expenditures if wholesale "squeezing" did not obtain. I would not intimate that no honest officials are to be found in the Philippines, but there is a legion of those who have itching palms.

IX.

The population of the entire group is over 7,000,000. Manila has not less than 300,000 inhabitants, of which the total of pure-blood Spaniards, aside from soldiers, does not exceed 5000; but the mestizos (half-bloods) number about 50,000, of whom 4000 are Spanish mestizos and 46,000 Chinese. There are also some 20,000 regular Chinese, and, approximately, 300 Europeans and Americans. The large remainder is made up chiefly of pure natives, and natives mixed with Chinese, Malays, and other neighboring races. Notwithstanding the population is considerable in figures, the interior does not appear in the least crowded.

There has been a wide difference of opinion among authorities as to the exact area of the Philippines. Some experts have claimed as high as 160,000 square miles, others state as low as 52,000, but a truer estimate is probably the mean figure of 100,000. Certain it is that they have never been all accurately surveyed. Only approximate coast-lines have been obtained for assistance in navigation.

Suffice it to say that the major portions of them are yet comparatively unknown lands, with unlimited opportunities for exploitation and development at the hands of enterprising Americans. A study of the map interests the student at once, and convinces the most sceptical of the possibilities of discovering or improving new fields of mineral and agricultural wealth.

The climate of Manila is not bad, for the tropics. It is not hotter than Saigon, Bangkok, or Singapore; but, still, it is very different from San Francisco, New York, or even New Orleans. The average range of the thermometer is between sixty and ninety, seldom exceeding the latter and less frequently sinking lower than the former, with a mean point of eighty in the middle of the day. There are the usual rainy and dry seasons. The first lasts from early June to early November, and the second through the other months. November, December, and January are delightful, and Manila is as comfortable as Monaco or Mentone of the Riviera, while March, April, and May are the hottest months. The rainy season does not imply continued dampness. The days are exceptional when the sun does not shine brightly for some hours. Typhoons can be expected from May to November, but September is the worst period. These are now foretold with such precision that preparation can usually be made for full safety and protection. Earthquakes enliven the situation at various intervals, but their number and destructiveness are on the wane. The old resident accepts them as a matter of course, and laughs at the fears of parvenus.

The key to endurance of heat and enjoyment of life in the tropics is contained in the following formula, deduced from several years' residence on the fourteenth parallel: Arise early, bathe in warm water, and enjoy the cool of the morning; breakfast very light; keep the bowels regular; work under a punka, and do not venture into the heat of the sun without a proper pith hat, helmet, or lined umbrella; eat a fair lunch or tiffin, and follow it with a siesta or nap for an hour; continue work up to 4.30 in the afternoon; bathe again, and go out immediately for exercise at tennis, golf, polo, boating, shooting, cycling, riding, walking, or whatever will limber one up and create healthy perspiration; drive, if nothing better is feasible; go to the club, but limit "stingahs" (or whiskies and sodas) to two; bathe again, and dine heartily, but not heavily, at eight, with as limited amount of drinks as possible; if dining alone, retire by ten; if out, be excused at eleven; and sleep without worry of the morrow in a pair of light flannel pajamas and an abdomen (or "cholera") belt, under a mosquito-net, with a "Dutch wife"—as the big bolsters are called that make a bed bearable on a hot night. This summary of health rules may appear out of place under the caption of this article, but I would advise all Americans intending to visit or live in Manila to follow it rigorously, with such exceptions as their own physiques may require.

X.

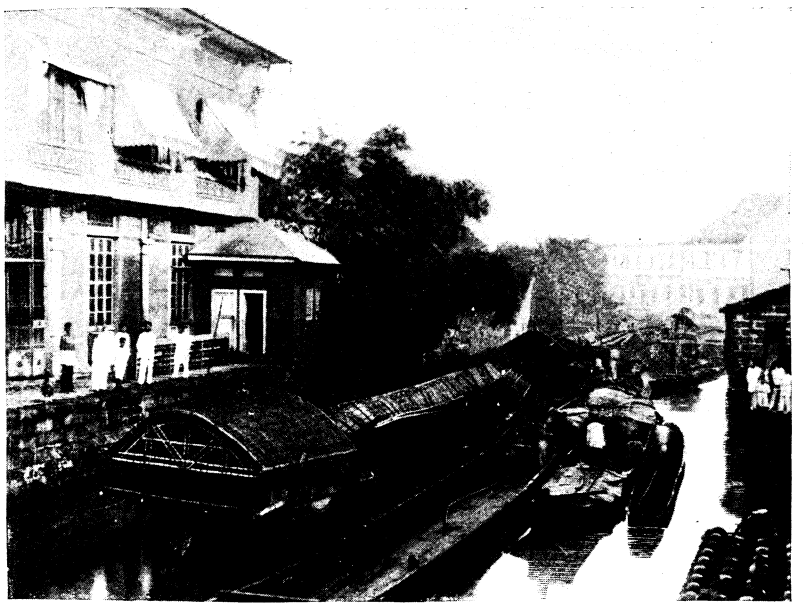
There is sufficient romance woven into the annals of the Philippines and Manila, that dates back to the days when the galleons loaded to the gunwales with golden products sailed over the seas to Acapulco, to give a mellowness to the commercial side of their history that would otherwise be lacking. The hard, stern processes of trade intercourse would, without it, alone attract our attention, and leave the world without interest in those days, the story of which is fact, but whose details read like fairy-tales. Still, we are concerned with the present and not the past. The United States is making war not on traditions handed down from musty ages, but from the necessities of the hour. So what of commerce and trade of the Philippines? In 1894, the latest date for which figures are available at the moment of writing, when and where reference-books are at a premium (for ships going into battle do not carry heavy libraries of trade reports, unless for ballast or fuel), the combined value of imports and exports was $61,708,536 Mexicans—approximately, gold, $30,000,000. Exports exceeded imports by about $2,000,000. In the order of importance the chief exports were sugar, hemp, manufactured tobacco, raw tobacco, and coffee. With the customs returns showing $30,000,000 gold, the man who understands the inside of the Philippines custom-house methods will place the total at $40,000,000 gold. If the United States eventually governs the Philippines, that amount will go up by strides and bounds, until it passes the $200,000,000 mark, or to a point where America will be the chief gainer, followed by Great Britain.

A richer isolated land or group of islands, viewed comparatively as to area and population, variety of agricultural, mineral, and forest resources undeveloped, in addition to those already improved, cannot be pointed out on the map of the world. But it is not only I that say this. Every authority in the Far East that I have consulted affirms this opinion or adds to its emphasis. There are not only gold and silver, but iron and coal; not only vast forests of ship and house building woods, but rarest qualities for furnishing, finishing, and ornamenting; not only great areas given up to the cultivation of sugar, hemp, tobacco, and coffee, but wider reaches of virgin soil untouched, and waiting the hand of the pioneer who is supported by an honest government. There are one or two railways, but there should be a score. There are a few lines of communications with the numberless islands, large and small, but there should be systems of launches and steamers by which every one of these garden spots could be reached and developed. There is nothing to fear from the natives, provided they once know that they are not to be oppressed and tax-ridden.

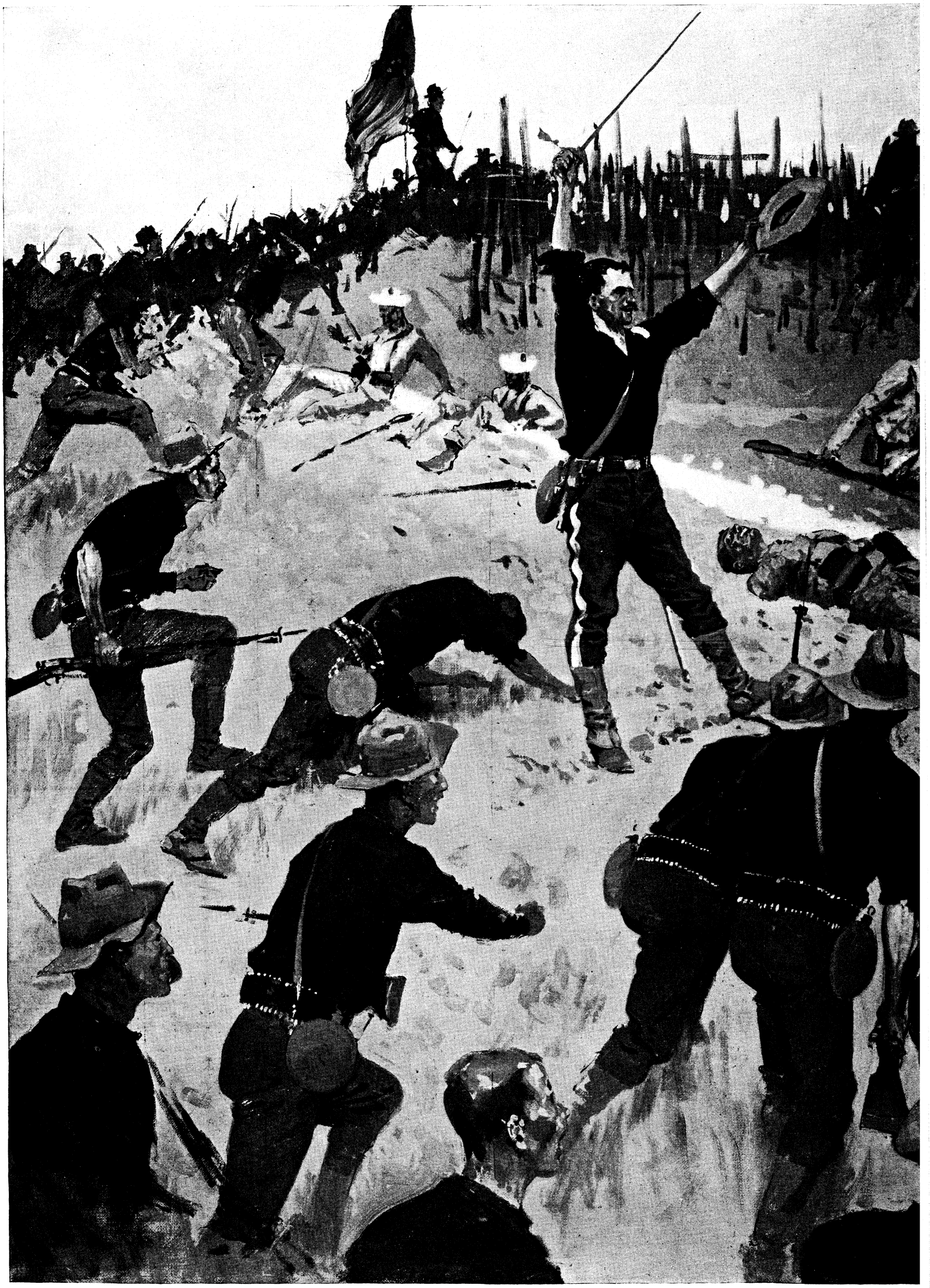
When first I visited the Philippines and



SPANISH BRIDGE, MANILA.

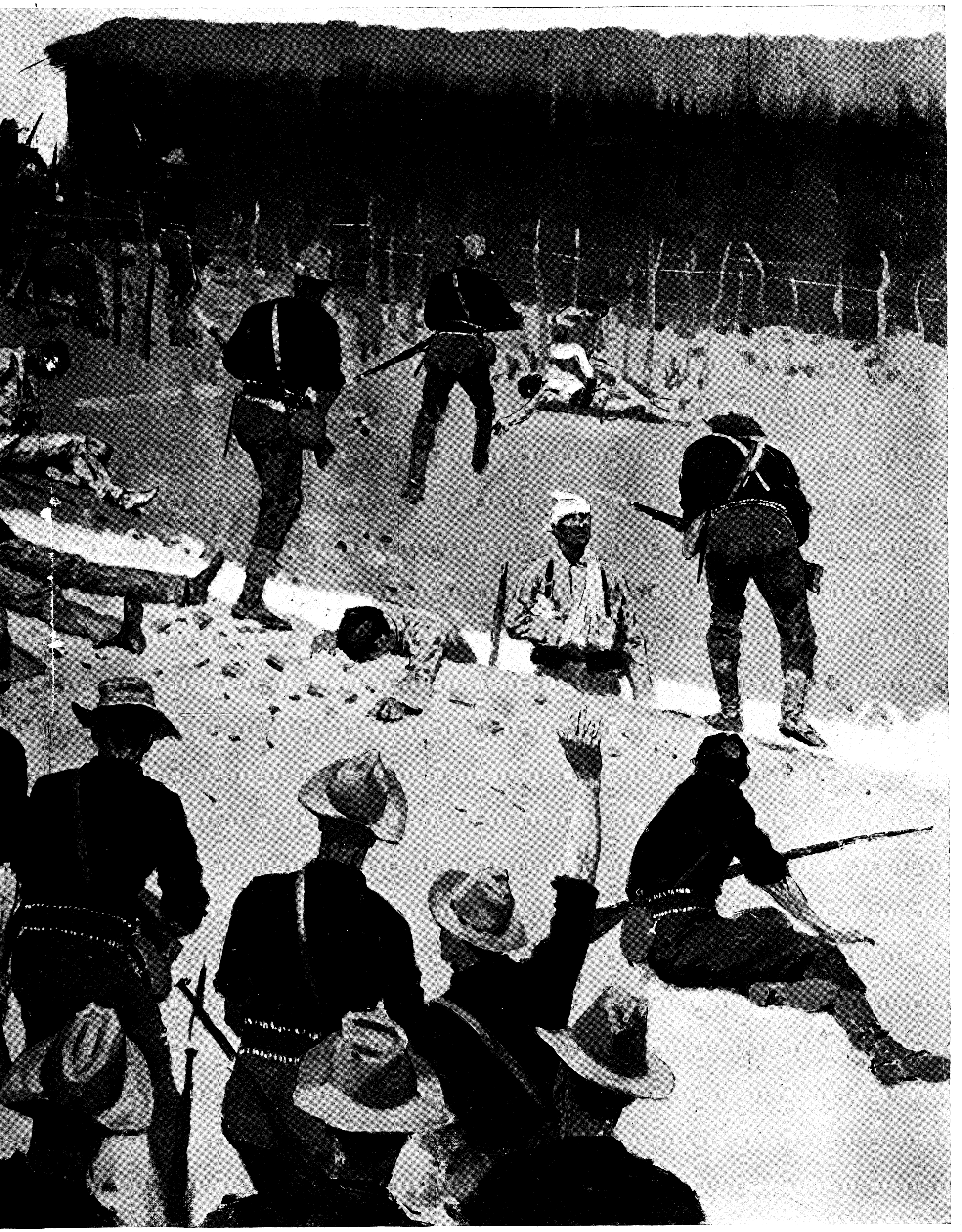


A CANAL IN MANILA.



THE STORMING OF SAN JUAN—THE HEAI

Drawn by Frederic Remington, Special Artist



EAD OF THE CHARGE—SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 1.

TIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

neighboring groups, some years ago, I was so impressed with the prodigality of nature that I made a list of resources that came under my observation. Of woods there are cedar, sapan-wood, iron-wood, bamboo, ebony, logwood, palma-brava, gum, and a wonderful variety of hard and soft woods.

Cultivated or growing wild are to be found hemp, sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, rice, bananas, ginger, vanilla, cassia, pepper, indigo, pineapples, cocoa, cacao, wheat, maize, ramie, and cotton, as well as tamarind, mangoes, durions, oranges, guavas, limes, citrons, jack-fruit, custard-apples, and all kinds of garden products. Of minerals, aside from gold and silver, iron and coal, already noted, there are copper, quicksilver, tin, antimony, saltpetre, and sulphur. From the sea come coral, tortoise-shell, amber, and pearl. Beds of marble and deposits of gypsum are being worked to a small degree. Among the more useful animals are the hardy ponies—not native, but an adapted cross between the Chinese and Andalusian — indispensable water-buffaloes, swine, goats, cattle, and a few sheep, with a long list of wild fauna as varied as the flora, which is indeed marvellous in both beauty and utility. Deer, wild-boar, wild-duck, pheasants, snipe, pigeons, woodcock, afford sport all the year round.

The Philippines are far indeed from being even a tropical paradise, and have their physical as well as political deficiencies, but the description given in these pages contains no exaggeration. The world at large has paid so little attention to Spain's colonies in the East, and the Spaniards, knowing their riches, have so carefully guarded the truth, that it is now most difficult to make men believe what lands of wealth they actually are. If American capital is allowed to enter the Philippines, it will find abundant field for profitable investment, and the traveller and sportsman, as well as the promoter and prospector, will discover new opportunities for enjoyment or gain.

XI.

Were Manila permanently in our possession, or that of some enterprising European power, it could be made one of the most beautiful cities of the world, as well as a splendid commercial *entrepôt* and great seaport. Its location and climatic conditions are favorable to all kinds of improvements. Were the water and river-frontage used to best advantage, new wharves, quays, or bunds constructed, the principal business streets widened and new ones opened, boulevards and avenues leading to the suburbs, which are the residential section, improved or extended, parks laid out, the moats around the walled city cleaned of their accumulated filth, a sanitary system provided to supplement the water-works already in operation, and natural opportunities for a perfect harbor improved, Manila would easily surpass Yokohama, Shanghai, Saigon, and Singapore in attractiveness, and become as much an American capital in Asia as Calcutta is a British metropolis. Likewise, were the main island of Luzon, and the lesser ones of Palawan, Panay, Cebu, Mindoro, and Mindanao, entirely exploited and developed, railways built, communication with the distant interior established, and trade exchange between Manila and the multitude of lesser points, like Iloilo and Cebu, fostered, there would a change come over these islands, the Antilles of the Orient, that would astonish the world. Before our government surrenders them to some other nation, it must consider these possibilities, and whether it will gain or lose by the transfer. If I mention the field for improvements, I would not overlook those that have been already made. While Manila has tramways (which, by-the-way, should be an electric system) on her principal streets, there is an important railway running from the capital northwest, through a magnificent country, for 123 miles to Dagupan. A steam-road also runs out to Malabon, and another is proposed to Cavité. Electricity lights the more frequented streets, squares, parks, and business houses. Telephones are in general use, and telegraph lines run in many directions, including a cable to Hongkong. Fresh water is supplied to the city in pipes, taken from the river Pasig, above the city at Santalan, and as the supply exceeds the demand, there are numerous fountains placed at convenient points where native inhabitants can satisfy their needs.

The great cigar-factories, where the chief industry of Manila is carried on, are well constructed and cleanly kept. Many of them would be a credit to America, and equal in extent and capital invested similar institutions in Havana. The cigars made are as famous in the Old World as Havanas in the New, and entirely supply the Asiatic and part of the European market. These, with the large hemp and sugar godowns seen in the business part of Manila, at once convince the visitor of the natural wealth of the Philippines.

Manila has more newspapers than any other Oriental capital. There are six dailies, of which three are published in the morning and three in the evening. Educational and charitable institutions with imposing names are a prominent feature of Manila, including the Royal and Pontifical University of St. Thomas, under the control of the Dominican Fathers; the College of St. Thomas, with fifty free scholarships for Spaniards; the College of San Juan de Letran for natives; the College of San José, which is a school of pharmacy and medicine, under direction of the viceregal patron; the orphan asylum of Cambobong, in charge of the Augustinians; the St. Joseph's Home for Poor and Demented Children; the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, which has a large staff of physicians, sisters, and assistants, and the Hospital of San Lazaro for lepers. In addition to these there is the Royal Polytechnic Society of Friends of the Country, to promote investigation into arts, science, and commerce; the Library Museum; the famous observatory already mentioned, and many semi-social and musical societies. There is a chamber of commerce to protect trade interests, but whether at present it is an active force for good is doubtful. One of the chief boons it could confer on Manila would be the construction of a good hotel.

The architecture of Manila is not notable, aside from the walls of the old city and a few of the older churches. The frequent earthquakes are the enemy of stone structures. In building, the chief materials used are wood and plaster over lathing, which, when skilfully done, often gives the appearance of stone or cement. The cathedral has been destroyed several times since its first construction in 1578. None of the officials have magnificent residences, but they are roomy and cool. The regular style of domicile of Spaniards and foreigners is a two-story wooden structure, with the living-apartments on the second floor, and the stables and servant-quarters on the first, or ground, floor. The city is broken here and there with squares, which are ornamented by the useful fountains. These squares are favorite lounging-places for the natives, who seem to find life no burden. Despite the rebellions that break out periodically, the masses are of a quiet, tractable, and polite disposition, friendly inclined to foreigners, and hospitable to those in whom they have confidence. Whether wandering through the gay streets of Manila or journeying far into the interior, a man is shown respect who does not treat them unkindly or excite their suspicion. They remind me very much of the natives of Malay and Siam.

They have no one language, except Spanish, which is limited to the educated and higher classes, but are divided by dialects according to geographical location. They all understand a little Malay, of which, in fact, their vernacular seems to be a corruption or branch. English is little understood, except among Chinese servants employed in houses of Englishmen. He who wishes to enjoy the Philippines, or make the best of his stay there, should be able to speak Spanish or Malay.



GENERAL MERRITT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES, IN HIS CABIN ON THE TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."

XII.

To treat comprehensively of such a broad subject as Manila and the Philippines in the limits of an article of this nature is impossible. It can only include a glimpse here and there of capital and country, a few sketches of life and people, a passing glance at resources and opportunities, and a summary of details and data that, elaborated, would fill a volume. There are many better authorities than I on these wonderful islands, and possibly many whose impressions and opinions are very different from mine, and who may dispute some of my conclusions, but I have faithfully endeavored to portray briefly those principal features which I have had the opportunity of noting, and which may be of particular interest, in view of the recent naval battle and probable American occupation.

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

III.

July 5, 1898.

Grimes's battery, too, had ceased firing at El Pozo. His first shot got an angry answer instantly, and the first Spanish shell killed a horse against the blue stucco walls of El Pozo and the man who was loading it with provisions. In a few minutes two sergeants were killed, a corporal was mortally wounded, two artillerymen were badly shot, and several Rough Riders who were halted at El Pozo were slightly wounded. Another shell, exploding in a group of Cubans, had killed several and had wounded a dozen. At this point began the central lane of death, and the terrible procession to the rear was on its way. Men with arms in slings; men with trousers torn away at the knee and bandaged legs; men with brow, face, mouth, or throat swathed; men with no shirts, but a broad swathe around the chest or stomach—each bandage grotesquely pictured with human figures printed to show how it should be bound on whatever part of the body the bullet entered. Men staggering along unaided, or between two comrades, or borne on litters, some white and quiet, some groaning and blood-stained, some conscious, some dying, some using a rifle for support, or a stick thrust through the side of a tomato-can, and not a crutch to be seen. Rolls, haversacks, blouses, hardtack, Bibles, strewn by the way-side where the soldiers had thrown them before they went into action. Nearly all of the wounded were dazed and drunken in appearance, except at the brows, which were tightly drawn with pain. One man with short, thick, upright red hair, stumbling from one side of the road to the other, with no wound apparent, and muttering: "Oh, I don't know what happened to me. I don't know what happened to me."

Another, hopping across the creek on one leg—the other bare and wounded—and using his gun, muzzle down, as a vaulting-pole. Another, with his arm in the sling, pointing out the way to me.

"Take this road," he said. "I don't know where that one goes, but I know this one. I went up this one and I brought back a souvenir," he added, cheerily.

Another tall handsome fellow, a Rough Rider, whom I remembered having seen at social functions in Washington last winter, whom I next saw at Tampa standing for an hour in the hot sun with his roll, and whom I saw now with his hand bandaged — weak, white, trembling, but walking alone, still gentle, considerate, uncomplaining, asserting that he was not hurt except in his hand, and not mentioning the bullet in his chest. I saw him again next morning a mile further down the road, after he had slept in the woods all night with his wound undressed, much weaker, more feverish, but still saying he needed no help, still anxious to give nobody the slightest trouble; and next day I saw him sitting in the hot sun at Siboney, ten miles further on (he had walked the whole way, I think), waiting to get to a hospital-ship—and confessing, at last, that he would like to have a canned peach. He had been shot lying down, and the bullet went through his hat, scraped through the skin along his temple, passed through the palm of his hand, and lodged in his chest. His name was Cosby. I hope he will pull through, and I'd like him to know that I got his canned peach, with a doctor's order, but that he was on his way to the ship when I got back to his hot resting-place on the sand. Such a man and such a spirit has not been hard to find in this fight.

And everywhere men were cautioning us to beware the guerillas, who were in the trees, adding horror to the scene—shooting wounded men on litters, hospital men, doctors. Once there was almost the horror of a panic in the crowded road. Soldiers answered from the road; men came running back; bullets spattered around us; and Whigham, the bridge of whose nose was still raw from a Mauser bullet which broke the bridge of his spectacles, and whose counsel was, therefore, wise, led me, most willing, with considerable haste aside into the cactus. Perhaps they were only spent bullets, as some still assert, but they whistled from both sides of the road, and were lively in number, and came near enough getting both of us to make us care very little about their previous history. And it was this way until we got under the trenches, where there was a horizontal hail-storm sweeping steadily over our heads. And yet they were not as disturbing as I thought they would be, so much like buzzing insects were they; and at the trenches the sound of the Mauser bullet was not unmusical. Really it was not much unlike the last few bars of a meadow-lark's song when you hear it at sunset and at a distance. Now and then a bullet would have a hoarse sound; that meant that it had ricocheted. But when a shell came, that was hideous, and I could follow one for several hundred yards with my eye. Men were lying all about us—Americans and a few Cubans and Spaniards—prisoners, wounded, dying, and dead. One poor fellow gasped three times at my elbow, gave one deep, peaceful breath, and went, as I thought, to sleep; but it was his last sleep.

A little later we crossed the trenches and went into the captured fort of San Juan. It was little more than a well-fortified block-house, and I counted but seven dead Spaniards about it. It was dusk now, but the Spaniards were still potting at anybody who exposed himself; but soon even they stopped this, and the moon rose, and the day's battle was over.

Camp fires were lighted on the stormed hill-side, and soldiers, in a natural reaction, were cheerily dividing their meagre rations and cooking supper where, not ten yards away perhaps, a dead comrade was being put into his grave. I never saw a more peaceful moonlit night than the night that closed over the field. It was hard to realize that the day had not been a terrible dream. There was a haze of smoke and one bright fire around Caney, from which tireless Chaffee was already starting his worn-out soldiers on an all-night march by the rear and to the trenches of Santiago. I could see even the hill from which Capron sent the first shot of the day. The shell burst harmlessly, and meant nothing but a signal to fire to the waiting soldiers around Caney, the Cubans lurking around the block-house, and the impatient battery at El Pozo. But, retrospectively now, it meant the death-knell of brave men, the quick cry and long groaning of the wounded, the pained breathing of the sick and fever-stricken, the quickened heart-beats of the waiting and anxious at home, the low sobbing of the women to whom fatal news came. It meant, too, Cervera's gallant dash, Sampson's great victory, the fall of Santiago, the freedom of this island, a quieter sleep for the *Maine* dead, and, perhaps, peace with Spain.

John Fox, Jr.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XII.—THE BISHOP ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF THE GUIDES.

WHEN the boat touched the shore Margery ran to the cabin to assure Mrs. Archibald of her safety, if she had been missed.

The bishop was sticking the stake in the hole from which he had pulled it, when Martin came running to him.

"That's a pretty piece of business!" cried the young man. "If you wanted to go out in the boat, why didn't you come to me for the key? You've got no right to pull up the stakes we've driven down. That's the same thing as stealing the boat. What's the matter? Did you tumble overboard? You must be a pretty sort of an oarsman! If the ladies want to go out in the boat, I am here to take them. I'd like you to understand that."

As has been said before, the bishop could smile under almost any circumstances, and he smiled now, but at the same time his brow wrinkled, which was not common when he smiled.

"I am going down to the shore to get my hat and shoes," he said, "and I would like you to come along with me. I can't stand here and talk to you."

"What do you want?" said Martin.

"Come along and see," said the bishop; "that is, if you are not afraid."

That was enough, and the young man walked behind him until they reached the spot where the bishop had taken to the water. There he stopped, and explained to Martin all that had happened.

"Now," said he, "what have you got to say?"

Martin, now that he knew that the bishop had plunged into the water for the sake of the beautiful Margery, was more jealously angry than when he had supposed he had merely taken her out to row.

"I haven't anything to say," he answered, shortly, "except that parsons had better attend to their own business, if they have any, and let young ladies and boats alone."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said the bishop, and with a quick step forward he clutched the young man's arm with his right hand, while he seized his belt with the other, and then with a great heave sent him out into the water fully ten feet from the shore. With a splash like a dropped anchor Martin disappeared from view, but soon arose, his head and shoulders above the water, where he stood for a moment, spluttering and winking and almost dazed.

The bishop stood on the bank and smiled. "Did you fall overboard?" said he. "You must be a pretty sort of a boatman!"

Without replying, Martin began to wade ashore.

"Come on," said the bishop; "if you can't get up the bank, I'll help you."

But Martin needed no help; he scrambled to the bank, shook himself, and then advanced upon the bishop, fire in his eye and his fist clinched.

"Stop, young man," said the other. "It would not be fair to you if I did not tell you that I am a boxer and a heavy weight, and that I threw you into the water because I didn't want to damage your face and eyes. You were impertinent, and I am satisfied, and the best thing you can do is to go and change your clothes before any one sees you in that plight. You are better off than I am, because I have no clothes to change with." And so saying, he sat down and began to put on his shoes.

Martin stood for a moment and looked at the bishop; he thought of Margery and a possible black eye, and then he walked as fast as he could to his tent to get some dry clothes. He was very wet, he was very hot, he was very angry, and what made him more angry than anything else was a respect for the bishop which was rising in him in spite of all his efforts to keep it down.

When Mr. Archibald and his party came back to camp late in the afternoon, Margery, who had already told her story to Mrs. Archibald, told it to each of the others. Mr. Archibald was greatly moved by the account of the bishop's bravery. He thoroughly appreciated the danger to which Margery had been exposed. There were doubtless persons who could be trusted to sit quietly in a little boat with only one oar, and to float upon a lake out of sight and sound of human beings until another boat could be secured and brought to the rescue, but Margery was not one of these persons. Her greatest danger had been that she was a child of impulse. He went immediately to Camp Roy to see the bishop and express his gratitude, for no matter how great the foolish good-nature of the man had been, his brave rescue of the girl was all that could be thought of now.

He found the bishop in bed, Mr. Clyde preparing the supper, and Mr. Raybold in a very bad humor.

"It's the best place for me," said the bishop, gayly, from under a heavy army blanket. "My bed is something like the carpets in Queen Elizabeth's time, and this shelter-tent is not one which can be called commodious, but I shall stay here until morning, and then I am sure I shall be none the worse for my dip into the cold lake."

As Mr. Archibald had seen the black garments of the bishop hanging on a bush as he approached the tent, he was not surprised to find their owner in bed.

"No," said the bishop, when Mr. Archibald had finished what he had to say, "there is nothing to thank me for. It was a stupid thing to launch a young girl like that out upon what, by some very natural bit of carelessness, might have become to her the waters of eternity, and it was my very commonplace duty to get her out of the danger into which I had placed her, and this, my dear sir, is really all there is to say about the matter."

Mr. Archibald differed with him for about ten minutes, and then returned to his camp.

Phil Matlack was also affected by the account of the rescue, and he expressed his feelings to Martin.

"He pulled up the stake, did he?" said Phil. "Well, I'll make him pull up his stakes, and before he goes I've a mind to teach him not to meddle with other people's affairs."

"If I were you," said Martin, "I wouldn't try to teach him anything."

"You think he is too stupid to learn?" said Matlack, getting more and more angry at the bishop's impertinent and inexcusable conduct. "Well, I've taught stupid people before this."

"He's a bigger man than you are," said Martin.

Matlack withdrew the knife from the loaf of bread he was cutting, and looked at the young man.

"Bigger?" said he, scornfully. "What's that got to do with it? A load of hay is bigger than a crowbar, but I guess the crowbar would get through the hay without much trouble."

"You'd better talk about a load of rocks," said Martin. "I don't think you'd find it easy to get a crowbar through them."

Matlack looked up inquiringly. "Has he been thrashing you?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't," said Martin, sharply.

"You didn't fight him, then?"

"No, I didn't," was the answer.

"Why didn't you? You were here to take charge of this camp and keep things in order. Why didn't you fight him?"

"I don't fight that sort of a man," said Martin, with an air which, if it were not disdainful, was intended to be.

Matlack gazed at him a moment in silence, and then went on cutting the bread. "I don't understand this thing," he said to himself. "I must look into it."

XIII.—THE WORLD GOES WRONG WITH MR. RAYBOLD.

THE next morning Mr. Archibald started out very early on a fishing expedition by himself. He was an enthusiastic angler, and had not greatly enjoyed the experience of the day before. He did not object to shooting if there were any legitimate game to shoot, and he liked to tramp through the mountain wilds under the guidance of such a man as Matlack; but to keep company all day with Raybold, who, in the very heart of nature, talked only of the gossip of the town, and who punctuated his small talk by intermittent firing at everything which looked like a bird or suggested the movements of an animal, was not agreeable to him. Clyde was a better fellow, and Mr. Archibald liked him, but he was young and abstracted, and the interest which clings around an abstracted person who is young is often inconsiderable, so he determined for one day at least to leave Sir Cupid to his own devices, for he could not spend all his time defending Margery from amatory dawdle. For this one day he would leave the task to his wife.

That day Mr. Raybold was in a moody mood. Early in the morning he had walked to Sadler's, his object being to secure from the trunk which he had left there a suit of ordinary summer clothes. He had come to think that perhaps his bicycle attire, although very suitable for this sort of life, failed to make him as attractive in the eyes of youth and beauty as he might be if clothed in more becoming garments. It was the middle of the afternoon before he returned, and as he carried a large package, he went directly to his own camp, and in about half an hour afterward he came over to Camp Rob dressed in a light suit, which improved his general appearance very much.

In his countenance, however, there was no improvement whatever, for he looked more out of humor than when he had set out, and when he saw that Mrs. Archibald was sitting alone in the shade, reading, and that at a considerable distance Harrison Clyde was seated by Margery, giving her a lesson in drawing upon birch bark, or else taking a lesson from her, his ill-humor increased.

"It is too bad," said he, taking a seat by Mrs. Archibald without being asked; "everything seems to go wrong out here in these woods. It is an unnatural way to live, anyhow, and I suppose it serves us right. When I went to Sadler's I found a letter from my sister Corona, who says she would like me to make arrangements for her to come out here and camp with us awhile. Now that suits me very well indeed. My sister Corona is a very fine young woman, and I think it would be an excellent thing to have two young ladies here instead of one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald, "that might be very pleasant. I should be glad for Margery to have a companion of her own sex."

"I understand precisely," said Raybold, nodding his head sagaciously; "of her own sex. Yes, I see your drift, and I agree with you absolutely. There is a little too much of that thing over there, and I don't wonder you are annoyed."

"I did not say I was annoyed," said Mrs. Archibald, rather surprised.

"No," he answered, "you did not say so, but I can read between the lines, even spoken lines. Now when I heard that my sister wanted to come out here," he continued, "at first I did not like it, for I thought she would be some sort of a restraint upon me; but when I considered the matter further, I became very much in favor of it, and I sent a telegram by the stage telling her to come immediately, and that everything would be ready for her. My sister has a sufficient income of her own, and she likes to have everything suited to her needs. I am different. I am a man of the world, and although I do not always care to conform to circumstances, I can generally make circumstances conform to me. As Shakespeare says, 'The world is my pottle, and I stir my spoon.' You must excuse my quoting, but I cannot help it. My life work is to be upon the stage, and where one's mind is, there will his words be also."

Mr. Raybold was now in a much more pleasant mood than when he came to sit in the shade with Mrs. Archibald. He was talking; he had found some one who listened and who had very little to say for herself.

"Consequently," he remarked, "I ordered from Mr. Sadler the very best tent that he had. It has two compartments in it, and it is really as comfortable as a house, and as my sister wrote that she wished a female attendant, not caring to have her meals cooked by boys, a very flippant expression, by-the-way, I have engaged for her a she-guide."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"A person," said he, "who is a guide of the female gender. She was the wife of a hunter who was accidentally shot, Sadler told me, by a young man who was with him on a gunning expedition. I told Sadler that it was reprehensible to allow such fellows to have guns, but he said that they were not as dangerous now as they used to be. This is because the guides have learned to beware of them, I suppose. This woman has lived in the woods and knows all about camp life, and Sadler says there could not be a better person found to attend a young lady in camp. So I engaged her, and I must say she charged just as much as if she were a man."

"Why shouldn't she," said Mrs. Archibald, "if she is just as good?"

To this remark Raybold paid no attention. "I will tell you," he said, "confidentially, of course, and I think you have as much reason to be interested in it as I have, why I came to view with so much favor my sister's coming here. She is a very attractive young woman, and I think she cannot fail to interest Clyde, and that, of course, will be of advantage to your niece."

"She is not my niece, you know," said Mrs. Archibald.

"Well," said he, "it is all the same. 'Let it be a bird wing or a flower, so it pleases'—a quotation which is also Avonian—and if Clyde likes Corona he will let Miss Dearborn alone. That's the sort of man he is."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Archibald, "I suppose you would not be unwilling to provide Margery with company."

"Madam," said the young man, leaning forward and fixing his eyes upon the ground, and then turning them upon her without moving his face toward her, "with me all that is a different matter. I may have occasion later to speak to you and your husband upon the subject of Miss Dearborn."

"In which case," said Mrs. Archibald, quickly, "I am sure that my husband will be very glad to speak to you. But why, may I ask, were you so disturbed when you came here, just now? You said the world was going wrong."

"I declare," said he, knitting his brows and clapping one hand on his knee, "I actually forgot! The world wrong? I should say it was wrong! My sister can't come, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Can't come?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Of course not," said he, all his ill-humor having returned. "That fellow, the bishop, is in our camp in Clyde's bed. Clyde foolishly gave him his bed because he said the cook-tent was too cramped for a man to stay in it all day."

"Why need he stay?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "Has he taken cold? Is he sick?"

"No indeed," said Raybold. "If he were sick we might send for a cart and have him taken to Sadler's, but the trouble is worse than that. His clothes, in which he foolishly jumped into the water, have shrunken so much that he cannot get them on, and as he has no others, he is obliged to stay in bed."

"But surely something can be done," said Mrs. Archibald.

"No," he interrupted, "nothing can be done. The clothes have dried, and if you could see them as they hang up on the bushes, you would understand that that man can never get into them again. The material is entirely unsuitable for out-door life. Clyde proposes that we shall lend him something, but there are no clothes in this party into which such a sausage of a man could get himself. So there he is, and there, I suppose, he will remain indefinitely; and I don't want to bring my sister to a camp with a permanently occupied hospital bed in it. As soon as I agreed to Corona's coming I determined to bounce that man, but now—" So saying, Mr. Raybold rose, folded his arms, and knit his brows, and as he did so he glanced toward the spot where Margery and Clyde had been sitting, and perceived that the latter had gone off, probably to get some more birch bark; and so, with a nod to Mrs. Archibald, he sauntered away, bending his steps, as it were accidentally, in the direction of the young lady left alone.

When Mr. Archibald heard that evening of the bishop's plight and Raybold's discomforture, he was amused, but also glad to know there was an opportunity for doing something practical for the bishop. He was beginning to like the man in spite of his indefiniteness, so he went to see the bedridden prelate who was neither sick nor clerical, and with very little trouble induced him to take a few general measurements of his figure.

"It is so good of you," said the delighted recumbent, "that I shall not say a word, but step aside in deference to your conscience, whose encomiums will far transcend anything I can say. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I make my measurements liberal. The cost will not be increased, and to live, move, and breathe in a suit of clothes which is large enough for me is a joy which I have not known for a long time. Shoes, did you say, sir? Truly this is generosity super-eminent."

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, laughing, "and you also shall have a new hat. I will fit you out completely, and if this shall help you to make a new and a good start in life, I shall be greatly gratified."

"Sir," said the bishop, the moisture of genuine gratitude in his eyes, "you are doing, I think, far more good than you can imagine, and pardon me if I suggest, since you are going to get me a hat, that it be not of clerical fashion. If everything is to be new, I would like everything changed, and I am certain the cost will be less."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald. "I will now make a list of what you need, and I will write to one of my clerks, who will procure everything."

When Mr. Archibald went back to his camp he met Raybold, stalking moodily. Having been told what had been done for the bishop's relief, the young man was astonished.

"A complete outfit, and to him? I would not have dreamed of it; and besides, it is of no use; it must be days before the clothes arrive, and my sister wishes to come immediately."

"Do you suppose," exclaimed Mr. Archibald, "that I

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"'OH, THAT'S ALL, IS IT?' SAID THE BISHOP."

am doing this for the sake of your sister? I am doing it for the man himself."

When Mr. Archibald told his wife of this little interview they both laughed heartily.

"If Mr. Raybold's sister," said she, "is like him, I do not think we shall care to have her here; but sisters are often very different from their brothers. However, the bishop need not prevent her coming. If his clothes do not arrive before she does, I am sure there could be no objection to her tent being set up for a time in some of the open space in our camp, and then we shall become sooner acquainted with her; and if she is a suitable person, I shall be very glad indeed for Margery to have a companion."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "let her pitch her tent where she pleases. I am satisfied."

XIV.—THE ASSERTION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

It was a week after her brother had sent her his telegram before Miss Corona Raybold arrived at Camp Rob, with her tent, her outfit, and her female guide. Mrs. Archibald had been surprised that she did not appear sooner, for, considering Mr. Raybold's state of mind, she had supposed that his sister had wished to come at the earliest possible moment.

"But," said Raybold, in explaining the delay, "Corona is very different from me. In my actions 'the thunder's roar doth crowd upon the lightning's heels,' as William has told us."

"Where in Shakespeare is that?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. Raybold bent his brow. "For the nonce," said he, "I do not recall the exact position of the lines." And after that he made no more Avonian quotations to Mrs. Archibald.

The arrival of the young lady was, of course, a very important event, and even Mr. Archibald rowed in from the lake when he saw her caravan approaching, herself walking in the lead. She proved to be a young person of medium height, slight, and dressed in a becoming suit of dark blue. Her hair and eyes were dark, her features regular and of a classic cut, and she wore eye-glasses. Her manner was quiet, and at first she appeared reserved, but she soon showed that if she wished to speak she could talk very freely. She wore an air of dignified composure, but was affable, and very attentive to what was said to her.

Altogether she made in a short time an extremely favorable impression upon Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and in a very much less time an extremely unfavorable impression upon Margery.

Miss Raybold greeted everybody pleasantly, even informing Matlack that she had heard of him as a famous guide, and after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Archibald for their permission to set up her tent on the outskirts of their camp, she proceeded to said tent, which was speedily made ready for her.

Mrs. Perkenpine, her guide, was an energetic woman, and under her orders the men who brought the baggage bestirred themselves wonderfully.

Just before supper, to which meal the Raybolds and Mr. Clyde had been invited, the latter came to Mr. Archibald, evidently much troubled and annoyed.

"I am positively ashamed to mention it to you, sir," he said, "but I must tell you that Raybold has ordered the men who brought his sister's tent to bring our tent over here and put it up near her's. I was away when this was done, and I wish to assure you most earnestly that I had nothing to do with it. The men have gone, and I don't suppose we can get it back to-night."

Mr. Archibald opened his eyes very wide. "Your friend is certainly a remarkable young man," said he, "but we must not have any bad feeling in camp, so let everything remain as it is for to-night. I suppose he wished to be near his sister, but at least he might have asked permission."

"I think," said Clyde, "that he did not so much care to be near his sister as he did to be away from the bishop, who is now left alone in our little shelter-tent."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Well," said he, "he will come to no harm, and we must see that he has some supper."

"Oh, I shall attend to that," said Clyde, "and to his breakfast also. And, now I come to think of it, I believe that one reason Raybold moved our tent over here was to get the benefit of his sister's cook. The bishop did our cooking, you know, before he took to his bed."

That evening Miss Raybold joined the party around the camp fire. She declared that in the open air she did not in the least object to the use of tobacco, and then she asked Mr. Archibald if their two guides came to the camp fire after their work was done.

"They do just as they please," was the answer. "Sometimes they come over here and smoke their pipes a little in the background, and sometimes they go off by themselves. We are very democratic here in camp, you know."

"I like that," said Miss Raybold, "and I will have Mrs. Perkenpine come over when she has arranged the tent for the night. Arthur, will you go and tell her?"

Her brother did not immediately rise to execute this commission. He hoped that Mr. Clyde would offer to do the service, but the latter did not improve the opportunity to make himself agreeable to the new-comer, and Raybold did the errand.

Harrison Clyde was sitting by Margery, and Margery was giving a little attention to what he said to her and a great deal of attention to Corona Raybold.

"More self-conceit and a better-fitting dress I never saw," thought Margery; "it's loose and easy, and yet it seems to fit perfectly, and I do believe she thinks she is some sort of an upper angel who has condescended to come down here just to see what common people are like."

Corona talked to Mr. Archibald. It was her custom always to talk to the principal personage of a party.

"It gives me pleasure, sir," said she, "to meet with you and your wife. It is so seldom that we find any one—" She was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who stood behind her.

The she-guide was a large woman, apparently taller than Matlack. Her sunburnt face was partly shaded by a man's straw hat, secured on her head by strings tied under her chin. She wore a very plain gown, coarse in texture, and of a light blue color, which indicated that it had been washed very often. Her voice and her shoes, the latter well displayed by her short skirt, creaked, but her gray eyes were bright, and moved about after the manner of search-lights.

"Well," said she to Miss Raybold, "what do you want?"

Corona turned her head and placidly gazed up at her. "I simply wished to let you know that you might join this company here if you liked. The two men guides are coming, you see."

Mrs. Perkenpine glanced around the group. "Is there any hunting stories to be told?" she asked.

Mr. Archibald laughed. "I don't know," he said, "but perhaps we may have some. I am sure that Matlack here has hunting stories to tell."

Mrs. Perkenpine shook her head. "No, sir," said she; "I don't want none of his stories. I've heard them all mostly two or three times over."

"I dare say you have," said Phil, seating himself on a fallen trunk a little back from the fire; "but you see, Mrs. Perkenpine, you are so obstinate about keepin' on livin'. If you'd died when you was younger, you wouldn't have heard so many of those stories."

"There's been times," said she, "when you was tellin' the story of the bear cubs and the condensed milk, when I wished I had died when I was younger, or else you had."

"Perhaps," said Miss Raybold, in a clear, decisive voice, "Mr. Matlack may know hunting stories that will be new to all of us, but before he begins them I have something which I would like to say."

"All right," said Mrs. Perkenpine, seating herself promptly upon the ground; "if you're goin' to talk, I'll stay. I'd like to know what kind of things you do talk about when you talk."

"I was just now remarking," said Miss Corona, "that I am very glad indeed to meet with those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, are willing to set their feet upon the modern usages of society (which would crowd us together in a common herd) and assert their individuality."

Mr. Archibald looked at the speaker inquiringly.

"Of course," said she, "I refer to the fact that you and Mrs. Archibald are on a wedding-journey."

At this remark Phil Matlack rose suddenly from the tree-trunk and Martin dropped his pipe. Mr. Clyde turned his gaze upon Margery, who thereupon burst out laughing, and then he looked in amazement from Mr. Archibald to Mrs. Archibald and back again. Mrs. Perkenpine sat up very straight and leaned forward, her hands upon her knees.

"Is it them two sittin' over there?" she said, pointing to Margery and Clyde. "Are they on a honey-moon?"

"No!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold, in a loud, sharp voice. "What an absurdity! Corona, what are you talking about?"

To this his sister paid no attention whatever. "I think," she said, "it was a noble thing to do. An assertion of one's inner self is always noble, and when I heard of this assertion I wished very much to know the man and the woman who had so asserted themselves, and this was my principal reason for determining to come to this camp."

"But where on earth," asked Mr. Archibald, "did you hear that we were on a wedding-journey?"

"I read it in a newspaper," said Corona.

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, "everything is in the newspapers! I did think that we might settle



CAPTAIN CAPRON'S BATTERY IN ACTION BEFORE EL CANEY, JULY 1.
The Second Shot carried away the Flag on the Block-house.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.



9TH INFANTRY FIRING IN THE RAIN, FROM INTRENCHMENTS, AT FORT SAN JUAN, JULY 9.
Photograph by James Burton.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

down here and enjoy ourselves without people talking about our reason for coming!"

"You don't mean to say," cried Mrs. Perkenpine, now on her feet, "that you two elderly ones is the honeymooners?"

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, looking with amusement on the astonished faces about him, "we truly are."

"Well," said the she-guide, seating herself, "if I'd staid an old maid as long as that, I think I'd stuck it out. But perhaps you was a widow, mum?"

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Archibald; "she was a charming girl when I married her. But just let me tell you how the matter stands," and he proceeded to relate the facts of the case. "I thought," he said, in conclusion, turning to Matlack, "that perhaps you knew about it, for I told Mr. Sadler, and I supposed he might have mentioned it to you."

"No, sir," said Matlack, relighting his pipe; "he knows me better than that. If he'd called me and said, 'Phil, I want you to take charge of a couple that's goin' honeymoonin' about twenty-five years after they're married, and a-doin' it for somebody else and not for themselves,' I'd said to him, 'They're lunatics, and I won't take charge of them.' And Peter he knows I would have thought that and would have said it, and so he did not mention the particulars to me. He knows that the only things that I'm afraid of in this world is lunatics. 'Tisn't only what they might do to me, but what they might do to themselves, and I won't touch them."

"I hope," said Mrs. Archibald, "that you don't consider us lunatics now that you have heard why we are here."

"Oh no," said the guide; "I've found that you're regular common-sense people, and I don't change my opinions even when I've heard particulars; but if I'd heard particulars first, it would have been all up with my takin' charge of you."

"And you knew it all the time?" said Clyde to Margery, speaking so that she only could hear.

"I knew it," she said, "but I didn't think it worth talking about. Do you know Mr. Raybold's sister? Do you like her?"

"I have met her," said Clyde; "but she is too lofty for me."

"What is there lofty about her?" said Margery.

"Well," said he, "she is lofty because she has elevated ideas. She goes in for reform; and for pretty much all kinds, from what I have heard."

"I think she is lofty," remarked Margery, "because she is stuck-up. I don't like her."

"It is so seldom," Corona now continued, "that we find people who are willing to assert their individuality, and when they are found I always want to talk to them. I suppose, Mr. Matlack, that your life is one long assertion of individuality."

"What, ma'am?" asked the guide.

"I mean," said she, "that when you are out alone in the wild forest, holding in your hand the weapon which decides the question of life or death for any living creature over whom you may choose to exercise your jurisdiction, absolutely independent of every social trammel, every bond of conventionalism, you must feel that you are a predominant whole and not a mere integral part."

"Well," said Matlack, speaking slowly, "I may have had them feelin's, but if I did they must have struck in, and not come out on the skin, like measles, where I could see them."

"Corona," said her brother, in a peevish undertone, "what is the good of all that? You're wasting your words on such a man."

His sister turned a mild steady gaze upon him. "I don't know any man but you," she said, "on whom I waste my words."

"Is assertin' like persistin'?" inquired Mrs. Perkenpine at this point.

"The two actions are somewhat alike," said Corona.

"Well, then," said the she-guide, "I'm in for assertin'. When my husband was alive there was a good many things I wanted to do, and when I wanted to do a thing or get a thing I kept on sayin' so; and one day, after I'd been keepin' on sayin' so a good while, he says to me, 'Jane,' says he, 'it seems to me that you're persistin'.' 'Yes,' says I, 'I am, and I intend to be.' 'Then you are goin' to keep on insistin' on persistin'?' says he. 'Yes,' says I; and then says he, 'If you keep on insistin' on persistin' I'll be thinkin' of 'listin'.' By which he meant goin' into the army as a regular, and gettin' rid of me; and as I didn't want to be rid of him, I stopped persistin'; but now I wish I had persisted, for then he'd 'listed, and most likely would be alive now, through not bein' shot in the back by a city fool with a gun."

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Archibald to her husband, when they had retired to their cabin, "that that young woman is going to be much of a companion for Margery. I think she will prefer your society to that of any of the rest of us. It is very plain that she thinks it is your individuality which has been asserted."

"Well," said he, rubbing his spectacles with his handkerchief before putting them away for the night, "don't let her project her individuality into my sport. That's all I have to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER FIRE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

SAN JUAN, *July 8, 1898.*

JULY 1 will forever be a memorable day in American history. On that day the United States army, under General Shafter, stormed and took, after several hours' fighting, the two Spanish strongholds El Caney and San Juan. I was with the Seventh United States Infantry, of General Chaffee's brigade, which took El Caney. The brigade consisted of the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth regiments. On Thursday evening, June 30, about five o'clock, the brigade received orders to march. We were taken away up into the mountains, through paths that permitted our advancing only in single file, and were ankle-deep with thick black mud, into which our feet stuck at every step, making the climb up the mountainside a very laborious one.

We reached a nice field of grass, and went into camp just as darkness was coming on. No tents were allowed to be erected, nor were any fires lighted, the men and officers having to lie on their shelter-tents on the damp ground and go to sleep "coffeeless." It was a strange, impressive scene, this camp on the eve before the battle, men gliding about ghostlike and silent, scarcely speaking above a whisper. All commands were given quietly, and perfect order was preserved.

At five o'clock next morning, July 1, just as daylight was driving the moon and stars from the cloudless sky, the camp was quietly aroused, and within thirty minutes the field was clear, and the brigade on the march once more, plodding through the thick mud.

At seven o'clock we heard a gun from one of the batteries on a distant hill boom forth what seemed like a challenge hurled at the Spanish fortifications, but it was almost eight o'clock before our brigade became engaged.

As we were marching along, listening to the music of the far-off artillery and rifles, we were suddenly halted, the men being ordered to throw off their packs and advance as quickly as possible. Within five minutes we were in the midst of a heavy shower of bullets from the Mauser rifles of the Spanish, and between two fires—one from a small block-house on our right, the other from the strong stone block-house at El Caney, immediately in front of us.

The men were at once ordered into cover and opened fire, and almost before I realized what had happened I found myself, for the first time in my life, under fire, right up in front, on the firing-line of the Seventh Regiment.

I suppose every one has a different sensation when for



6TH INFANTRY IN THE CREEK-BED OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1,
Where the Bullets were cutting the Branches from the Trees in a steady Shower.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.



LIEUT. MILEY, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL SHAFTER,
Under a fearful Fire, cautioning the Men to be cool and brave as they crossed the bloody Angle of San Juan River.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

the first time he finds himself with bullets whistling around him on all sides, yet seeing nothing, only hearing them as they rush by, crashing through the leaves and twigs on their deadly errand; but in my own case the seriousness and danger of the situation did not strike me until I heard several heavy thuds near me, and, on looking around me, saw some of our men on the ground, dead or wounded. Then it came home to me that this was war in earnest, and I found myself wondering if I should be the next—whether I should be killed or merely wounded, and where I should be hit. But this feeling rapidly wore off, and I soon became so accustomed to the rattle of the bullets that I began to take no notice of them at all, and even the sight of dead and wounded failed to move me. But I shall never forget my feelings when I first heard the bullets sink into the heads or bodies of those that fell. Some were killed instantly, and sank with scarcely a groan, some with a curse, and others with the name of God on their lips, whilst most of the wounded swore terribly at the Spaniards, and at their bad luck at being stopped so early in the day, and so unable to see the battle through; but every one was brave and patient, some of the wounded having to lie two or three hours before they were attended to, owing to the great lack of surgeons and medical attendants. Litter-bearers were conspicuous by their absence, soldiers having to leave their companies to take their wounded comrades to the rear. The few surgeons worked like Trojans, and were unremitting in their care of the wounded. Meanwhile the firing was fast and furious, bullets falling all around like hailstones, and one found one's self wondering why many more were not shot down.

The troops were calm and brave, following and advancing step by step, as their officer called upon them. General Chaffee was a towering example of what a man and a soldier should be in battle; he was here, there, and everywhere, ordering, commanding, beseeching, and imploring in turn. What did he care that he was walking round in open space exposed to the enemy's fire? He was commanding the brigade and had a duty to perform, and nobly he did it.

The small block-house which I have mentioned had now been silenced, and was in possession of our troops, and gradually we were closing in on the large one, the firing being as heavy as at the commencement. Presently the artillery, which had moved into a good position at closer range, dropped a few shells into the fort, the brigade drew closer and closer, and at about half past one the Twelfth Regiment charged and captured it, taking about one hundred prisoners.

The brigade had won a great victory. It had been opposed by an enemy in intrenchments and shooting through loop-holes in a block-house and a fort, and had lost a large number of men, the Seventh being the greatest sufferer in this respect.

Although I was thus on the first firing-line, and many men were wounded and killed all about me, as you will see by my photographs [published in last week's number], I found it impossible to make any actual "battle scenes," for many reasons—the distance at which the fighting is conducted, the area which is covered, but chiefly the long grass and thickly wooded country. James Burton.

AFTER THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Off Santiago, *July 7.*

The 4th of July off Santiago was a rough, boisterous day, a fresh southeast wind whipping up a lively sea. The fleet drew closer together, and at twelve o'clock fired a salute of 21 guns in honor of the day. For it was truly a day to celebrate, and there was great rejoicing among all, forward and aft, for a great victory and providential escape from harm; for it seemed nothing less than a miracle that the storm of shot and shell that swept over our ships on the day before should have done so little damage.

There was great enthusiasm among the transports and the troops at Siboney, and when the *Brooklyn* left the fleet and passed by, bound up to Guantanamo for coal, she was greeted as a conqueror. The value of the rapid-fire gun is now established beyond all question as one result of this engagement. The testimony of the Spanish officers and the marks on the ships themselves show the havoc wrought by the steady rain of projectiles from the handy quick-firing guns. The deadly broadsides from the *Brooklyn* had practically decided the fate of the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* before the *Oregon* and *Texas* completed their destruction. The *Texas* fired only eight shots from her 12-inch guns, but used her secondary battery with great effect. The *Oregon* is said to have fired 1776 shots, mostly at the fleeing *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, and to her belongs in a large degree the credit for their finish. The *Oregon* also fired the first and last shots, the first being a warning shot from a 6-pounder, fired when the Spanish fleet came in sight, followed by signals, which were made on all the ships almost at the same moment, the *Oregon* immediately opening fire, and moving in to engage the enemy, as did all the ships in line.

Both the western and eastern batteries opened fire on our ships, but they did no damage, and were taken no notice of during the fight.

Those who knew the navy best were not surprised at the result, nor at the cool judgment and accurate firing which won so complete a victory in so short a time. It seems remarkable, however, and is quite another matter, that so few were injured. In view of this event, the alarm caused by the appearance of the *Vizcaya* in New York Harbor last spring seems rather ludicrous, the amount of damage threatened by such a vessel on a warlike errand being out of all proportion to the childish tales set in motion at that time, and believed by a great many people. As a matter of fact, our four smaller cruisers could have taken care of the *Vizcaya* had her firing been as inaccurate as it was on Sunday, the 3d. Nor can guns on any ships of the present type be elevated to be effective at anything like the distance supposed. The batteries at Santiago have had a great advantage in this respect over our ships. High above the sea, one plunging shot striking the deck of a vessel would make terrible havoc if fairly delivered, while the fire from the fleet, striking short of the batteries or going over, would do and did but little harm, except by chance, and a close view of the heavy western battery shows it to be in good shape after repeated bombardments.

Monday night, the 4th, the search-lights of the fleet disclosed a vessel coming out of the harbor at Santiago, and fire was immediately opened upon her.

The Spanish attempt was plainly to sink the vessel in the channel, but under the fire of our guns her crew became confused and got her on shore, bows on, where she swung around with her stern pointing toward Morro, and broadside on to one of the water batteries. In this position two twelve-inch shot from the *Texas* struck her fairly abeam, fire and smoke bursting out from the effect of the shells. The *Indiana* also struck home with several well-directed shots, when the *Reina Mercedes*, for such she proved to be, heeled over and sank, her upper deck being about flush with the water, and her spars and smoke-stacks showing from quite a distance.

The *Mercedes* lies quite near the sunken *Merrimac*, whose masts and smoke-stack show above the water, but neither obstructing the channel, which, however, is narrowed considerably.

At the first opportunity we went down to see the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo*, which lie in a little cove a few hundred yards apart, both bows on to a hard sand beach, at the foot of high hills that come down to the sea less steeply than usual, and are separated from the water by a stretch of flat, low, grass-grown land adorned with tall cocoanut-palms. The two beaches, neither more than 300 yards in length, are separated by a bluff of precipitous rock. High and gloomy hills to the north shut in the view, while the heavy ground-swell rolls in its heavy voice against the shore. This cove, five and one-half miles from the entrance to Santiago, was most opportune for the two hard-pressed ships, as the usual coast-line is steep, rocky, and it would be impossible for ships or men to have survived for a minute the thundering breakers.

Smoke still poured from the two ships, and blew away in a thin veil against the dark hills; the surf beat along their sides, and swept in and out through the stern-ports and through shot-holes and torpedo-tubes. It was quite a climb up the tall sides of the *Maria Teresa*, and once in the gangway the scene that met our eyes was one of utter ruin. Bad as the ships looked from the outside, the paint all burned off, or hanging in folds where the water had cooled its farther progress, guns slewed every which way, and wire rope and tackle hanging over the side in wild disorder, the scene on deck was so much worse as to leave one speechless with dismay.

The spar-deck was nothing but an array of twisted sagging iron beams, set with copper bolts that had held the deck-planking, and now stuck up in ragged rows or bent over as the fire had left them. Around some of the broadside 5-inch guns bits of deck still remained and smouldered, sending up wreaths of pale blue smoke. Around the guns and scattered about between the smoke-stacks and ventilators were charred bodies that gave out an unpleasant odor. The forward military mast had fallen, mixed up with guns, davits, and iron plates, on the starboard side. The bridge was a mass of twisted iron and brass. Smoke-stacks and ventilators sagged, and some of the latter had fallen down entirely. There was a great hole where the magazines had been, forward and aft; they had exploded from the bottom up, in the line of least resistance, ripping the deck beams away entirely, so you could look down to the bottom of the ship, where the water swashed around. The iron deck aft was bent and twisted and buckled under the weight of the big turret and 11-inch gun. The main-deck, made of iron plates, still remained, and was covered with ashes and débris fallen from above. The forward part of the ship was full of dead, and was too hot to admit of much investigation. Sailors from the *Texas* swarmed over the vessel while we were there, and brought up from below rifles, cutlasses, and souvenirs of all sorts. One man had a hat full of silver money that had melted and stuck together. The hammock nettings were full of burned tin boxes that had held canned food, wine-bottles and such litter were scattered about, and from forward and aft were brought many books of a doubtful character.

There were 33 shot-holes visible above the water, and as the ship had settled aft many were hidden there by the water.

It will be possible to get the ship off, no doubt, as her hull below the water-line is comparatively uninjured, and she rests easily on the sloping beach. All her boats were gone and the davits swung out; the remaining boat-falls swayed back and forth in the wind with melancholy creaks.

The *Oquendo* is much more badly damaged; her keel is broken, her masts gone; she is completely gutted by fire and riddled with shot, 66 distinct holes being counted in her sides and upper works, and in her bow a ragged hole big enough to drive an ox-team through. The *Vizcaya* is in about the same condition as the other ships, the guns, minus breach-blocks, being about the only part of value remaining. Pontoons have already been sent from New York to raise the *Cristóbal Colon*, and it is hoped to get her off, her injuries being slight.

All our ships look somewhat rusty, and now that there is no necessity for guarding the port of Santiago, they will go, one by one, to Guantanamo and recoal and repaint. The ships designated for Watson's squadron are already there, engaged in preparations for immediate departure.

Aguadores, *July 11.*

Sunday afternoon the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana* began shelling the city of Santiago, taking stations off Aguadores and firing by compass at a distance of six miles. The day was rainy, and heavy clouds hung over the land, the sea streaked with rain squalls. The firing was deliberate, and the echo of the exploding shells reverberated like heavy thunder among the hills. This morning the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *Indiana* resumed the bombardment, firing in all 101 shots. Signal-men on shore kept the ships informed of the result of their firing, wigwag signals passing back and forth constantly, the signal-men ashore being in communication with the front by telephone. The *Brooklyn*, right near us, used her 8-inch guns, the heavy projectiles sailing over the hills and exploding with loud reports.

Most of the inhabitants had left the city, nearly 20,000 refugees having fled to El Caney, utterly destitute, and fighting for food like wolves, the condition of those remaining in the city being most deplorable, having neither food nor water, the half-starved and desperate soldiers plundering everything they could lay their hands on.

Monday afternoon General Miles arrived on the *Yale*, and the work of destroying the tumble-down buildings at Siboney began—a job that should have been done before the troops landed at all. Fires lit up the picturesque harbor that night, and continued during next day. A fever-camp has been established, and a strict quarantine against Siboney is now in force. The roads to the front are almost impassable, the mud being knee-deep, and the daily downpours of rain making them daily worse. So it is a difficult matter to get sufficient food to the front. The rain here is so violent as to nearly drown one, and it comes down without warning off the high hills, usually late in the afternoon, so it is impossible to get dried off before the night with its chilling dew comes down.

Carlton T. Chapman.

"PUT UP THY SWORD INTO HIS SHEATH."

With folded arms, my Country, speak thy will.
Clean be those hands of thine from smirch of trade.
Let the sheathed sword hang idle. They persuade
The baser course who, not content to kill,
Would carve out cantles of the spoil, and fill
The sacred edge of that victorious blade
With stain of plunder. Never was there made
The sword that could be knife and weapon still.

Thou sawest God's Angel at the anvil stand
And forge the steel. He smote it blow on blow.
Wrathful he seemed; yet ever from above
He stooped, the while, and swiftly dipt the brand
In tears, yea, tears; that he might make thee know
How vain were vengeance unannealed by love.

William Reed Huntington.

THE "GLOUCESTER'S" FIGHT.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER BY ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ANDRÉ MORTON PROCTER, OF KENTUCKY.

On Board U.S.S. "Gloucester."

It was Sunday morning—a calm, clear, hot day.

The crews were at inspection; and had a vote been taken, not one vote in the squadron would have been cast in favor of the opinion that the Spanish would ever come out.

It was like thunder out of a clear sky.

The sight of the Spanish ships steaming out was a sensation.

Of everything that happened, that first glimpse of those black, ugly-looking ships darting past Morro, and spitting out volumes of dense red flame, leaves the strongest impression.

It was a sight which comes to very few men more than once in a lifetime.

I had the deck at the time, but had hardly time to ring full speed and put the helm over before the captain was on deck.

We were to the eastward of Morro, and one by one as the ships came out we fired at them, until the last was out.

It was then that the captain did the best thing that he will ever have a chance to do. He was as cool and deliberate as it is possible for any man to be under the circumstances. He expressed his belief that the destroyers were coming, and his intention to wait for them.

It may have been seconds; it may have been ten minutes.

The fleets were steaming to the westward, and the *Gloucester* was waiting for her chance. At last they came, and the *Gloucester* had her chance—the chance for which she had been hoping, the chance to justify her existence.

When I say the *Gloucester*, I mean Wainwright; he is the one hero.

The *Gloucester* is a fine, able ship, and her crew of officers and men are a plain, ordinary lot of humans, who did just as any other lot of Americans would have done—the best they knew how; and if they were afraid, not to show it. I was on the bridge most of the time, and my admiration of him is of the kind which cannot be expressed by the ordinary methods of language.

From that point we saw only the destroyers. The other Spanish ships and our own were forgotten as completely as if they were in another hemisphere.

The fact that we were not destroyed seems attributable to a divine Providence. They fired over us and under us, ahead of us and all around us, and we received the fire of everything in sight.

The fire of the destroyers when they first came out was terrific, but they were very soon sickened.

I will not pretend that I remember what happened with any degree of distinctness.

I was supposed to be a sort of aide to the captain. I saw things and reported things to him, but in all this time the most thoroughly lucid interval that I had was when the boats were stopped—and it was at this moment that the captain made one of his strikes. Both boats showed signs of distress about the same time; volumes of steam enveloped them, and they began to act queerly, and we thought that they were trying to return. At this time our range was six hundred yards.

Just before I had seen two Spanish ships. I examined them carefully, and reported to the captain that they were coming back. Without a moment's hesitation he ported his helm and ran for the torpedo-boats. The Spanish ships were coming on, and it seemed as if they were going to pass outside of us to seaward. For an instant things looked desperate. The Spanish *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* were coming back, but only, as it proved, to find a safe place to beach themselves. We ran in between the destroyers, but all was over with them. The *Pluton* was ashore, broken in two, and soon exploded. The *Furor* was in a pitiable condition—riddled, strewn with dead, burning from stem to stern; she was slowly swinging in her death-struggle, her engines slowly turning over, and her helm jammed a-starboard. It is a source of satisfaction to us that we saved more men than we killed. Our efforts immediately turned from death and destruction to

saving souls. While the forts were still firing at us, and some of our own ships were still firing from a distance at the torpedo-destroyers, three boats left the ship. Wood, Norman, and I started out for the drowning men. I made for the *Pluton*, picked up a boat-load, and returned. They boarded the *Furor*, and found a state of things beyond description. I returned to the *Pluton*, and attempted to board her; but the surf was too heavy, breaking over her deck. I picked up a boat-load, and then landed in a cove near the wreck. In the mean while the other boats were picked up, and the *Gloucester* steamed out of sight. I tried, and finally succeeded with difficulty, in boarding one-half of the *Pluton*, but the surf was so heavy and she was bouncing around at such a rate that I could not see much. The mortality was not great from our fire, but large numbers were drowned. I spent some time on shore—hours, I think—for I had lost all track of time. I collected another full boat-load of half-drowned and wounded, and sent a number aboard a press-boat, and started for the ship. I captured a Spanish officer, and have his pistol. I had some difficulty in launching my boat through the surf. The Spaniards are helpless, can't swim, and afraid of the water. My officer friend I had to grab by the back of the neck and throw him into the boat. Their greatest fear was lest I should leave them on the beach. Their next greatest fear was of the water.

After a pull of four miles or so I reached the *Gloucester*, off the wrecks of the *Infanta* and *Oquendo*. These ships were beached, and were on fire from stem to stern. This was the *Gloucester's* best work, but it is not my story. I missed it by being left on the beach. The *Gloucester's* boats saved over five hundred lives from these burning ships, among them the Admiral and a number of officers of high rank.

It has only been since this happened that I have realized the tension that we were under on that day. Hours passed like minutes. While picking up survivors, I turned and saw the *Furor* settle astern, rise almost perpendicular, and sink, with as little concern as I would watch a cable-car pass.

I was ashore bareheaded for hours, overboard half a dozen times, with scarcely a feeling of fatigue. I saw some horrible sights without feeling a sensation, and passed by men who might be dead in favor of others more alive with as little concern as if they had been rabbits.

The dumb, animal-like gratitude of the men taken from the water was pitiable. They wound their arms around our men's necks, and covered them with kisses. One fellow tried it on me, but I couldn't stand it, and had to repulse him.

A DIVERTING DIARIST.*

"It is something to remember, amid the bustle and bitterness of active life, that one once had youth, and hope, and eagerness, and large opportunities and generous." There is a seriousness in this graceful admission that does not sound the note of an almost uninterrupted liveliness and humorous anecdote, which is the main quality of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollections*. It is an unusually diverting volume, and that is something not nearly so common as we deceive ourselves into believing the case. Its authorship is not a secret, though the book appears anonymously. It is from an Englishman, a member of the House of Commons during a great part of an active life—though, by-the-by, he is not yet among the elderly men of his day. It sketches at first hand a group of notable men with whom his political career has brought him into actual personal contact; and it sets down, either in connection with these or apart from them, more new and amusing and suggestive stories, more clever repartees, more curious phases of British social life, either new or unhackneyed, than any similar printed scrap-books have included in many years. It is, in fact, rather the scrap-book than the diary—although it is generously a bundle of reminiscences of the type figured forever in Horace Walpole's Dairy, *The Greville Memoirs*, Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, Mrs. Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities*, and a long list of classic and recent collections. The author by no means restricts himself to things that are personal to his acquaintance and time, or that have not seen print until now. But the book contains little that has not to this generation a flavor of newness, if one takes into account the endless flood of anecdotes over which we are amused, without more than a vague remembrance of having met them earlier. The author does not always cite his anecdotes quite correctly, as witness his way of telling the famous story of "Beau" Brummel's impertinence to the lady who urged him to come and "take tea" with her. But he is terse and usually literal. In incident, in repartee, and all that belongs to brief, sketchy, and varied social reminiscence from himself or others the author has compiled an absolute treasury. He has made a free chapter arrangement that permits him to group his thousand and one stories effectively. Such titles as "Cardinal Manning" (an admirable little outline portrait), "Lord Houghton," "Lord Beaconsfield," three chapters on "Conversation," and "Flatterers and Bores," "Parliamentary Oratory," and "The Queen's Accession," suggest how the mosaic is put together. It is not without a serious value, too, in the pages where one story here and another story there point out (as will nothing but anecdote point out) the emphatic progress of modern civilization, the growth of practical morality, of decency, and of education within a couple of generations. To quote one story from such a book is a foolish license, for a reader is tempted to copy out a score of things; but, illustrating how manners, so called, have been mended in high life within decade more than a century, let one read what Lord Robert Seymour wrote of a Prince of Wales's breeding in 1788, and see how pretty an idea of fun had he and his titled circle: "Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitz Herbert, the Duke and Dutchess of Cumberland, and Miss Pigott, Mrs. F.'s companion, went a Party to Windsor during the absence of *The Family* fm. Windsor; and going to see a Cold Bath, Miss P. expressed a great wish to bathe, 'this hot weather.' The D. of C. very imprudently pushed her in, and the Dut. of C., having the presence of mind to throw out the Rope saved her when in such a disagreeable State from fear and surprise as to be near sinking. Mrs. F. went into convulsive Fits, and the Dut. Fainted away, and the scene proved ridiculous in the extreme, as report says that the Duke called out to Miss P. that he was instantly coming to her in the water and continued undressing himself. Poor Miss P.'s clothes entirely laid upon the water and made her appear an awkward Figure. They afterwards pushed in one of the Prince's attendants." This was the atmosphere of the Regency to a breath—its elegance and refinement in the Court. And as to justice, temperance, and righteousness, surely the Anglo-Saxon world has improved since 1788, when there were one hundred and sixty capital offences by English laws, when burning alive was a statutory penalty for forgery, when the prize-ring was the sport of male aristocracy; when lunatics in Bedlam were kept chained in their straw over each Sunday, and left without attendance; when drunkenness was almost a rule among beneficed clergy, and school-children were taken in a body to see hangings and quarterings. Of quips and drolleries in the volume an example comes in the story of Mr. Delane, baldpated and kindly, who complained to Lord Granville that he wanted to send a wedding-present to a young lady, a Rothschild. "It would be absurd to give a Rothschild a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare." "Nothing easier, my dear fellow; send her a lock of your hair." There are twenty-six chapters in *Collections and Recollections*, and almost every one entertains in every page. It is dedicated, by-the-bye, to the one man, so much lamented by all who knew him, who might have made a collection of as much life and fascination—the late James Payn. The grayest day and dullest mood will pass with such cheery literature.

* *Collections and Recollections.* By "One who has Kept a Diary." With one Illustration. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

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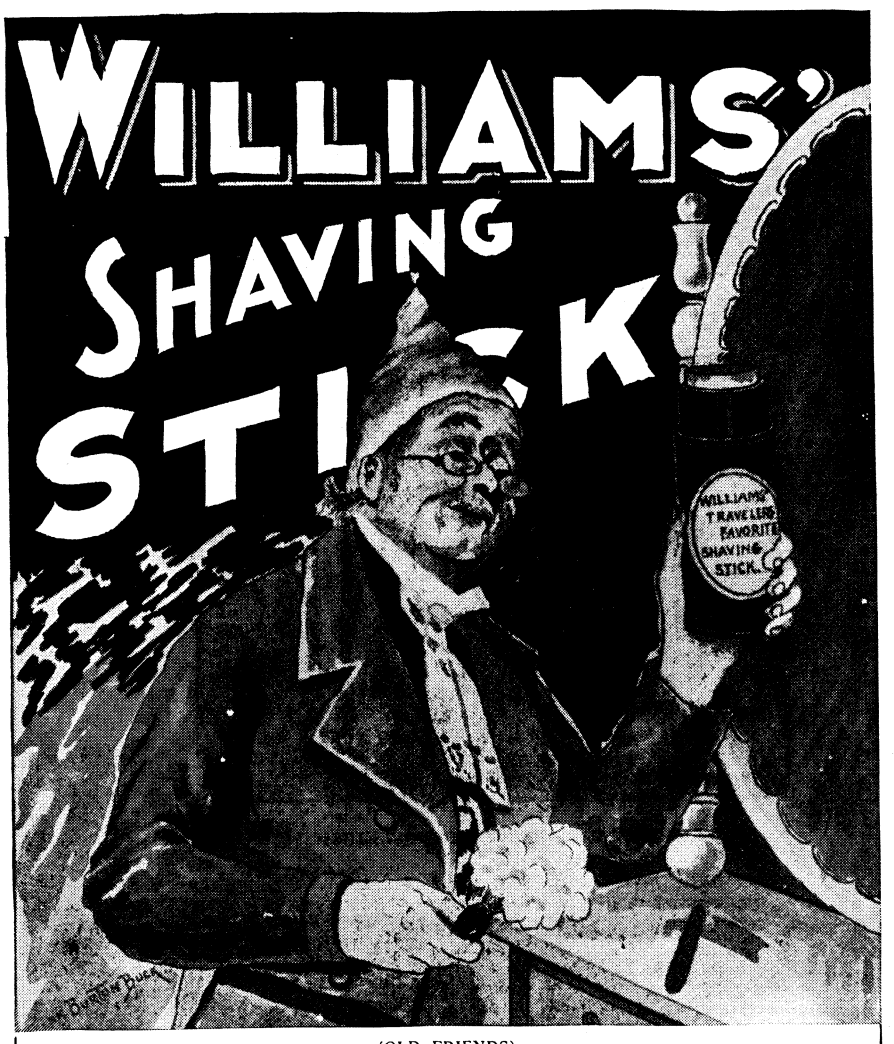
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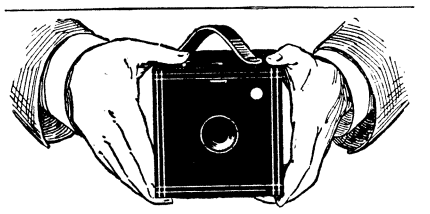
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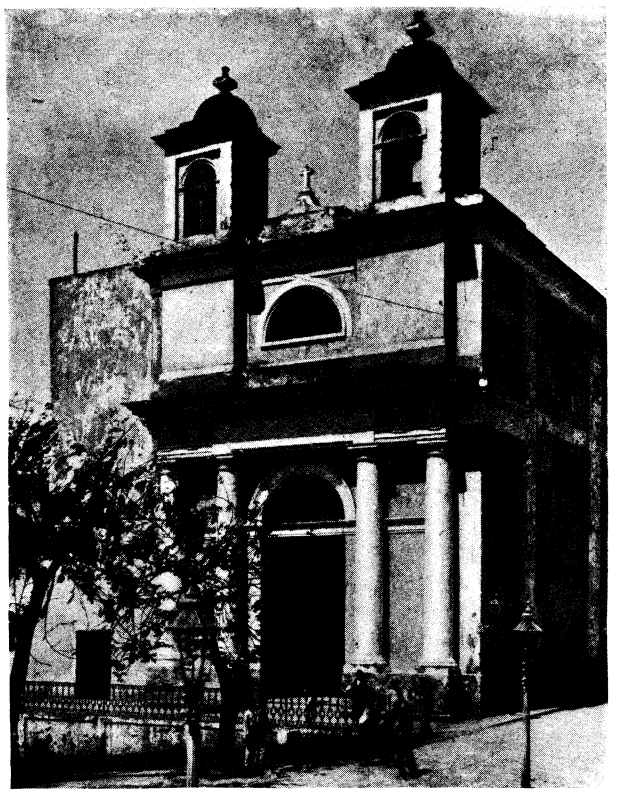
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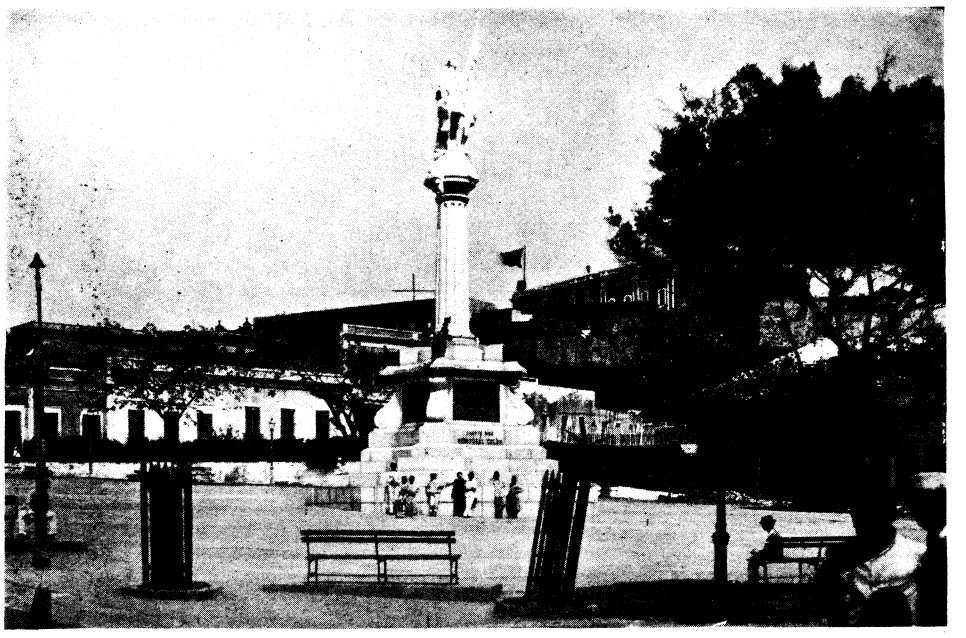
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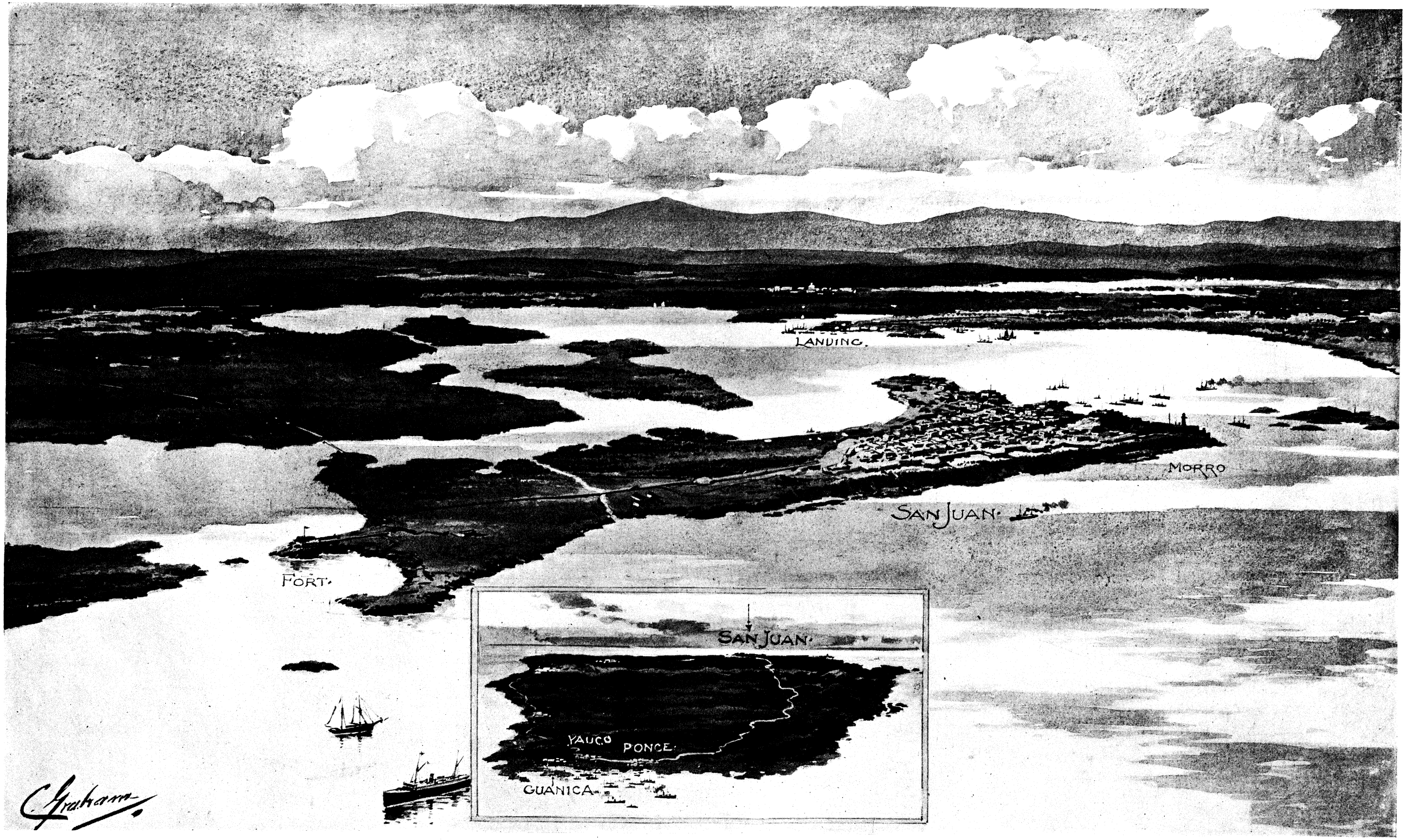


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A PUERTO RICO BELLE.

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PUERTO RICO AND SAN JUAN—SHOWING THE FIRST LANDING-PLACE OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY, GUANICA, THE POINT OF ATTACK, SAN JUAN, AND THE ROAD THITHER, THROUGH YAUCO AND PONCE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

TO THE POWERS.

Suggested Text for an Open Postal Card to Emperor William, the Czar, et al.

What shall we do with the Philippines?
Well, Europe, peep behind the scenes,
And what you see tell your marines.

Our plans, of course, are not complete;
Won't be till Merritt takes his seat,
Backed up by Army and by Fleet.

That done, we'll choose the fairest spots,
Divide 'em up in city plots,
And sell 'em off as corner lots.

And where the Spanish foe now loots
Mayhap you'll find some substitutes,
Like vaudeville and chuting chutes.

And possibly we'll take those Isles,
Whereon sweet peace so rarely smiles,
And give them to our men of wiles.

To Croker one, and one to Platt,
And one to Bryan—men like that—
So that *we'll* know just where *they're* at.

But one thing's fixed as any star:
We will not move those Islands far,
But let them stay just where they are.

We hope, dear Concert, great and square,
This answer strikes you as most fair.
If not, why—*well, old Dewey's there.*

John Kendrick Bangs.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 759.*)

General Miles has sent the following summary of troops composing the detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition under his immediate command — *i. e.*, sailing from Guantanamo Harbor: "Four light batteries of the Third and Fourth Artillery; Lomia's Battery B, Fifth Artillery; Sixth Illinois; Sixth Massachusetts; 275 recruits for Fifth Corps; 60 men of Signal Corps, and Seventh Hospital Corps—3415 men all told." The four light batteries referred to are C and F of the Third Artillery and B and F of the Fourth. General Miles is now proceeding along the northern coast of Haiti, as appears from the circumstance that a despatch to the War Department this afternoon is headed, "On board U.S.S. *Yale*, Mole St. Nicholas, July 22."

Saturday, July 23.—Five troops of cavalry now at Camp Alger, Virginia, have been ordered to Newport News for embarkation on transports for Puerto Rico. These are Troops A and C of New York Cavalry, the Governor's Troop, Penn., and the Philadelphia City Troop.

The *City of Rio de Janeiro* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, with Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, Volunteer Companies A, C, D, E, F, G, L, M of the First South Dakota Volunteers, 32 officers, 669 men, 104 recruits for the Utah Light Artillery, staff officers, and clerks. Total, 50 officers, 840 enlisted men, and 10 civilians.

The following despatch to the War Department shows that the sailing of the Tampa detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition was delayed until to-day:

Tampa, Florida, *July* 23.

The transports *Arkadia, Whitney, Miller, Clotilda,* and *Cherokee,* with General Schwan's headquarters, sailed between ten and half past twelve to-day with two light batteries Seventh Artillery, one troop Second Cavalry, two companies Eleventh Infantry, full regiment Nineteenth Infantry, and two sections of the general pack-train. The *Mohawk,* which can easily overtake these boats, cannot sail before ten o'clock to-morrow. It will carry ten companies of the Eleventh Infantry, about 600 pack-animals, the brigade ambulance train, and Red Cross ambulances. John I. Rodgers,
Brigadier-General.

About thirty-five thousand men in all are to be sent to Puerto Rico from the several points of embarkation.

A petition to President McKinley, which has been signed by two thousand inhabitants of Santiago, expresses the hope "that the present state of affairs in Santiago, where the Spanish have still in their hands the administration and our interests, fate, and property, will be short, and that the city will be turned over to the Cubans."

Sunday, July 24.—The number of Spanish troops in Santiago province surrendering now, when notified of the fall of the city, is somewhat larger than General Toral reported. General Shafter says of those at Palma and San Luis that they "all apparently were greatly delighted at the prospect of returning home," for "they were on the verge of starvation." General Shafter continues: "And I have to send them rations to-morrow. If the numbers of troops keep up as they have, there will be about 24,000 to ship away. Nearly 12,000 are here—3000 from San Luis, 6000 from Guantanamo, and over 2000 at Sagua and Baracoa."

Monday, July 25.—Preparation for another expedition to Puerto Rico is now being made at Tampa. The three Southern regiments at that point—First Florida, Second Georgia, and Fifth Maryland—have orders to embark as soon as possible.

About 5500 men are now ready to embark at Newport News for Puerto Rico.

Brigadier-General Charles King said to-day: "It is my personal opinion that every man of the expeditionary force will be wanted in the Philippines, and will go there. Even should Manila be taken from the Spanish and the war settled in the Orient, as far as Spain is concerned, with the forces now there or already ordered to depart, it is still not to be doubted that General Merritt will be glad to have fifty thousand men before he is through with Aguinaldo."

Rumors of negotiations for peace now fill so much space in the daily newspapers that they must have a place in this diary as a part of the "news." And of course *quot relatores, tot sententiæ,* for in Spain you may have any answer that you expect. The Spaniard's emphasis is not upon matter, but upon manner, and he defines the agreeable man as the man who agrees. So to correspondents expecting peace, peace talk is accorded, while those who fear their livelihood would be more precarious in a "piping time" have the invincible Spanish peasant waved in their faces, so to speak. He used to be waved in Roman faces before Horace's time, but Spain became a splendid province. The most pointed of to-day's Madrid despatches says that "the Spanish government has drawn up a message proposing an armistice for the purpose of discussing the terms upon which peace with the United States can be arranged."

The popularity of the war loan is shown in a statement published to-day (when the first shipments of the bonds are being made) that there are about 300,000 persons to whom bonds will be allotted, and only those persons offering to take the bonds in small amounts (up to $4500) will receive them.

A landing at Puerto de Guanica, near Ponce, on the southern coast of Puerto Rico, was made by the military expedition under General Miles which sailed from Guantanamo Bay last Thursday. The selection of this point is referred to by the press despatches as a "surprise" to correspondents as well as to the enemy, but it will not greatly surprise readers of the Weekly, who recall the careful investigation made in the neighborhood of Ponce last May by Captain H. H. Whitney, now of General Miles's staff.* The landing was prefaced by a skirmish between Spanish troops and the crew of the *Gloucester's* launch, in which a number of the Spaniards fell.

Tuesday, July 26.—Details of the landing on the southern coast of Puerto Rico yesterday are contained in a despatch from General Miles to Secretary Alger. "Circumstances were such," the commanding general says, "that I deemed it advisable to take the harbor of Guanica first, fifteen miles west of Ponce, which was successfully accomplished between daylight and 11 o'clock. Spaniards surprised. The *Gloucester,* Commander Wainwright, first entered the harbor; met with slight resistance, fired a few shots. All the transports are now in the harbor, and infantry and artillery rapidly going ashore. This is a well-protected harbor; water sufficiently deep for all transports; the heavy vessels can anchor within a few hundred feet of shore. The Spanish flag was lowered and the American flag raised at 11 o'clock to-day. Captain Higginson, with his fleet, has rendered able and earnest assistance. Troops in good health and best spirits. No casualties."

The French ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, on behalf of the government of Spain, and at the request of the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, presented to President McKinley this afternoon, at the White House, a message designed to open the door to negotiations for peace.

Admiral Sampson's report to the Secretary of the Navy, made public to-day, gives an account of the naval battle of July 3, outlining the action from the very moment when the head of the column of Cervera's squadron appeared (at 9.31 A.M.) to the moment when the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon,* overhauling the enemy's best and fastest vessel, the *Cristóbal Colon,* "opened fire and got her range, the *Oregon's* heavy shell striking beyond her," and thus proving so conclusively that escape was impossible that "at 1.20 the *Colon* gave up without firing another shot, hauled down her colors, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago." The positions of all the vessels engaged are given, and the achievements (or fate) of each. An important paragraph is that in which we find both explanation of Cervera's dash in broad daylight and intimation of Admiral Sampson's plan: "I regard this complete and important victory over the Spanish forces as the successful finish of several weeks of arduous and close blockade, *so stringent and effective during the night that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night, and deliberately elected to make the attempt in daylight.*" The manner in which this was accomplished is described, and reports from Commodore Schley and the captains of the American war-ships are given. Altogether the document is of uncommon interest as well as of high importance, and the writing is that of gallant gentlemen.

Wednesday, July 27.—In anticipation of peace negotiations, London traders sent the price of Spanish fours up to 39⅞. Yesterday's closing price was 38¼.

General Shafter's report on the sanitary situation in Santiago: "Total sick, 4122; total fever cases, 3193; new cases of fever, 822; cases of fever returned to duty, 542."

The surrender of Guantanamo, province of Santiago de Cuba, reveals conditions there which are worse than those at Santiago before our forces, with coercion in one hand and relief in the other, took over the provincial capital. The Guantanamo troops are literally starving, and there are two thousand sick.

Thursday, July 28.—A detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition, under command of Major-General Brooke, sailed from Newport News....At San Francisco the First Battalion South Dakota Volunteers, and recruits for Colorado and Minnesota regiments, embarked for Manila on the transport *St. Paul.*

Madrid newspapers protest against the continuance of hostilities by the United States "after Spain has sued for peace," and the following statement is attributed to Prime-Minister Sagasta, in a despatch to a London newspaper: "We resolved upon peace many days ago, and made known our resolution to the United States. I regard as null and void and as destitute of good faith everything the Americans have done since. I am ready to formally protest [to the powers]." The fact is that there were no overtures for peace of which the State Department at Washington was officially informed, before the visit of M. Cambon, Tuesday afternoon. The suggestion then made by the French ambassador was not of such a nature that it could be regarded as a warrant for stopping the war. Peace must wait upon the acceptance of conditions which have not yet been proposed, or even formulated; and it is not at all plain that a truce, too easily obtained, would advance the much-desired conclusion. M. W.

* See Harper's Weekly, June 25, 1898.

PARIS.

THE FRENCH PRESS AND THE WAR.

June 24, 1898.

The Spanish war throws an interesting light on those astonishing organizations known as French newspapers. Whether, as has already been said by the Weekly, in their recent attacks upon us they have reflected true French feeling, does not concern us in the least. We need to care what Continental Europe may say about us only in case unfriendly sympathies are strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards the United States. But we are asked to believe that apparently almost the entire press of a country is not to be taken seriously; and, as a matter of fact, any one who has lived in Paris for many years, as I have, in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, knows that the press is not to be believed, and that the amount of credence to be placed in almost any paper may be estimated in inverse proportion to its importance and the number of its sales. This is a paradox worth looking into, especially as a time might come some day when it would be useful to us to know how to go to work to get a printed sentiment which the French themselves would avow.

To judge at all of French journals we must look at the principles underlying them, the first of which is, naturally, to make them pay. Every French paper has three sides —the *coté administratif,* or business side; its reportage, or news; and what is called *grand journalism,* those brilliant articles signed by well-known names which are famous the world over. All papers have at their head a group of politicians who are not only of a party, but the *nuance* of a party, and many of them have secret funds from the government. As the French do not understand advertising, that is not a source of revenue; and the business interests of the paper are maintained by a certain profession of faith called its politics, determined almost entirely by its capacity for making money.

Drument, for instance, makes *La Libre Parole* pay by popularity gained by dragging the government and the Jews through the mud. The campaign he leads is not only anti-Semitic and socialistic, it is distinguished by the *nuance* of Catholic socialism. Everything that is not Catholic—such as the American war against Spain—is against Drument. As the socialistic working-man who buys *La Libre Parole* must be regaled with strong language, the result is the violent and vulgar insults that have been heaped upon the American people.

Other people buy Drument to see what Drument is saying. He is a personage and a man to read, even while but few take him seriously. Outside of his leaders, the paper is nothing but a journal of affairs, filled up with no matter what, provided it be strong. The French are so used to hearing the heads of their own government characterized as gredins, crapules, friponilles, in such papers as *La Libre Parole,* that what these turbulent organs said of another government left them indifferent, until they found that such utterances were precisely the ones most translated and commented on by their enemies and on the other side, and that they were taken seriously by the American people.

No French paper, politically, represents anything more than a certain shade of a certain sentiment of a certain party. The *Figaro,* the *Gaulois,* and the journal of M. Cassagnac, *L'Autorité,* which have a combination with the extreme royalists among the nobility, must support a Catholic and royalist government in Spain for political and business reasons at the same time that these papers are bought by the largest part of their readers for their literary criticism, their signed articles—for anything but their politics. Rochefort, who has been hurling invectives against the government since the time of the Empire, makes no more impression for us than the others against us, because his republicanism implies also communism, whither few are inclined to follow him, the socialism of France lying outside of the lines of *L'Intransigeant.* The men of weight in French papers are the "grand journalists" like Jules Lemaître, for instance, entirely outside of the political business affairs of the various organs.

Outside of the exaggerations of the newspapers, for political reasons, a certain mild sentiment against the war has existed all along in Paris among people of all shades of opinion; very much such a feeling as one encountered at first among Americans who had been long away from home, and upon whom the immediate settlement of the Cuban question by arms fell like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. With the French, setting apart their interests in Spanish bonds, it came from the fact, as an Englishman intimately connected with diplomatic circles said to me, that they are the peace-makers of Europe. The key to the Dreyfus affair was their dread of complications that might bring on war. The very word of war, in a country where almost every man is a soldier, is a terror to them. It brings up the dreadful and poignant souvenirs of 1870—the invasion of the country, the incessant roar of the cannons advancing on Paris, the ambulances gorged with wounded too numerous to be cared for, the cold, famine, and crushing defeat. "From the New World we looked for progress towards peace," is the substance of what I have heard a hundred times from men of weight, "and you have taken the worst thing of the old régime."

All the French asked was to be allowed to go on peacefully to the end of the century and have their exposition, when we suddenly brought them face to face with the most disagreeable thing known to their consciousness. It is French instinct to put aside, if possible, the painful side of serious things, which is the direct consequence of that sensibility, which is their greatest charm.

The change in their feeling is not only for commercial reasons, and because of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, but because the serious element of the French people at large has looked the war squarely in the face, instructed itself, and learned to understand us better. As I said in the beginning, it is a matter of small moment to us what the sentiment may be, but it is nevertheless well to do a certain justice toward the nation that sent us Lafayette, that has most generously thrown open all the advantages of its schools to the student officers from our navy free of charge, and has given us proof of friendship in numberless ways.

Allen Sergeant.

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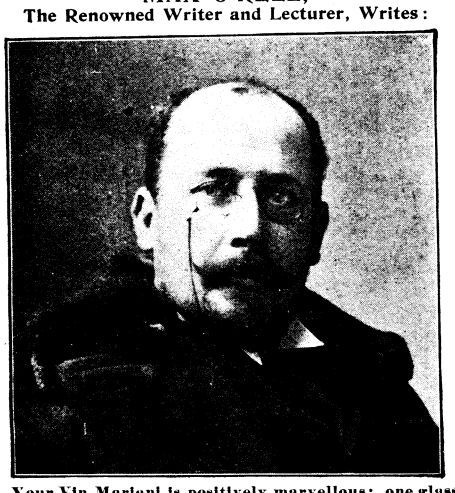
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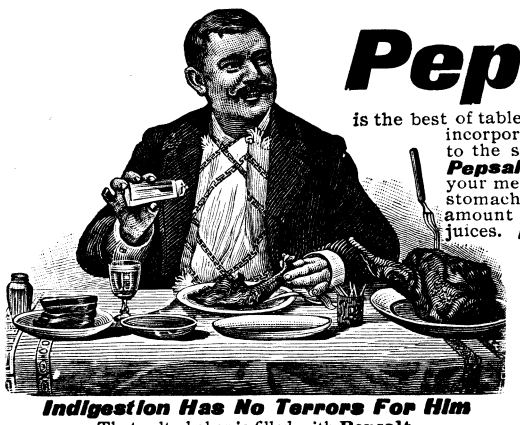
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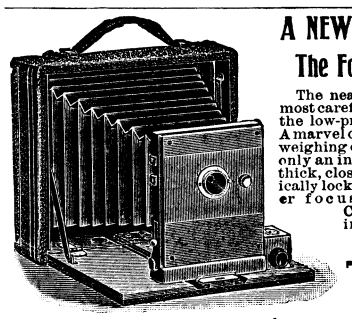


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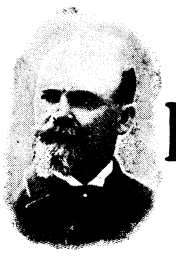
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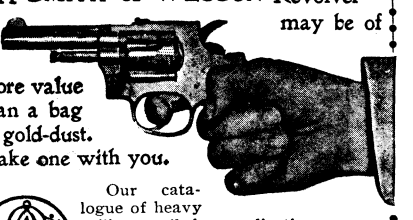
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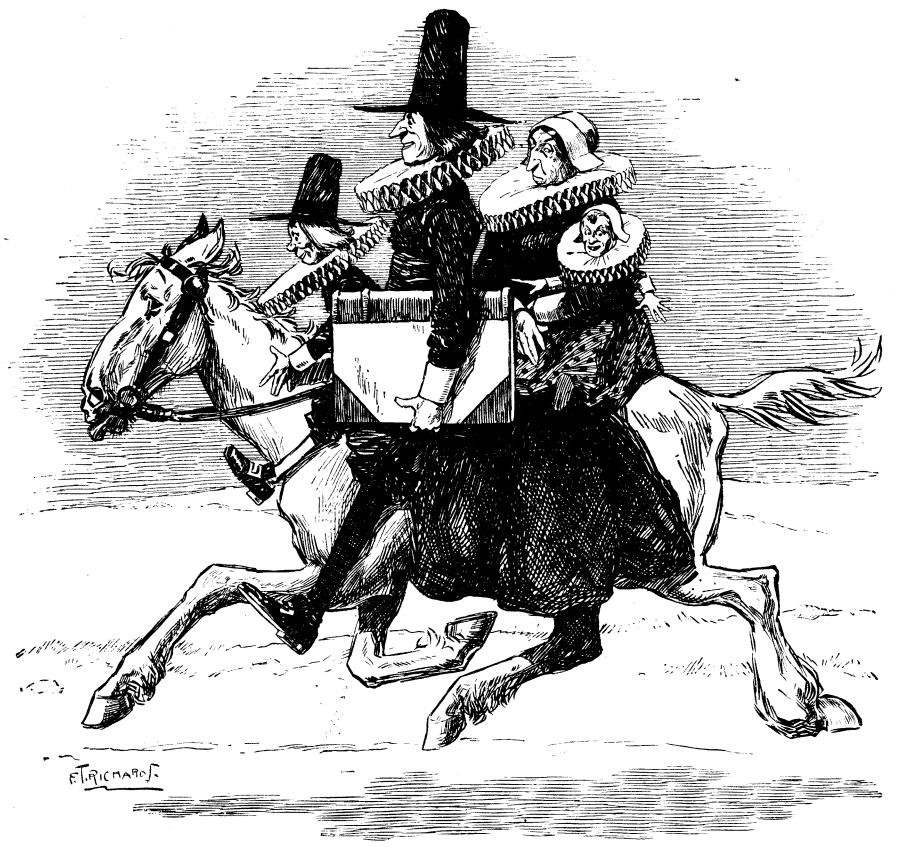
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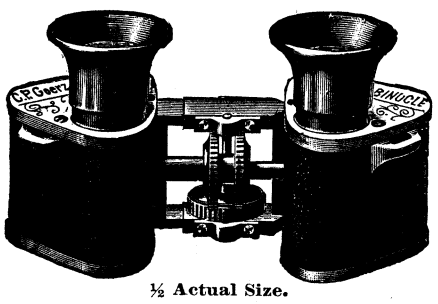
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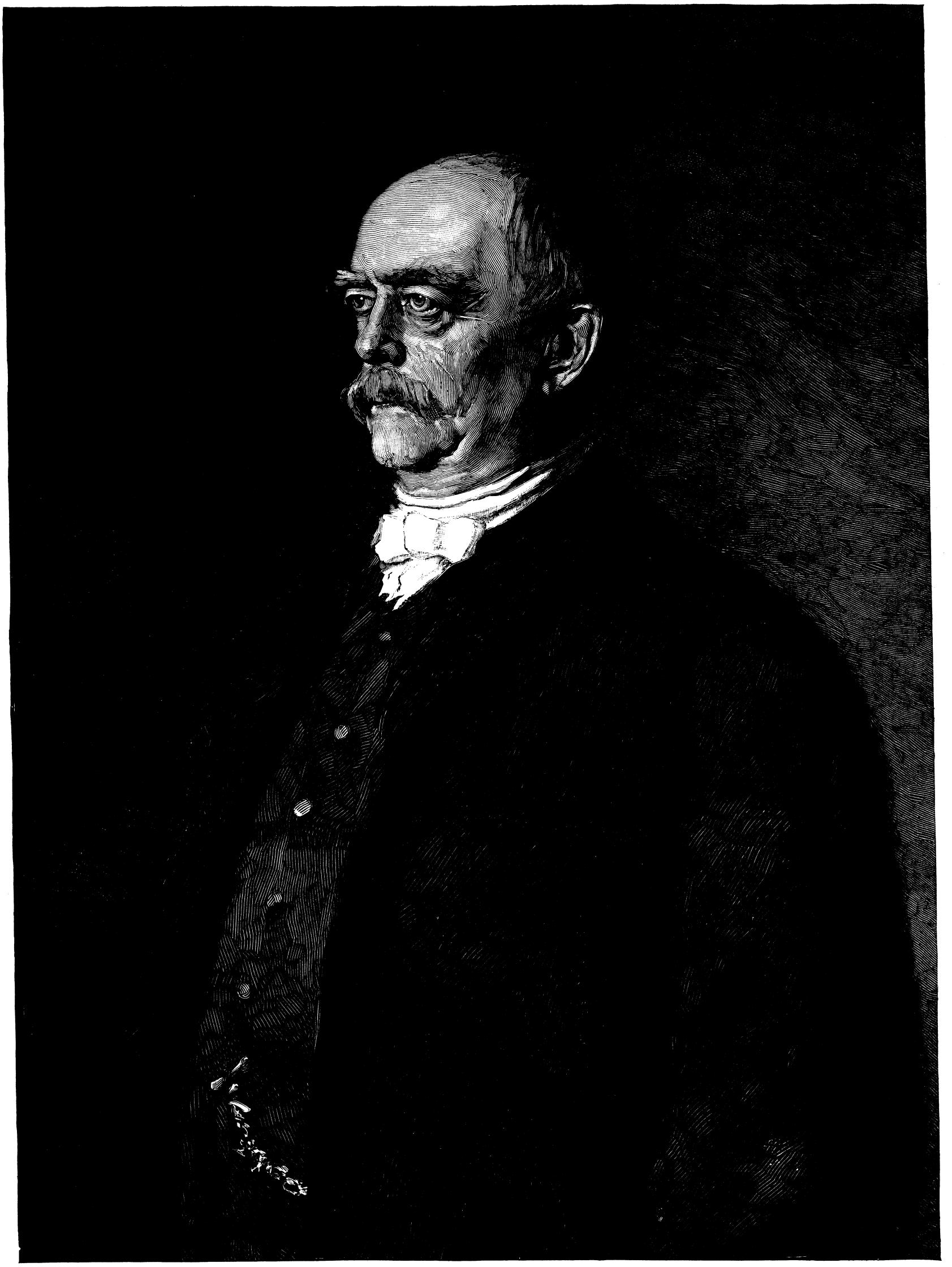
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PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.

BISMARCK AND HIS PEOPLE.

TO know Bismarck, one must not seek him at Friedrichsruh, which, after all, is but a show-place, nor lay too much stress on a knowledge of his public doings, heralded by the press of all the world off and on, nor assume that a study of his Hamburg newspaper organ gives a clear insight into his character at this stage of his career.

It is true, one may catch him in his shirt sleeves at the country-seat near Hamburg, and "catch him tripping" at those minor public occasions as well as in his editorial work, but for all that we see only the *official* Bismarck—official, though without office—not the Bismarck who in his innermost heart confesses to the *homo sum* of the true philosopher.

The Bismarck *as he is*, is only to be met with at Varzin, the feudal estate in far-off Pomerania, which the Prince bought with the money raised by grateful citizens.

Starting from Berlin, it takes from twelve to fourteen hours' journeying to get there, and this probably explains the fact why the multitude of people who make it their business to write about the ex-Chancellor collect their material anywhere but at Varzin; it also accounts, no doubt, for Bismarck's *sans façon* way of living at this lonely tusculum.

The route leads through a bleak and almost desolate country, the ancient margraviate of Brandenburg, into the former dukedom of Pomerania, fully as cheerless and destitute as the other.

After eight hours' weary ride, interrupted by innumerable stoppages at stations where it was impossible to get anything beyond stale beer and the national black bread and herring, we arrived, towards five o'clock P.M., at Schlawe, a little town some few miles from the East Sea. There we were transferred to a branch line, a special passenger-car containing a first-class carriage being attached to a freight train for our benefit. Our miseries were, how-

ever, not yet ended, for after three-quarters of an hour of crawling along, the train halted with a jerk in the thick of a forest, and the conductor came to tell us that we had arrived at Zollbrück, and were to again change cars for Hammermühle, terminus of the branch. After another hour of slow torture, that place was reached. There was no regular post-chaise to Varzin, but, luckily for us, there was a special mail delivery on that day, arranged for the benefit of Prince Bismarck and his guests, and we were allowed to ride to the village in a springless cart loaded down with packages and letter-bags.

It was nearly eight o'clock, when, in view of the first houses of Varzin, and as our cart was just swinging around the corner into the village street, the driver sharply drew in the reins and said, "There comes his Grace; I nearly ran into him."

True enough, there were the historical boar-hounds, racing along, barking and howling, and close behind them an open barouche of heavy make, drawn by two immense chestnuts. On the right sat a tall, broad figure, enveloped in a plaid to ward off the drizzling rain that had been falling for an hour or so. Now he raises his slouch-hat before the strangers in the mail-wagon, and in the twilight we recognize Bismarck.

Our driver did not attempt to follow in the Prince's wake until the rattle and clank of wheels and hoofs and the hounds' barking had thoroughly died out. Only then we entered upon the lanternless road, at the further end of which the inn was situated. Such an inn! Like a mediæval stronghold, it was surrounded by a pool of greenish water. A woman, milk-pail in hand, introduced herself as the landlady.

After a supper of eggs and potatoes, the cheese was impossible, and a night on feather beds, the feathers of which had not been "cured," we awoke betimes, and



PRINCE BISMARCK AT VARZIN.

after a hard struggle for a tub of water, indulged in a hasty breakfast of bread and milk, which we found in the lower room. We had about finished, when our hostess and a man in a white cap and apron broke in upon us, and seeing us feasting, cried out: "They have eaten the rolls of our *gnädiger Herr!* What *shall* we do? What *shall* we do? Ah, and they have drunk his cream!"

We were informed that Prince Bismarck was the only person in Varzin indulging in the luxury of white bread, especially made for him by the woman's husband, the baker. These people were also bound by their contract of tenancy to save their cream for his Grace. All we could do was to offer a monetary equivalent for the damage done. Then we started upon a tour of the village.

Varzin, like most Pomeranian hamlets, consists of one street only, with the manor-house marking the upper terminus, and the premises of the head keeper (in this case the *Oberförster*—master of the forest) at the other end. The houses of the tenants are in every respect low, slovenly, and neglected, and, like our hotel, surrounded by a pool of stagnant water, collected from the refuse of the stables, the kitchens, and occasional rain showers. A single plank serves to bridge the chasm between the road and what is generally used for sidewalks—here a sloppy mire, in which numerous ducks and geese take their pleasure. These fowls are everywhere in the village. Here we find them waddling Indian file, or grouped in veritable battalions, a hundred heads strong, in the middle of the roadway; there they compel little children to seek shelter with their mother, or march unceremoniously through the passages of houses, peeping into the very rooms for prey. Some five minutes' walk from the manor-house there is a small lake literally covered with these birds.

The houses of the post and school masters are noteworthy exceptions to the prevailing carelessness, and the former makes quite a pretty picture of rural simplicity.

Being advised that Prince Bismarck was never visible before eleven o'clock, we took our time in looking about.

From the village we turned our attention to the manor-house or castle, whose yards and outbuildings reach down to the street, flanked at that point by poplars on both sides. It is probably due to the aristocratic notions of the founders of the estate that the residential buildings turn their back upon the village. The approach, covering nearly half an acre of ground, leads over a slight incline fortified with cobblestones, very trying to a city man, and between a succession of stables, which for all the world look like a number of the village cottages joined together. The yards and sheds appeared to be deserted, and not until we reached the newly built annex did we encounter a living soul. And this belonged to no less a personage than Dr. Chrysander, the Prince's reader, medical adjunct, and quasi-secretary.

The doctor is a tall slim man with a strange, raggy beard all around his face. The report of our visit and intentions evidently had preceded us, for he at once volunteered the information that "Prince Bismarck was not in the habit of receiving strangers at Varzin." For this piece of intelligence we were duly thankful, but having confidently expected the rebuff so promptly put forth, proceeded on our errand without further parley.

The annex already mentioned is a severely plain two-story-and-basement brick structure with plaster facings, and, like the rest of the buildings, yellow-washed. On the entrance floor is the secretary's office, containing a few pieces of rough furniture, besides two large tables, usually loaded with newspapers, which Dr. Chrysander has to read and mark for the benefit of his master. This room connects by a corridor with Prince Bismarck's own bedchamber in the adjoining manor-house, where his Grace receives the doctor's press reports and his mail immediately on awakening, and while taking his tea in bed. The Princess also has her room on the ground-floor, the whole of which is devoted to the old people's use. The fact is Frau von Bismarck, who in her husband's affectionate letters figures as such a robust and lively woman, is nowadays so crippled by old age as to be incapable of ascending stairs. The upper floor of the manor-house has been given over entirely to the Prince's children, grandchildren, and occasional guests.

We walked past the Prince's private stables and carriage-sheds, forming a sort of inner court with the rear of the manor and annex, and entered the park expanding in front. There a really pretty picture met our eyes. The greater part of the front is covered by a creeper, and mighty trees rise on all sides. The flower-beds facing the house are laid out tastefully without being artificial in design. There are no rare plants, no elaborate china vases, there is no evidence of the hot-house or the landscape-gardener's art. Everything is natural, simple, homelike, a lovely spot that any good housewife might keep in perfect order. The park covers many acres, finally to merge with the forests and fields belonging to the estate. Bismarck, standing on the roof of his house, might turn his face to the north or south, to east or west, and exclaim, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine as far as the eye travels."

With exploring the nooks and corners, the shady avenues, and fenced meadows where the colts are kept, the time had passed speedily, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when an attendant from the castle announced that the Prince was about to take his usual morning stroll, and would be pleased to see us in the avenue leading to the spring. This spring is situated in a hollow near the house, and is credited with containing a certain amount of mineral matter. His Grace takes a glass of the water whenever he goes for exercise. Just now a man-servant was coming from the spot with a tumbler in his hand.

He had no sooner disappeared into the side entrance of the house when the boar-hounds came bounding along the avenue, followed by their master and Count Herbert. A young lady—the daughter of Baron von Merckh of Hamburg, as I afterwards learned—was trying to catch up with them.

The two tall men formed a splendid object for the instantaneous camera we were carrying.

"Ah!" cried Bismarck, when within hearing distance, "that is what I call a photographic *attentat!* Never mind; I have endured worse cases of assault."

The boar-hounds meanwhile had succeeded in reversing our private opinion about their alleged ferocious selves. They are splendid beasts with silklike bluish-gray coats, and as docile and amiable as kittens. They thrust their snouts into our hands, and otherwise tried to belie the bad name given them by politicians and reporters to whom their master had denied himself. The Prince said he had been advised we were neither political scandal-mongers nor persistent interviewers. "You come from London," he added; "well, what is the latest from across the Channel?"

We gave some instances of public life and doings, in which his Grace seemed much interested, and then branched off into literature, mentioning, among other things, the forth-coming English edition of some well-heralded memoirs.

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "the memoirs of the great offer the most interesting study for those coming after us."

"And your Grace is credited with being engaged on the most memorable of them all."

"They credit me with a good many things—my friends and my enemies alike," answered Bismarck, with a knowing smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "but I assure you I have nothing ready."

"But you are preparing memoirs, are you not?" I persisted.

"I thought you were not an interviewer," said the Prince, somewhat seriously, and at once turned the conversation into other channels by inviting us to take a good look around his farm.

"This is a healthy country," he continued, pointing his stick in the direction of the broad expanse of woods and meadows before us. "I always feel quite young when stopping at Varzin, and would indeed be thoroughly contented with my lot if my wife were in better health."

These last words were uttered in a voice of almost womanly tenderness. The great man evidently felt deeply concerned about his *Frau*, as he called the Princess.

We were told by him that her Grace was losing strength all the time, and that since the beginning of the year she had been unable to attend to her household duties, in which she was so much interested.

"She is deprived of the best tonic Varzin offers, poor woman"—these were the fond husband's own words—"exercise in the fresh and bracing air. That's what keeps me so well. I am almost constantly out-doors—"

"Rain or shine," I interrupted, "as we observed last night, first thing after our arrival."

"Was that you?" gasped the Prince, with an amused twinkle in his eye. "Oh dear! oh dear! and in the open mail-cart too! Surely you are not stopping at our local hotel?"

We settled his mind on those points, and, in his turn, he congratulated us on our "passion for self-abnegation and self-sacrifice."

Walking along towards the fields, Bismarck indulged in the little pastime peculiar to his late master, Kaiser Wilhelm I., asking about our homes, parents, and studies. Of America he spoke with much warmth, dwelling on her inexhaustible resources of nature and the successes of her government.

After a while he bade us adieu, shook hands heartily, and repeated his invitation to make ourselves at home.

It is almost needless to say we followed his advice. In doing so we had the good fortune of again meeting the great man, when a party of ladies and children from one of the neighboring seats waited on him in the afternoon. He appeared as pleasant and cheerful as in the morning, and even displayed a certain amount of gallantry as he took the flowers offered by the fair donors. (See illustration.)

Bismarck's daily life at Varzin is of the simplest; there is no ceremony of any kind; he is hardly regarded as a Prince or a great man at all. The estate he occupies has been for hundreds of years in the hands of the lesser nobility, that is, persons endowed with the almost vulgar privilege of affixing a "von" in front of their family name. The old serfs called their masters and mistresses *Gnädiger Herr* and *Gnädige Frau* respectively, and this custom prevails among the tenants of the present day, in spite of the fact that their landlord's name and title are recorded in the Almanach de Gotha, Part II.

From all I hear and see, Bismarck is not an exacting master. He walks, drives, and rides among his quasi subjects with the *nonchalance* of a city man, accepting their reverence where it is freely offered as part and parcel of his station, but never insisting on any prescribed formality to another's discomfort. There was a time when, upon his arrival in his domain, the cottages appeared in all the glory of fresh whitewash and greens, when flags were hoisted and the tenants donned their best; but learning by personal application that he, the master himself, paid for this joyous display, either directly or indirectly, the Prince gave strict orders that such demonstrations should be discontinued. Although very fond of farming, and the general business and prerogatives of the feudal land-owner, he never interferes directly in administrative matters, and thoroughly abhors to treat with his tenants upon monetary affairs. If any of them has a grievance, or desires a release or loan, he must address himself to the *Oberförster*.

The tenants may be thorough Germans, as they claim, but in their appearance and manners cannot deny their Sclavonian origin, their descent from the old *Kassuben*, that Wendish tribe notorious in western Prussia for sluggishness, boorishness, and general dislike to water. Their wages are meagre, as the soil they till is poor, but they have a roof over their heads, plenty of potatoes, black bread, and herrings to eat, and even a little money for schnapps. The men earn from 40 to 45 pfennings per day (4 pfennings equal 1 cent), the women 30 pfennings, aside from free land, dwelling, and wood. Any extra hand in a household (aside from man and wife) receives 75 pfennings daily wage. This is the average pay for rural labor in Pomerania. The Prince pays neither more nor less than any other landlord; if he *did* go above the average, he would only foster drunkenness among his people.

We heard the Prince's own statement regarding his health, and it only remains to say that his looks and manner bore out his words.

Having lost his *embonpoint* under the skilful treatment of Professor Schwenniger, he appeared even taller than in the days of his glory; being unhampered by arduous duties and the thousand and one vexations of office, his temperament had softened and his natural cordiality had returned.

Did he look like a disappointed man?

Far from it. To the unprejudiced he appeared as one taking his comfort—and taking it in the most decided and deliberate fashion at that. And who knows but that the evident discomfort of his chief enemy does not materially contribute to his enjoyment of perfect ease?

HENRY W. FISCHER.

VARZIN, *October 10, 1893.*

PRINCE BISMARCK.

On the 1st of April, 1815, there was born to a quiet Prussian squire of Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, a son, who was destined to make the name of Bismarck more famous than that of any statesman or ruler of his time. It was the year of Waterloo. Prussia, was a subordinate member of the German Bund, of which Austria, under the House of Hapsburg, was the acknowledged chief. Exhausted by the efforts it had made in the Napoleonic wars, the ruling House of Hohenzollern conformed its foreign policy to that of the Diet of Frankfort, which was the maintenance of a mild but steady inertia on the part of the Bund, believed then to be necessary to the maintenance of the "balance of power" in Europe. Little did the proprietor of Schönhausen dream that his second son was one day to convert the loosely joined, inert body of petty German states into a vast German Empire, instinct with the vital force of nationality, deeply influencing, and often dominating the destinies of the continent, and strongly affecting those of the whole world.

Certainly nothing in the life of Bismarck for the first thirty years gave sign of his splendid future. He passed through the common routine of the education of his time and class, but made slight use of the opportunities it offered. It is even disputed whether the late Chancellor of the German Empire ever passed the state examination, which is in his country a condition precedent to public employment. In college he was famous only for his wild life, his numerous duels, his skill in swimming and in horsemanship, and enjoyed as well as earned the title of *flotter Bursche*, a "jolly student." Leaving the university, he adopted rather than practised the profession of law, travelled frequently, took his turn in the landwehr, and gained a lieutenant's commission, but finally, at the age of twenty-four, with his elder brother, Bernhard, took charge of the family estates in Pomerania, with a residence at Kniephof. Here he succeeded in management, but led the social life of a wild country squire—a mighty hunter, a deep drinker, ready at feast or fight, known to the neighboring garrison as "the mad Bismarck" (*der tolle Bismarck*). A dozen years passed in this fashion, at the end of which he won the love and the hand of the Fräulein Johanna von Putkammer, in despite of much natural reluctance on the part of her parents.

Urged by his brother, who was alone in thinking that Bismarck was "by inclination and natural disposition made for the public service, and that sooner or later he must engage in it," he secured an election to the Diet of Saxony, and as deputy went, in 1847, to the first United Diet of Prussia. He immediately took a prominent place in the front rank of the ultra-conservative party. He attacked the Radicals and even the Liberals with tremendous energy, and quickly made himself noted for the vigor and freedom with which he announced his extreme views, and the trenchant and bitter sarcasm which he rained on his opponents. He held that nothing should be demanded of the King, and everything left to his Majesty's goodness; and to the claims of a democratic orator of Berlin, he savagely declared that "all the great cities ought to be destroyed and razed to the ground as the eternal homes of revolution and constitutionalism." Of constitutionalism, which he held in great contempt, he said that it was only *la démocratie endimanchée* (democracy in Sunday clothes). He had little respect and less taste for parliamentary life or methods. It was not by debate, he thundered, in one of those bursts of eloquence which occurred in his usually awkward oratory, that the decision could come between authority and revolution; "that decision will only come from God, from the God of battles, when he lets fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny."

His course won him some attention from the king, Frederick William IV. In December, 1848, he was elected from Brandenburg to the Second Chamber of the German Diet under the new constitution, and showed himself still not only an extreme conservative, but an ardent partisan of the supremacy of Austria. At this time he took a passing part in journalism, and wrote for the *Kreuz Zeitung*, whose motto may, more justly than would at first appear, be regarded as the one he followed through life: "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" ("With God for King and Fatherland"). He sustained the ministry even in its humiliating concessions to Austria at Olmütz, and was, in May, 1851, sent as first secretary of the Embassy to the Diet of Frankfort, where, a few months later, he was made ambassador. He thus entered on a diplomatic career which was of immense service to him, though every instinct of his imperious and fiery mind revolted against it. Two things in his experience at Frankfort, which lasted eight years, are of special note. One was the intimate and lasting friendship which sprang up between him and the Count Gortschakoff, the future Chancellor of the Russian Empire; the other was the prompt perception at which he arrived of the unfitness of Austria to be the leader of Germany, with the conviction that it was within the duty and the power of Prussia to take that post. As ambassador, with indomitable perseverance, he bent his energies to the task of undermining the Austrian influence, and instilling into the minds of the leaders of Prussia an idea of her possible future.

But his part was still relatively modest, and the interest of the record of this period of his life, for which his letters to his beloved sister, the Countess von Arnim, ten years his junior, furnish ample material, lies in the racy and piquant pictures of the diplomatic world and the actors in it. In 1858 the mind of the King of Prussia gave way, and his brother, afterward the Emperor William I., was declared Prince-Regent.

In the change of Ministry which followed, Bismarck foresaw his possible dismissal, and regarded it with his usual rude philosophy. He "would retire under the guns of Schönhausen" and watch. "The prospect of a fresh and honest struggle," he wrote, "without any official shackles in political bathing-drawers (if I may say so) has nearly as much charm for me as a continued *régime* of truffles, despatches, and grand crosses. . . . With my simple wants I am independent; and if God keeps my wife and children in good health, I say *vogue la galère!* whatever the waters may be."

The "waters" on which Bismarck's ship was to set sail were to be changed; but he was far from being retired, or allowed to retire. He was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he arrived April 1, 1859. He remained at the Russian Court three years. During that time he cemented yet more closely the friendship with Gortschakoff—one of the most remarkable in the history of statecraft—and made many valuable connections with Russian leaders of politics and society. He labored earnestly to prevent Prussia from siding with Austria in the Italian war of 1859, and was incessant in his representations to his government of the necessity of a change in the relations of Prussia to the German Confederation. In one of his letters at this time occurred the forerunner of the famous phrase "blood and iron." "I perceive," he wrote, "something defective in our position in the Bund, which, sooner or later, we shall be obliged to repair *ferro et igni* unless we submit it in time and at a favorable opportunity to serious treatment." His efforts, however, were practically in vain. Prussia failed to arm in the cause of Austria only because that power, with fatal insolence, demanded that the troops so offered should be under the command of the Austrian generals; and King William listened with interest and admiration, but without acting upon them, to the vigorous ideas of his ambassador. Bismarck fell sick and was deeply discouraged. "I seem," he wrote in January, 1862, "like a sick circus-rider," but he would "go on doing his duty in a homespun way." He would like to go to Paris; the "climate would suit the children better"; but "sickness comes everywhere, and misfortunes too. With God's help one withstands them, or bows in submission to His will! locality has nothing to do with it." He had been spoken of as Minister; he was "downright afraid of the post as of a cold bath."

Again Bismarck's theatre of action was to be changed, but his rather sombre view of his future was not to be justified. William I., now become King (January 1, 1861), had so far yielded to the views of Bismarck—with which, indeed, in this regard, he warmly united—as to place General von Roon in the War Office, with orders to bring the army to the highest perfection as rapidly as possible. Bismarck was brought from Russia and sent to Paris preliminary to his appointment at the head of the Ministry. In this brief interval he saw Napoleon III. at Biarritz, made a rapid journey to the south, from whence he wrote fascinating letters to his wife and sister, visited London, where he made the most lively impression, and returned to take his place as President of the Ministry September 23, 1862. His aims were very clear in his own mind, but the task of their accomplishment was herculean. He proposed to himself nothing less than a united Germany under Prussia, from which Austria was to be expelled, possibly by peaceful means, probably and even preferably by force. The first step was the strengthening of the army. The Chamber obstinately refused it. It was dissolved, and the work went on without its sanction. The Minister was intensely unpopular, and was bitterly denounced for usurpation. He foresaw possible revolution as a consequence of his action, but he did not shrink. He only hastened the events which were to make revolution impossible. He strengthened himself on the side of Russia by a cruel offer of aid in crushing Poland, and in return obtained Russian neutrality in his plan for the dismemberment of Denmark. In this he enlisted Austria, and the two powers seized the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein under the sanction of the German Diet, for the professed purpose of securing satisfaction for the German elements in the population. But Austria had no sooner assumed her share of the joint occupation and administration than Bismarck proceeded to pick a quarrel with her, and to come to an understanding not only with her natural enemy, Italy, but with Napoleon III., her natural ally. Space does not allow the tracing of the complex and crafty negotiations by which the French Emperor was induced to withhold his hand. Bismarck's course was astute and unscrupulous. In June, 1866, the Emperor's intimates at Paris were discussing what should be claimed of one and the other party to the impending war to aggrandize France. On the 2d of July Bismarck wrote to his wife from the bloody field of Gitschin: "The ground is still heaped up with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories are much greater than we thought. . . . Send me some French romances to read, but not more than one at a time."

The "French romance" which he had read completely, and to which he had furnished the prodigious *dénouement*, was the one in which Napoleon III. had dreamed of a Europe in which his word should be decisive, and in which Bismarck had been pictured as a "wild diplomat," who could be made useful to France. The "Seven Days' War" closed before the fortress of Königgrätz; Austria was expelled from the Bund; Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, the free city of Frankfort, and the principality of Hohenzollern were joined to Prussia, while the remaining states of Germany were embraced in the "North German Confederation," of the armies of which Prussia was to have the command. The instrument was finally ratified on the 16th of April, 1867.

The next three years were devoted by Bismarck, who became Chancellor of the Confederation, to consolidating its powers at home and adjusting its relations abroad. France, under the guidance of the Emperor, was bitterly disappointed, chagrined, and sullen. Bismarck foresaw that the necessities of the Emperor would impel him to seek a foreign war, and strove, on the one hand, to win him to some sort of understanding which should turn his armies away from Germany, and, on the other, to prepare for the worst if war must come. His efforts in the first direction failed; in the second they were supremely successful. The splendid triumph of his policy with reference to the Confederation had given him something like autocratic power, and every particle of it was devoted to perfecting the army, under the sagacious lead of von Roon and von Moltke.

In 1870, Napoleon, sore pressed by the "party of action," and desperate at his failure to win to his support the Liberals, whom he had sought to conciliate by the constitutional changes made through the Ollivier ministry, seized upon the incident of the nomination to the throne of Spain of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to make demands on Germany, which were repelled, and followed by a declaration of war. It has been often asserted that Bismarck entrapped the Emperor into this quarrel. The public records do not sustain the statement. If he did so, he had the consummate art to make every authentic document support the opposite view. The weight of testimony is that Napoleon rushed blindly upon his fate, deceived by his advisers, more deeply deceived by himself.

Bismarck accompanied the armies to the field, and for many months the government of Germany was guided from the headquarters of the King. The result is fresh in the minds of our readers. Bismarck's "instrument," as he had called the army, worked to the amazement and admiration of the world. In January, 1871, Napoleon was a prisoner in Wilhelmshohe; the best army of France was locked in Metz; Paris was prostrate under the German guns; and King William (January 18th), in the stately palace of Versailles, assumed the title of Emperor of Germany. In the next month the preliminaries were signed of that treaty which gave Alsace and Lorraine to the new empire and poured a thousand millions of dollars into the German treasury. Bismarck was made a Prince, and, naturally, Chancellor of the German Empire, while he retained his position as first Minister of Prussia.

The years that followed the great war, by the fiery trials of which the various and varying elements of German nationality were roughly but incompletely fused, were nearly twice as many as those of Bismarck's previous career, but they did not strengthen, they hardly sustained, his reputation as a statesman. Two great problems presented themselves urgently—the consolidation of the imperial political system, and the maintenance of the power and influence of the empire in Europe. With the second the Prince was able to deal, for there was no one in public life in any country who was nearly equal to him in force, in foresight, or in the skilful handling of individual men. Slowly and gradually, but with increasing success, he established the position of Germany as practically the arbiter of Europe. He limited her function to the preservation of the peace, but he assumed that that function involved her possession of the best and strongest army that her resources could supply and the most effective alliances that she could form. The first "triple alliance," as it was commonly called, was the fruit of that masterly policy by which Russia had been prevented from interfering in the struggle with France, and it was not until the influence of Bismarck had begun to wane that any serious approaches were made between the republic and Russia. This alliance was followed by the replacement of Russia by Italy, which was the only alternative after Russia became "impossible." It was a much weaker combination, and there is evidence that Bismarck would have preferred to keep Russia as an ally, and take Italy as an enemy and an ally of France, had he been allowed his choice. Whether the long-latent prejudice against Russia and the hostility bred by the contact of the two peoples along their border were too strong for him it is difficult to say, but the change came, and Bismarck has never ceased to express his regret for it.

In the course of his efforts to consolidate the political system of Germany, Bismarck came in conflict with the Papacy through the reactionary and separatist sentiment of the German Catholics fostered and guided by the priesthood. This led to the famous *Kulturkampf*—an attempt by law to diminish the power of the priesthood by restricting the privileges of the Pope, and extending those of the imperial government in the organization of the higher offices of the Church in Germany. It was a long and heated struggle, lasting from 1872 to 1886, but in the end, by the concessions of the latter year, Bismarck was substantially defeated. The almost passive but unyielding resistance of the Church was, in the long run, invincible to the aggressive and arbitrary methods he employed.

Nor did the great Chancellor succeed in forming any permanent party in the imperial legislature on which he could rely. He gained his points, when he did gain them, by a series of shifting combinations; one section after another acting now in his support, and now against him. The one thing that he accomplished was the steady development of the military force of the empire, though he failed to maintain that complete executive control of the treasury as to this object, which was one of the cardinal points of his policy, and several times he brought Europe to the very verge of war to force his army measures through. Meanwhile his strength in the Reichstag was in great part secured by the adoption of a protective tariff, which hampered the development of the national resources, and ultimately became a source of grave political weakness. He also undertook a system of colonial expansion in the South Pacific and in Africa, by which he hoped to turn the tide of German emigration, stimulated by the intolerable exactions of the military system, to lands where the German flag should cover and the German government control the young men who would not remain at home. It has been a very costly experiment, and though it is too early to pronounce it a failure, its success has been very limited so far.

After the death of the old Emperor William there was a belief that Bismarck would not retain his full influence with Frederick, the successor, whose inclinations were known to be toward a much more liberal policy. But Frederick's premature death brought disaster to the Prince from quite different causes. The present Emperor, quite as absolute as Bismarck's ideal required, did not see in Bismarck the safest, much less the sole, guide for the exercise of his power. He had ideas of his own, particularly with reference to winning the affection of the laboring classes and binding them to the throne, which the Prince could neither restrain, modify, nor tolerate. After the curious defeat of the government in the elections of February, 1890, Bismarck offered his resignation. Possibly to his surprise, and certainly to his deep chagrin, it was accepted as brusquely as it had been tendered. He retired to his estate at Varzin. He soon reentered public life as a member of the Reichstag, but his course was almost without influence upon the great empire he had, in one sense, created. It was one of peevish opposition, sometimes coming sadly near to being unpatriotic. He soon withdrew to private life almost wholly, and appeared to the world only as a bitter and spiteful, though still a strong old man.

It is impossible to doubt that he will pass into history as by far the greatest of his class of public men in his time, or, with the exception of Napoleon, of the nineteenth century in Europe. His private life, the purity and tenderness of his family relations, his simple and unaffected piety, will always redeem in part what there was cruel and even monstrous in his public ideas and actions. His monument will be united Germany, but it is practically certain that the verdict of the future will be that he was unequal to guiding, in harmony with the tendencies of his age, the tremendous force that he had called into being, or, what is worse, to permitting the German nation to develop itself in harmony with those tendencies.

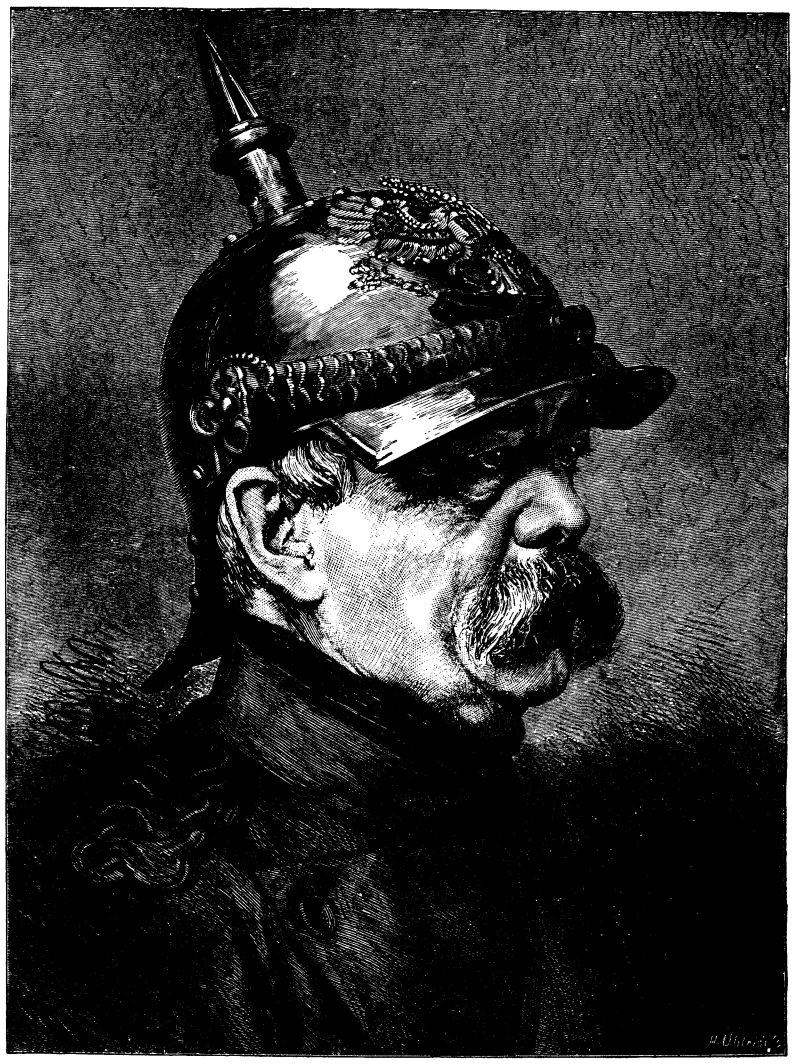
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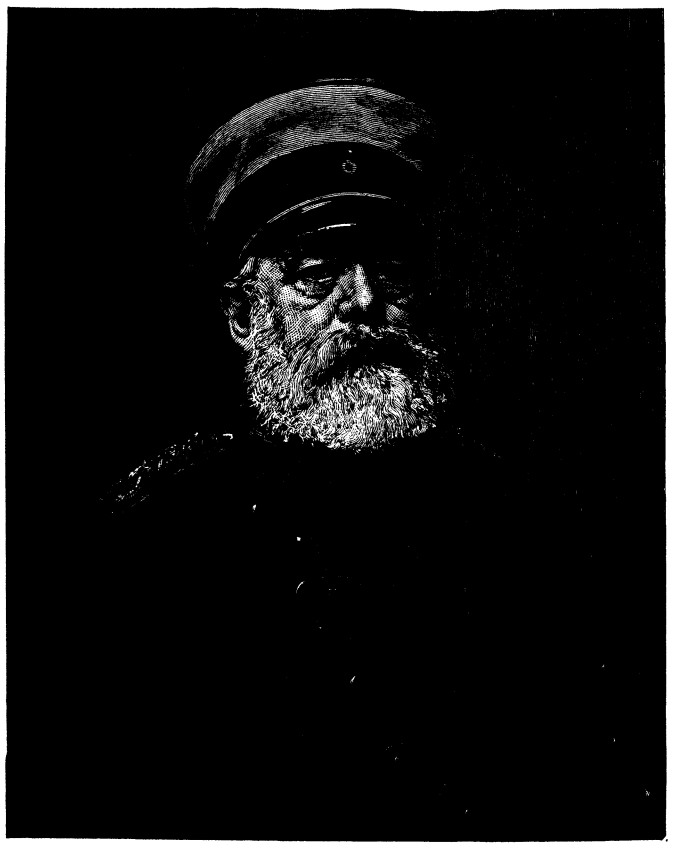
BISMARCK IN 1847-8.



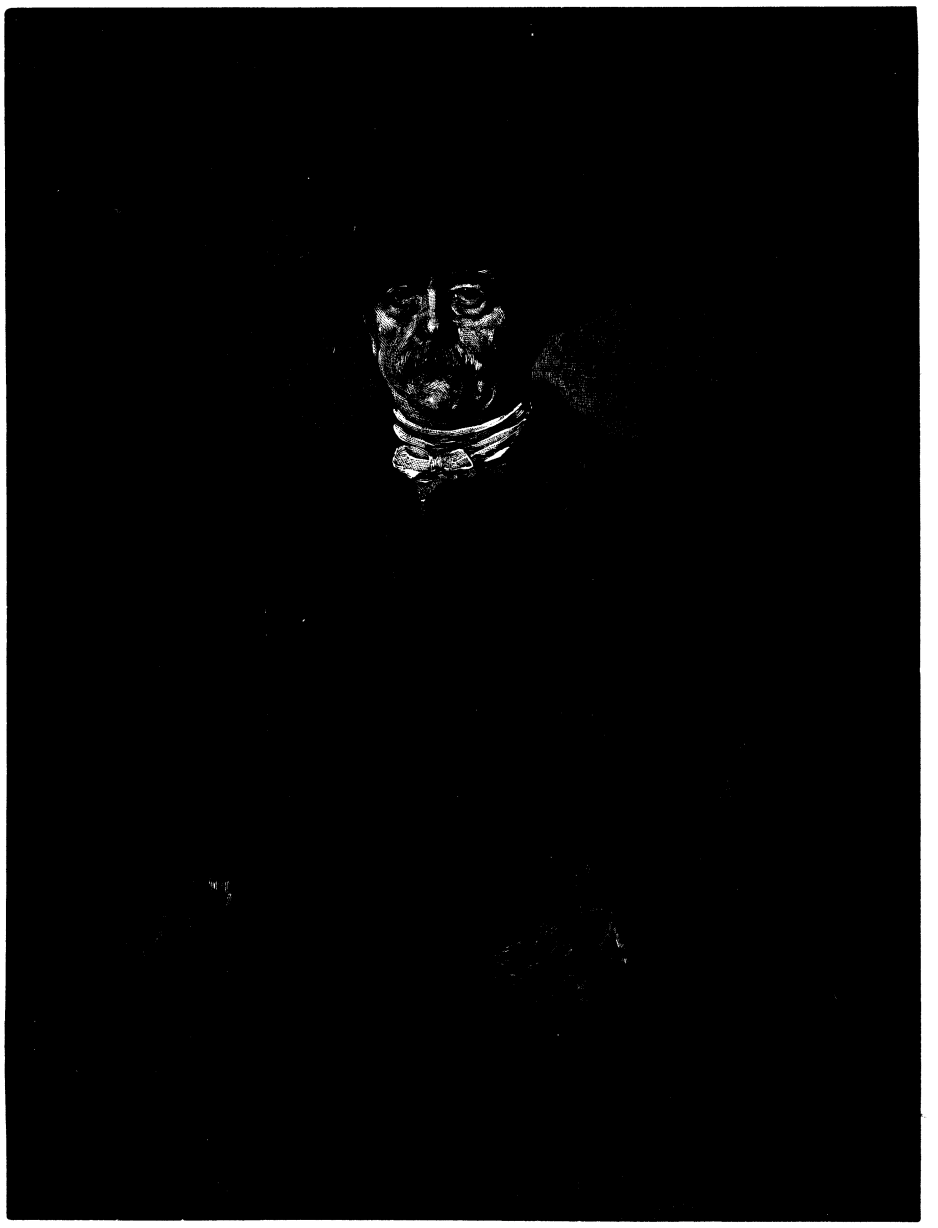
BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR, 1878.



BISMARCK ABOUT 1876.



BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR, 1884.



BISMARCK ABOUT 1880.

From the painting by Franz v. Lenbach, photographed by the Photographische Union, Munich.

BISMARCK IN PORTRAITURE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

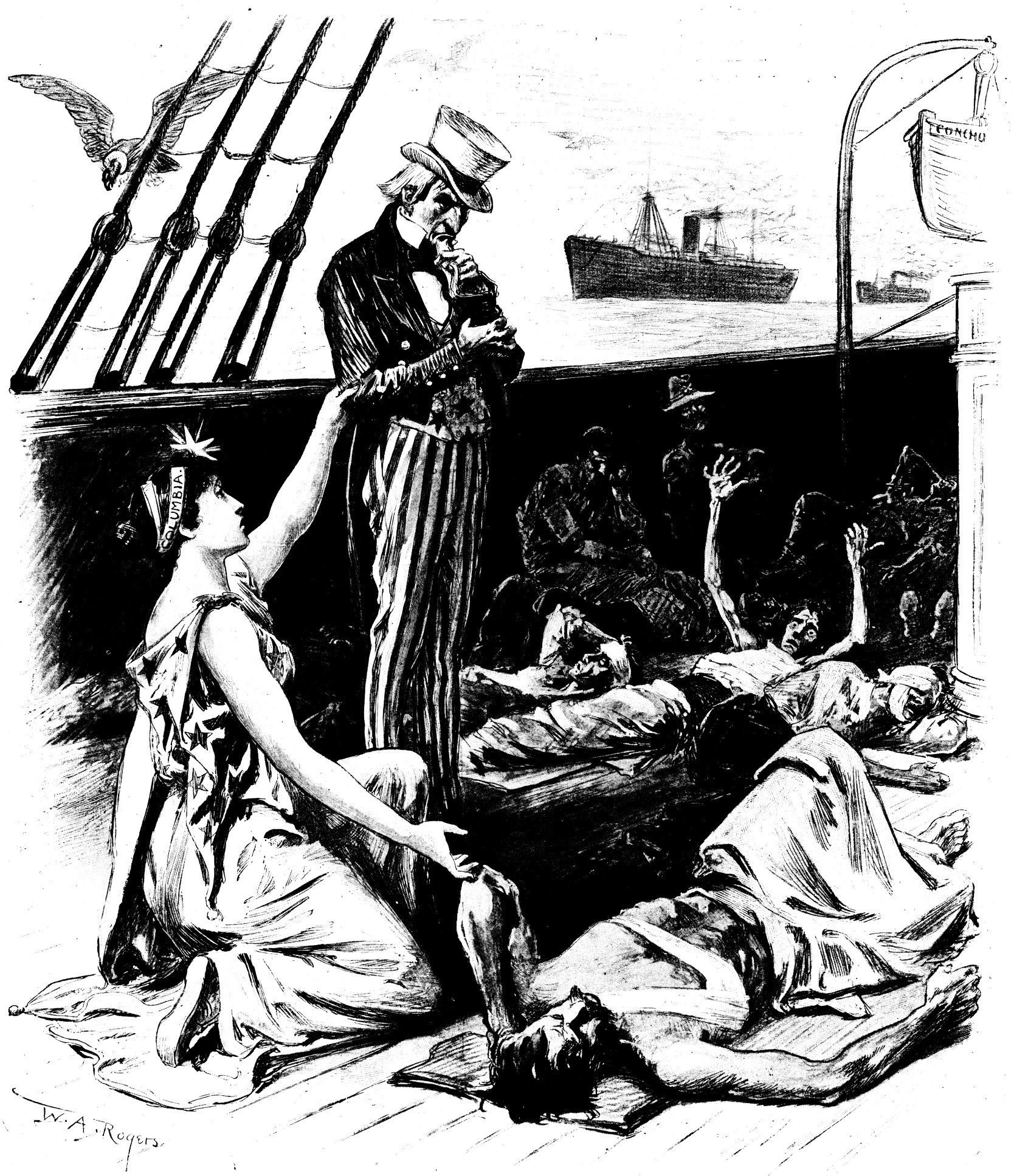
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WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

COLUMBIA TO UNCLE SAM: "THE GOVERNMENT MUST FIX THE RESPONSIBILITY, OR THE COUNTRY WILL."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

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New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

AN appalling state of affairs called forth the letter from Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT and the round robin of the general officers of General SHAFTER'S army. Colonel ROOSEVELT says that the officers and men at Santiago are in danger of dying "like sheep"; that if the men are kept in Cuba "over half the army" will die. "This," he adds, "means ruin, from the stand-point of military efficiency, of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here." He also says, "Not ten per cent. are fit for active work," and he writes "to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved." This is a terrible revelation, and an arraignment of the War Department the force of which Mr. ALGER will not succeed in breaking by printing a private letter which Colonel ROOSEVELT naturally supposed he was writing to a gentleman, and by reproving ROOSEVELT'S pardonable enthusiasm for his own command. Mr. ALGER must remedy the wrong which has evidently resulted from his indifference to the needs of the brave men whose courage alone saved the honor of the nation, or he and his memory will be execrated by his countrymen to the end of time. Moreover, the President himself is in danger; and if he continues to stand by his Secretary of War, after the latter's carelessness and incompetence have been proved, he will have to share the odium. The round robin signed by the general officers of the regular army is an extraordinary document. Soldiers such as these men have shown themselves to be do not engage in such a movement unless they are driven to the verge of desperation. They say that "the army is disabled by malarial fever to the extent that its efficiency is destroyed, and that it is in a condition to be practically destroyed by an epidemic of yellow fever, which is sure to come in the near future." They add: "This army must be moved at once or perish. As this army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousands of lives." Here is the situation succinctly and vigorously expressed. The soldiers that have fought our battles are threatened with death, while the authorities at Washington are contemplating the use of the transports in which the suffering men might be carried to Montauk Point for taking unneeded volunteer soldiers to Puerto Rico purely for the gratification of local pride. The War Department must bring General SHAFTER'S army home at once, and this can be done if it will display the energy which marked the preparation for the expedition. For every death resulting from unnecessary detention of the army in Cuba the Secretary of War is responsible.

MR. E. T. HOOLEY has failed as a company-promoter, but he has succeeded splendidly in shocking the British public into one of those fits of moral indignation whose periodic recurrence it regards as the proper thing. This time the shock is felt in a tender spot—respect for the peerage. Mr. HOOLEY saw the advantage of titled dignitaries as officers and directors of his companies, and in order to get them he had to pay for them. It was a costly bargain, and the cash details came out during Mr. HOOLEY'S examination as a bankrupt. Lord DELAWARR received $125,000; Lord ALBEMARLE, $62,500; Lord WINCHILSEA, $50,000; and other noblemen were paid smaller sums, the total expenditure amounting to more than half a million dollars. The disclosures will certainly not tend to strengthen British belief in the nobility as in any special sense the depository of honor, though cooler heads will reflect that such purchasable persons as DELAWARR and the rest are very poor representatives of the British peerage. An example of more shameless venality—in fact, of downright rascality—was given not long ago in the case of JABEZ BALFOUR, a middle-class company-promoter, and supposedly pious Non-conformist, who looked upon fashionable life as born of Satan, but who used his unctuous reputation to cheat the confiding poor without stint. The incident only confirms the familiar truth that roguery of this sort is found among all classes; but *noblesse oblige* will soon become an obsolete phrase if the HOOLEYS and their kind are able to continue such work. It should be added that one of the implicated peers has since denied that the money received was for influence, and asserts that it was for services rendered.

THE terms proposed by the President as a basis for peace negotiations are hard, but not harder than were to have been expected. The question of the Philippines has been left open, and we think this an error, at least in this, that the President should have renounced any intention to take the islands for the United States, holding them temporarily merely with a view of protecting the rights of their people. So far as our own interests are concerned, they will be promoted by refusing to undertake the government of these islands, or of Luzon or of Manila alone. Annexation is favored by a few persons who regard commerce in sugar and tobacco as possessing a claim on our government superior to considerations of national honor or to those of our republican tradition. Some men whose imagination is warm and whose judgment is inactive agree with these trading souls. There are others who want us to imitate Europe, but who do not understand precisely what Europe is doing in the way of colonizing, or what it is suffering by reason of its efforts. These are our annexationists, and the President would have done well to disappoint them in advance. Now he leaves the question open for politics; and while we believe that the expansionists will be beaten by the people, if we are to have a fair discussion, no one can predict wisdom on the part of the Senate. It is significant that the Indiana Republicans at their State convention last week did not demand territorial expansion. Spain is evidently ready to take our terms, whatever they are, because she must, and peace is assured. But peace may bring us heavier burdens than war, if we are unjust and ungenerous, or too greedy for our own welfare.

THERE is a growing instead of a decreasing or even halting interest in favor of a good and friendly understanding between Great Britain and the United States. In a large way this is as it should be, for not only are the interests of the two peoples much the same, notwithstanding their diametrically opposite commercial policies, but, what is greater still, their conception of the rights of the individual and of his liberty is the same. By all means the two nations should be friends, and the best way to promote such a friendship is to adopt a general policy of arbitration. It would do more for the advancement of Christianity in the world if Americans and Englishmen should agree never to fight each other without first submitting their difference to peaceful arbitration, than if they should agree to fight together against each other's enemies. The latter agreement may be well on occasion, but the first is good and wholesome all the time. We are now in a fervor of friendship, and so are the Englishmen. It is a time when we need to recover command of ourselves. It must be borne in mind that the English have a foreign policy which must be carried through, and which ought to be carried through with a much stronger hand than Lord SALISBURY'S. It is England's interest that we should acquire territory in the Pacific, because then we would probably have to fight her cause in China. Shall we take the Philippines, where expenses are bound to be out of proportion to revenue, and which will continue to be the home of alien and largely of savage peoples, in order that we may protect England in China against Russia and France and Germany? No English friend of ours thinks we ought. Many English friends of ours think that England herself would be better off if Russia or France or Germany, instead of the Chinese, controlled the lands now under the nominal sway of the Emperor.

WHO is responsible for the medical and sanitary conditions prevailing at Santiago de Cuba? The stories that come to us from the field of battle and from the transports coming North with the sick men of the army are heart-rending. We know that the lack of medical appliances, of medicines, of ordinary comforts, of doctors and nurses, was criminal. We know that if it had not been for the Red Cross Society, conditions would have been more murderous than they actually have been. But who is responsible? Whoever it may be, the severest punishment will be mild compared with the wrong which he has inflicted on our soldiers. At the very outset of the expedition from Tampa the wrong began. Whether sufficient medical supplies for the army were taken or not, not nearly enough reached the front. We are told that a sufficient supply was forwarded, and that a sufficient supply of good and nourishing food, including canned soups and fresh meat, was actually shipped on the transports to Santiago, but we know that the soldiers never had them. Who is to blame for this? Who is to blame for leaving needed supplies behind at Tampa? Who is to blame for not giving the soldiers what was actually on the transports at Siboney? Is it the Surgeon-General, or the Quartermaster-General, or the Commissary-General, or is it General SHAFTER? Who is responsible for the horrors of the transports that have brought back the stricken soldiers? Did General SHAFTER really forbid the captain of the *Concho* from getting a fresh supply of water to take the place of that which had been in his ship since last May? There is nothing more sickening than the story of the *Concho*, except it be that of the other transports. It is the story of men sick with fever, crowded into noisome holes, drinking foul water, without necessary medicines. And these sick men are the soldiers who have fought our battle, the soldiers of the richest and most resourceful nation of the world. There is another story, too, that of wounded soldiers on the field of battle without surgical aid, and that of other wounded men walking miles and miles to the rear for doctors and hospital, some of them surviving, and all of them displaying the heroism of martyrs. The campaign of Santiago illustrated the magnificent virtues of the American soldier, but it gave an opportunity to some careless criminal, to whom justice should be done. Who is he?

HOW FAR SHALL WE GO?

THE foreign policy of the United States has been changed. Our government has already become a colonial power by the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, it is doomed to acquire Puerto Rico, and to hold Cuba for some time to come, and the question is whether it shall go on in its career: whether, to use the modern phrase, it shall become a "world power"—in other words, whether it shall imitate absolute powers like Russia and Germany, or that curious democracy of France, which, in its foreign policy and in its military system, is so much like an absolute power as to be hardly distinguishable from its neighbors. There is, be it understood, no disposition on the part of our politicians to follow the example of Great Britain in establishing free democracies in the temperate countries of the world. So far as the colonial experiences and policy of England furnish any precedent for the course in which we have entered, it is to be found in her rule of India and the crown colonies. In other words, we are beginning an experiment which has failed whenever or by whomsoever it has been undertaken. It is not true, of course, that we are to repeat the experience of England in this country, for we are not to attempt to rule our own people without their consent, or to monopolize their trade to our own expected gain and to their certain loss. We have undertaken the government of distant and alien peoples, whose customs, manners, morals, religion, habits of thought, are utterly different from our own. In undertaking similar experiments, the nations of Europe, including Great Britain, have succeeded in establishing expensive military posts and naval stations. Spain's experiment is at an end, and we are picking it up where she was compelled to drop it, having abundantly proved her wretched incapacity. That we shall give to all the old Spanish dominions which have come within our power a better government than Spain has given them goes without saying. It is impossible for an American to be so cruel and so oppressive as Spanish officials habitually are, and it would be equally impossible for the most dishonest of our politicians to be so rapacious as Spanish captain-generals have been. American government can never become so corrupt or so indifferent as to turn a plunderer like WEYLER, for example, into rich colonial pastures in order that he may satiate his ambition on the money that he may extort and steal from the subjects of his country. But we must nevertheless expect to be disgraced abroad by the politicians who will seek and obtain colonial offices, just as we are shamed by them at home—at least until, in the remote future, Congress shall yield to a public clamor that is sure to become violent before it attains its object, and shall establish a colonial service offering rewards to able and honorable men.

We are no longer at the parting of the ways.

We have chosen our path, and we have only to decide how far we shall walk in it. We must govern Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and we must hold Cuba until its people establish a stable government. Shall we go on acquiring, or shall we stop with what we have until Congress has shown its capacity for colonial government—at least until it has established a system and enacted necessary laws? Our experience with Congressional government of the Territories and of Alaska does not encourage us to believe that this new experiment will be a brilliant political success, at least until we become more careful in our selection of Congressmen. Alaska, it must be remembered, was purchased more than thirty years ago. The power of Congress to govern it has never been questioned. Some of the newspapers have recently been expressing wonder and surprise at a decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in California, in which is set forth the liberal power of Congress over territories belonging to the United States. But the decision is merely a restatement of decisions of the Supreme Court, several of them as early as the chief-justiceship of MARSHALL. The truth is that the power of Congress over territory outside of the States is practically unlimited; but, so far as Alaska is concerned, it has been exercised so unintelligently and with such lack of diligence and interest that Alaska is still almost without government. The explanation of this is, of course, that Congressmen are too much devoted to the material and pecuniary interests of their districts and of influential private citizens to care for law and justice generally. If there is money for any one in proposed legislation for a distant colony, we may expect the enactment of a law; if the proposed legislation merely contemplates the welfare of the colonists, the establishment of a just and equitable rule over the subjects of the republic, we may expect to wait for many years before Congress will become sufficiently interested to consider the measure seriously and to establish the law. And even then the *personnel* of Congress must be greatly improved if our subjects are to have a competent and wise body of laws. At least our experience with Congress justifies us in expecting a halting, feeble, incomplete, and inefficient government of our colonies. The improvement that will take place in the government of Puerto Rico and of Cuba will be due to the superior character of the administration which the Spanish-ridden people will enjoy.

We start out in our colonizing career absolutely without experience, without a system, without the machinery necessary for colonial government, and with a Congress and under a condition of politics which suggest grave doubts of our ability to govern wisely. Already we are catching a glimpse of the future through Hawaii. The Americans who live there, many of whom were born there, are competent to carry on the government of the islands. However much we may dislike the manner in which Mr. DOLE came to the Presidency of the so-called republic, he is evidently a competent man, and he enjoys the confidence of the minority which has dominated the islands. But the moment annexation was assured, Mr. DOLE seems to have been dropped as a possible head of the local government, and politicians, notably Mr. HAROLD SEWELL, of Maine, began to pull wires for the first governorship. In other words, we are apparently about to apply the worst features of our politics to these distant lands, and the natives and residents of them are about to become dependent upon Congress for law and justice. In view of the history of the past, have we not enough material for the new experiment? Before taking on other territory, ought we not to insist that Congress shall learn its task of colonial government with what we already have on hand? Many years are to pass before that task is to be properly learned; much bitterness of conflict and vast expense are to be endured by our patient people before we shall be proud of our colonial governments. So much trouble is to be ours, we fear, that it is a matter for sincere rejoicing that we have for contemplation and remembrance the splendid examples of the essential virtues of American manhood given by the army and navy at the threshold of the test to which the American politician is to be put.

There are other considerations which may well give us pause. The question of expansion is no longer one of principle with us; it has become practical. Will it pay this country to take the Philippines, for example? We think not. Indeed, it is clear that many years must elapse before any of our colonies will begin to pay. We are in the position of one who has purchased a landed estate which must be developed before it will begin to make return of revenues. We must at once greatly increase our army and navy for the defence of the territories which we already possess. The necessary annual expenditures for our army are now in the neighborhood of $25,000,000. This does not take into account the cost of new fortifications. Our new acquisitions necessitate an expenditure for the army of at least $60,000,000 a year. If we take the Philippines, we shall be compelled, according to Admiral DEWEY'S estimate, to maintain a large force for their defence against the natives. Most of the islands really govern themselves. Their people are savages, who have never heard of Spain, much less of the United States. We should probably leave them in their present condition, undertaking only the government of Luzon and a few of the larger islands. But we would have to hold our possessions by force of arms. Are we willing to expend from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year for soldiers for the Philippines alone? Then we have the navy to consider. Not counting the cost of new ships, the maintenance of the navy costs the country about $20,000,000 a year. We shall be obliged to add, say, $10,000,000 to this for the defence of our new outposts. If we take the Philippines, our naval expenditure must be doubled. In other words, to the ordinary yearly expenses of the army and navy we have already added $45,000,000 at least; and the question is whether, for the sake of holding three or four of the Philippine Islands, governing an unwilling people, we shall take upon ourselves, in addition to our present expenditure, an annual burden of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, besides an annual expenditure of from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 for an indefinite number of years for the construction of new ships and new forts.

These are questions to be considered gravely and thoughtfully before we take on more territory than we have now acquired. For ourselves we believe that, so far from being of value to us, the Philippines will be a constant source of trouble, a constant threat of war—of war from which we will derive nothing that we cannot have now without war by the simple process of keeping on good terms with the powers among whom China is to be ultimately divided. But, moral and remote causes aside, ought we not, in common prudence, to refuse to undertake the government of the Philippines at a cost entirely out of proportion to their full value; and ought we not to be content with our present possessions until we learn how Congress is to carry on its task in Hawaii and Puerto Rico?

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

NOBODY will dispute that the Germans have a right to be proud of BISMARCK. He was so typical a German, and he avoided so many of the defects that commonly go with the German qualities. He was under no illusions, sentimental or otherwise, about the world he lived in. He knew the levers that move men, and he knew how to operate them. His direct, practical businesslike methods were rather English than German. Not since FREDERICK the Great has there appeared a German in high place who showed so perfect an adaptation of means to ends.

But it is necessary, in appraising his achievements, to consider the ends for which he wrought. To admire a display of force, as such and unreservedly, is to fall into a dangerous state of mind. BISMARCK-worship is such an unreserved admiration, just as NAPOLEON-worship was. We are at a distance from NAPOLEON, which enables us to appraise exactly his achievements. We see that "they have become void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level." Will it be different with those of the only other man of the nineteenth century who is worthy to be named with him as an example of sheer personal force?

Nobody has thought or will think of praising BISMARCK as a friend of humanity. He himself would have been the first to reject such a pretension. The epitaph he composed for his own tombstone shows in what light his life appeared to himself. He was a "faithful German." That he was a patriotic German, according to his lights, cannot be doubted. His life-long desire was that his Prussia should be aggrandized, and the great work of his life was the bringing of all Protestant Germany, including even some states which are not nominally Protestant, into one powerful confederation under the primacy of Prussia. His efforts were crowned with a great success. United Germany is his work. He was the only man who can be said to have been indispensable to its accomplishment. Even now, looking back over a generation, it is hard to see how the union could have been brought about if BISMARCK had not been. The dreams of the "ideologists" could not have been realized without this "business man." From his own point of view his success was unmixed. He found his country not higher than fifth in the list of European powers. It would be hard to find a "good German" who would admit that he has left her even the second.

This was not a success that came of any of the modern political forces that have come into the world. It was not the result of free discussion or of constitutional government. It was a success of "blood and iron." It was a success of diplomacy, too, in the Bismarckian sense. No statesman ever knew better how and when to appeal to the interests or even the sentiments of others, nor, when it suited him, to manage their susceptibilities. But in the last analysis German unity was achieved under BISMARCK by the same means by which the Prussian monarchy was built up under FREDERICK, by having not only the best-disciplined army, but the best-disciplined nation in Europe. The scattered principalities were welded into one powerful empire by the same means by which the great empires of history were established.

It was not to be supposed that a statesman whose method had achieved such a success would abandon it when the success had been achieved. And, in fact, the German Empire under BISMARCK followed the traditions of the Prussian monarchy. He could skilfully cajole the leaders of parliamentary opposition. But in the last resort he governed by force, which it never became necessary for him actually to use. The knowledge that he possessed it was enough both for him and for those who opposed him, and opposition was not carried beyond the danger-point. "The consent of the governed" was of no more necessity in BISMARCK'S scheme of politics than in Julius Cæsar's. Accordingly, paternalism took the place of individualism, and took the form of "state socialism." What in more modern communities are held to be the rights of the people came to them in BISMARCK'S Germany as "graces" from the throne. He was anxious to allay popular discontent in every way except the one needful way of admitting the right of the people to govern themselves. When it came to that, he always let it be understood that the army was at the door of the Reichstag. Accordingly, individualism was repressed; paternalism was substituted; and in respect to political civilization, the last state of the German people is worse than the first.

It was the irony of fate that BISMARCK himself should have perished at the hands of the monster which he had built up. There is a human pathos in his appeal to the constitution and to public opinion against the masterfulness of his young "master," but there is also a political retribution. The Kaiser treated this appeal, when it was made by BISMARCK, as BISMARCK had taught him to treat it—as BISMARCK himself had been accustomed to treat it when it was made by the representatives of the German people. The world at large is under no debt to BISMARCK. It is not better or freer or happier because he has lived in it. What even Germany owes to him it must be left for the future to determine, but it is already plain that against this debt there are heavy offsets and abatements.

In spite of the enormous space he filled in his own time, and of the enormous force he displayed, he can scarcely be ranked among the great men of the world. The measure of the greatness of these men was the extent of their "co-operation with the real tendency of the world." The measure of BISMARCK'S strength was the extent to which he succeeded in obstructing this tendency. The most powerful champion of reaction is not a great man. He is only a "big fellow."

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Thursday, July 28.—Ponce, the largest city in Puerto Rico, surrendered to our navy and was occupied by our army. A despatch from Captain Higginson of the *Massachusetts* says that Commander Davis, with the *Dixie*, *Annapolis*, *Wasp*, and *Gloucester*, left the port of Guanica yesterday afternoon to blockade Ponce and capture lighters for the use of the army. Shortly after midnight the port and city of Ponce were "surrendered to Commander Davis upon demand." Provisional articles of surrender stipulated by the Spanish commander and accepted by Commander Davis were: 1. Garrison to be allowed to retire. 2. Civil government to remain in force. 3. Police and fire brigade to be maintained without arms. 4. Captain of the port not to be made a prisoner. This morning, at 6.40 o'clock, General Miles and General Wilson, with the *Massachusetts*, *Cincinnati*, and transports, arrived at Ponce from Guanica. Captured lighters were used in landing the army. The despatch concludes: "No resistance. Troops welcomed by inhabitants. Great enthusiasm. Captured 60 lighters, 20 sailing-vessels, and 120 tons of coal."

General Miles's account of the same occurrences was sent while General Wilson, with Ernst's brigade, was disembarking. "Spanish troops are retreating from southern part of Puerto Rico," he says. "Ponce and its port, having a population of fifty thousand, now under American flag. The populace received troops and saluted the flag with wild enthusiasm. . . . This is a prosperous and beautiful country. The army will soon be in mountain

(*Continued on page 791.*)



CATHEDRAL, AND PLAZA DE ARMAS.



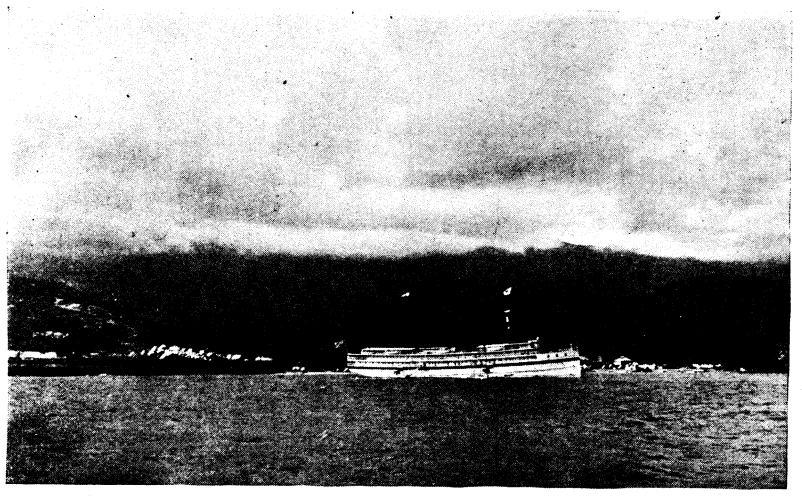
SAN CARLOS CLUB, PLAZA DE ARMAS.



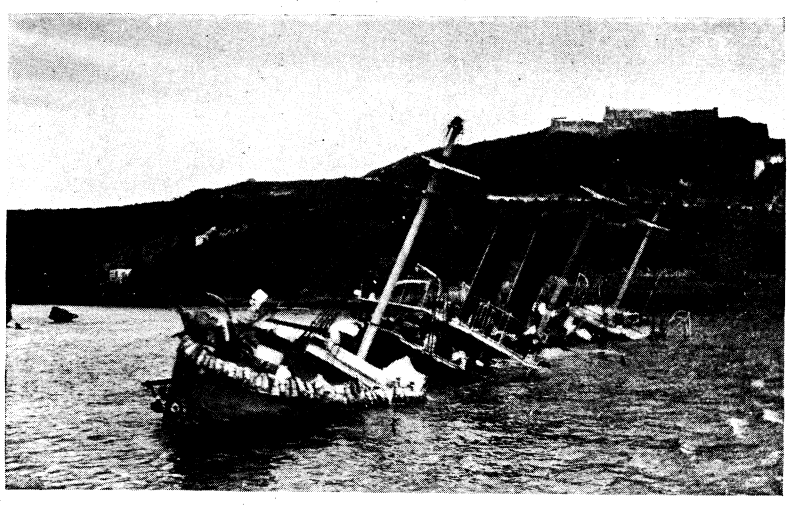
COLONEL J. J. ASTOR AT GATE OF PRISON.



REMOVING OUR SICK SOLDIERS FROM THE CITY



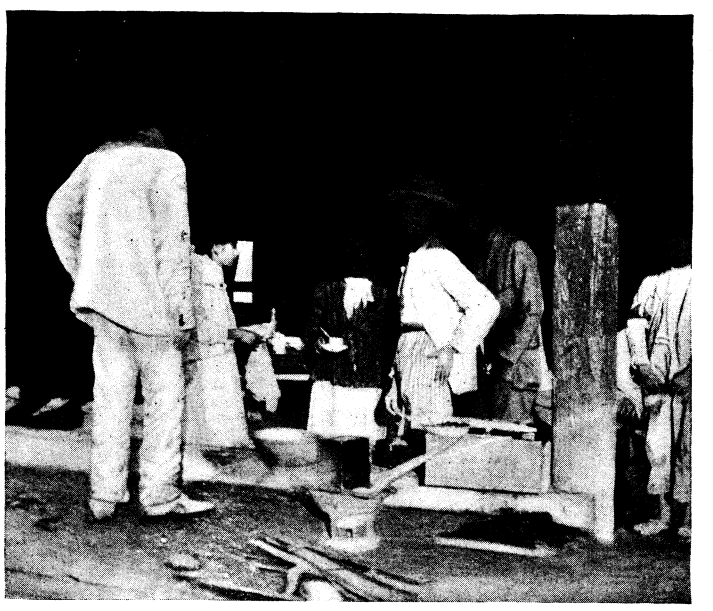
HOSPITAL-SHIP "RELIEF."



THE "REINA MERCEDES," SUNK IN THE HARBOR BY SAMPSON'S GUNS.



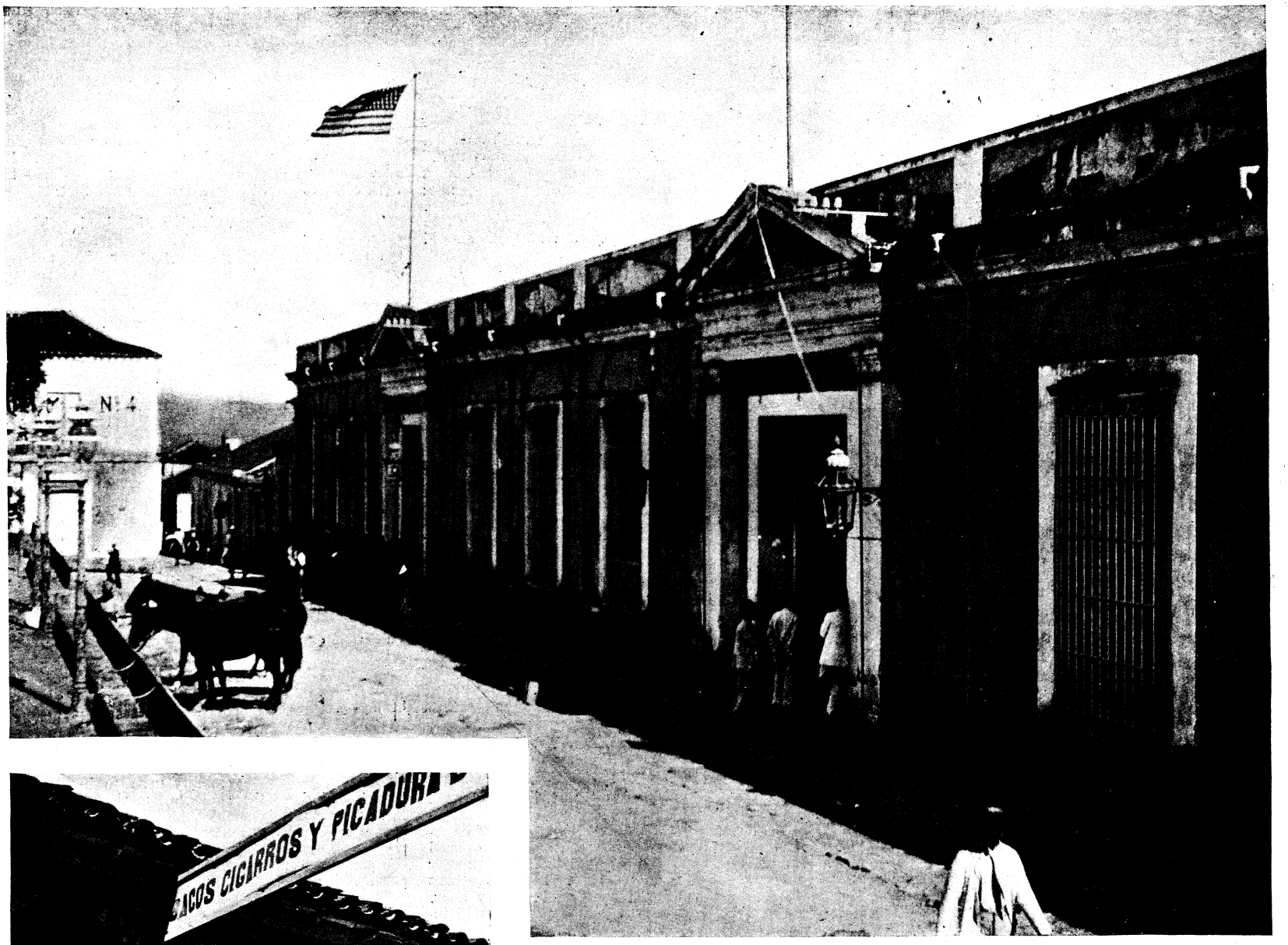
PARTY OF RED CROSS WORKERS.



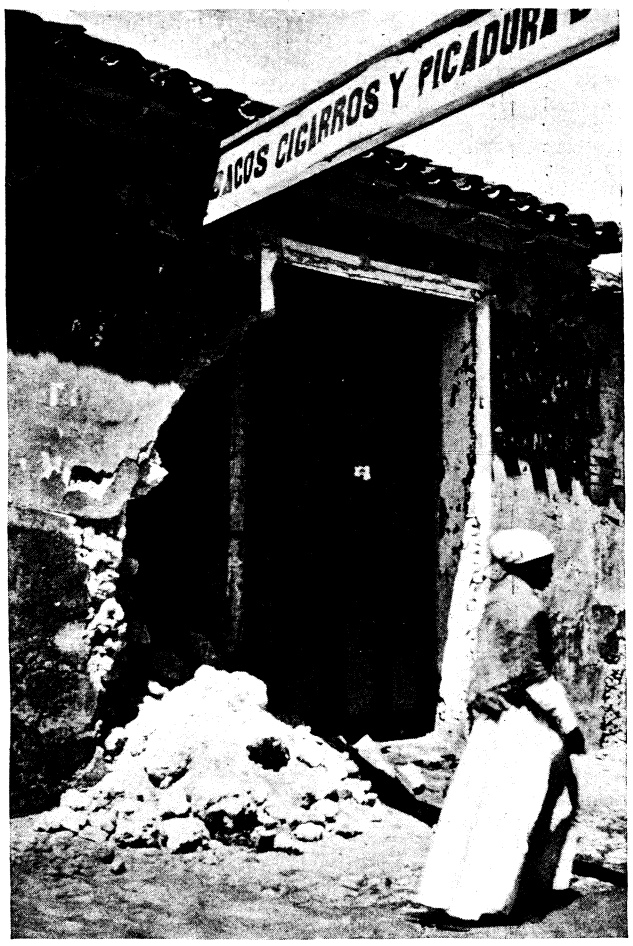
HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE STREETS.

SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



THE AMERICAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE CASA MUNICIPAL AND GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.



WHERE AN AMERICAN SHELL STRUCK.



NATIVES WAITING IN LINE FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.



DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER ON A STREET CORNER.



SANTIAGO'S FILTHY STREETS.

SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

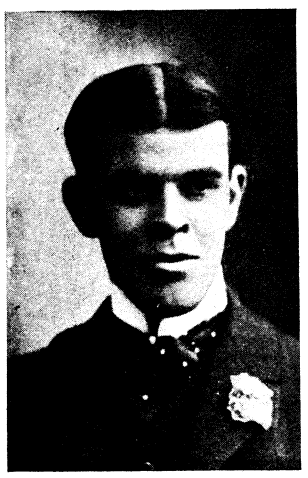
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Williamsport (Pennsylvania) *Index* having contrasted the "after-action prayer" of Captain Philip of the *Texas* with the "frequently quoted profanity" of Captain Evans of the *Iowa*, Captain Evans has made reply through the newspapers in a letter which is not to be read without emotion. He says that after the *Vizcaya* had struck her colors in the fight off Santiago the chaplain of the *Iowa* came to him and suggested saying "a few words of thanks to Almighty God for our victory." Captain Evans said, "By all means do so; I will have the men sent aft for that purpose"; but just then it was reported that a Spanish battle-ship was standing towards them from the eastward, so they immediately got ready to fight her, and by the time it was discovered that she was an Austrian the *Iowa* was surrounded by boats bringing dying and wounded prisoners from the *Vizcaya*, the relief of whom engrossed all attention. So, owing to the stress of circumstances, formal thanks were not returned. Nevertheless, says Captain Evans, "every drop of blood in my body on the afternoon of the 3d of July was singing thanks and praise to Almighty God for the victory we had won."

That Captain Evans has not been overmuch pleased to be contrasted as a profane officer with his God-fearing brother of the *Texas* appears in his remark that he, like the majority of the officers of the navy, had never thought it necessary to announce to his crew that he believed in Almighty God, but had considered that that "went without saying," though Captain Philip had a perfect right to make such formal acknowledgment if he chose. The impression made on a reader of the story of Captain Philip's pious acknowledgment is that his choice of the words he used was made under stress of strong emotion, and was due to a vivid sense of an escape almost miraculous from sudden death. It will be remembered that in the fight, within a very few minutes after Captain Philip and the officers with him left the bridge of the *Texas*, a shot came along and demolished the platform on which they had been standing. Their escape was either a marvellous piece of good luck or it was "providential." In view of it as something fresh in Captain Philip's mind, and of the further wonder that not a man on the *Texas* had been hurt, his solemn attestation of "belief in Almighty God" seems not at all unnatural. It may be doubted whether the somewhat profuse advertisement of the godliness of Captain Philip by his chaplain, Mr. Jones, has been of especial service to the captain. Most readers like the story of Captain Philip's "after-action prayer" better in the brief simplicity of its original narration than as garnished by Chaplain Jones's details and testimonials.

Our naval officers seem to be an unusually religious lot of men. Very likely the perils and vicissitudes of the sea are more potent to make men conscious of the presence of their Maker and of their dependence upon Him than the ordinary experiences of life ashore.



PRIVATE CHAS. D. JACOB, JR.,
Troop G, 1st U. S. Cavalry. Killed at Santiago, July 1, while endeavoring to save his Sergeant.

As for the "cuss-words" which Captain Evans is credited with using sometimes, that is largely a joke. If on occasion he buttresses his language with expletives, that is a matter of superficial importance, with some bearing perhaps on temperament, but very little on character or piety. Some very pious men swear sometimes. There was Andrew Jackson; and George Washington is confidently stated to have damned General Lee. Is it not recorded that the Duke of Wellington sometimes used words of not very carefully modulated commination? Yet the great duke's piety appears in the story that when in church he came to that place in the Psalter where the text runs "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," he always read that verse aloud, though it is an odd-numbered verse, and so one of those allotted to the priest and not to the congregation.

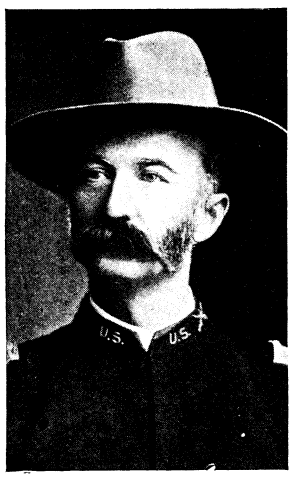
Evidences of a disposition to trace the hand of Providence in our war are not far to seek. Our naval victories, with their exceedingly small attendant loss of life to us, are pretty generally held to border on the miraculous, and so they do, though readers of history are aware that they are not the first sea-fights in which the side that warred with Spain got off with wonderfully small loss.

In the recently published *Life of Lord Cochrane* there are stories of sea-fights against amazing odds, or where extraordinary risks were taken, with resulting victories that compare for thoroughness and for small losses to the victors with our battles of Manila and Santiago. Doubtless, however, the Almighty fought with Cochrane also. The cause then was the same as now, the cause of Spanish colonists—Chilians and other South Americans—against Spain.

Dr. R. S. McArthur, of New York, in a recent sermon in Tremont Temple, Boston, found it notable not only that the Lord was conspicuously on our side, but that so many pious men were fighting our battles. "Dewey and Sampson are Christians," he is reported to have said, "and Gomez and Miles are also, and Baptists at that." That is interesting, if not certainly conclusive. If Gomez is a Baptist, one would like to know how it happened; but, anyway, Spain had better be in haste to make peace. The fact that Admiral Cervera and the officers with him go regularly to church on Sundays at Annapolis should not weigh to the contrary.



1st LIEUT. WILLIAM H. SMITH,
10th U. S. Cavalry.



CAPT. CHARLES W. ROWELL,
2d U. S. Infantry.



LIEUT. L. H. LEWIS,
9th U. S. Infantry.

U. S. ARMY OFFICERS KILLED AT SANTIAGO.

Mills Hotel No. 1, on Bleecker Street, in New York, which was opened last November, has proved so successful that Mills Hotel No. 2 has since been built, on the corner of Rivington and Chrystie streets, and was opened last week. It has room for 600 lodgers, being smaller than No. 1, which has room for 1154. In arrangement No. 2 differs from No. 1 in having baths on every floor, instead of in the basement only. This change will increase considerably the comfort of its patrons. Both hotels are open to all respectable men who have twenty cents.

Mr. Mills contended the other day that the assessed valuation of Hotel No. 1 should be low, because the property made only a small return on the money invested. The inference is reasonable that the success of Hotel No. 1 consists in its large patronage and in its usefulness to the public, rather than in remunerativeness to its owner.

General Linares's cablegram sent on July 12 from Santiago to Madrid, explaining the necessity of surrender, shows a noble spirit which is appreciated abroad if not at home. After setting forth the condition of affairs and the utter hopelessness of continuing the defence of a city whose people had deserted it and were being fed by the enemy, he says that if the defence must go on, for reasons of which he is ignorant, or that if some one must assume the responsibility of surrender, "I faithfully offer myself on the altars of my country for the one, and for the other I will retain the command for the purpose of signing the surrender, for my modest reputation is of little value as compared with the country's interests."

Much interest will be felt in this country in the reception the beaten Spanish officers and soldiers meet with on their return home. It has been reported that Admiral Cervera would not go back at all, but that is very unlikely. General Linares will go home very shortly with his troops, and we shall know more about Spain when we learn how he fares.

Something seems to have happened to the Brooklyn Bridge; nothing serious, apparently, but enough, perhaps, to make the ferry-boats popular for a week or two among hypercautious persons. On Friday evening, July 29, a dead horse caused a block of trolley-cars on the bridge, when suddenly there was a noise like a pistol-shot near the Brooklyn tower, and many persons seem to have received the impression that the bridge sagged several inches. It takes an expert to understand what really happened; but the explanation given is that one of the steel trusses, described by friends of the patient as "a bottom chord," buckled or twisted about 200 feet west of the Brooklyn tower on the south roadway. The bridge doctors say that the strength of the bridge is not affected. Responsibility for the occurrence is distributed between the trolley companies and the protracted hot weather. The heat has made the cables stretch to an unusual extent. The trolley companies are said to have violated the bridge rules in allowing their cars to run too close together, thereby putting too many cars on the bridge at once.

The Rev. P. F. Jernegan's scheme for getting the gold out of sea-water seems to have been as ingenious a plan for demonstrating the truth of Solomon's observation about the alacrity with which certain persons part with their money as has been matured in many a moon. The story in brief, as it has been coming out in the newspapers, is that Jernegan, being without occupation, and having leisure to improve his mind, learned that there was gold in sea-water, and resolved to get some of it out. After sundry apparently successful experiments before witnesses, he started works on the coast of Maine, where ocean water is cheap, good, and plentiful, and proceeded to ship to Boston gold bricks ostensibly derived by his process from the ocean. On the strength of these periodical bricks he sold stock profusely in his company, receiving money therefor, which he turned into government bonds and other valuables. Then suddenly he went to France, leaving no address behind. His "secret process" is stated to have been that he "salted" the ocean by employing a diver to place gold dissolved in mercury in a box which he used to let down into the ocean, duly baited to catch the riches of the deep. His adventure is understood to have profited him several hundred thousand dollars, though doubtless the end of his story will give further illustrations of the wisdom of Solomon which will be less to his advantage. It was Stevenson (not Solomon) who said, "Fools and knaves both come to grief in time, but the fools first."

The report that James Whitcomb Riley is writing comic opera, with Paul Lawrence Dunbar as his accomplice, is denied, assurance being given that Mr. Riley is busy this summer, as usual, in the production of the general-use verses, which continue to be in brisk demand by American readers.

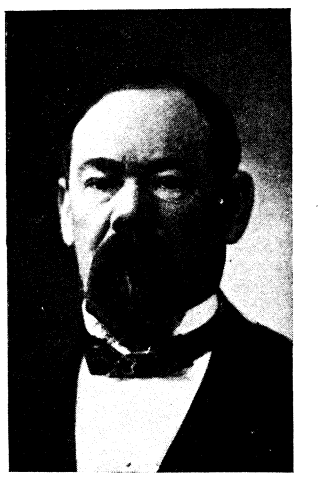
Mr. Wilbur T. Crofts writes from Washington to the Weekly to say that the statement that the *Kentucky* was the first American battle-ship to be christened with water is erroneous. "The two most famous ships of our navy, the *Constitution* and the *Hartford*, were so christened," says Mr. Crofts, "and yet the superstition about luck and wine lives."

Mr. Crofts will find himself in trouble if he talks about "christening" battle-ships, whether with water or wine. The use of that word in association with ships is warmly resented by a good many persons, who have persuaded themselves that it is blasphemous.

Comment was made in the Weekly of July 16 on a report that the principal of the Boys' High-School in Reading, Pennsylvania, had refused to sign the diploma of a lad whose graduating essay had contained a criticism on the means now generally used to instil patriotism into the minds of the pupils in American public schools. Mr. Scheibner, the principal, says that the report was inaccurate in several particulars, and that his refusal to sign the young man's diploma "was in no way connected with the paper referred to, but was officially known." Apparently it was officially approved also.

This has been a great month for Constructor Hobson. He had to come home on official business to plan for raising the sunken Spanish war-ships, and though he has gone about that business with devoted diligence he has not been able to avoid a great deal of miscellaneous "recognition." He must have found this a trying country for a modest man, but, after all, he couldn't hide for the rest of his days, and as his fellow-Americans had accounts to settle with him, the settlement might as well come first as last. The culmination of his embarrassments came on the evening of August 4, in New York, when, with the consent of Secretary Long, he presided at the public meeting held under the auspices of the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Protective Association. The object of the meeting was to raise funds for the relief of the families of soldiers and sailors who have gone to the war from the city of New York. The means used to raise the money was to put Lieutenant Hobson on exhibition as presiding officer, to have speeches made by him and other eminent gentlemen, and to charge from fifty cents to a dollar for admission. The meeting was highly successful. Lieutenant Hobson told beautiful stories about the Jackies, and told them very, very well. He was cheered, praised, and admired; some thousands of enthusiastic citizens can now boast that they have seen him and heard him talk, and a fund for an eminently worthy and patriotic purpose has been increased by thirty-five hundred dollars.

Governor Myron H. McCord, whose portrait is here given, has resigned the governorship of Arizona to accept the colonelcy of the Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory volunteer regiment. As member of Congress from Wisconsin he supported William McKinley for Speaker. Mr. McKinley, being presently appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, got up the tariff bill which made for him the reputation which afterwards put him into a position to remember his friends. Mr. McCord, being appointed Governor of Arizona, endeared himself to his party by accepting the resignations of all Democratic officers and putting Republicans in their places. It does not appear that Colonel McCord has had any military experience; but Captain D. D. Mitchell, of the Fifteenth Infantry, is a major of his regiment, and may become its lieutenant-colonel.



MYRON H. McCORD,
Who resigned the Governorship of Arizona to accept the Colonelcy of a Volunteer Regiment.

So far as is generally known, Mark Twain has not expressed his views about the war, but his sentiments on one of its results are set forth in a letter written from Kaltenleutgeben, near Vienna, to the United States consul at

Leipsic, declining an invitation to be present at the Fourth of July celebration of the Americans in Leipsic.

Ordinarily [he writes] I would not care, but I must care this time, for this is not an ordinary Fourth. On the contrary, it is a memorable one—the most memorable which the flag has known in thirty-three years—and there have been but two before it which may claim to rank with it as happy epoch posts in the history of the republic—1865 and 1776. This one marks the burial of the estrangement which has existed so long and so perniciously between England and America, a welcome condition of things, which, if wisely nursed and made permanent, can be of inestimable value to both nations, and incidentally to the world.

In reverence for liberty, in humanitarian and civilizing impulses, and in other great things of the heart and the spirit the two nations are kindred, as well as in blood, and friendly relations between them mean the forward march of the human race. That old animosity is buried. Let us hope it will stay buried, and also hope that for centuries to come this august funeral will still continue to be celebrated at our Fourth, and that meantime any man who tries to dig up that corpse will promptly be put in condition to take its place.

That is how it strikes a good American and discerning citizen living temporarily in Europe, but hoping to get back in due time to Hartford, Connecticut. From what he does not say about the war with Spain the inference may be drawn that it seems to him worth its cost if only for its result in bringing Britain and America together.

Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, died on July 29 at the country house of Mrs. Hearst, near San Francisco. He had gone there to rest and recruit his strength. His death, from an affection of the heart, was sudden and unexpected.

If there was a real foundation to the theory that Philadelphia is a languid city, we might well expect that the loss of such a man as Dr. Pepper would bring it to something like a standstill. He was born in 1843, and was consequently only fifty-five years old; but the record of the work he accomplished in thirty-five years of active life is extraordinary. His father, William Pepper, was a noted physician, and doubtless gave his son an excellent start. The son graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1862, and from its medical department in 1864. At twenty-five he became a lecturer in the university, in the medical department of which he continued to hold important appointments and professorships until, in 1881, he was elected provost of the university. Under his administration, which lasted thirteen years, the University of Pennsylvania saw the number of its students increase from 981 to 2180. Eight new departments were added to it, and the value of its property and endowments more than tripled. Dr. Pepper himself gave $30,000 to help on the extension of the course of study in the medical school from three years to four.

Besides what he did for the university, he practised medicine with such success that his services were in active request as a consulting physician. He wrote or edited several medical works of value, and many shorter papers. He served as medical director of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and was a leader in establishing the Philadelphia Museum of Science and Art and the Free Library of Philadelphia.

His economy of time is said to have been extraordinary, and, unlike most men, he was able to use all the time he saved, for there seemed no limit to his energy. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says he used to work eighteen hours a day, taking meals at irregular intervals, and sleeping when he found leisure. The effect of saving time by skimping his meals and going without due sleep seems to have been that he was worked out twenty years before his time. Only a very industrious man can make enough of odd moments borrowed from meal-time and sleep to make up for twenty years cut off from the end of life. E. S. Martin.

A PRAYER.

And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.—Psalm XLV.

Almighty God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field:
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
Heroic competence of will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed,—

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great,
Could strike yet spare the fallen state.

S. Weir Mitchell.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 787.*)

region; weather delightful; troops in best of health and spirits; anticipate no insurmountable obstacle in the future. *Results thus far have been accomplished without the loss of a single life.*"

(In an engagement on the skirmish-line last Tuesday four Americans were wounded. The Spanish losses during the week are not exactly known, but it is believed and hoped they do not exceed a score.)

A later despatch from General Miles: "The Spanish retreat was precipitate, they leaving rifles and ammunition in barracks and forty or fifty sick in hospital. The people are enjoying a holiday in honor of our arrival." It is known that the garrison, numbering only about three hundred and fifty, and utterly without support from the citizens, were seized with panic; and their retreat was not merely precipitate, but uncommonly ludicrous, adding a dash of the burlesque to the most amiable capitulation that ever took place.

General Miles's proclamation to the Portorriqueños, issued at ten o'clock this morning, promised the largest measure of liberty consistent with a military occupation; protection of persons and of property; prosperity under American institutions and government; and maintenance of existing laws and customs that may "conform to the rules of the military administration, order, and justice." The inhabitants of the island are released from their former political relations, "and it is hoped this will be followed by the cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States." General Wilson will act for the present as military governor of the Ponce district.

Friday, July 29.—General Shafter's message to Secretary Alger to-day is an interesting item, for it makes Garcia's withdrawal somewhat easier to understand: "The trouble with General Garcia was that he expected to be placed in command at this place—in other words, that we would turn the city over to him. I explained to him fully that we were at war with Spain, and that the question of Cuban independence could not be considered by me. Another grievance was that, finding that several thousand men marched in without opposition from General Garcia, I extended my own lines in front of him and closed up the gap, as I saw that I had to depend on my own men for any effective investment of the place."

Jibara, on the northern coast of Cuba, in the portion of the province of Santiago not ceded by General Toral, is now held by our navy. The gunboat *Nashville* entered the harbor, and found a force of Cubans in possession, the Spanish garrison having retreated to Holguin.

Saturday, July 30.—General Merritt, commander-in-chief of the expedition to the Philippines, cabled (Cavité, July 25, *viâ* Hong-kong, July 30) that he arrived at Manila last Monday on the *Newport*, and that the other transports were about four days in the rear. "All troops assigned to me," he concludes, "will probably be needed."

The negotiations for peace now in progress at Washington give especial prominence to the Philippines, with all the world more or less expectant of our government's decision in regard to them. The French ambassador, M. Cambon, representing Spain in these negotiations, spent several hours at the White House this afternoon, and received a reply to the Spanish overtures which were mentioned in this Diary last Tuesday. The precise terms of the administration's note have not been made public.

Sunday July 31.—A message of this date from General Miles, at Ponce, says that Spanish volunteers are surrendering themselves, with arms and ammunition; that four-fifths of the people are overjoyed at the arrival of our army, and two thousand from one place have volunteered to serve with it. The Portorriqueños are furnishing supplies and means of transportation, the custom-house has already yielded $14,000, and there is a request for flags, to be given to the different municipalities.

The official report of the military operations around Santiago made to Secretary Alger by Inspector-General Breckinridge comments upon "the entire absence of the usual comforts and conveniences of even the simplest army life during the whole of the expedition, and sometimes of medical essentials even in the hour of utmost need."... The Inspector-General's observations on the Cuban soldiers and the aid they have rendered are judicial. They were of "undoubted assistance" at certain times and in their own peculiar fashion, but they require constant supervision and direction. "In every skirmish or fight where they were present they seemed to have a fair proportion of killed and wounded." The critical moment in the campaign, when the uncharacteristic suggestion was made that our army should retreat, is thus referred to: "Doubtless, through telegrams and otherwise, there have been sufficient indications of the intense strain in the whole military situation on the field of operations which led to the consultation at the El Pozo house the night of July 2, and some of the general officers favored a retrograde movement during the day or two prior to our intrenchment taking shape and the armistice being agreed upon."

Monday, August 1.—The first of the transports of the Spanish steamship company which has the contract for conveying the surrendered troops from Santiago to ports in the northwest of Spain is expected to reach Santiago next week.

The Spanish cabinet met to frame a reply to the note of our administration in relation to the peace proposals.

Admiral Dewey has received information from Manila that the city will surrender when called on to do so; General Merritt advises our administration that he requires more men. The explanation of these two apparently conflicting statements is found in the defiant attitude of Aguinaldo, insurgent leader and dictator of the Philippines. Fearing annexation, he openly opposes the Americans, and his followers make no secret of their intention to kill every Spaniard who falls into their hands. It is evident, therefore, that a strong force will be needed, whether the garrison of Manila surrenders or not, and whatever the terms of peace may be; for no terms that Spain can make will bind Aguinaldo.

The total number of men for General Miles in the various detachments of the expedition to Puerto Rico (including those that await transports at Tampa and Newport News) is about 30,000. To these about 20,000 may be added, as appears from a despatch sent by Adjutant-General Corbin to Major-General Wade. Eighteen regiments of volunteer troops will be designated for (possible) service in Puerto Rico under General Wade, and, it is said, "these regiments will be selected on a basis such that each State heretofore unrepresented at the front shall now have representation."

Tuesday, August 2.—The publication of an outline of our terms of peace is authorized in this official statement:

In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations as to peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the note handed to the French ambassador on Saturday last are in substance as follows:

The President does not now put forward any claim for pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over, or title to, the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island; the cession to the United States and immediate evacuation of Puerto Rico and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and the like cession of an island in the Ladrones. The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.

If these terms are accepted by Spain in their entirety, it is stated that commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.

General Merritt has requested the War Department to increase his command to 50,000 men. The troops at present with him at Manila, those on the way, and those destined to form the next expedition from San Francisco number, all told, about 20,000; it is evident therefore that Aguinaldo's successes, or his arrogance, or both together, have more than doubled the difficulties of the situation.

And General Merritt is not alone in his mistrust of the Philippine insurgents. From Manila to Rome, from the papal authorities to the apostolic legation at Washington, from the apostolic legation to the departments of our government, whose arms reach half-way around the earth—by this course the news comes that Aguinaldo's motley following—his men of Luzon, men from Batanga, men from Babuyan—threaten to kill the bishop and clergy at Cavité. The interposition of our government has been requested, and suitable instructions have been sent to General Merritt and Admiral Dewey.

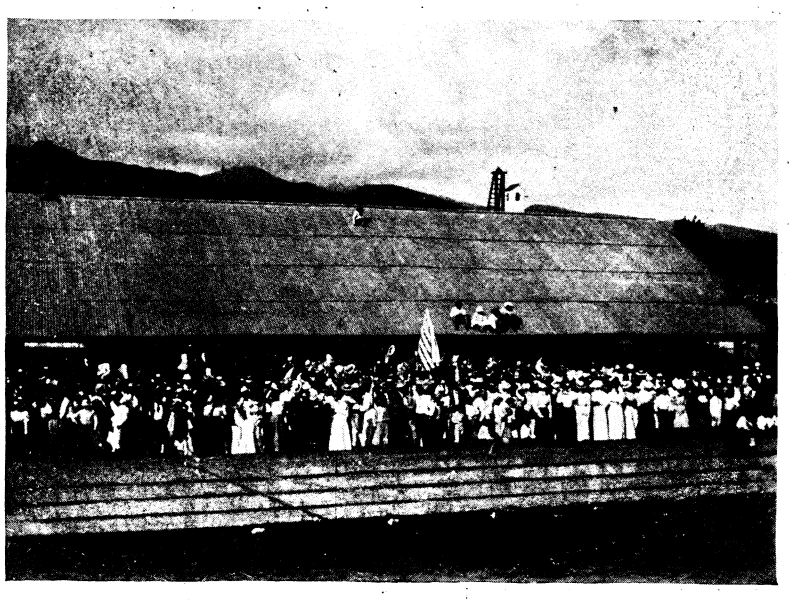
Wednesday, August 3.—The Secretary of War made an official statement concerning the "unfortunate occurrences" on the *Seneca* and (more recently) the *Concho* that brought home sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago. On both vessels the suffering was augmented by a lack of proper accommodations, medicines, and supplies. Secretary Alger blames nobody, but offers an explanation of the "unforeseen circumstances" that hampered the authorities at Santiago, who "have done the best they could." The superlative of good seems to have a somewhat different meaning when we say the soldiers got their wounds when "doing the best *they* could."

At a conference this afternoon, in which President McKinley, M. Cambon (representing Spain), and Secretary Day participated, details of the American note relating to conditions of peace were discussed.

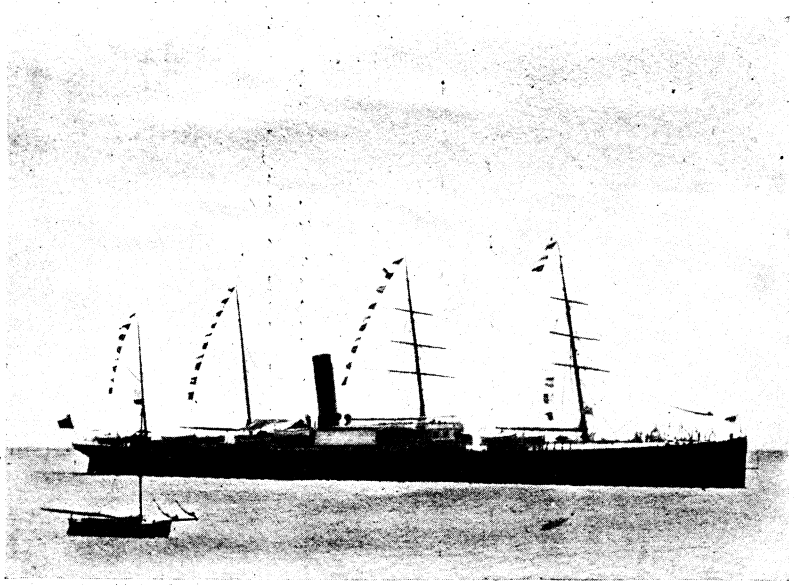
A landing of American troops under General Brooke was made at Arroyo, on the southeastern coast of Puerto Rico.

At Santiago de Cuba, General Shafter's officers united in a round robin, the gist of which lies in the following sentences: "We, the undersigned officers, commanding the various brigades, divisions, etc., of the army of occupation in Cuba, are of the unanimous opinion that this army should be at once taken out of the island of Cuba and sent to some point on the Northern sea-coast of the United States.... This army must be moved at once, or perish." A letter from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to General Shafter explains the situation. "All of us are certain," writes Colonel Roosevelt, "as soon as the authorities at Washington fully appreciate the conditions of the army, to be sent home. If we are kept here it will, in all human probability, mean an appalling disaster, for the surgeons here estimate that over half the army, if kept here during the sickly season, will die."

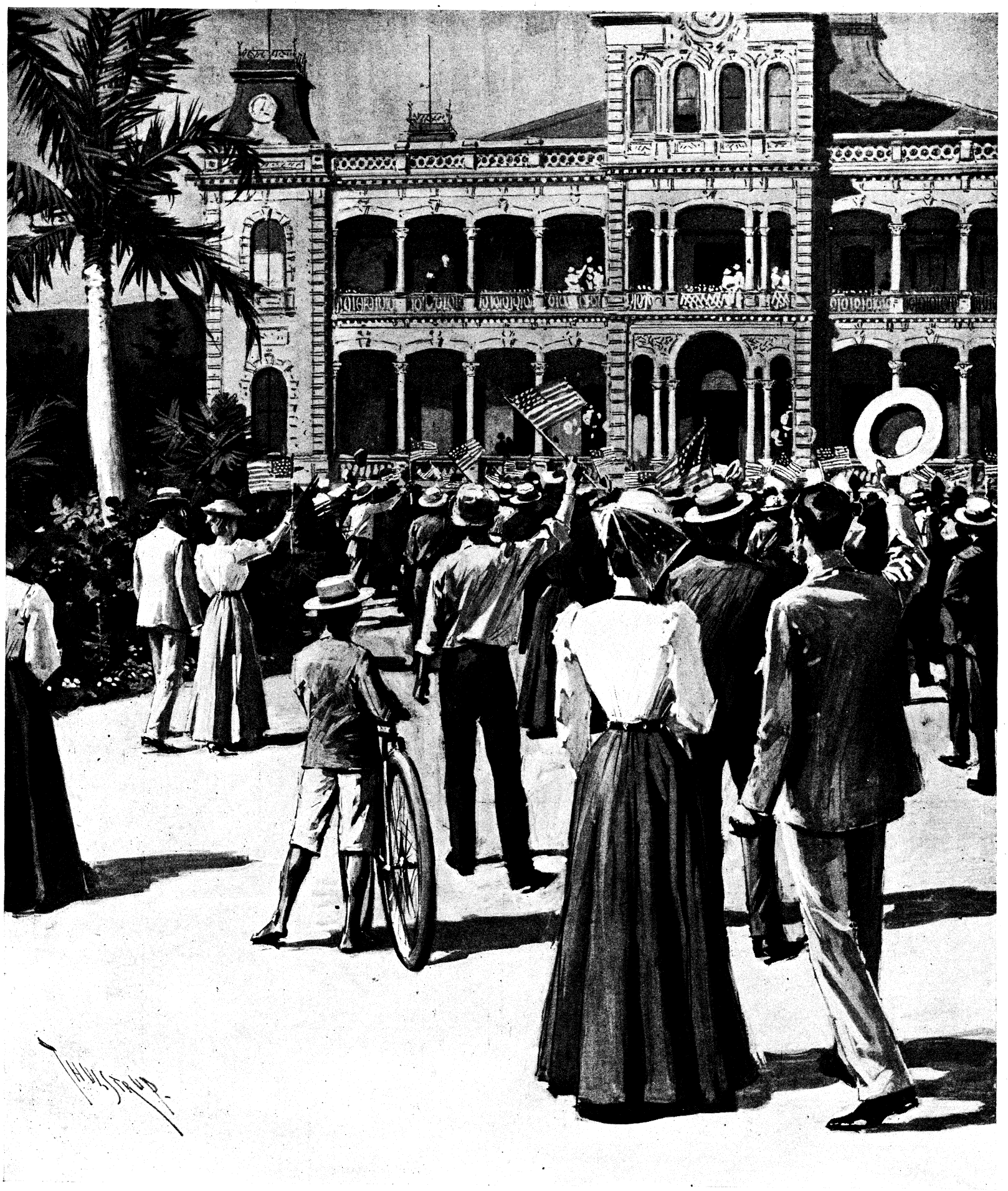
Thursday, August 4.—The Secretary of War has ordered General Shafter's troops relieved from further duty in Santiago as fast as transportation can be provided and the transfer of Spanish prisoners will admit of reduction of the garrison. Marrion Wilcox.



CROWDS ON THE WHARF AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF S.S. "COPTIC."



THE "COPTIC" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU FLYING THE SIGNAL, "HAWAII IS ANNEXED."



CHEERING IN FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, HONOLULU.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph.

HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS OF ANNEXATION.—[See Page 804.]

BISMARCK IN CARICATURE.

AGGRESSIVE caricature, tempered by not too lenient press laws of its subject's own making, was the initial element of publicity that presented Bismarck to the world at large in his character as a statesman, with all his faults and some of his great qualities exaggerated. More than his much-admired and much-criticised attitude in questions of public moment, and his great labors for the public good, did the comic press contribute to his ever-growing reputation.



1849—A FOLLOWER OF PETER THE HERMIT.

For forty-one years had this great man flourished in journalistic caricature, and when, in the spring of 1890, he returned the salient feature of most of his comic portraits, the three hairs, to their inventor, he did so with a heavy heart and a head bowed by grief—grief over the future of his great German father-land, which was newly created by him.

The first notice by the comic papers enjoyed by Bismarck occurred away back in 1849, when a Berlin weekly, as will be seen by the accompanying sketch, pictured him as one of the followers of Peter the Hermit, here impersonated by the reactionary Minister of State von Gerlach, who sits astride of a mule, raises a cross in one hand, is flanked on one side by his adherent, the much-despised Parliamentarian Stahl, in the garb of a Jesuit, and on the other side by Bismarck clothed in crab-shaped armor, intended to signify his reactionary tendencies. In his right hand Bismarck holds a formidable knout, symbolizing his Russian sympathies, and in his left hand his family tree, of which he was always very proud. The reason for introducing Bismarck in this cartoon was a speech he delivered on October 24, 1849, in which he made a strong plea for the aristocracy; as it was von Gerlach's highest ambition to gather in supporters to sustain the rights of the throne and church, the cartoonist evidently considered Bismarck his right-hand man. The *Kreuz Zeitung* party (Bismarck at that time was part owner of the paper) is represented in the background by the figure of Don Quixote.

Was it that this cartoon wounded Bismarck's feelings, or did he act on general principles? At any rate, the "coming man" thought it desirable that the freedom of the German press should be further curtailed, and to this end advocated a law which the editors throughout the country considered to be harassing and arbitrary. This was an excellent opportunity for the cartoonist, and the only illustration that is accessible, reflecting upon Bismarck in 1853, shows him, as Plenipotentiary of Prussia to the German Federal Council, receiving a committee of prominent editors, who are demanding from him permission to tell the truth.



1853—BISMARCK RECEIVING THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS.

In 1862, while Bismarck was Prussian Ambassador to Paris, the cartoonists were unusually busy, and almost every issue of the comic papers contains some allusion to him and his associations with Louis Napoleon. The first cartoon of this year represents a scene from "Faust," in which Louis Napoleon plays the part of *Mephistopheles*, who has hypnotized Bismarck, while he arranges an alliance between Prussia, Russia, and France, which just then was being much discussed. The *Journal des Débats* masquerades as a siren, for the reason that at the time of Bismarck's appointment that paper published a complimentary biography of him, and in many ways evidenced its friendly feelings.

Later in 1862, when Bismarck took leave of France to enter the ministry of King William I., the papers noticed his leave-taking, and perpetuated the parting scene that was supposed to have taken place between himself and the Emperor. In this scene the Emperor is made to say to the departing diplomat, "Show that one can learn something from me," at the same time pointing toward the French throne, which is inscribed, "Instituted on the 2d of December."



1862—BISMARCK (*FAUST*) HYPNOTIZED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON (*MEPHISTO*).



1862—TAKING LEAVE OF THE FRENCH COURT.

Still later in 1862, and after Bismarck had become a recognized factor in the Prussian government, the papers further utilized his supposed friendship with Napoleon as a subject of illustration. By this time he had identified himself even more strongly than before with the policy of absolutism; and as Napoleon was regarded as the standard-bearer of that same principle, Bismarck, in this cartoon, is pictured between the Emperor and the reactionary minister von Manteuffel at the moment of being introduced into the happy hunting-grounds of "pleasing absolutism."

Suggestive of the results that would follow to the loyal citizens, a Russian knout is conspicuously suspended over the portal. To denote the martial character of Bismarck, his head is provided with a Pickelhaube, or spiked helmet, while the spirit of the pietist Hassenpflug, who had made himself conspicuous by his alleged willingness to reform the world, floats away in the background with his hands in the attitude of prayer.

While President of the Ministry, in 1862, Bismarck made no concealment of his indifference to and disregard for the Prussian constitution, which document the cartoonist has placed in his hand in the next sketch, with that portion of it exposed which begins with the words, "The Chamber has the Right—," while Bismarck interjects the remark, "I cannot govern with such a thing as that hanging over me."

During the year 1862 Bismarck continued his repressive measures towards the press, and many objectionable journals were either confiscated or forced to appear with portions of their contents blotted out. Among the retaliatory methods adopted by the persecuted papers was a cartoon showing on a stormy sea a small craft manned by the editors of the three leading comic papers, who are striving their utmost to live through the high sea of official persecution. At the right is the alert police, with hands extended ready to seize the offenders, and at the left the phlegmatic and stupid Law. High above in the gloomy heavens appears Bismarck, shorn of its three hairs, threatening utter annihilation to the occupants of the boat.

It was some considerable time after the appearance of this cartoon that the famous three hairs which have always been associated with caricatures of Bismarck appeared. The small cut showing Bismarck with his left hand raised and his first finger and thumb extended, though a rather insignificant sketch, has now become famous, for the reason that it was the first to bring the three hairs into prominence, and to make them a characteristic of the man.

During the first month of 1863, after Bismarck had shown his disposition to do without the advice and aid of the Diet, he was pictured as a sign-post, his extended arm pointing straight ahead, while he encouraged the members of Parliament to go home, as he had no further use for them.

Again in 1863, after Bismarck had expressed his contempt for the Parliamentary opposition in every possible way, he was shown in three individual sketches in various attitudes of indicating that contempt while his opponents were presenting their views in the Diet.



1862—ENTERING THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS OF ABSOLUTISM.



1862—SPURNING THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.



1862—JOURNALISTS IN THE SEA OF OFFICIAL DISPLEASURE.

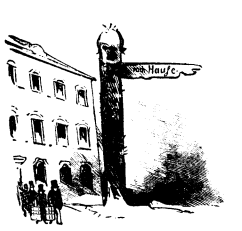
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1863—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE FAMOUS THREE HAIRS.



1863—SHOWING CONTEMPT FOR THE OPPOSITION IN THE DIET.



1863—"NACH HAUSE"—"GO HOME."

In 1864 the Danish question was interesting Europe, and England was particularly concerned in the matter because of the close relationship between Queen Victoria, King Christian of Denmark, and the rest of the Schleswig-Holstein family, and it was considered a good stroke of business for the London *Times* to send de Blowitz to Berlin to interview Bismarck on the subject. This gave the papers an opportunity to caricature the two men; but of the many sketches produced, the accompanying series of six were the best. Bismarck at first was somewhat unwilling to discuss business of state with the correspondent, but the well-known insinuating manner and language of de Blowitz



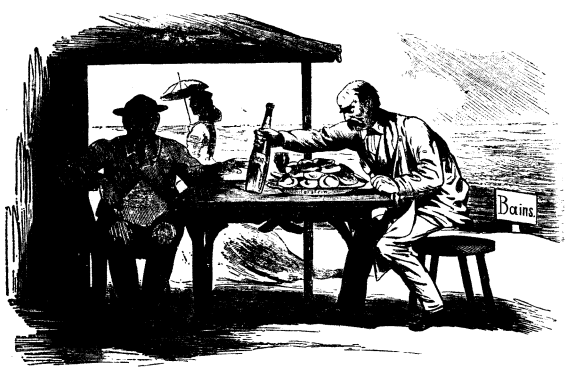
1864—BISMARCK AND DE BLOWITZ DISCUSSING SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



1865—THE PASS IN THE ALPS.



1865—THE GERMAN BLONDIN.



1865—CORRALLING THE OYSTERS (SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN) AND HOLDING ON TO THE (RHINE) WINE.

soon overcame his objection, and the two gentlemen are shown in the various stages of their confidences and the amiable manner in which they parted.

Nothing more seems to have occurred during that year to excite the attention of the satirists, but early in 1865 is found the rather pretentious representation of a pass in the Alps, over which two riders are approaching in opposite directions. The man upon the mule at the left is supposed to represent the majority in the Diet that opposed with stubbornness the contemplated army reform, demanding frequent debate on the question. He looks no further ahead than the limits of the constitution, which he holds in his hand. The figure upon the other mule is Bismarck, who had shown the same determination to win his point that the others had to adhere to the *status quo*. The relative positions of the representatives of the two principles are cleverly indicated by the attitude of the mules, between whom a collision seems inevitable. Bismarck is shown to an advantage in this sketch, for while he carefully studies the plans for army reorganization, he holds his head high, indicating that he is looking ahead of and beyond questions of the moment; he sits firmly in his saddle.

It will be remembered that in the year 1865 the Prussian Diet refused *in toto* the appropriations for government expenses demanded by Bismarck, and that the latter settled the matter by using the national funds for the purpose he desired, entirely ignoring the Budget question. How he was to extricate himself from the complications his independent action would entail was a question the papers could not determine, and so they pictured him as an acrobat, endeavoring to keep his balance upon a slack wire extending from 1865 to 1866. This German Blondin is, moreover, weighted down with the spectre of a constitutional conflict.

On October 22, 1865, Bismarck and Louis Napoleon met at Biarritz, and the meeting was an excuse for the comic papers to print several humorous scenes of their interviews, among which the accompanying is selected as having the most point as applied to the situation, and also because it is characteristic of German humor. The two famous men are shown seated on opposite sides of a table, and the following dialogue explains the situation. Napoleon says, "You have the oysters" (meaning the seaboard duchies of Schleswig-Holstein) "and I will take the wine" (meaning the Rhine). Bismarck gathers in the oysters, and then seizes the bottle, saying, "I beg your pardon a thousand times, but what would oysters be without (Rhine) wine?"

After the peace of Nikolsburg, by which Prussia acquired a large extension of her territory, namely, the kingdom of Hanover, Hessen, Nassau, and the free city of Frankfurt, Napoleon appears before Bismarck in the attitude of a mendicant, and is made to ask: "I came to congratulate you on the beautiful inheritance you have just received. Have you anything for me?" To which Bismarck replies, pointing to the door: "Oh, pshaw! We don't give to beggars."

According to the German press, Napoleon continued, even after this rebuff, to bargain with Bismarck, demanding that France be compensated for Prussia's gains. Napoleon in the act of soliciting, and Bismarck in that of refusing, are shown by the cartoonist in a pastoral scene, where Bismarck poses as a good shepherd surrounded by the petty states, represented by rather simple-looking sheep labelled Mecklenburg, Weimar, Saxony, and Oldenburg. Baden and Bavaria, apparently as little sheep-dogs encouraged by Bismarck, are aggressive, and look towards Napoleon in a menacing way. Saxony, which had been badly used by Prussia in the war of 1866, has her dependent position exaggerated by her representative sheep being attached to a stake, from which she is trying to break away that she may flee to the protection of France. Mother Germania floats in the atmosphere at the background, and is made to say to Bismarck, "Look after my herd," while the hero of the situation is knitting on the proverbial shepherd's sock, which in this instance is made to represent the unity of the nation.

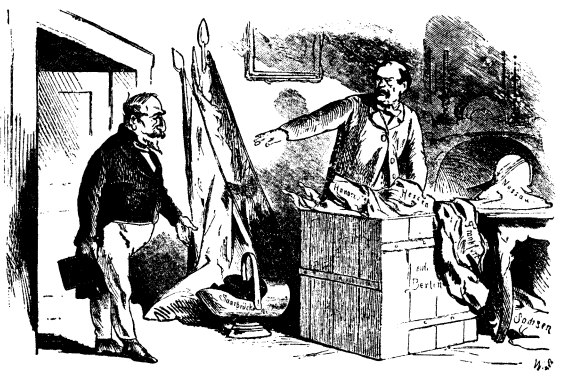
During 1867 the Luxembourg question became a prominent one, and the artists found considerable satisfaction in picturing the King of Holland as a peddler trying to get rid of that territory. One of these pictures shows Bismarck, disguised as a policeman, taking the King by the wrist and ordering him off the street, telling him he has "no license to sell goods."

Rumors of the breaking of the peace of Prague were rife early in 1870, and the cartoonist showed the various potentates prepared to sell out before the war began. The illustration given here is entitled "The Last Bazar," and shows the Pope, Louis Napoleon, and Bismarck, transformed into corpulent women, offering for sale the possessions they wanted to get rid of.

After Sedan, in 1870, there was ample opportunity for the artist to indulge in all the satire at his command, and the events were such that the pictures generally spoke for themselves, no explanation being necessary. One of these showed King William and Unser Fritz holding the French wolf while Bismarck, with a pair of shears, is cutting off his claws, labelled "Alsace," "Lorraine." At the same time Bismarck says, "We shall have to cut off the claws of this animal in order to insure peace for the future."

In the year 1873 the Italian minister La Marmora published a book in which he vigorously assailed Bismarck, accusing him of a long list of crimes, any one of which, had he been guilty, would have condemned him before the world. Unfortunately for La Marmora, he was removed from office just before the book was published, and the journalists friendly to Bismarck took advantage of this fact to picture their hero in the character of Papagena, the bird-fancier, dancing along over the country holding his Pan's pipes in one hand and a long staff in the other, while sitting upon this extended rod are three tamed birds representing Louis Napoleon, the Saxon-Austrian minister Count Beust, and his Italian critic La Marmora, all of whom had to go to please Bismarck. The comic press of Berlin sits upon the ground in the corner, pointing to the captive birds, and asking why they were so foolish as to go on Bismarck's lime.

By this time Bismarck had become an object of idolatry; loyal citizens from all parts of the father-land flocked to Berlin to look upon the great man, and he suffered, in consequence, the intrusion to which every one who becomes famous is more or less subjected. This annoyance finally became so irritating to Bismarck who, in 1877, was



1866—"WE GIVE NOTHING TO BEGGARS."



1866—THE KIND SHEPHERD.



1867—"YOU'VE GOT NO LICENSES."



1870—THE LAST BAZAR.



1870—CLIPPING THE CLAWS OF FRANCE.



1873—THE BIRD-CATCHER GATHERING IN HIS FOES.

suffering from a nervous illness, that, incensed by the ridiculous position in which he was placed and by the persistency with which his well-meaning admirers followed his every step, he threatened to resign. In showing the houses surrounding his garden, where, at every window, a curiosity-seeker looks at Bismarck with a pair of opera-glasses, the artist has exaggerated the situation, as cartoonists are wont to do, although it is reasonable to believe the subject of his sketch fully sympathized with it, even if it was overdone.



1877—THE PENALTY OF FAME.



1878—AN UNWILLING MEAL.

In 1878 Bismarck forced the Reichstag to swallow his anti-socialist laws, much against the vigorous opposition of that body. On account of these laws Bismarck was repeatedly threatened that his life would be taken if he persisted in his advocacy of class legislation. The Reichstag is pictured as a goose; Bismarck has the creature by the neck, and is crowding down its throat the objectionable bill.

In 1878 Bismarck re-established amicable relations with the papal authorities, and the cartoonist took occasion to picture his Holiness Leo XIII. seated upon the pontifical throne receiving Bismarck. The Pope, consistent with tradition, extends his foot, saying, at the same time, "There is my foot." Bismarck, standing before him, while willing to meet his Holiness upon equal grounds, does not care to take advantage of the invitation the Pope extends, and so he replies, extending his own foot, "And there is mine!" The figure looking through the half-open curtain is Dr. Windthorst, the papal champion in the German Reichstag.



1878—"AND THERE IS MINE!"

In 1879 the intimacy between Bismarck and Windthorst grew to such proportion that the papers showed the latter sitting upon the Chancellor's knee, while in another instance the well-known scene from "Richard III." is paraphrased, with Bismarck as *Richard*, and Windthorst as *Anne;* Bismarck says, in an aside, "I'll have her, but I won't keep her long." It will be remembered that this intimacy led to unpleasantness between Bismarck and the Kaiser, and finally to Bismarck's dismissal.

When, late in 1879, Bismarck had obtained all he sought from Windthorst, and that gentleman thought he had Bismarck in the right condition to do with him as he pleased, Windthorst made bold to lead Bismarck in his direction, only to find himself suddenly thrown overboard and done for effectually. The comic papers have shown this episode by placing Bismarck in a cab, with Windthorst as driver; the button is pressed at the moment when Windthorst turns to his passenger and says, "Shall I go direct to Canossa?" (Canossa being the place where the Emperor Henry IV. did homage to the Pope, and was kept standing for three days in the snow and ice in front of the papal residence before he was admitted to an audience and reconciliation.) Bismarck, looking from the cab window, gives Windthorst his quietus by replying, "No; rather to Daldorf" (where the state insane asylum is located); "but drop me at the corner of Wilhelmstrasse." Bismarck's palace was in Wilhelmstrasse.

In 1881 it struck some clever artist to perpetuate the fame of Bismarck's artistic peculiarity. There was therefore evolved the Apotheosis of the Three Hairs. The first illustration was entitled "Fine Weather"; the second, "Changeable"; and the third, "Stormy." In the third instance the hairs take the form of the Pickelhaube spike.



1885—THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

The year 1884 produced two interesting incidents, according to the cartoonist. The first one of these was the discovery by Bismarck on the head of his son Herbert one of the three hereditary family hairs. The Chancellor is shown at the moment of the discovery. The other incident was the action of Prince Bismarck (as the real editor of the *North German Gazette*) calling upon the London *Times* to attend its own affairs, and to stop criticising his actions. In this instance the artist has shown Bismarck in the rather aggressive attitude of calling the *Times* to account on the Irish question.



1879—BISMARCK AND WINDTHORST TALKING RECONCILIATION TO ROME.



1879—"I WON'T KEEP HER LONG."



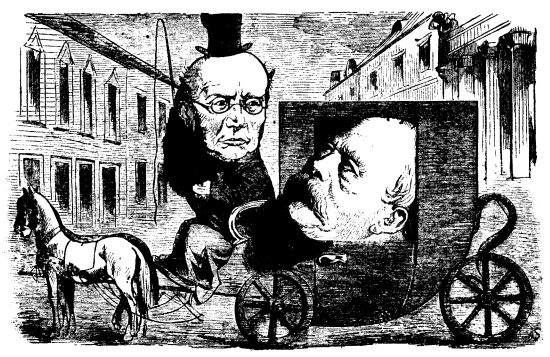
1881—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE THREE HAIRS.

When the complications touching the Caroline Islands came up, in 1885, the Spaniards were fighting mad, and threw out hints of an alliance with France for the purpose of attacking Germany. Bismarck really cared very little for the Caroline Islands; he thought it desirable to make a show of resistance, but finally suggested to lay the matter before the Pope for arbitration. The artist has shown the Pope, in the attitude of Solomon in his well-remembered decision, lifting the Caroline Islands, personated in the figure of an infant, a sword in his hand, and suggesting that he cut the babe in two and give each one half. To this Bismarck agrees, as did the false claimant in the Bible; but Spain, being the legitimate mother of the infant, would rather part with it than see it cut up, and exclaims, "Don't hurt the darling." Whereupon the Pope, recognizing the sentiments of the rightful owner, turns the islands over to Spain.

On the 3d of February, 1888, the *German Official Gazette* and the Vienna *Official Gazette* published simultaneously an agreement between Germany and Austria, thereby proving that an alliance, not on the defensive, had been formed, by which both countries agreed to combine their forces against Russia if either were attacked. In the cartoon representing this event Bismarck unveils the figures of the united German-speaking peoples before the Czar, who looks upon the scene in a semi-haughty, threatening, but also astonished manner.

The events of 1890, when Bismarck retired from public life, are shown by an affecting cartoon, where the great ex-Chancellor, grip-sack in hand and his famous dog at his side, is about to say farewell to the public press forever. He hesitates at the doorway, and returns to the comic editor the three hairs with which the cartoonists identified him, saying that as he has no further use for them, the cartoonist better keep them for a memento.

Henry W. Fischer.



1879—"DROP ME AT THE CORNER OF WILHELMSTRASSE."



1884—SQUELCHING THE LONDON "TIMES."



1888—UNITED GERMANY AND AUSTRIA DISCLOSED TO THE CZAR.

BRING THE FIFTH CORPS NORTH.

We read that the Fifth Army Corps is to be brought North, and then we read that it is not. The President should punch up those old bureaucrats of his down in Washington and have them bring that corps home—up North, and the farther North the better. It has done enough. The vitality of the men was exhausted in the terrific campaign against Santiago, and they are not fit to encounter the heat and fever. This corps is the flower of our army, and contains all the material for our future great commanders, because in it is nearly all of the regular army establishment. Other fresh troops could go in and relieve it. These new men would not be weak from hunger, fatigue, and wounds, and would bear up better.

The idea of acclimating the men which I have heard advanced is simple foolishness. It takes two years to acclimate a man to the tropics, if he doesn't die, and then he is weakened permanently. The English understand tropical campaigning, and they put strong men into a jungle, march and fight them hard until the object of the campaign is accomplished, when they are immediately withdrawn.

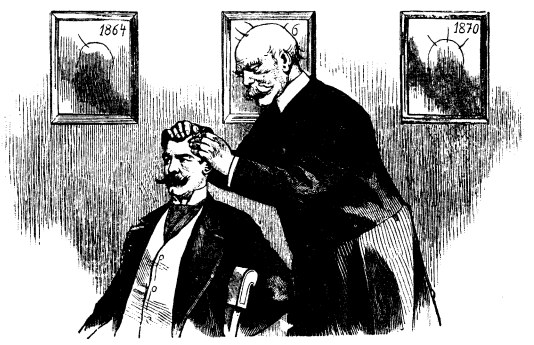
Bring the Fifth Corps home immediately. Justice and good policy demand it. Frederic Remington.

A WESTERN PLAIN.

A lonely whitewashed farm-house where I wait,
A sweep of swirling corn-fields, far and nigh,
A flight of crows across a dreamy sky,
Fast-fading morning-glories at the gate,
A lonesome field-lark, seeking for his mate.
No hazy purple mountains meet the eye,
No giant white-capped ocean thunders by.
The land is quiet as the face of Fate.

A craving for the mountains and the sea,
A pining and a waiting evermore,
A longing for the crags and cascades free,
A yearning for the sea-weeds of the shore;
A hopeless hope, on cloud-swept cliffs to be,
To hear the stormy ocean billows roar.

Walter Malone.

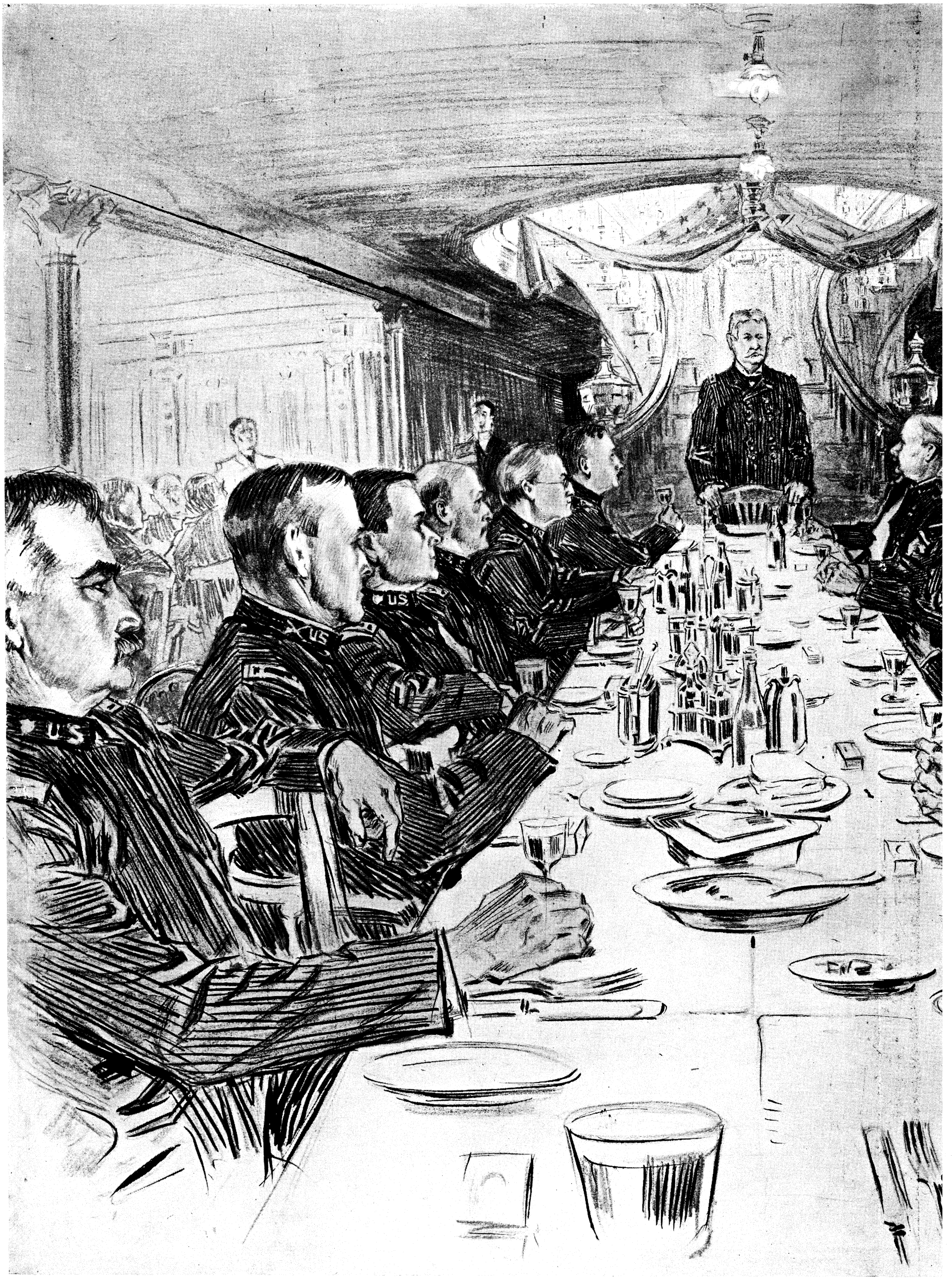


1884—DISCOVERS HIS SON HERBERT POSSESSES ONE OF THE HEREDITARY THREE HAIRS.



1890—VALE, BISMARCK.

Major Thompson. Major Whipple. Major Bement. Major-General Merritt. General Whittier. Special Corresp



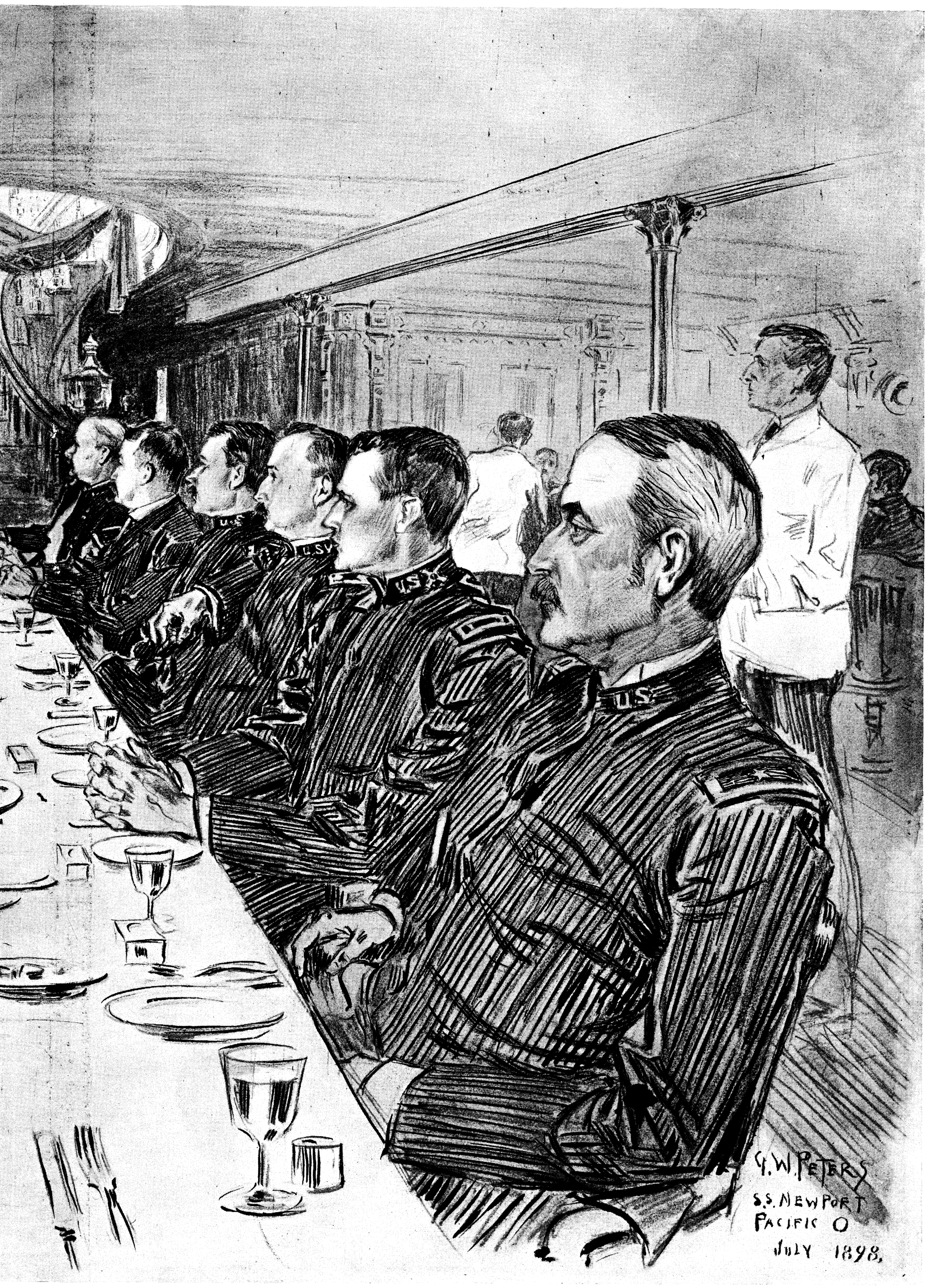
Major Simpson. Major Strother. Major Hale.

AN INCIDENT OF THE VOYAGE TO

GENERAL MERRITT RESPONDING TO THE TOAST "OUR COUNTRY AND OUR PRESIDENT" A

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS ON BOARD U.

General Whittier. Mr. F. D. Millet, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly." Major Sturgis.



Major Wadsworth. Captain Mott. General Babcock.

IE VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINES.

OUR PRESIDENT" AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER ON THE STEAMER "NEWPORT."

PETERS ON BOARD U. S. TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XV.—A NET OF COBWEBS TO CAGE A LION.

"I THINK there's something besides a lunatic that you are afraid of," said Martin to Matlack the next morning, as they were preparing breakfast.

"What's that?" inquired the guide, sharply.

"It's that fellow they call the bishop," said Martin. "He put a pretty heavy slur on you. You drove down a stake, and you locked your boat to it, and you walked away as big as if you were the sheriff of the county, and here he comes along, and snaps his fingers at you and your locks, and, as cool as a cucumber, he pulls up the stake and shoves out on the lake all alone by herself a young lady that you are paid to take care of and protect from danger."

"I want you to know, Martin Sanders," said Matlack, "that I don't pitch into a man when he's in his bed, no matter what it is that made him take to his bed or stay there. But I'll just say to you now, that when he gets up and shows himself, there'll be the biggest case of bounce in these parts that you ever saw."

"Bounce!" said Martin to himself, as he turned away. "I have heard so much of it lately that I'd like to see a little."

Matlack also communed with himself. "He's awful anxious to get up a quarrel between me and the parson," he thought. "I wonder if he was too free with his tongue and did get thrashed. He don't show no signs of it, except he's so concerned in his mind to see somebody do for the parson what he ain't able to do himself. But I'll find out about it! I'll thrash that fellow in black, and before I let him up I'll make him tell me what he did to Martin. I'd do a good deal to get hold of something that would take the conceit out of that fellow."

Mr. Arthur Raybold was a deep-minded person, and sometimes it was difficult for him, with the fathoming apparatus he had on hand, to discover the very bottom of his mind. Now, far below the surface, his thoughts revolved. He had come to the conclusion that he would marry Margery. In the first place, he was greatly attracted by her, and again he considered it would be a most advantageous union. She was charming to look upon, and her mind was so uncramped by conventionalities that it could adapt itself to almost any sphere to which she might direct it. He expected his life-work to be upon the stage, and what an actress Miss Dearborn would make if properly educated—as he could educate her! With this most important purpose in view why should he waste his time? The Archibalds could not much longer remain in camp. They had limited their holiday to a month, and that was more than half gone. He must strike now.

The first thing to do was to get Clyde out of the way; then he would speak to Mr. Archibald and ask for authority to press his suit, and he would press that suit as few men on earth, he said to himself, would be able to press it. What girl could deny herself to him when he came to her clad not only with his own personal attributes, but with the fervor of a Romeo, the intellectuality of a Hamlet, and the force of an Othello?

The Clyde part of the affair seemed very simple; as his party would of course have their own table Clyde would see his sister at every meal, and as Corona did not care to talk to him, and must talk to somebody, she would be compelled to talk to Clyde, and if she talked to Clyde and looked at him as she always did when she talked to people, he did not see how he could help being attracted by her, and when once that sort of thing began the Margery-field would be open to him.

He excused himself that morning for hurriedly leaving the breakfast table by saying that he wished to see Mr. Archibald before he started out fishing.

He found that gentleman talking to Matlack. "Can I see you alone, sir?" said Raybold. "I have something of importance I wish to say to you."

"Very good," said the other; "for I have something I wish to say to you," and they retired toward the lake.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"It is this," said Raybold, folding his arms as he spoke. "I am a man of but few words. When I have formed a purpose I call upon my actions to express it rather than my speech. I will not delay, therefore, to say to you that I love your ward, and my sole object in seeking this interview is to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her. That permission given, I will attend to the rest."

"After you have dropped your penny in the slot," remarked Mr. Archibald. "I must say," he continued, "that I am rather surprised at the nature of your communication. I supposed you were going to explain your somewhat remarkable conduct in bringing your tent into my camp without asking my permission or even speaking to me about it; but what you have said is of so much more importance than that breach of good manners that I will let the latter drop. But why did you ask my permission to address Miss Dearborn? Why didn't you go and do it just as you brought your tent here? Did you think that if you had a permit from me for that sort of sport you could warn off trespassers?"

"It was something of that kind," said Raybold; "although I should not have put it in that trifling way."

"Then I will remark," said Mr. Archibald, "that I know nothing of your matrimonial availability, and I do not want to know anything about it. My wife and I brought Miss Dearborn here to enjoy herself in the woods, not to be sought in marriage by strangers. For the present I am her guardian, and as such, I say to you that I forbid you to make her a proposal of marriage, or, indeed, to pay her any attentions which she may consider serious. If I see that you do not respect my wishes in this regard, I shall ask you to consider our acquaintance at an end, and shall dispense with your visits to this camp. Have I spoken plainly?"

The knitted brows of Raybold were directed toward the ground. "You have spoken plainly," he said, "and I have heard," and with a bow he walked away.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

As he approached his tent a smile, intended to be bitter, played about his features.

"A net of cobwebs," he muttered, "to cage a lion!"

The weather had now grown sultry, and the afternoon was very hot, and there was a general desire to lie in the shade and doze. Margery's plans for a siesta were a little more complicated than those of the others. She longed to lie in a hammock under great trees surrounded by the leafy screens of the woodlands; to gaze at the blue sky through the loop-holes in the towering branches above her, and to dream of the mysteries of the forest.

"Martin," said she, to the young guide, "is there a hammock among the things we brought with us?"

His face brightened. "Of course there are hammocks," he said. "I wonder none of you asked about them before."

"I never thought of it," said Margery. "I haven't had time for lounging, and as for Aunt Harriet she would not get into one for five dollars."

"Where shall I hang it?" he asked.

"Not anywhere about here. Couldn't you find some nice place in the woods, not far away, but where I would not be seen, and have a little time to myself? If you can, come and tell me quietly where it is."

"I know what she means," said Martin to himself. "It's a shame that she should be annoyed. I can find you just such a place," he said to Margery. "I will hang the hammock there, and I will take care that nobody else shall know where it is." And away he went, bounding heart and foot.

In less than quarter of an hour he returned. "It's all ready, Miss Dearborn," he said. "I think I have found a place you will like. It's generally very close in the woods on a day like this, but there is a little bluff back of us, and at the end of it the woods are open, so that there is a good deal of air there."

"That is charming," said Margery, and with a book in her hand she accompanied Martin.

They were each so interested in the hammock business that they walked side by side, instead of one following the other, as had been their custom heretofore.

"Oh, this is a delightful place!" cried Margery. "I can lie here and look down into the very heart of the woods; and it is a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's island."

"I am glad you like it," said Martin. "I thought you would. I have put up the hammock strongly, so that you need not be afraid of it; but if there is any other way you want it I can change it. There is not a thing here that can hurt you, and if a little snake should happen along it would be glad to get away from you if you give it a chance. But if you should be frightened or should want anything you have only to call for me. I shall hear you, for I shall be out in the open just at the edge of the woods."

"Thank you very much," said Margery; "nothing could be nicer than this, and you did it so quickly."

He smiled with pleasure as he answered that he could have done it more quickly if it had been necessary; and then he retired slowly, that she might call him back if she thought of anything she wanted.

Margery lay in the hammock, gazing out over the edge of the bluff into the heart of the woods; her closed book was in her hand, and the gentle breeze that shook the leaves around her and disturbed the loose curls about her face was laden with a moist spiciness which made her believe it had been wandering through some fragrant foliage of a kind unknown to her, far away in the depths of the forest, where she could not walk on account of the rocks, the great bushes, and the tall ferns. It was lovely to lie and watch the leafy boughs, which seemed as if they were waving their handkerchiefs to the breeze as it passed.

"I don't believe," she said to herself, as she cast her eyes upward toward an open space above her, "that if I were that little white cloud and could float over the whole world and drop down on any spot I chose that I could drop into a lovelier place than this." Then she brought her gaze again to earth, and her mind went out between the shadowy trunks which stretched away and away and away toward the mysteries of the forest, which must always be mysteries to her because it was impossible for her to get to them and solve them—that is, if she remained awake. But if Master Morpheus should happen by, she might yet know everything—for there are no mysteries which cannot be solved in dreams.

Master Morpheus came, but with him came also Arthur Raybold; not by the little pathway that approached from the direction of the lake, but parting the bushes as if he had been exploring. When she heard footsteps behind her, Margery looked up quickly.

"Mr. Raybold!" she exclaimed. "How on earth did you happen here?"

"I did not happen," said he, wiping his brow with his handkerchief. "I have been looking for you, and I have had tough work of it. I saw you go into the woods, and I went in also, but some distance below here, and I have had a hard and tiresome job working my way up to you; but I have found you. I knew I should, for I had bent my mind to the undertaking."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," said Margery, in a vexed tone. "I came here to be alone and take a nap, and I wish you would find some other nice place and go and take a nap yourself."

He smiled deeply. "That would not answer my purpose at all," said he. "Napping is far from my desires."

"But I don't care anything about your desires," said Margery, in a tone which showed she was truly vexed; "I have pre-empted this place, and I want it to myself. I was just falling into a most delightful doze when you came, and I don't think you had any right to come here and disturb me."

"The sense of right, Miss Dearborn," said he, "comes from the heart, and we do not have to ask other people what it is. My heart has given me the right to come here, and here I am."

"And what in the name of common-sense are you here for?" said Margery. "Speaking about your heart makes me think you came here to make love to me. Is that it?"

"It was," said he; "and I wish you to hear me."

"Mr. Raybold," said she, her eyes as bright, he thought, as if they had belonged to his sister when she was urging some of her favorite views upon a company, "I won't listen to one word of such stuff. This is no place for love-making, and I won't have it. If you want to make love to me you can wait until I go home, and then you can come and speak to my mother about it, and when you have spoken to her you can speak to me, but I won't listen to it here. Not one word!"

Thus did the indignant craftiness of Margery express itself. "It's a good deal better," she thought, "than telling him no, and having him keep on begging and begging."

"Miss Dearborn," said Raybold, "what I have to say cannot be postponed. The words within me must be spoken, and I came here to speak them."

With a sudden supple twist Margery turned herself, hammock and all, and stood on her feet on the ground. "Martin!" she cried, at the top of her voice.

Raybold stepped back astonished. "What is this?" he exclaimed. "Am I to understand—"

Before he had time to complete his sentence Martin Sanders sprang into the scene.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, with a glare at Raybold, as if he suspected why he had been called.

"Martin," said Margery, with a good deal of sharpness in her voice, "I want you to take down this hammock and carry it away. I can't stay here any longer. I thought that at least one quiet place out-of-doors could be found where I would not be disturbed, but it seems there is no such place. Perhaps you can hang the hammock somewhere near our cabin."

Martin's face grew very red. "I don't think," said he, "that you ought to be obliged to go away because you have been disturbed. Whoever disturbed you should go away, and not you."

Now Mr. Raybold's face also grew red. "There has been enough of this!" he exclaimed. "Guide, you can go where you came from. You are not wanted here. If Miss Dearborn wishes her hammock taken down, I will take it." Then turning to Margery, he continued: "You do not know what it is I have to say to you. If you do not hear me now, you will regret it all your life. Send this man away."

"I would very much like to send a man away if I knew how to do it," said Margery.

"Do it?" cried Martin. "Oh, Miss Dearborn, if you want it done, ask me to do it for you!"

"You?" shouted Raybold, making two steps toward the young guide; and then he stopped, for Margery stood in front of him.

"I have never seen two men fight," said she, "and I don't say I wouldn't like it, just once; but you would have to have boxing-gloves on; I couldn't stand a fight with plain hands, so you needn't think of it. Martin, take down the hammock just as quickly as you can. And if you want to stay here, Mr. Raybold, you can stay; and if you want to talk, you can talk to the trees."

Martin heaved a sigh of disappointment, and proceeded to unfasten the hammock from the trees to which it had been tied. For a moment Raybold looked as if he were about to interfere, but there was something in the feverish agility of the young guide which made his close proximity as undesirable as that of a package of dynamite.

Margery turned to leave the place, but suddenly stopped. She would wait until Martin was ready to go with her. She would not leave those two young men alone.

Raybold was very angry. He knew well that such a chance for a private interview was not likely to occur again, and he would not give up. He approached the young girl.

"Margery," he said, "if you—"

"Martin," she cried to the guide, who was now ready to go, "put down that hammock and come here. Now, sir," she said, turning to Raybold, "let me hear you call me Margery again."

She waited for about a half a minute, but she was not called by name. Then she and Martin went away. She had nearly reached the cabin before she spoke, and then she turned to the young man and said: "Martin, you needn't trouble yourself about putting up that hammock now; I don't want to lie in it. I am going into the house. I am very much obliged to you for the way you stood by me."

"Stood by you!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, which seemed struggling in the grasp of something which might or might not be stronger than itself. "You don't know how glad I am to stand by you, and how I would always—"

"Thank you," said Margery; "thank you very much," and she walked away toward the cabin.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as she opened the door and went in.

XVI.—A MAN WHO FEELS HIMSELF A MAN.

TOWARD the end of the afternoon, when the air had grown cooler, Mr. Archibald proposed a boating expedition to the lower end of the lake. His boat was large enough for Matlack, the three ladies, and himself, and if the two young men wished to follow, they had a boat of their own.

When first asked to join the boating party Miss Corona Raybold hesitated; she did not care very much about boating; but when she found that if she staid in camp she would have no one to talk to, she accepted the invitation.

Mr. Archibald took the oars nearest the stern, while Matlack seated himself forward, and this arrangement suited Miss Corona exactly.

The boat kept down the middle of the lake, greatly aided by the current, and Corona talked steadily to Mr. Archibald. Mrs. Archibald, who always wanted to do

what was right, and did not like to be left out of any conversation on important subjects, made now and then a remark, and whenever she spoke Corona turned to her and listened with the kindest attention, but the moment the elder lady had finished, the other resumed her own thread of observation without the slightest allusion to what she had just heard.

As for Mr. Archibald, he seldom said a word. He listened, sometimes his eyes twinkled, and he pulled easily and steadily. Doubtless he had a good many ideas, but none of them was expressed. As for Margery, she leaned back in the stern, and thought that, after all, she liked Miss Raybold better than she did her brother, for the young lady did not speak one word to her, nor did she appear to regard her in any way.

"But how on earth," thought Margery, "can she float over this beautiful water and under that lovely sky, with the grandeur of the forest all about her, and yet pay not the slightest attention to anything she sees, but keep steadily talking about her own affairs and the society she belongs to, I cannot imagine. She might as well live in a cellar and have pamphlets and reformers shoved down to her through the coal-hole."

Messrs. Clyde and Raybold accompanied the larger boat in their own skiff. It was an unwieldy craft, with but one pair of oars, and as the two young men were not accustomed to rowing together, and as Mr. Raybold was not accustomed to rowing at all and did not like it, Mr. Clyde pulled the boat. But, do what he could, it was impossible for him to get near the other boat. Matlack, who was not obliged to listen to Miss Corona, kept his eye upon the following skiff, and seemed to fear a collision if the two boats came close together, for if Clyde pulled hard he pulled harder. Arthur Raybold was not satisfied.

"I thought you were a better oarsman," he said to the other; "but now I suppose we shall not come near them until we land."

But the Archibald party did not land. Under the guidauce of Matlack they swept slowly around the lower end of the lake; they looked over the big untenanted camp-ground there; they stopped for a moment to gaze into the rift in the forest through which ran the stream which connected this lake with another beyond it, and then they rowed homeward, keeping close to the farther shore, so as to avoid the strength of the current.

Clyde, who had not reached the end of the lake, now turned and determined to follow the tactics of the other boat and keep close to the shore, but on the side nearest to the camp. This exasperated Raybold.

"What are you trying to do?" he said. "If you keep in the middle we may get near them, and why should we be on one side of the lake and they on the other?"

"I want to get back as soon as they do," said Clyde, "and I don't want to pull against the current."

"Stop!" said Raybold. "If you are tired, let me have the oars."

Harrison Clyde looked for a minute at his companion, and then deliberately changed the course of the boat and rowed straight toward the shore, paying no attention whatever to the excited remonstrances of Raybold. He beached the boat at a rather poor landing-place among some bushes, and then, jumping out, he made her fast.

"What do you mean?" cried Raybold, as he scrambled on shore. "Is she leaking more than she did? What is the matter?"

"She is not leaking more than usual," said the other; "but I am not going to pull against that current with you growling in the stern. I am going to walk back to camp."

In consequence of this resolution the two young men reached Camp Rob about the same time that the Archibald boat touched shore, and at least an hour before they would have arrived had they remained in their boat.

The party was met by Mrs. Perkenpine, bearing letters and newspapers. A man had arrived from Sadler's in their absence, and he had brought the mail. Nearly every one had letters; there was even something for Martin. Standing where they had landed, seated on bits of rock, on the grass, or on camp-chairs, all read their letters.

While thus engaged a gentleman approached the party from the direction of Camp Roy. He was tall, well built, handsomely dressed in a suit of light brown tweed, and carried himself with a buoyant uprightness. A neat straw hat with a broad ribbon shaded his smooth-shaven face, which sparkled with cordial good-humor. A blue cravat was tied tastefully under a broad white collar, and in his hand he carried a hickory walking-stick, cut in the woods, but good enough for a city sidewalk. Margery was the first to raise her eyes at the sound of the quickly approaching footsteps.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, and then everybody looked up.

For a moment the new-comer was gazed upon in silence. From what gigantic bandbox could this well-dressed stranger have dropped? Then, with a loud laugh, Mr. Archibald cried, "The bishop!"

No wonder there had not been instant recognition. The loose, easy-fitting clothes gave no hint of redundant plumpness; no soiled shovel-hat cast a shadow over the smiling face, and a glittering shirt front banished all thought of gutta-percha.

"Madam," exclaimed the bishop, raising his hat and stepping quickly toward Mrs. Archibald, "I cannot express the pleasure I feel in meeting you again. And as for you, sir," holding out his hand to Mr. Archibald, "I have no words in which to convey my feelings. Look upon a man, sir, who feels himself a man, and remember from what you raised him. I can say no more now, but I can never forget what you have done," and as he spoke he pressed Mr. Archibald's hand with an honest fervor, which distorted for a moment the features of that gentleman.

From one to the other of the party the bishop glanced, as he said, "How glad, how unutterably glad, I am to be again among you!" Turning his eyes toward Miss Raybold, he stopped. That young lady had put down the letter she was reading, and was gazing at him through her spectacles with calm intensity. "This lady," said the bishop, turning toward Raybold, "is your sister, I presume? May I have the honor?"

Raybold looked at him without speaking. Here was an example of the silly absurdity of throwing pearls before swine. He had never wanted to have anything to do with the fellow when he was in the gutter, and he wanted nothing to do with him now.

With a little flush on her face Mrs. Archibald rose.

"Miss Raybold," she said, "let me present to you," and she hesitated for a moment—"the gentleman we call the bishop. I think you have heard us speak of him."

"Yes," said Miss Raybold, rising, with a charming smile on her handsome face, and extending her hand, "I have heard of him, and I am very glad to meet him."

"I have also heard of you," said the bishop, as he stood smiling beside Corona's camp-chair; "and I have regretted that I have been the innocent means of preventing you for a time from occupying your brother's camp."

"Oh, do not mention that," said Corona, sweetly. "I walked over there yesterday, and I think it is a great deal pleasanter here, so you have really done me a favor. I am particularly glad to see you, because, from the little I have heard said about you, I think you must agree with some of my cherished opinions. For one thing, I am quite certain you favor the assertion of individuality; your actions prove that."

"Really," said the bishop, seating himself near her, "I have not given much thought to the subject; but I suppose I have asserted my individuality; but if I have, I have done it indefinitely. Everybody about me having some definite purpose in life, and I having none, I am, in a negative way, a distinctive individual. It is a pity I am so different from other people, but—"

"No, it is not a pity," interrupted Corona, the color coming into her cheeks and a brighter light into her eyes. "Our individuality is a sacred responsibility. It is given to us for us to protect and encourage—I may say, to revere. It is a trust for which we should be called to account by ourselves, and we shall be false and disloyal to ourselves if we cannot show that we have done everything in our power for the establishment and recognition of our individuality."

"It delights me to hear you speak in that way," exclaimed the bishop. "It encourages and cheers me. We are what we are; and if we can be more fully what we are than we have been, then we are more truly ourselves than before."

"And what can be nobler," cried Corona, "than to be, in the most distinctive sense of the term, ourselves?"

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald walked together toward their cabin.

"I want to be neighborly and hospitable," said he, "but it seems to me that, now that the way is clear for Miss Raybold to move her tent to her own camp and set up housekeeping there, we should not be called upon to entertain her, and, if we want to enjoy ourselves in our own way, we can do it without thinking of her."

"We shall certainly not do it," said his wife, "if we do think of her. I am very much disappointed in her. She is not a companion at all for Margery; she never speaks to her; and, on the other hand, I should think you would wish she never spoke to you."

"Well," said her husband, "that feeling did grow upon me somewhat this afternoon. Up to a certain point she is amusing."

Here he was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who planted herself before him.

"I s'pose you think I didn't do right," she said, "'cause, when that big bundle came it had your name on it; but I knew it was clothes, and that they was for that man in our camp, and so I took them to him myself. I heard Phil say that the sooner that man was up and dressed, the better it would be for all parties; and as Martin had gone off, and there wasn't nobody to take his clothes to him, I took them to him, and that's the long and short of it."

"I wondered how he got them," said Mr. Archibald; "but I am glad you carried them to him." Then, speaking to his wife, he added, "It may be a good thing that I gave him a chance to assert his individuality."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



JULES CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, IN CHARGE OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.

WITH GENERAL MERRITT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES,
S.S. "NEWPORT," HONOLULU, *July* 7.

THE chronicle of this voyage, the first stage of which has been successfully and, in the main, not unpleasantly passed, cannot fail to be of interest, not as a record of incidents of sea travel, which in the hands of the most accomplished writer might present little novel, but as contributing to the intimate history of this noteworthy and history-making enterprise. The inexorable decrees of Neptune have not been suspended for us, nor have we failed, on the other hand, to appreciate the contrasting delights of travel in the balmy trade-winds that scarcely ruffle the sapphire expanse of the Pacific. The departure of the *Newport* on the morning of the 29th of June was accompanied by the display of fervent patriotic enthusiasm which the emotional people of San Francisco have not restrained on the occasion of the sailing of other detachments of the Philippine expedition. But the departure of the *Newport* with General Merritt, his personal and department staff, together with about five hundred picked troops, caused a degree and quality of excitement which was most gratifying to witness. Scarcely had we turned our thoughts from the friends we were leaving, to the consideration of personal comfort, scarcely had we time to note the vanishing of the bold outlines of the noble headlands of the Golden Gate into the gray veil of summer mist, before we were headed and lashed by the advance gusts of a severe gale, which soon compelled the steamer to lie to and hammer the vicious sea for seventeen long hours. The transport is fortunately not crowded beyond the measure of comparative comfort, although the lower deck, where the men are berthed in five rows of double bunks three tiers high, cannot be said to offer the most sumptuous accommodations. The chief subject of complaint has been so far the lack of mess-room for eating, and the men find it at times very difficult to manage their mess-tins and their cups of soup or coffee without any available table-room to balance them on.

General Merritt, however, at considerable discomfort to himself and to his officers, has not restricted the circulation of the men on the decks, and they wander at will at all times of the day and night all over the ship, except of course in the saloon and social hall, where the officers are quartered in comfortable, airy staterooms. On the lower deck, admirably ventilated through a large forward hatch, and several small ones with wind-sails, the Astor Battery is quartered forward, K Battery of the Third Regular Heavy Artillery in the waist of the ship, and H Battery near the stern. After the storm was over and we were able to stand away on our true course again, the men were not slow to crawl out from their quarters, and the decks were covered by a chattering happy crowd, apparently devoting the larger part of their time to the consumption of food. Many of them produced tins of preserves and other delicacies to tempt their appetites, jaded by the turmoil of the past days. The chronic grumblers found the bill of fare too solid and heavy for any human being to eat; they even went so far as to criticise the liberality with which the rations were dispensed. But the grumblers we have always with us, although they find on this boat few active supporters and plenty of philosophical opponents.

Fourth of July, fortunately, turned out a perfect day. Certain crude luxuries, like apple-duff, were added to the bill of fare of the soldiers, and an impromptu entertainment was managed on the upper deck. Father Doherty, the chaplain of the expedition, followed the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Colonel Whipple with a vigorous and inspiring though brief oration, and the glee club of the Astor Battery sang the usual patriotic songs. As there is no band aboard, the popular music of the day, often sung to words written by a witty member of the coterie, furnishes the only entertainment of a musical order possible aboard. In the saloon, after luncheon, a short list of toasts was drunk in punch strong enough to satisfy a Russian, and thus we, with no cloud over our spirits, without a thought of the uncertainties of the future, which, it must be confessed, come to all of us at times, cheered by the companionship of sympathetic friends, and unconsciously exalted by the ineffaceable memories of the festival at home, pricked off a red-letter day in our calendar. Who can tell when and where we shall put another indelible mark to record an event to be remembered in the history we are helping to make?

A slight accident to the machinery on the afternoon of the 5th stopped the revolution of the screw for five hours and more. The teeming life on the boat seemed suspended



PUERTO-RICAN COMMISSIONERS ACCOMPANYING GENERAL MILES'S ARMY.
Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News.

for a moment at the sudden pause in the forward motion, and then took a new and more active start. Sharks were seen in great numbers, and several were hauled up the side, but each one succeeded in breaking away just as the men with cheers and laughter had hauled his vicious head up to the rail. This pastime was perforce suspended as soon as the screw began to churn the water again and the monotony of the trip, if that can be called monotony which is a succession of amusing human incidents. Then naturally all thoughts were turned toward Honolulu. The last day before reaching port was the happiest day of the week on the water. Eager to have a run on shore, and anticipating pleasures which I am afraid did not fully materialize, imagining prospective beauties of tropical scenery which were more than realized, the whole ship's company were in a state of mild exultation. The quartermasters issued shore-going suits of tan-colored linen, with thin underwear, and the non-commissioned officers made up their squads for landing. The excitement of trying on the new clothes and the occupation of letter-writing made the day seem all too short. The officers appeared shy as schoolboys at first in suits of gray linen with blue or red trimmings. Helmets of unexpected shape and startling size were produced, and, but for the knowledge that this was to be only a brief pause in our voyage, we should all have felt much as the passengers on an Atlantic liner do when Queenstown is passed or the Lizard sighted. The hazy outlines of Molokai shimmered in the distant horizon to the south just before sunset.

When we landed, early in the morning, the little town was already given over to peaceful military occupation. Soldiers everywhere, most of them, following the pleasant custom of the island, decorated with wreaths of pinks and garlands of fragrant leaves and flowers. In the shade of great trees and palm-thatched bowers in the grounds of the old palace tables were laid, heavy with tropical fruits and more solid food; and already, long before noon, hundreds of ladies had assembled to welcome the soldiers, and, after the feast was over, Mrs. Dole and her friends held an informal reception on the green. Hawaiian hospitality has unique and fascinating elements of grace and picturesqueness in it which make such a festival as I have briefly alluded to the most perfect in the world. Nor are the men who enjoy it unworthy of it or unappreciative of its rare qualities. Marshal Brown, who is at the head of the police force of the island, informs me that up to this date not a single arrest of a soldier has been made, and not a disturbance of the peace of any kind has been reported to him. This, with all restraints of discipline temporarily suspended, with all the excitement of novel surroundings and the temptations of abundant hospitality, proves the temper of the men, and is worth as much to the cause they are fighting for as a victory in the field.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES ON BOARD THE STEAMER "NEWPORT" OF NEW YORK ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1898.

1. Prayer.....Chaplain Doherty.
2. "Star-spangled Banner".....Astor Battery Glee Club.
3. Declaration of Independence.....Read by Major C. H. Whipple.
4. "America".....Astor Battery Glee Club.
5. Oration.....Chaplain Doherty.
6. "Red, White, and Blue".....Astor Battery Glee Club.

Officers and enlisted men will assemble in front of the officers' cabins, on the hurricane-deck, 11.30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

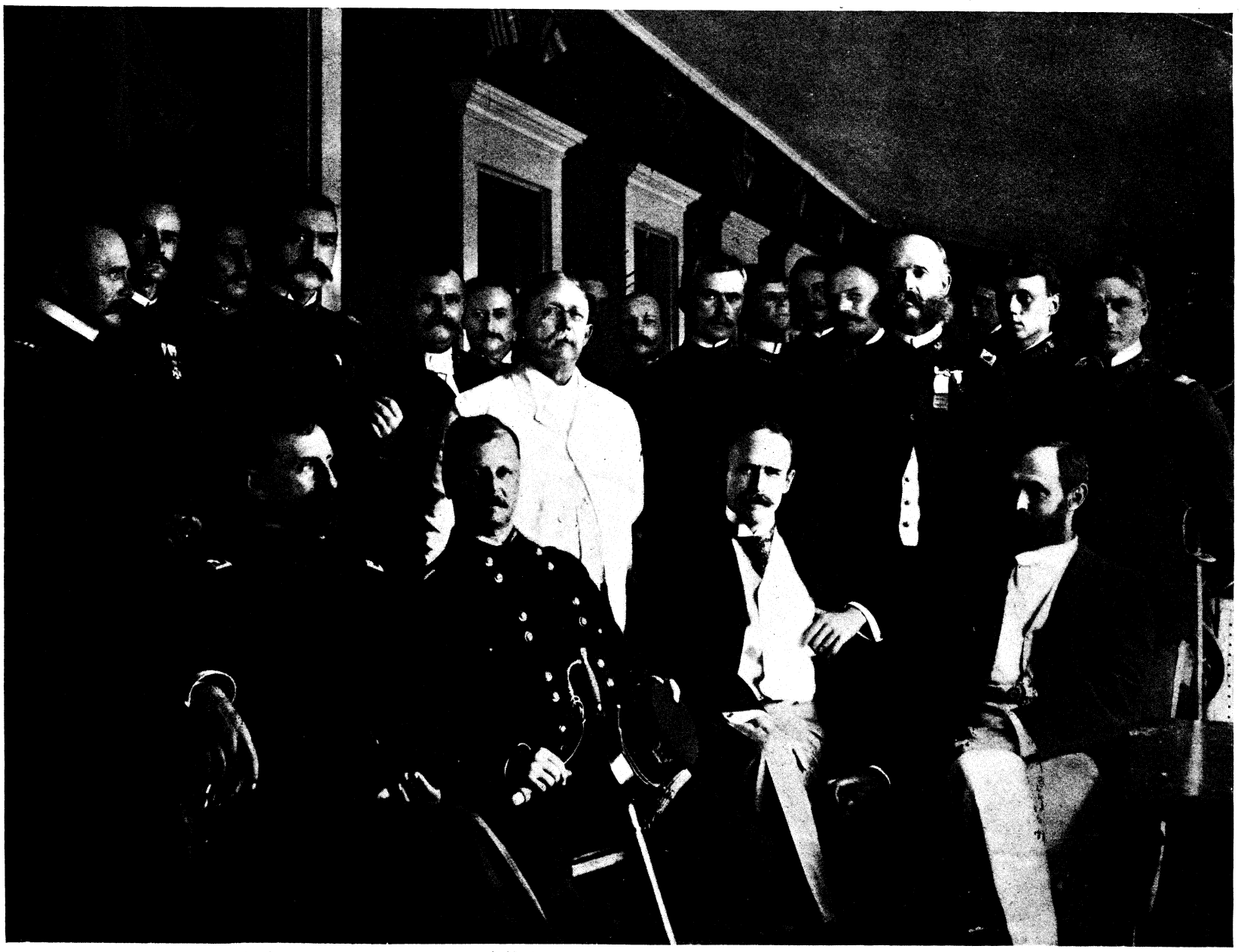
Colonel Pope, Colonel McClure, Major Kilbourne, Major Strother, Major Bement, and Captain March.

TOASTS AFTER LUNCH.

1. Our Country and Our President.....Major-General Merritt.
2. Nations Friendly To Us and the Queen of England.....Mr. Frank D. Millet.
3. Our General Commanding the Army of the Philippines.....Colonel McClure.
4. A Modern Crusade.....General Babcock.
5. The Day We Celebrate.....Mr. Murat Halstead.
6. The Girls We Left Behind Us.....General Whittier.
7. The Army and The Navy.....Colonel Crowder.
8. Our Good Ship *Newport*, and Her Gallant Captain and Crew: To be drunk standing.....Captain Saunders.

Three Cheers for General Merritt and the Day We Celebrate.

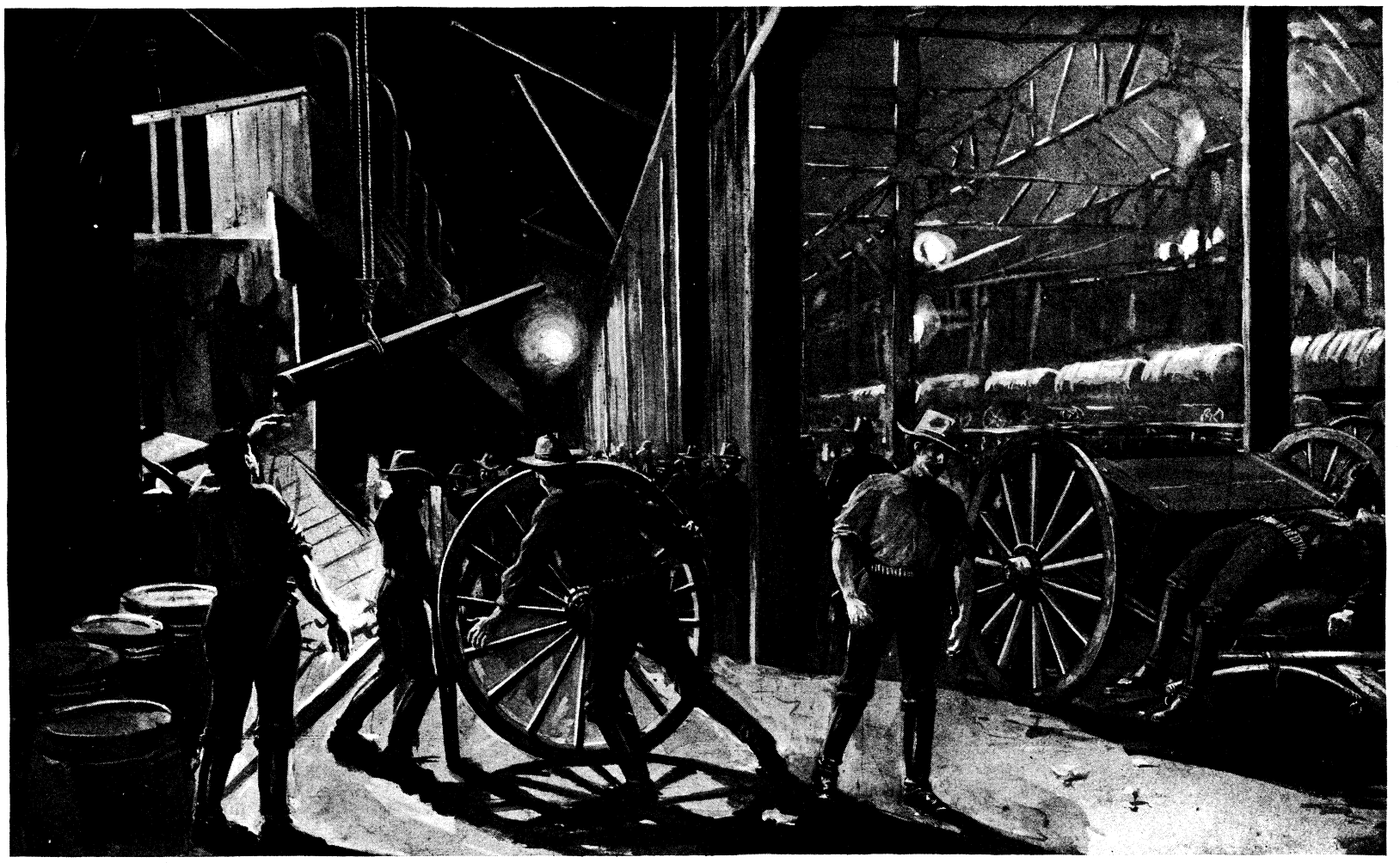
F. D. MILLET.



WITH THE THIRD MANILA EXPEDITION AT HONOLULU.
Group of American and Hawaiian Officers and Officials on the Veranda of the "Bungalow."—Photograph by Davey.



TROOPS JUST ARRIVED RUSHING FOR A SWIM IN THE SURF.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



LOADING LIGHT ARTILLERY ON BOARD THE TRANSPORTS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.
After a Sketch made on the Spot by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP.
Photograph by M. W. Tennant, Newport News, Virginia.

OFF FOR PUERTO RICO—SCENES AT NEWPORT NEWS.

COMMISSIONERS TO PUERTO RICO.

On the opposite page is a picture of the group of Puerto-Rican commissioners who were selected, under direction of General Miles, by former Consul-General Warner P. Sutton and Captain Whitney of General Miles's staff, to land in Puerto Rico with our army and apprise the people of their several localities of the present status of the war between the United States and Spain, and of the intention of the United States to annex Puerto Rico.

They are to give their former neighbors a general idea of our institutions, and of the advantages to Puerto Rico which will follow annexation. They went to the island on the cruiser *St. Louis*.

Their intention, as set forth by General Mattei and Mr. Fajardo, is to establish newspapers at once in Puerto Rico, through which, as well as by circulars, the announcements of General Miles may be circulated in the island. The Puerto Rico Junta in New York has advocated independence rather than annexation, but these commissioners have all along been annexationists, and were chosen for their present duty largely on that ground. Mr. Sutton has a large acquaintance in Puerto Rico, and understands the people there, and being on terms of warm friendship with the annexationist leaders, is likely to be very useful in promoting good feeling between the people of the island and our forces.

The fact that the commissioners seem to have got their flag upside down indicates that they are not quite used to it yet; but the American flag is already much more familiar to the Puerto-Ricans than it was when the picture was made.

THE TRUCE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Chaffee's Headquarters, *July 10, 1898.*

It is Sunday at the trenches. A truce is on, and the band that helped the wounded in the wake of Chaffee's charging brigade is playing "Calvary."

"Hosanna!"

It is the most cheerful spot on a battle-field—the trenches—and a comparatively safe spot for the non-combatant even during action. Men at the front see their comrades drop, usually, without an outcry, and pass on, if advancing, under an excitement of conflict that quickly makes them callous. At the trenches, and after sharp action is over, the dead are buried; the wounded and the sick are carried to the rear—to be seen no more, unless they come back to take a place in the ranks again. The firing dies down to the popping duel of sharp-shooters and the uncanny whistle of a vagrant shell. A short peace of reaction follows, which quiets the strained nerves, but does not last long; the men get restless and impatient quickly. But while they may sit in the sun by day and sleep in the mud at night, as they did here before Santiago, they are saved contact with that ghastly road of choking odors and choking memories that leads through the rear, and to the still pitiful pictures under the hospital tents at Siboney. Moreover, during action the Spanish fire sweeps that same road between the base of the hill under the trenches and the woods, and makes the zone of just getting to the front or just getting away more dangerous even than the front itself; and then to the man who must go to the rear there has always been the inglorious and enraging possibility of being potted in the back by a sharp-shooter from a royal palm or a mango-tree. Lastly, the bands play up and down the lines, and, especially when a truce comes, a curious spirit of holiday pervades the air. There is nothing more incongruous, nothing more grotesque, on the field after a battle than the sight of a bass-drum or a big bass-horn lying, as I saw several on the afternoon of July 1, just under the conquered Spanish trenches. But it is very fine and inspiriting next morning to hear both booming to a Sousa march or a jolly negro melody; and it is moving beyond words just now to hear "Calvary" swelling reverently overhead, and breaking gently against the still green spires that far up the valley thrust themselves now and then into cloud-land.

"Hosanna! Glory to God!"

The wind is gentle and cool, the air is clear and brilliant, the sun shines, the mountains are divine in majesty and peace, but it is glory to the God of Battles that band is playing now, for the memories of Caney still bleed, and with more than half a circle of bayonets we invest Santiago; a truce is on, and we are expecting the Spaniard to give up his plucky fight.

Last night Major-General Lawton, who is never to be caught napping, for the reason that he never seems to sleep (I believe he never went to his cot the first week except to have the shirt in which he came ashore restored to its original color), shot out his right flank a mile and a half, so that, with the Cubans, out of whom he can get more work than any other general in the army, he holds El Cobre road—the last avenue of escape for the Spanish to the hills.

General Ludlow is next the Cubans, and keen, watchful, untiring Chaffee—a major-general too, since his reckless courage and strong fight at Caney—touches Ludlow's left flank on one side, and, on the other, the right flank of that nimble old veteran, who scales trees for personal reconnoissance and mounts his horse for battle from an ambulance—General Wheeler. Of this division, and of the whole line, indeed, Colonel Roosevelt of course has the shortest air-line from his rifle-pits to the Spanish trenches. Kent's division starts from Wheeler, following ever the throttling sweep of a circle.

So that the wings of the army are more than half shut, like the wings of our bird of freedom when he drops through the air for prey. Therefore we have sent the Spaniard word that unless he gives up the fight this day the awful rending of beak and claws shall begin again, and the iron wings shall be folded closer. Meanwhile the little men in light blue sit calmly on the edge of their trenches and smoke cigarettes, while the big men in dark blue sit on the edge of theirs and good-humoredly cast tobacco juice towards Santiago. Down in the hollows midway between the lines are Spanish soldiers and American soldiers gathering yams and mangoes, with only a narrow cocoanut grove between them. For half an hour I watched two of the Americans trying to round up and drive into our lines half a dozen horses that were running loose in a field and belonged to Spanish officers, until a major, fearing that the mischievous dare-devils might bring on an engagement during a truce, sent a lieutenant down to stop them. The lieutenant rode a gray mule as a flag of truce, and I rode down with him, but the Spaniards paid as little attention to us as they paid to the men we were after, and the lieutenant rebuked these men with a stern severity in his voice that was not, I'm sure, in his heart, and they let the horses alone. At one point along the line two Spanish officers came towards our trenches and signalled for our officers to approach, which they did. The Spaniards said they had been trying to get over for two days, and I am told they were good fellows; that they brought along a little rum, and Spaniard and American drank mutual healths, and swore with equal heartiness at the Cuban, and declared that motive of the war a wicked shame. And by-and-by, when peace was come, they would have a dinner at the Waldorf, and talk it all over, and be decorously merry.

However, the rumor now is that the Spaniards are not going to surrender to-day, and we begin firing at noon. Meanwhile we have given the enemy nine round days of fair weather in which to recover his spirits, gather yams, and make good and ready for his fight in the last ditch.

There are many others besides us who are anxious to get into Santiago—eighteen thousand others, indeed—the half-starved refugees who came out of Santiago when we announced that we meant to shell the town, and are waiting at the little conquered town of Caney for the time when they may go home again. I was there yesterday afternoon under the guidance of the Major, with whom I came down on the *Iroquois*, and it is a distressing scene. The town is built about a plaza, and the houses—those that are not thatched hovels—are low, and have blue walls and red-tiled roofs. At the head of the plaza stands a big and very old cathedral, which is a storehouse just now for Uncle Sam, whose generous right hand reaches daily from the door to give rations to his enemy as to himself, while the left stays under his coat tails unknowing. They are mostly women and children, the refugees—white women, yellow women, brown women, and black women; and babies black, babies brown, babies yellow, and white babies: ludicrous mites, some of them, and nearly all as naked as they were at birth. Some of the women were the wives and widows of Spanish officers, and the few men in the crowd were sick or aged or straggling Cubans. Most of the refugees expected to be out of Santiago only a day or two, so even the well-to-do were hungry, and the poor and the reconcentrados were nearly starved. The distribution of rations, in spite of priest and soldiers, was in consequence little more than a moblike fight for hardtack. It is such a town as would have about one thousand inhabitants in our States. Imagine, then, how these refugees are crowded! The plaza is a swarm of women and children; the streets, the curb-stones, the narrow sidewalks, are massed with women and children; so are the porches, door-steps, doorways, hallways; the back yards and side yards are full, and so is the little creek that runs between the town and the shattered stone fort which Chaffee stormed. And always the cry is, "Mucha hambre! mucha hambre!" But when they are not hungry they are as laughing and light-hearted as though they had not a care in the world and would never get hungry again. Not one over five years of age and under sixty but knew the Major—who had been playing the part of a summer Santa Claus in the town—and had a smile for him; and for each the Major had a smile, while the fat little priest who gave out the bread called him his brother, and embraced him as such. And how the dusky groups of roguish girls in the porches flashed dark eyes and white teeth at him as he rode by, and how the Major smiled back and loved it all!

The Major has done his work well. During the fight around Caney, his duties led him several times into the "jaws of hell," as he says, and he went in—not without flinching, for the Major is frank, but he went in. Once he was sent with a guard of five troopers to find General Ludlow.

"The bullets in one lane were like hail," said the Major. "'Don't go down there, sir,' said a soldier. 'You'll be killed. General Ludlow is back there.' I rode back through that awful lane. 'Where is General Ludlow?' I said to a soldier. 'General Ludlow—' he said, and a bullet caught him in the forehead, and he fell dead. I was sent to another place, and another, and I couldn't find him. Finally I went to an old officer. 'Colonel,' I said, 'I've been looking for General Ludlow for two hours, and can't find him. I've got five troopers here. I'm not married myself, and of course I don't care for myself, but they're all married men, and I've got to think of them. I don't want to risk their lives any more. Now, I'm a tenderfoot, and I ask you frankly what ought I to do?' 'Don't you report to your superior officer,' said the Colonel, 'until you have found General Ludlow.' That was enough for me, and off I started, but I said to the troopers, 'You needn't come; not a one of you.' But every one came. Once I got ahead of our own line. I heard a click, looked up, and there was a Spanish picket-post not fifty yards away, with their guns levelled. I lay down on my horse and skipped. The bullets whistled, but I wasn't touched. Finally I did find him. 'This way, Webb, my boy,' he called from the woods. It was hot in there. 'Stoop, sir; stoop,' said a soldier; and as I stooped the poor fellow himself got a bullet in the breast. 'Here you are,' called the general, who was standing straight, with his shoulders squared. I straightened up my backbone too, though I never felt so humble in my life, and I gave my message and started away. When I had got off fifty yards the general called me back through that death-hole. I left again, and if he didn't call me back *again!* 'General,' I said, 'for God's sake, don't call me back any more.' He laughed, and didn't; and here I am."

So, now that promotions rustle the Cuban air, the Major says frankly, and with logic and justice: "If I am a staff-officer, put me back in the rear and let me be ornamental. If I am to have duties steadily on the firing-line and ahead of it, as I had, and do them, as I did—here's So-and-so and So-and-so being made colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general—what do I get?"

Noon now, and the Spaniards decline to surrender. We shall begin bombarding at four. Meanwhile here is the story of the day's advance towards Santiago, brought up by a croaker from the rear: The correspondent's hammock swung, at corps headquarters, from the limb of a mango-tree. The siege-guns were behind because the roads were bad; the pack-mules tramped through mud; the wagons creaked through mire; and men on foot—even the wounded one day—waded the bridgeless creek four or five times between front and the rear, and yet a body of volunteers and an engineer or two were busy all morning cutting a wagon-road through thick brush to the top of a low hill about three-quarters of a mile away. At noon, while staff-officers, aides, and attachés were at lunch, came the order to move camp. Lunch stopped short, off hustled aide and attaché, the big wagons rolled in, and there was a great falling of tents and a mighty bustle for fear the wagons might roll out again before each man had his outfit tossed in. Such was the hurry that even the solemn and elegant attachés hurriedly helped to fold their own things. Out came the guard of mounted troopers; out the guard of infantry; out the Spanish prisoners; and out the correspondents, who sought to keep in touch with the source of the done, the doing, and the undone; out came the commanding general, mounted, and with his left foot swathed; out the very tall aide and the courtly inspector-general and other members of the staff; out the attachés and their orderlies and servants—all mounted—everybody mounted except the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents, whose horses were left behind at Tampa. The general led the way, followed by the very tall aide, the courtly inspector-general, the other staff-officers, the attachés, the troopers, the three big army-wagons with their six-mule teams, the infantry, the Spanish prisoners, and the correspondents—and the long train wound laboriously along and up the wagon-road cut that morning through thick brush by engineer and volunteer, when the one road from front to rear was muddy and bridgeless, and the siege-guns were still where they staid till the end—behind. Now and then the procession halted for axemen to clean out a bush and broaden the road here and there, but in time it crawled slowly to the top of the hill. There the general swept horizon and hill with his eye for perhaps three minutes. Then he turned his horse. The very tall aide turned his horse. The courtly inspector-general, the aides, and attachés turned theirs. Turned, too, the heavy wagons, creaking, and the six mules each; turned troopers, infantry, Spanish prisoners; turned correspondents—aside into the grass to laugh; and as the long train wound up, so wound it down—down the trail that engineer and volunteer had laboriously cut through thick brush that morning, and back to the same still smoking camp. There the general swept the scene with his eye, rode to a fresh spot a little way off, and halted. And there, one hundred yards from where it sat before, sits the general's camp to-day. The hammock of the correspondent swings from the same limb of the mango-tree.

The poor wounded have had a hard time. Apparently the powers thought there were not going to be any wounded; and, without doubt, few on Cuban soil dreamed there would be so many. The wounded at Las Guasimas were carried three miles to Siboney by hand, for when that fight was over not a wagon for ammunition, supplies, or hospital needs was on shore.

Especially at Caney, men not seriously wounded lay for hours awaiting their turn after the men who were worse hurt. Nowhere were hospital preparations complete enough in tents, medicine, nurses, or surgeons, on the field, in the rear, or at Siboney. At Siboney the surgeons had not time to get the names, or even to count the number brought in. If you wanted to see a wounded friend, you had to walk the aisle between the row of bandaged soldiers, until you found him. And the way those brave fellows took their suffering! Sometimes the jolting ambulances were too much, and soldiers would pray for the driver, when he stopped, not to start again. One man groaned. "Grit yer teeth," said another, an old Irish sergeant, sternly—"grit yer teeth; there's others that's hurt here except you."

The sergeant himself was shot through the head, and thereafter no man in that ambulance uttered a sound. It was the slightly hurt, the men who were wounded in the leg or arm, who made the most noise.

Three men were brought into a hospital from San Juan. The surgeon took the one who was groaning. He had a mere scratch on one leg. Another was dressed, and as the third sat silently on a chair, still another was attended, and another, before the surgeon turned to the man who was so patiently awaiting his turn.

"Where are you hurt?"

The man pointed to his left side.

"Through?"

"Yes, sir."

I have told of that wounded courtier Cosby, who, feverish, trembling, with a scraped temple, a badly wounded hand, and a bullet in his chest, staggered painfully some ten miles, waving off all assistance, and confessing at last, as he sat on the beach, in the broiling sun, waiting to be taken to a hospital-ship, that if it were handy, and could be got without too much trouble, he thought he would like a canned peach. Well, out from the firing-line at Caney staggered a soldier with half his face shot away, and went staggering to the rear without aid. On the way he met a mounted staff-officer, and he raised his hand to his hatless, bleeding forehead, in a stern salute, and without a gesture for aid, staggered on. The officer's eyes filled with tears.

"Lieutenant," said a trooper, "I'm wounded."

"Can you get to the rear without help?"

"I think I can, sir," and he started. After twenty paces he pitched forward—dead. His wound was through the heart.

Such are the men who sleep in Cuban soil, who lie in the hospitals and on the transports at Siboney and on the big white relief-ship, that was as grateful a gift from home as though it had come from the Almighty Himself. And such are the men who might have been saved death or suffering if we had had, as we should have had, a right proportion of sixty cannon instead of sixteen. The source of the trouble seems to have been in our underestimate of the Spaniards in the trenches. And yet the Spaniards have always been famous for guerilla warfare and strong fighting from behind breastworks. In times when the Spanish sailor would take to his knees rather than climb a mast in a storm, his brother on shore and intrenched was giving Napoleon such trouble as that general rarely had with any foe.

It is now half past three, and firing will begin at four. An army buckboard, drawn by a mule and driven by a large gentleman in a pith helmet, is moving along the base of the hill. Here and there a major or colonel, or perhaps a brigadier-general, looks stern. Some of the captains smile. A lieutenant or two grins broadly, and the sarcastic private in the trenches curses bitterly. Our commanding general is passing by.

I have just come down from the trenches to Roosevelt's tent. The hill under the firing-line looks like the abode of cave-dwellers, so burrowed is it with bomb-proofs, which are merely shallow earth caves dug into the side of a hill with the point of a bayonet, and covered with flat projecting roofs of planks and layers of dirt. The men dug bomb-proofs and trenches most willingly, especially the negro troopers. "Foh God," said one, as he swung his pick at dusk after the fight of San Juan, "I never thought I'd git to love a pick befoh!"

The men up at the trenches are ready. Their cartridges are piled along the edge of the pits—in the tops of corn-beef cans, on pieces of boards, in little hollows scooped from the dirt—and everybody is eager and expectant. Sergeant Borrowe, bronzed and grimy, is at the breech of his long dynamite-gun, as keen for another experiment as a child with a Christmas toy that he has not fully mastered. A young German stands at a machine-gun not far away.

"It iss nervous at first," he says, "just waiting. But after the shooting begins it iss all right. I hear no bullets—nutting—the gun makes so much noise. Two of my men were killed the udder day, and I shoot on for two hours and not know it."

Across the air-line from Roosevelt's outermost trench I could see a group of Spanish officers ride hastily to the little house opposite and then gallop along the line. Those fellows seem to do things with great ceremony across there. The officers were evidently giving orders when to begin fire, for, as they passed, the straw hats began to

drop out of sight in the Spanish trenches. Pretty soon the Spanish flag went up, about one hundred yards from the still flying flag of truce. Then down came the white flag, and up it went again—whimsically. Then a Spaniard seized it, shook it across at the Americans, and pulled it down permanently. But no Spaniard fired. He rarely does first; he is too polite, I suppose.

So we are waiting in Roosevelt's tent for our signal-gun, which is to thunder out on the right flank. A storm is coming. There is vertical lightning up and down the big black mountains in the east. The wind is high, and blowing the plumes of the palm towards Santiago. After it comes a thick gray mist of rain from the mountains, and the drops strike the tent overhead. It is three minutes after four, and no signal-gun yet. I suppose we are waiting for the storm to pass.

"Have you read *Salammbô?*" asks a voice outside, with an intonation that one hears in a Harvard class-room; "and do you remember Hanno, the fat general, who lay in the shade and scratched himself with a golden spatula?"

Nobody answers; that first shot comes!

An hour and a half later, and the firing has quieted down to the popping duel of the sharp-shooters. We are in the tent again, and an occasional Mauser ball whistles overhead. It is curious, but even the tent-flaps seem to to be some sort of a protection against those nasty little insects. The bombardment was, after all, very mild, and this is how it seemed: When the first gun roared to the right, a rattling ran down the line towards us, and the Mausers began to pop and sing. Everybody sprang to his feet and followed Colonel Roosevelt up the hill, each man bending low to lessen the danger surface that his anatomy presented to the bullets coming over the hill. Davis forgot his glasses, and coolly went back for them. I waited for him a while—a very little while—but when several bullets spat around me rather viciously and rather near, I accepted the hospitable invitation of two Rough Riders and crawled under a bomb-proof, between Lieutenant Greenway and Captain Llewellyn. There were about twenty of us in there. The planks overhead were thin, the cracks between them were wide, and the dirt on top was shallow — very shallow. "We're all right except for the shrapnel," said the captain several times. Every now and then a soldier would stick his head outside, or go out to light his pipe or for some other reason, and the captain would call him down sharply:

"Get down there! We don't want to be bothered with wounded men now. Get down!"

We could hear the steady flutter of the machine-gun, the rapid-fire Colt's going like an old-fashioned mowing machine in a meadow, and now and then a shell.

"All right," repeated the captain, "except for the shrapnel."

And the shrapnel were friendly; I could not tell that a ball touched the bomb-proof. The Spaniards were not firing heavily. They were evidently saving their ammunition and waiting for another wild American charge—which never came; and so the bombardment ended in about an hour, as the rain had ended—in a slow patter, an occasional drop, and then in stillness. Indeed, I can almost liken an action of this sort at the trenches to an expected rain-storm in which there is a good deal of lightning. It thunders, the drops begin to patter, and you run for shelter, and you lie in comfort and in safety, except for the chance of being struck by lightning, which flashes sometimes uncomfortably near. By-and-by the storm passes, the rain quiets down to random drops, and you come out into the air, look around at the heavens, and stretch yourself.

Loud cheering rose at the trenches as we turned away, and somebody said that Sergeant Borrowe had tossed a Spanish cannon, a tree, and a mass of mingled breastwork and Spaniards into the air with one charge from his terrible gun. At General Wheeler's headquarters, further down, the report was that the Rough Riders, without orders, had charged along their air-line and had captured the Spanish trenches. Somebody said the one rumor was not true, but nobody seemed to think the other at all improbable.

There was but one fatality on our side that afternoon, and that was a tragedy. On the left flank Captain Rowell of the Second Infantry was instantly killed by a Spanish shell. As a first lieutenant he had waited twenty years for promotion, and his promotion outran his death but a few days.

THE SURRENDER.

Next morning, after the Sunday bombardment, we sent word over to ask the Spaniard if now he would be good. General Toral replied that he would at least be better if the home government would let him. So we gave him time until the following Thursday in which to communicate with Madrid. In the beginning he declined any and all terms of surrender; then an unconditional surrender; then he was willing to march out with the full honors of war, bearing his arms, with his flag flying, and the American soldier doing it homage, to march into another province, and thus be ready to fight us again some day. Now he was considering any terms that did not involve humiliation to Spanish honor and Spanish pride. Meanwhile the heroic figure of General Miles had appeared one fine morning, superbly mounted, and a reverent "Praise God!" ran along the lines. And General Randolph, too, of the artillery. I saw the latter at the front but once. He disappeared then, but I noticed that guns began to roll up from the rear as though they had wings, and I knew the siege-guns, if needed, would follow, even if they had mountains to climb. There was nobody who did not have a cheerful eye on General Randolph.

Thursday came, and the word went around that the Spaniard had come down from his high horse. He would stack his arms, march out, evacuate the province, surrender all the troops in it—some 20,000—and in return we should feed them and carry them back to Spain. The sunny air straightway was rent with cheers. The sickest man in one regiment sprang from his blanket and led all his comrades in a foot-race for the trenches, there to join in the hallelujahs. Still, the doubting were suspicious. The wily Spaniard must be up to some game. Perhaps he was contemplating general peace at Madrid, and perhaps he was merely "working" our opulent government for the transportation of as many of his troops as possible, where sooner or later they would have to go—home. Maybe he really thought we were 50,000 strong—a French refugee had brought out word that such was the Spanish belief at Santiago—and on this supposition not one

(*Continued on page 804.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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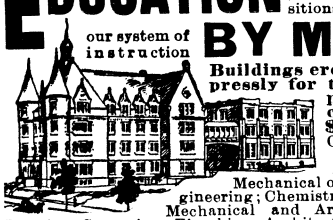
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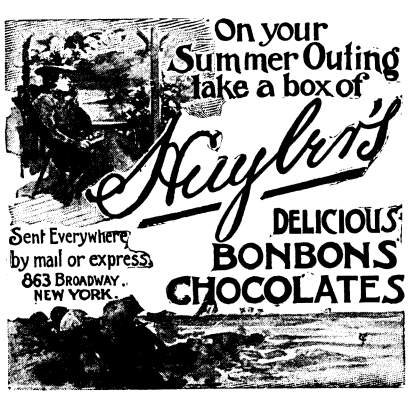
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Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$3,722,635.12

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Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities, . .	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, . . .	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life), . . .	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force, .	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets, ...	$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only), . .	2,764,459.00
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(*Continued from page 803.*)

of the men who loved our commanding general least but gave him full credit for his bull-dog persistency and for the stark audacity of his first demands. But the Spaniard, whatever his reason, was this time in earnest, and out under the peace tree between the lines a commission was appointed on each side to draw up the terms. The surrender was sure, and a courteous Englishman raised his hat to the victorious general, and asked if he would be permitted to enter Santiago and witness the raising of the flag. Rasping oaths form the chief part of the general's vocabulary.

"Not a —— —— rod," the Englishman was told, violently. "If any newspaper man goes into that town I'll have him shot —— ——."

Therefore the obedient and the orderly went quietly back to their transports at Siboney, while the disobedient or the disbelieving remained on the field and marched into Santiago and saw the colors raised.

It happened at noon on Sunday, the 17th. The soldiers were drawn up at parade rest along the great ten-mile circle of the trenches and stood facing Santiago. They could see nothing—only the red roofs of the town—but the batteries were to thunder word when the red and yellow flag of defeat went down and the victorious stars and stripes rose up. While they waited, men in straw hats and blue clothes appeared in an open field towards Santiago and began swinging hammocks and tethering horses, while men in Panama hats advanced to the American trenches, saluting courteously. The Americans sprang across the trenches to meet them, and while they were shaking hands, and on the stroke of twelve, the thunder of twoscore and one salutes began. The Spaniards looked rather startled, but the cheers rose and they understood. From the right rose the cheers, gathering volume as they came, swinging through the centre far to the left, and swinging through the centre back again, until they broke in a wild storm against the big green hills. Then to the rear the storm ran, over Las Guasimas, and down the foothills to be mingled with the surf at Siboney, and swung by the rocking transports out to sea. Under the sea too it sang, along the cables—to ring through the white corridors of the great Capitol, and spread like a hurricane through our own waiting land. Already the bands were playing when the force of it broke at the trenches—playing the "Star-spangled Banner"—and the soldiers cheered again. Then they grew quiet—the bands were playing hymns: old, old hymns that the soldier had heard, with bowed head and at his mother's side, in some little old country church at home; and what hardship, privations, wounds, death of comrades, had rarely done those old hymns did now—they brought the tears. Then some thoughtful soldier pulled a box of hardtack across the trenches, and the little Spanish soldiers fell upon it like schoolboys, and scrambled like pickaninnies for a penny.

Thus was it all around the shining circle of sheathed bayonets, silent carbines, and dumb cannon mouths, at the American trenches around Santiago where the fighting was done. And inside, under the very folds of the ever-victorious, ever-beloved Old Glory—what there?

At that very hour the commanding officer was suffering himself to be involved in a street squabble, and demeaning himself, his flag, the people whom he served, and the soldiers whose worship he should have earned. It does not matter much whose was the first blow struck, or whether a blow was struck at all; there was no excuse for correspondent or general, and the word or the blow, or both, from one, at such a time, was a stroke at the pride of the American soldier, the American officer, and the American gentleman from a man who at all times, and particularly then, should have stood a spotless ideal for the three.

"He will not wear his uniform again?" asked the aghast foreigner.

The American laughed—"Won't he?" And then he went on to explain apologetically how our political system made the appointment of such a man to such high office and his maintenance in that office possible, and to add seriously that though another star were added to the ones already worn, though enough were given to quite encircle the neck-band of his blouse—all, in the eyes of every true American, would be dimmed by such conduct at such an hour, forever.

JOHN FOX, JR.

SAMPSON AND SCHLEY AT SANTIAGO.

THE following letter comes to HARPER'S WEEKLY from one who writes from a full knowledge of the subject with which he deals:

My Dear ——:

You have read, doubtless, with surprise and regret, the various newspaper despatches and editorials which endeavor to make Schley the hero of Santiago, and to take from Sampson—the commander-in-chief—the credit of his successful campaign and his great victory. I am glad to say that it has not degenerated into a controversy. Schley's friends and the sensational newspaper correspondents have had it all their own way so far; but if the crusade should continue, and have any influence upon Congressional action next fall, the whole history of the Santiago campaign will be made public. The officers of this fleet will not see Schley—who is entitled to no credit for leadership—honored at the expense of the commander-in-chief, who instituted and carried out, in this age of steam and electricity, a blockade which made Cervera's escape impossible, and which makes a brilliant chapter in the history of modern naval warfare.

I think you will be interested in a few facts concerning these operations. I would like you, as a citizen and as the editor of a great weekly, to know the truth. To begin, I go back more than two months. We reached Key West, after the San Juan expedition, on May 18. Cervera had left Curaçoa on the 15th. His destination was probably Cienfuegos, as he was reported to have munitions of war necessary to the defence of Havana, and Cienfuegos is the only deep-water port on the south side of Cuba that has rail communication with Havana. Schley left Key West on May 19th, with the *Brooklyn*, the *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion*, for the south side of Cuba, to blockade Cienfuegos. On the next day the battle-ship *Iowa*, the cruiser *Castine*, and a collier followed to join him, and on the 21st the *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen*. Schley himself reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, and the other vessels joined him within 48 hours. He thus had a powerful fleet of three battle-ships, one armored cruiser, two protected cruisers, three armed auxiliaries, and 4500 tons of coal in a collier. Admiral Sampson .... gave Schley his best battle-ship—the *Iowa*—two cruisers, and two auxiliaries (the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, and *Scorpion* were Schley's own ships, belonging to the "Flying Squadron"), and gave him the best chance of meeting and defeating the Spanish fleet. I mention this to show the kind of man that Sampson is, and in view of the newspaper charges that he has attempted to take away Schley's due credit. He has no jealousies, but is animated only by a desire successfully to carry on the war.

It soon became known that Cervera was at Santiago, and had reached there on the 19th. As soon as the news was credibly confirmed—on May 21st—Sampson sent despatches to Schley so informing him, and directing him to proceed to Santiago, first satisfying himself that the Spanish ships were not at Cienfuegos. Schley received these despatches on the 23d. It took him another day to convince himself that the Spanish squadron was not in Cienfuegos, and on the evening of the 24th he sailed for Santiago—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in the direction of Santiago; for, from the time Schley arrived at Cienfuegos, his movements lacked promptness and purpose. The distance from Cienfuegos to Santiago is 300 miles—twenty-five hours at Schley's best squadron speed—twelve knots. The object being to blockade and hold Cervera, his plain duty was to reach Santiago as soon as possible and institute a close blockade. It was not doubted that he would do this. Leaving Cienfuegos in the evening of May 24, he should have reached Santiago before midnight of the 25th. But he did not blockade Santiago until the evening of the *28th of May*—four days after sailing from Cienfuegos. Why not, has never been satisfactorily explained. He proceeded to the eastward, and reached the vicinity of Santiago, but thirty miles to the southward, on May 26th. On the 27th he started west, signalling to his squadron that he *was going back to Key West* (800 miles) to coal, and telegraphed the department to this effect; but before he had gone very far he was overhauled by the *Harvard* with a telegram which turned him back again, and on the 28th he appeared off Santiago, and lay off the port until Admiral Sampson came on June 1.

I have thus particularized the incidents of the last ten days of May because the statement has been frequently made in the press that Schley "discovered" and "bottled up" Cervera in Santiago. He did nothing of the kind. Sampson knew on the 21st that Cervera was in Santiago, and so informed Schley. Schley knew it positively on the 24th, as, if Cervera was not at Cienfuegos, he must be at Santiago. Yet Schley did not blockade Santiago until the 28th, and would not have reached that port at all—would have abandoned the attempt—but for imperative orders. His collier broke down, and he made that an excuse. It was not material, as he had plenty of vessels to tow her.

Now to go back a few days. After sending Schley information on May 21 that Cervera was in Santiago, Admiral Sampson, with the *New York*, his only remaining battle-ship—the *Indiana*—and what Monitors and cruisers could be spared from the blockade, went eastward and occupied the old Bahama Channel, in order to catch Cervera should he attempt to get to Havana by the north side of Cuba. He had already been in Santiago long enough to coal his ships. Should he make a dash for Havana, it was necessary to guard both sides of the island. Sampson maintained daily communication through Key West—by means of despatch-boats—with the Navy Department, and with the large auxiliary cruisers scouting in the Windward Passage and off Santiago.

On May 26 the Admiral first became aware of Schley's dilatory action and delay in starting for Santiago, and at midnight on May 28 he learned that Schley had turned back and started for Key West to coal. At the time of the receipt of this startling news the *New York* was at Key West. The Admiral went at once, leaving at midnight on May 29, picked up the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and torpedo-boat *Porter* from the Havana blockade, and went to Santiago at a speed of thirteen knots, arriving there on the morning of June 1. I should have mentioned that before knowing that Schley intended to abandon the whole enterprise the Admiral had sent the *New Orleans*, on May 27, to join Schley, to strengthen his force, and to order him imperatively to blockade Santiago at all hazards. This, I think, effectively disposes of Schley's claim to have "discovered" and "bottled up" the Spanish fleet.

But there is another lie of recent publication, viz., that Schley wished to make a dash into the harbor, irrespective of the mines or batteries, and destroy Cervera's fleet. Schley had plenty of time to make a dash—plenty of opportunity to show audacity and contempt for mines and batteries—and, in fact, the situation at Santiago when he arrived was such as to invite prompt action; but he did not avail himself of his opportunity. Instead of showing contempt, he showed a very marked and unusual respect for the enemy's defences. The *Cristóbal Colon* and one of the armored cruisers—probably the *Maria Teresa*—were lying in plain sight about 1200 yards inside the harbor entrance, with no steam, and therefore powerless to move. The batteries, as was afterwards abundantly proved, were not powerful, and were easily silenced. They offered no material obstacle to a close bombardment, and there was no reason to believe in advance that they were any stronger than they proved to be. Schley held the situation in his hands. He had the powerful *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *New Orleans*, besides smaller vessels, and he finally made up his mind to attack. This he did at an initial range of *8000 or 9000 yards*, and increased this range to 11,000 yards. His fire was ineffective, and the *Iowa's* 12-inch mounts were injured by the strain of firing her guns at so great an elevation. There was nothing to prevent his going in to a range of 2000 yards from the ships and destroying them; and officers to whom I talked about the affair, after our arrival, were very indignant that he had not done so, and regarded the attack as a ridiculous one, and one that reflected discredit upon the navy.

The papers report Admiral Cervera as saying of this attack that he didn't know what was meant by it, in which he agreed with our own people. There was no danger of mines, which were all in the channel itself, within a thousand yards from the ships. Schley had his chance—a chance in which only ordinary pluck, enterprise, and a willingness to fight for an adequate object were needed—and he failed to improve it. So much for his "dash"!

I have now brought up the story to the time of Admiral Sampson's taking command in person off Santiago. From that moment he instituted a close blockade, which each week became more rigorous and difficult to evade. When we arrived on June 1 the moon was nearing its full, and for several nights it was so light that the harbor entrance could be plainly seen; but the dark nights soon came, and with them great danger that the enemy's ships might escape, or his torpedo-boats make an attack upon the fleet. To prevent this, the entrance to the port was illuminated by the battle-ships. Taking turns of two hours each, they stationed themselves in the prolongation of the axis of the narrow channel, and close to the Morro—frequently within a mile—and threw the powerful beams of their search-lights directly up the harbor entrance, illuminating it up to Punta Gordo, 1200 yards inside the Morro, so brightly that the movements of small boats could be detected. Pickets of steam-launches, small vessels, and torpedo-boats were placed at and near the harbor mouth, just clear of the search-light beam (so that they should not themselves be illuminated).

The stations of the large blockading vessels were drawn nearer the harbor entrance from time to time, until, after the landing of the army, the distance from the Morro for all ships at night was made two miles, and a battle-ship lay alongside the search-light ship, with her broadside trained on the channel, ready to fire on the instant. That these dispositions made Cervera's escape at night impossible is sustained by the testimony of the Spanish Admiral and his officers, and by the fact that daylight was deliberately chosen. That he could not get away in the daytime was sufficiently demonstrated by the disastrous result of his attempt. Sampson's organization and discipline destroyed Cervera's fleet. When his ships appeared, our own waiting vessels simply acted the part for which they had been preparing during the entire month of June.

In the fight itself the *New York* was left in the rear. The Admiral, in the execution of his duties, had gone to Siboney, directing all the other vessels to hold their positions. He was on his way to hold a conference with General Shafter, and when the Spanish flag-ship appeared in the channel, the *New York* was seven miles east of the Morro and four miles east of her blockading station, and although she turned back instantly and increased her speed as rapidly as possible, she could not get within range of the large Spanish ships before they were beached. She joined, however, in the chase of the *Cristóbal Colon*, and getting steam on all her boilers, was gaining rapidly on that vessel, and was only eight or ten miles from her when she surrendered. The flag-ship was therefore present, although not within range, and the whole fight and chase was under the eye of the commander-in-chief. Nor was the *New York* entirely out of the fighting, as she ran the fire of the shore batteries, which were doing all they could to aid the escape of the Spanish ships.

The Spaniards came out in column, and turned to the west, maintaining this formation. This removed all tactical difficulties, and made the task of each vessel a perfectly plain one—to close in, fight, and chase. This situation had been laid down by the Admiral in previous instructions, and the vessels needed no orders. The *Brooklyn*, Schley's flag-ship, had the westernmost blockading station, which gave her a great advantage in position at the beginning of the fight. She maintained this advantage in the chase, except with respect to the *Oregon*, which showed unusual speed, and which, after good fighting all along the line, forced the surrender of the *Cristóbal Colon*. With a blockading line eight miles long much depends, in these quick and speedy days of steam, on chance. Had the Spanish fleet turned to the eastward, the *New York* would have been in the lead of the fighting and chase, and the *Brooklyn* in the rear.

The impudent attempt on the part of Schley's friends to take from Sampson the glory for this achievement is probably unexampled in naval history. A commander-in-chief has always the credit for success and the responsibility for failures. A conspicuous illustration of this, and one to which attention naturally turns, is the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The feature of that battle was Nelson's brilliant manœuvre—not only his own inspiration and his own initiative, but executed in contravention of the commander-in-chief's signals, and which made of what otherwise might have been an inconclusive fight one of the great naval victories of the world. The fight has been for a hundred years analyzed and discussed to show Nelson's genius and greatness, and yet it has always been Sir John Jervis's battle, and he was made Earl St. Vincent for his great victory. In the battle of Santiago Schley took no initiative and exercised no leadership.

Very sincerely yours, —— ——

HAWAII RECEIVES THE NEWS.

HONOLULU, *July 20.*

ONE week ago the steamer *Coptic* arrived with the long-expected news of the annexation of Hawaii. With flags, pennants, and streamers on every mast, the vessel that bore the longed-for tidings was descried far out at sea. The lookout on historic Diamond Head made out that signals were up. He telephoned the news to the city, and the steam-launch of the United States steamer *Mohican* was manned and put to sea. Miles away the message was read, "Hawaii is annexed!" American flags appeared, as if by magic, everywhere. Fire whistles shrieked, factory whistles joined in, and this ear-piercing tumult was punctuated by the deep boom of one hundred guns fired on the Executive grounds. Just as the news was confirmed, President Dole reached the wharf, his horse white with foam, as he had ridden at full gallop from his seaside home at Waikiki. Nearly all the members of his cabinet were there, with consuls and other prominent officials and members of the national guard.

Then the great steamer came in, and the officers and passengers were cheered. Word was given, "To the Executive Building," and a volunteer procession moved up Fort Street, with a band at its head. When it reached the Executive grounds there was a scene of enthusiasm never surpassed in island history. Then in line the crowd marched three times round the building, cheering until it was hoarse. Minister Hatch's message to the government was read; the procession marched through all the principal streets, and a great show of fireworks closed the eventful day.



WOUNDED SPANISH PRISONERS—"YOU WON'T KILL US?"



"GLORY!"



"A CUP OF COLD WATER."



"ON, SHAFTER! ON!"

IMPRESSIONS OF SANTIAGO.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

LONDON.

July 23, 1898.

The present war marks the close of an epoch and the beginning of a fresh start in the affairs of the world, perhaps the most remarkable since the Peace of Paris, in 1763, left the English race in possession of an Indian and Colonial Empire and the command of the sea. It was in the year previous to the Peace of Paris that English expeditions had reduced both Cuba and Manila. The period of exclusive sea power which began in 1763 is likely to end in the present year. England enters upon a new phase. America is not likely to relax her efforts until she has become one of the two greatest sea powers in the world. The consequences of the Spanish-American war will therefore be even more serious for other countries, perhaps for England, than for Spain. The colonies of Spain have sapped her strength. Their loss may renew it. Spain has touched bottom. The sea power that America will now organize for herself is envied and feared by every power in Europe, except England. The German newspapers have become complete converts to the doctrine of sea power. The *National Zeitung* observes that "whoever has not the best and most powerful fleet need not enter into a struggle. He has lost the battle before he begins it." This is a confession equivalent to a declaration in the London *Times* in favor of conscription. Modern Germany was founded on the basis of military power as the one source of national strength. It is unlikely that the German dream of rivalling England or America at sea will ever be fulfilled. Still, British naval estimates, being calculated solely on the naval provisions of other countries, will be forced upwards by the German ambition for sea power. Russia contemplates the expenditure of $255,000,000 upon her fleet during the next seven years. Day and night the Neva ship-yards ring with the clang of the hammer-stroke on men-of-war for a country without colonies or a vulnerable coast-line

The Admiralty reply to the Russian naval programme was communicated to the House of Commons yesterday. Sanction was asked for the construction of four new battle-ships, four new cruisers, and twelve torpedo-boat-destroyers, the total cost of which will be $40,000,000, in addition to the $35,000,000 voted earlier in the year for the construction of new ships and the purchase of armaments and ammunition. In the present state of feeling M. Goschen could have obtained $500,000,000 for the asking. But men shake their heads and ask themselves whether the most irresistible navy is of any avail, until the foreign policy of the country is placed in stronger hands.

The French navy is the most powerful in the world next to our own. M. Lockroy, the new Minister of Marine, is an interesting personage. He is a man of pleasure, a bundle of nerves, a great cigarette-smoker, and a civilian. But he is a far abler Minister of Marine than his naval predecessor, Admiral Besnard. M. Lockroy enters office with wide schemes and an ambitious programme. He has already obtained the control of the coaling-stations, and a grant of $80,000,000 for the fortification of present and additional coaling-stations. Diego Suarez in Madagascar is potentially the strongest place in the Indian Ocean. It menaces the Cape route to India and China. It is to be made into a Gibraltar. Martinique is to be heavily armed and fortified. In addition to all this, M. Lockroy proposes to bring the French navy up to date in armaments and general equipment. Still, the possession and utilization of sea power are not obtainable by the process of counting ships any more than the counting of noses in politics produces the wisest and best administration. The personal equation is still the greatest factor in the problem. Captain Mahan, who, more than any one living, is responsible for the sea-hunger that gnaws the rulers of all nations, has been guided by the unerring instinct of genius. He predicted that the supremacy of personnel would be greater under the new conditions of sea-fighting than under the old. His foresight has been signally vindicated. The war has shown that although the genius of the Latin race may possibly continue while fighting behind fortifications, the genius of the "Anglo-Celtic" race (surely this is ethnographically the right word) is still for sea-fighting. If this be true, Russian, German, and French additions to their war-ships will leave to America and Britain the mastery of the sea. Pursuit of a common policy on the high seas should therefore be the aim of both countries.

On this ground the passage in the President's instructions for the government of the newly conquered province of Santiago, to the inhabitants of Cuba, which relates to the "open door" has given lively satisfaction in England. The passage referred to is as follows: "All ports and places in Cuba which are in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations as well as our own in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of importation." Anxiety has been felt, if not expressed, on this subject. It is now assumed that the two governments are substantially agreed on the fiscal policy to be pursued by each of them in the event of further territorial changes consequent on operations now in progress or which may hereafter be undertaken. As the policy of the "open door" is established by the United States at her very threshold, the adoption of the same principle in the Far East is looked on as removing any probable source of difference between the two nations, and materially to strengthen the tie that already exists between them.

The arrangements for the forth-coming campaign against the Khalifa are now completed. One battalion of the Guards now at Gibraltar is to take part in the advance, much to the delight of officers and men. Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, Sirdar Kitchener will command. General Grenfell, commanding the English troops in Egypt, is understood to have behaved with signal generosity and to have displayed great good feeling towards his colleague in command of the Egyptian army. General Kitchener has carved his way with his sword. He is a soldier, pure and simple, with little social influence, but endowed with a will that enables him to triumph over obstacles that would crush smaller men. It is owing to this iron will and his splendid qualities of leadership that he retains the supreme command in the advance on Khartoum. General Grenfell, it is understood, might have obtained it, but stood aside, as Outram stood aside when Havelock was on the point of entering Lucknow, and as General Miles in like manner abstained from taking over the command from General Shafter at Santiago. There is, however, no doubt that friction has occurred between the War Office authorities and General Kitchener. He has insisted on a free hand, and immunity from the civilian red tape which smothers, for the present, at all events, effective reform in the administration of the British army at home. At one period of the controversy the War Office was face to face with the possibility of Kitchener's resignation. The strong man had his way. There is now no position to which he may not rise, and if all goes well at Khartoum he may and probably will be commander-in-chief after General Roberts has served his term in that position.

There is a natural desire on the part of the royal family that the Duke of Connaught should be elevated to the supreme command of the army when a vacancy occurs. The advice of the great Duke of Wellington to the Queen is constantly quoted: "Madam, always keep the command of the army in your own family." There are, however, strong objections to the Duke of Connaught occupying that position. He is amiable, popular, and, by the consent of those who have served under him, a good soldier. But he is not of the stuff of which the master-minds of the world are built, and in the troubled times ahead of us it would be dangerous to the monarchy to associate in the public mind possible catastrophe with the appointment of a member of the royal family who is not marked out by nature for supreme responsibility. The Indian army and the Egyptian army are free from the control of the War Office, and hence success in the field is organized more cheaply and with greater certainty than is possible under the cumbrous forms of Pall Mall. Lord Wolseley, although popular with one section of the army, has disappointed the nation. He came into office as commander-in-chief with a great opportunity before him. The Duke of Cambridge, his predecessor, was the embodiment of military Toryism. Change, in the view of his Royal Highness, was an evil, and the consequence was perpetual refusal to adopt necessary modifications of the existing system, and hence the War Office to this day clings as far as it dare to the obsolete traditions of the earlier part of the century. The fierce criticism that pours upon the War Office begins, however, to take effect in such matters as recruiting and the comfort of the private soldier.

Government departments are now required to reserve two thousand posts annually which will for the future be bestowed upon soldiers only; 3800 ex-soldiers were taken on by the railway companies last year, and strong appeals are made to the other great employers of labor to follow their example. The soldier's life while still serving with the colors is happier and healthier than at any previous period of army history. Tommy Atkins is now quartered in well-lit and well-ventilated barracks. Soldiers no longer sleep in the dark and stuffy places in which they used to be herded together. Canteens are well organized, and all the profits are spent for the advantage of the troops. Comfortable quarters are provided for the men permitted to marry. Recreation-rooms, gymnasia, and bath-rooms are luxuries to which the recruit of twenty years ago was a complete stranger. In many English villages the idea still survives that a lad who has enlisted for a soldier has gone to the bad. That idea is a survival of the time when the ranks of the army were filled from the jails, and when the conditions of the regimental life of our soldiers were inconsistent with common decency.

A new method of making the army attractive has been adopted by Lord Lansdowne with satisfactory results. Regiments returned from foreign service are sent for a march round the counties from which they derive their territorial name. The First Northumberland Fusileers—commonly known as the Fighting Fifth—for example, proceeded last week from Plymouth to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there commenced a march through the valleys and uplands of breezy Northumberland. The regiment had been absent from England for about eighteen years. The men were bronzed with an Indian sun, and their reception was quite extraordinary. Tens of thousands of people filled the streets, and the men were almost killed with kindness. Recruiting is greatly stimulated by these route marches. Victoria Cross men, who hitherto have only received $50 a year as a pension, are now to get $250 a year on winning the most coveted distinction in the British army. This grant will prevent the recurrence of the scandal of Victoria Cross men herding with paupers in the workhouse. The reform is one that should have been instituted long since.

Waddesdon Manor, the seat of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, where the Prince of Wales has met with an unfortunate accident in the fracture of his left kneecap, is a French château built on the top of what was a treeless hill. The Saturday to Monday parties at Waddesdon have almost attained the dimensions of a national institution, and invitations to take part in them are much sought after. Baron Ferdinand Rothschild belongs to the Austrian branch of the house, but is a naturalized English subject, and for many years has been member of Parliament for the Aylesbury division of Bucks. He takes no part in the business of the famous firm. The baron has devoted himself to history, art, politics, and society. He is a childless widower, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and is one of the few living subjects of the Queen who have had the honor of receiving her Majesty at their own house. The magnificence of Waddesdon reminds the visitor of Versailles, but the feature most striking to the imagination is the success with which great wealth combined with good taste has converted bare uplands into well-wooded slopes, avenues, and drives, interspersed with lawns and landscape-gardening of exquisite beauty. The flowers of Waddesdon are a sight to see and remember. Other show-places in England may have a larger acreage under glass. Chatsworth, Bowood, and Woburn Abbey are show-places that possess features of historic interest. Waddesdon is of this generation. Luxury is found there in its latest phase. Its owner, however, is a simple, kindly, and unpretending host, and is popular in all classes of society. Some years ago Baron Ferdinand Rothschild aspired to the representation of an East End constituency in Parliament. He never went to the poll, but his speeches to the working population of the Tower Hamlets won golden opinions. The Prince of Wales makes an annual visit to Waddesdon when the gardens are in the height of their beauty, and the accident which has just taken place is the only contretemps which has happened during a series of visits which now extends back for many years.

The accident to the Prince of Wales has produced a deep impression, especially as the serious character of the disaster was at first withheld or suppressed. Since the Prince's dangerous illness in 1871 no incident has so roused the sympathy of his future subjects. No less than fifteen folio pages of the visiting-book at Marlborough House were filled by the signatures of callers on the first day. The newspapers naturally deny that the accident is at all serious. It is to be hoped they are right. But, in spite of a cheerful disposition and a courageous spirit, the stamina of the Prince's constitution is not altogether satisfactory. It is understood that while there is no danger, the effect of enforced inaction excites apprehension. The Prince has already suffered from the veins of the same leg that is now injured. His health greatly depends on the annual visit to Homburg or Marienbad, and it is assumed that for this year, at all events, his Continental visit will be postponed.

The vast increase to the naval strength of the country is in sharp contrast with the weakness of its foreign policy. Discontent with Lord Salisbury is met with in all classes, except the party of Little-Englanders, whose champion, Mr. Labouchere, is not regarded even by himself as a serious politician. Tories of the City of London, moneyed men with old-established interests, talk mutinously against the Prime Minister. Any change, they say, would be for the better, even a Radical ministry Lord Salisbury is a tired Titan. His life is shadowed with grief. Lady Salisbury has undergone a fresh surgical operation for the relief of the disease from which she is suffering, and it is known that sorrow for his wife's illness saddens and dispirits the Prime Minister. One rarely hears a good word in this country for the Foreign Secretary. Lord Cromer, however, the ruler of Egypt, who is designated by many persons as the best possible successor to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, by no means holds the depreciatory view prevalent in England. Lord Cromer has written to more than one of his friends, enjoining them "on no account to lose confidence in Lord Salisbury." Furthermore, there is good reason for believing that the Prime Minister is not altogether his own master. The participation in affairs by the Queen herself is no mere form. Her Majesty's obstinate resolve to sanction no step likely to bring the country into collision with European powers reminds on-lookers of the chief characteristic of her grandfather, George III. Foreign powers are not ignorant of the Queen's determination to disallow all measures tending towards a rupture of the peace. Although the newspapers and Parliament are necessarily silent on this subject, information from sources beyond suspicion has reached me that much of what is justly regarded as weakness in British foreign policy is not fairly to be attributed to the vacillation of the Prime Minister. The refusal of the Foreign Office to speak out frankly about Egypt is a case in point.

Rearrangement of the Foreign Office is inevitable. It is the mouth-piece of a great Asiatic power, but there is no Asiatic Department. African questions are dealt with piecemeal, and on no settled principles. An attempt to remedy this latter defect is being made by the creation of a new Under-Secretaryship of State. Mr. Martin Gosselin, now secretary to the embassy in Paris, is nominated for the appointment. In some quarters the African Under-Secretaryship is regarded as a slap in the face for Mr. Chamberlain. There is no truth in the statement, as Mr. Chamberlain's jurisdiction over the British colonies in Africa is determined by Parliament. Moreover, Lord Salisbury is not the man to smite a colleague by an underhand blow, while Mr. Chamberlain is not the type of statesman who meekly accepts a rebuff of the kind.

No play during the present year has attracted so much attention from literary men as M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," produced on the Lyceum stage. It had an immense success at the Porte Saint-Martin Théâtre in Paris. No less than 80,000 people are alleged to have seen it in the French capital. M. Coquelin's spirited acting in the title rôle is the perfection of dramatic art, and the consequence is that M. Rostand, like Aaron, has struck the rock of popular approbation. At the present time it gushes forth, bubbling, rushing, overwhelming, with only a few whispers of doubt raised by one or two level-headed and non-emotional critics. The play is declared in the superlative degree to be noble in conception, beautiful in execution, supremely great in language, in music, in imagery, and in versification. To read the play it is difficult to understand the cause of the popular clamor. If "Cyrano" is really a masterpiece of imaginative literature, and an addition to the great poems of the world, it is evident that Dante, Goethe, Corneille, Shakespeare, and Milton must squeeze up a little higher and make a nook for Rostand among the immortals.

It is not in accordance with the history of works of genius that the popular voice has instantly appreciated their value, and acclaimed their authors as possessing the sacred fire. The multitude has hitherto required about a century before fully appreciating a masterpiece. A few nights' performance at the Lyceum, with a few thousand copies of "Cyrano de Bergerac" distributed among the reading public, seem to be looked on by the critics as sufficient to have raised M. Rostand's play to the level of the highest. "Cyrano" is certainly a good stage play, delivered in felicitous and musical verse. It is smooth and easy, good and glib, effective verse, but bears the same relation to literature as the best theatrical scenery to Velasquez or Burne-Jones. The dialogue, the love interest, the situations, and the climax make it a good melodrama, but it is neither "inspired" nor "magnificent," and it owes its success to a good and symmetrical plot, to the prettiness of its fancy, and to the wide range of interest covered by a pure and charming play that is, in fact, the sign of a wholesome reaction against the garbage that has been too long foisted upon the world as the typical French play.

Arnold White.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

A Distinguished and Despairing Physician Perfectly Restored by

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Dr. G. A. Foote, *of Warrenton, N. C., ex-President State Medical Society, formerly Member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and also of the State Board of Health*:

"I had, in January, 1893, a violent attack of **'grip,'** which was soon followed by the complications of **ascites, cardiac trouble, etc.,** and rapidly developed into severe **nephritis** or **Bright's.** My physicians, Drs. King and Jerman, upon examination of my urine, **found by volume fifty-five per cent albumen,** which test was frequently corroborated by subsequent examinations **showing also casts and low specific gravity.** My **nephritic trouble** gradually grew worse, and I declined in weight from **one hundred and ninety-five to one hundred and thirty-five pounds.** In this condition, **with little if any hope of relief from any remedy,** I visited the BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS of Virginia, making free use of the **Waters** for some eight weeks. Analysis of the urine soon after reaching the Springs, by Dr. E. C. Laird, resident physician, **confirmed the examinations previously made.** Other analyses, however, by Dr. Laird from time to time **showed a gradual diminution, and finally a total disappearance, of both albumen and casts** and the urine **in a normal condition.** Leaving the Springs, I continued the use of the **Waters** several months at home. At the expiration of some two years there has been **no return of any unpleasant symptom,** and **I am now as well as I ever was in my life, and a living monument to the virtues of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER"**

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

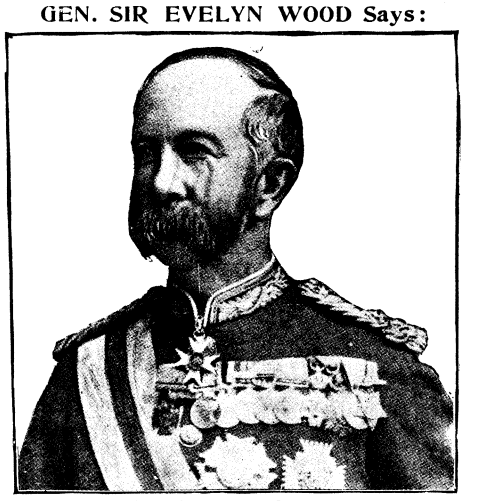
Springs open for Guests from June 15 to Oct. 1.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

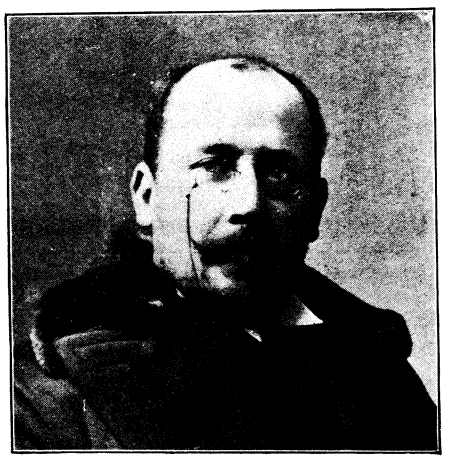
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MAX O'RELL,
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Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.
Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

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MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

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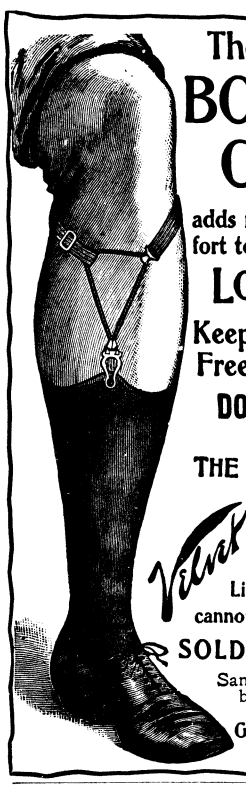
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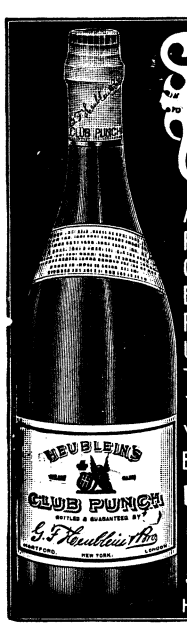




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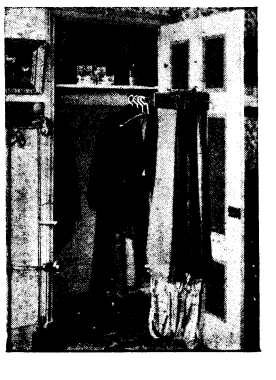
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